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OLLA-PODRIDA.

California has passed through two devilish and disastrous years, and what makes the fact more humiliating to confess is that there has been no necessity and no real cause for the stagnation. During all these later years, while the East has been seeing hard times, we enjoyed a measure of uninterrupted prosperity; but just as everything began to recuperate elsewhere we went to work and deliberately took the epidemic, and went to bed with it, and a hard time we have had of it. It has been a short but a malignant, and, thank God, not a fatal attack. We say there has not been any necessity for hard times on this coast, and there has not. Our mines—with the exception of the bonanzas—have yielded their usual revenue. Our last two years' crops have been fairly remunerative. The last year has been an abundant one with good prices. Wheat, grapes, wool, and hops have brought exceptional prices; there has been no necessity for the depreciation of values. There has been a cause, and it is in the people. We have been cowards, and have allowed Kearney and the sand-lot to frighten us. We ought to have murdered this Irish blackguard and swept the criminals and loafers from the sand-lot with shotguns. We have been gambling: too many people, neglecting their legitimate occupations, have been betting on the rise and fall of mining stocks. We have neglected our duties as citizens, and allowed the rabble to run away with the ballot-box, and while we have been quarreling whether Republicans or Democrats should get office a set of hybrid politicians have stolen into place. Californians are of all people the worst in the world to endure a set-back. We endure prosperity splendidly. We are cheerful winners, but most unhappy losers. We have in our mind's eye a person who delights in poker—when he wins he is most amiable. He takes his opponent's money with even hilarity; his wit flows in exhaustless measure; jokes, repartee, and brilliant sarcasms follow each other in endless succession. But when the luck turns and he loses, he becomes sour and silent, then irascible and quarrelsome, then noisy and insolent, and then, if he is quite certain that his challenge to personal combat will be arrested by friends, he will almost persuade himself that he is brave enough to draw a pistol or knife. It is a good deal that way with us as a community. We are all gamblers, and so long as the luck runs our way we are in the most exuberant spirits. We spend our money like princes. But a little set-back and we get blue and despondent; we lose our grip; courage oozes out of our fingers' ends; we sweat great drops of anxiety, our muscle relaxes; everything looks blue, and instead of courageously meeting reverses we look around for somebody to blame. If the season is over dry or over wet, we quarrel with God; if idleness and crime run away with the ballot-box, we blame Kearney; if stock gambling pans out badly, we curse Flood and the bonanza firm; if we get drunk and have the headache, we find fault with the liquor. It never occurs to us that the fault is in ourselves. We have struggled through the two devilish and disastrous years, and the discipline has done us good. We shall be better for it when we get well.

Times are already improving. Merchants that gambled and lost their money in mining stocks are now attending to their legitimate employments, and if they would be half as adventurous and risk half the money in sending ships to the Pacific islands, they would find a return for their risks, and would better deserve the name of merchants. If we had more manufacturers and less speculators; if some of the money hazarded at real estate and other speculations was risked in manufacturing the thousand and one articles in demand that are now imported, times would be flush. If there was less stock-gambling and more mining, times would improve; and if mechanics and laboring men would cure themselves of the idea of becoming suddenly rich by betting on a stock rise, there would be less disaster. If the money sent out of California to search for and open mines, were expended on the western slope of the Sierra from Jackson County, Oregon, to Arizona, there would be no end of our prosperity. If the Railroad Company would send its branches up through our foot hills, that mining, and grape culture, and fruit raising might be encouraged, it would be a wise thing for the Company and the State. If the Nevada Bank and the bonanza kings, instead of investing their millions in Government 4-per-cent. bonds, would lend it to our people for the encouragement of local enterprises at 5 or 6 per cent., it would be better for the borrowers and for the lenders. If our agitators would leave politics and go to work, it would be better for them. If they would not indulge their appetites for gin, but would drink pure California wine, it would improve their purses and their tempers. If the wine growers would plant more vines, be more honest in labeling their wines, be more careful in gaining for them a reputation, it would become the greatest and most profitable industry of California. Grape culture, embracing raisins, will, in ten years, exceed any other single industry of the Pacific Coast. It will beat gold and silver, or grain. If our fruit-growers would dry and can their fruits, and show some little sense and judgment, they might lay the foundation of a great and profitable industry. If our newspapers and immigration societies would cease misrepresenting California, and let it alone, and let its immigration come from healthful and natural causes, it would be better and more sensible. We have people enough here now, and we do not want any more un-

less they are industrious, have money, and come prepared to labor. Of the lower class of European foreigners, we need no more, and of Asiatics, we need none. The great trouble with California is that it has no contented class. There is no portion of the community that is willing to simply live. All desire to get rich.

The new year promises well. It looks as though the cloud had passed over, and that we were to have a good year. One of the most cheering indications is that we have reached a period when a panic in the stock market does not seriously affect other business; we are narrowing our gamblers down to a class, and stocks no longer carry everything else up or down as they may themselves be inflated or depressed. The milking process does not reach as widely as it did; laborers, mechanics, manufacturers, merchants, and professional men do not come up to Pine Street to be milked with their wonted regularity. The last and most disastrous decline in Comstock values caused the failure of no business man or firm, and the generally expressed opinion of the public is delight at the collapse, and there is also a general and freely expressed hope that they will never advance. The Comstock Lode will be worked—at least we think so—for generations yet to come; it will be carried down to marvelous depths by the new and constantly improving machinery. As a remunerative working lode the Comstock has a brilliant future, but so long as there is a class of gamblers who simply bet upon the rise or fall of its stocks, just so long it will be manipulated to catch their money. We look forward to a decline in stock gambling, or at least think it will be confined to a stock-gambling class, as in New York, Paris, London, Amsterdam, or Frankfort, or wherever there is a Bourse. We have but scant sympathy for the man or woman who loses at stock speculating. We regard as a doubly-dyed idiot and fool the man who will play at the game when his opponent sees both hands, and has every deal, and the cards marked.

Mining is a great and splendid and legitimate industry, and the money honestly and intelligently invested in it is as worthily risked as that expended for seed wheat or vine cuttings. There are hundreds of mines in California being now diligently worked, of which no mention is made, of which no report is ever heard, that are making money. There are thousands of quartz ledges, river beds, gravel banks, all along our Sierra, that will make the men who work them rich, and we doubt whether in amount of capital as much is demanded as to establish a good sized farm, dairy, vineyard, or hop ranch; and we doubt whether the risk is any greater in working them. A little science, a good deal of sense, some money, hard labor, and personal attention would open many valuable mines that are now entirely neglected in California.

The most promising thing for the future is the now demonstrated fact that small farming is more profitable than large farming. Colonies distributed over the State have illustrated the fact that by organized, united, and intelligent effort industrious families can live and flourish and grow fat on twenty or forty acres of land. Many of our great plains, seemingly almost deserts, and in dry seasons barren of vegetation, become under irrigation gardens, and produce all that the family may demand in way of luxury and comfort. From the north to San Bernardino along the coast, and along the plains, these colonies have been established, and in nearly every instance have proved successful. It demands judgment to select the location, money to purchase and pay for the land, so that there may be no debt, industry to work it, and enough of good nature on the part of the colonist to agree not to disagree, and to cooperate in all matters where cooperation and united effort will produce better results than individual action. In all cases of irrigated land the water should belong to the land.

For thirty years we have been endeavoring to reclaim tule lands, and are just beginning to begin to know how to do it. Reclamation is expensive. It must be thorough; but ten acres of well reclaimed and well cultivated fresh-water tule land is in itself a fortune to an industrious family. The river banks of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin will in time be a busy hive of agricultural industry. The plains will be irrigated, and they will be the homes of a vast people; the foot-hills, less productive, but more beautiful in climate, and more delightful for homes than plain or swamp, will be teeming with a cultivated and busy population. The mountains to their heights will be mined for precious metals. The Bay of San Francisco, with its commerce and its manufactures, its cities and its suburban villages, its beautiful city and village homes, will be the centre of a splendid and prosperous population that shall equal any in the world. Nevada and Arizona will pour their treasures into its lap, Oregon and Washington Territory will contribute, and it will not be many years until we shall look back to the two disastrous years of 1878 and 1879, and wonder that we permitted small troubles to vex us, and such slight reverses to make us question the resources and destiny of our marvelous State.

The Reverend Mayor in God, the Honorable Baptist preacher of the Tabernacle, received his first political black eye from the Board of Supervisors on Tuesday evening. It was the Reverend Honorable's first veto message, passed over his clerical head by a vote of eleven to one. He under-

took to say that thirty thousand people who have been and will be taxed more than four millions of dollars for the opening of Montgomery Avenue, and who are now expending \$50,000 for sewers on Union Street, should not be allowed to build themselves a cable road, and have a horse-car attachment to the water front. For an illogical, undignified, untrue, and jumbled-up piece of demagogical clap-trap, we commend this olla-podrida of stump speech and pulpit oratory to that portion of the Mayor's friends who know how to read. The remarks of Messrs. Stetson, Mason, Schottler and Torrey, giving their reasons for overriding the veto, were sound and business-like. They were based upon propositions that are incontrovertible. The statement and the charges of the Hon. C. L. Taylor should not pass unanswered by Mr. Kallach, and we commend him, upon his return from Los Angeles, to rise to a question of privilege, and explain that he is not a liar, and did not, on the 24th, promise not to veto the ordinance, and did not say, on the 26th, that he had not vetoed it, the message having been written on the 25th. And while the Reverend Mayor is on his feet, let him explain why he withheld his message over a regular Board, if not to play a trick worthy of a preacher, but altogether unbecoming to a respectable politician. We regard the Mayor of the sand-lot as a thoroughly bad egg, and shall not be fooled by his opposition to one road—that does not pay—in the interest of other corporations—which do pay. We shall not be fooled by his opposition to the Laguna de Merced water scheme, to think that he will not favor some bigger job when the time comes. This man of accident, demagoguery, and bad shooting, will bear watching. We prophesy now that the *Bulletin* will not be licking Mayor Kallach the smooth way of the hair for very long.

Our new officials are in a quandary concerning their obligation to refund a portion of their salary. They affect to believe that there are legal difficulties in the way of doing what they have promised, and perhaps there are. So far as we are concerned we shall be quite willing that they keep their salaries if they prove honest, industrious, and economical in the administration of their offices. Salaries are too high, and should be reduced by the Legislature. The Workingmen in the Legislature will have power to pass such a law, and neither Democrats nor Republicans will dare oppose them. The attitude of Auditor Dunn in this matter is entirely creditable to him. The views of Sheriff Desmond, as expressed to the Ward Presidents, on Tuesday evening, commands our best approval. His utterances were brave and manly; they sound well, and have an honest ring in them. We hope he means what he says, and says what he means. He says:

"At the time of my nomination I was requested to take the salary pledge. I did so; but if I had been asked whether or not I regarded it as wise and politic, I should have said emphatically that it was not. The party seems to have discovered this. But since I took the pledge I shall endeavor to keep it. I will try and return the money into the treasury—that's all. But there is something else I wish to say. Ever since my election you have importuned me with demands for office. I have promised the people an administration of honest reform, and you shall have it. But I will let neither you nor anybody else interfere with my duties. I shall run the Sheriff's office to suit myself. You are the most inconsistent set of men that ever I met. Your party platform discourages office-seeking, and yet you have gone down on your knees before me begging appointments. I speak plainly to you; I don't care how you may think about me. Before I would lower myself as you have done I would jump into the Bay. I give you fair notice now, after to-day, no one need come to me for appointments. I want you to leave me in peace. I understand my duties toward the city and toward my bondsmen, and shall endeavor to fulfill them. Your interference in my affairs is not warranted, and I do not want it. As regards the return of my salary, I shall attempt to comply with my pledge, but I do not want your advice on it. If the Convention and the party has done a foolish act the blame lies with them, and not with me, for you do not know yourselves what shall be done."

It is but just for us to say that we think the Workingmen's portion of the city officers, are, as a body, doing their duty. The Sheriff, the Auditor, the Tax Collector, and, we presume, the Treasurer, City and County Surveyor, and Public Administrator are giving general satisfaction. We are not sufficiently partisan not to be glad of it, and we hope not to be so prejudiced, or unreasonable, or ungenerous as not to be willing to admit the truth when it tells to the advantage of officials whose election we have sincerely and honestly opposed. In reference to Mr. Kallach and his conduct in vetoing our Presidio Railroad, we confess to a personal feeling. For twenty-four years, through mud and darkness, in poverty and on foot, the writer has trudged back and forth from home to office, and from office to home; for years no public streets, no sidewalks, no railroads, no gas lights. He has been bled to death in paying assessments for grading, sewerage, sidewalk and curbing streets upon land that has no market value because inaccessible. Old man Casbolt has cursed that part of the city with his blacksmith engineering. The Gas Company gives us the worst gas at the highest price. The Omnibus, and North Beach and Mission Railroad Companies say we shall not lay a track upon Montgomery Avenue that we have been taxed to open; and when, finally, we have the hope of a cable road, this Baptist preacher sits down upon us, and we squeal; we squeal for ourselves, and vicariously for our neighbors. There are not less than thirty thousand of us, men, women, and children, who want a road to the Presidio. We have it, and we are indignant that Mayor Kallach have struck us a foul blow under the pretense of being a friend of the people and the enemy of the city. His conscience is too thin.

ASHES.

Soft and still, cold and gray,
A pile of ashes before me lies;
I, motionless, wonder if they will stir,
When the first faint breath of morn shall rise.

All night long I have watched them fall,
Softly and silently, one by one:
A gray, cold mass, 'neath the blackening grate.
They all have fallen—my watch is done.

Some hours ago, when I lit the fire,
(Is it hours or years I have passed since then?)
My heart beat high with a strong desire—
A love, a hope, like other men.

The cheery flame leaped quick and high,
As if it waited the touch of my hand,
And flashed a reply to my inmost thought—
I almost think it did understand.

What pictures I saw in the glowing coals!
What a truthful glimpse bright thoughts can be!
And mine were bright as the dancing flame,
As they painted me pictures fair to see.

What was it that dimmed the pictures' glow?
A letter—a marvel of delicate art.
We have both been quite mistaken, and so
You must see it is better that we should part."

'Twas a dainty sheet, like a rose leaf, pale;
Its breath of perfume filled all the air:
Since I crushed it in my bruising hand,
There's a scent of rose-leaves everywhere.

"Give it to me," the fierce flame cried.
I smoothed it out, and kissed it thrice,
Then laid it upon the glowing coals—
It was turned to ashes in a trice.

O God! how it writhed in the flame's hot grasp;
I strove with my might its mad course to stay.
Then I knew by the coldness I felt within,
It was my heart that had burned away.

There is no flower when the root is dead.
What need of hope when the heart is gone?
So I said farewell to my hopes so bright,
And burned them to ashes one by one.

They were sweet as the first warm breath of June,
And fair as the blossom on Alpine snow—
My hand was ice, and my lips were dumb,
As I yielded them up to the crimson glow.

My fair, false love, could you see them now,
The heart and the hopes that were yours before,
Would you care, I wonder, that naught remains
But ashes piled on a marble floor?

The night is past, the day dawns fair;
Below, the street echoes with busy tread.
I open the door, and leave behind
Only a pile of ashes—dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879.

A.

HUMMING-BIRD HILL.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

CHAPTER III.

About Christmas time Jeanie went to Oakland to make a long visit, "and shake off the shadows," she said. To Rob's disgust, and Dick's despair, they soon discovered that Mr. Dunallan had also "gone to Oakland to visit a friend."

"Rob, he's absolutely gone on her, ain't he?" groaned Dick. "I am afraid he is, Dick, and I'm afraid that she's gone, too. Oh, what consummate fools girls can be!"

"But, Rob, you don't think Jeanie's a fool for all that. You know, and I know, that she is choosing like a wise girl. There isn't a girl in the county but would jump half out of her senses to get such a match as Dunallan. No use to hate him for it, though I come mighty near it sometimes—damn him!" exploded Dick. "Why, what have I to offer her but this hole in the mountains? If I could get rid of it and try my luck elsewhere—but it's no use, I'll never light on another such fool as Dick Stevens," and he gave the logs a desperate poke that sent a shower of sparks flying up the chimney.

Through the great glowing arch Rob looked far away into infinity.

"Seems to me," said he, slowly, "the first thing a girl ought to think of, is whether she can love a fellow for himself, and then be willing to take up with any fortune that falls to him, and fight it out on that line."

"But if a girl finds a rich man lovable, I don't suppose his money ought to be an objection. You ain't fair, Rob; Dunallan is a million times more worthy and more pleasing than I, rich or poor. O Rob, I'm nothing but a scrub, anyway. I've knocked about, rough and tumble, ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper."

"You're pretty soft hearted, old boy; but if you had a heart of stone I could make it ache by telling you some of the experiences I've passed through, especially in my young days. A man don't mind hard times so much; but to see a little chap—a child—that ought to be saying his prayers at his mother's knee, and kissed, and cared for, and kept from evil—to see him fighting for his little standing place on this old foot-stool, blue and pinched with cold and hunger, hustled and thrust about here and there by great hulking brutes, I tell you it's pretty tough!"

"But Dunallan—blast him!—has had nothing to do but take the good and the beautiful things that life has thrust in his way—learning, culture, elegance, all that many and many a poor devil has grubbed out, at the cost of life maybe, for such as he. And he'll give Jeanie a beautiful life, God bless her! And so—God bless him!"

"Dick, how good you are!" said Rob, looking at him proudly. "To be so just and generous in spite of the natural bitterness of your heart—that is, I mean anybody's heart under the circumstances, Mr. Biffin—it's what I call manliness, and religion, too. I'm afraid I shouldn't be equal to it if any one should come between Rose and me like that."

"Hello, boys!" shouted Jerry at the door. It was Christmas eve, and he had been to Calistoga for the mail. The boys sprang to the door. "Ef you'll take these yer passels for the mare in the stable. Ve orter seen her a comin' 'round hills; ef she didn't jest put. Durn it all," he cried, "away at the packages, 'my pockets is plumb full. 'Rob's stuff in here, 'n there's a box fer him tied on 'saddle; I reck'n it's some Christmas fixin' from his gal."

"Oh, confound you, Jerry, hand 'em over; don't keep a fellow waiting so long," cried impatient Rob.

"Go slow, youngster; plenty o' time; termorrer's a holiday. There ye hev 'em—now, pitch in!"

Talk about female curiosity. No school girls ever went at a box from home more eagerly than the two boys set about opening Rob's box.

"It's from Jeanie, anyway," said Rob; "that's her fist."

Dick sat down. But he furtively possessed himself of the bit of paper that bore the address—it seemed almost as if he were touching the hand that wrote it.

"There's cotton enough here for a bed quilt," said Rob, unrolling the folds of pink and white, till he at last disclosed two china cups and saucers, most beautifully decorated. One cup bore a scarlet California thistle and a spray of wild oats; in the bottom was a single cherry on its stem; the saucer had grasses and butterflies. The other cup had humming-birds, and a spray of forget-me-not on the coral handle; on the saucer some tiny butterflies hovered over blue nemophila.

"Don't they make a fellow's hands feel like bear's paws?" said Rob, carefully putting down the dainty things.

"I reckon coffee'd taste pooty good out o' them," said Jerry; "but I shouldn't dast to wash no such jimcracks."

"Well, here goes for the letter," said Rob.

"DEAR ROBBIE!"

"M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m!" mumbled Rob. "Oh, yes; here—"

"I've been learning to decorate China, and send you the first cups that I did, as a Xmas gift. You can give one to your friend, Dick, if you want to; I suppose you won't have any difficulty in finding out which is most appropriate for you! I thought you'd like to make him a present, and I knew you couldn't find anything decent in Calistoga."

"Ruling passion, etc.," laughed Rob; "but, to continue:"

"I am having a lively, pleasant time, and getting my soul brimming full of music, Robbie; I always think of you when I am listening to it—of you and your Dick, sitting together before the fireplace, Jerry at the corner, and that little antiquated cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the old black tea-kettle humming away at one side. Sometimes I feel kind of homesick, and wish I could sit there with you and hear Dick sing his sweet old songs, and laugh at one of Jerry's yarns, and at your saucy slang, you dear old scallawag! And oh, Robbie, I'm just dying to get hold of my violin; do go and say something to it for me. I have just written to mother, inclosing Hugh's letter from Thunders Bay. Who knows! We may all be rich yet; I say 'we,' for I know that if any good fortune comes to dear old Hugh he will take us all in. But there, I haven't another minute to waste on you. Give my love to Rose, and remember me to all Humming-Bird Hill, with merry Xmas to you all!"

"Yours, JEANIE."

"P.S.—Mr. D. is in town. I see him quite often. You needn't be surprised at any news I have to tell you about him."

Rob and Dick looked at each other; the red waves rushed over Dick's face, and receded, leaving it white and despairing as a sullen sea. He folded his arms upon the table and leaned his head upon them. Rob looked at him with a rueful face, in speechless pity.

"Boys, that gal don't marry no Mister D.," said Jerry, whom they had forgotten; "that is, if y'll excuse me fer puttin' in my yawn; but I can't help seein' which way the land lays. I've had a little experience in observin' this yer sort o' thing, an' I tell you love'll go whar it's sent; 'n' little Jane ain't headed toward no Mister D.; now, you mind what I tell ye."

"I'm afraid you're wrong this time, Jerry," said Rob.

"Well, now, what'll ye bet?"

"I don't think it's much of a job for bettin' on, Jerry; but, seen' its you, I'll bet you a box of cigars to a gallon of Clotz's wine."

"Tain't much of a bet, but it'll do for me," said Jerry, calmly.

"Why, hello! What's this?" said Rob, as he drew from the box a white silk handkerchief, with Jerry's initials embroidered in scarlet and gold in one corner, and his name in full on a bit of paper pinned to it.

Jerry rose up, red and bashful, to receive it, first rubbing his great hands on his overalls. "Wall, naow, ef she ain't the gawdurndest gal! By thunder, Rob, I'll go ye two gallons on her!"

Dick jammed his hat over his eyes and went out; he had never, in all his orphaned, homeless life, felt so desolate; up and down in the moonlight he walked, and listened to the first,

"In most familiar cadence with the howl,
The thunder, and the hiss of homeless streams,
Mingling their solemn song."

Dick always went to Nature with his troubles; she soothed and comforted him by first sympathizing with him; she never tried, with finely-drawn logic, to show him how unreasonable he was; but, like a tender mother, took him to her heart, and listened to his plaint. There, feeling himself enfolded by her love, he was calmed and strengthened. It was late that night when he entered the house—Rob and Jerry had been long asleep.

After that, Rob and Dick seldom spoke together of Jeanie; it was a sort of funereal topic that Rob didn't know how to manage; but he had a hundred mute ways of showing his sympathy for Dick, who understood him and was grateful. Mother Dalkeith, too, understood how matters were; and her heart yearned with pity for the poor fellow, but she was too wise to interfere. And so, like the manly fellow that he was, Dick struggled on in silence with his bitterest disappointment.

"It's just like death," thought he; "you get over it after a while—that is, you get to feel calmly about it, and feel resigned, and all that; but there's always the grave. 'Disappointment in love'—People laugh at that, yet it has sent to the devil more men, and women, too, than anything else in the world, I guess, except whisky, and maybe politics. But I don't mean to go the devil for any woman; I'll brace up and show the girl that I am worth her respect anyway. She shan't laugh at me. She wouldn't feel like doing that, though—she's far too tender-hearted. Oh, my little Jeanie, the sweetest girl God ever made!" he exclaimed, in a transport of love and pain. "If only she had been meant for me! and it does seem as though she was. God bless her, anyway!"

So the winter slipped by, with alternating rain and sunshine; the land was tropical in its verdure. Pale, venture-some wild flowers peered out here and there from tangles of fern and briar; the bees were in crowds about the manzanitas—but Jeanie did not come. How long it seemed!

There was good news from Thunders Bay about that time: Hugh was coming home. "The mine is sold," he wrote, "and my share is enough to set us all a spinning! Put on

your best cap and gown, mother, and give your old clothes to the poor!"

"An' ye shall walk in silk attire,
An' gold an' siller hae to spare."

"And my bonnie Jeanie shall live wherever she likes; and when she gets married she shall have a dower that will make her sweet eyes shine."

"As to Rob, the rascal! tell him to pick out his ranch."

"And ye'll all be gay when Johnny comes marchin' home."

CHAPTER IV.

And forth the cockow gan proceede anon,
With "Benedictus" thanking God in haste,
That in this May would visit them echon,
And gladden them all while the feast shal last.
And therewithal a laughter out he brast,
"I thank it God that I should end the song,
And all the service that hath been so long."—Chaucer.

April had set the hills and meadows thick with blossoms, and, her fairy task performed, was giving place to May.

And Jeanie had come! Oh, how glad they were to have her, and how happy she was to be at home again! She whirled through the house like a spring breeze; she danced a mad jig with Rob; she caught the mother's face in her two little hands, and looked deep down into her smiling, tender eyes.

"Oh, my minnie!" she cried, "you are the blessedest, sweetest auld mither that ever I had; how could I stay away so long! Robbie, reach me down my voice, till I find if she's glad to see me or no;" and Jeanie lifted her violin from its case. She drew the bow caressingly across the strings; out sprang the voice, and trembled and wept for very gladness.

"By George!" exclaimed Bob, jumping up and cutting a pigeon wing, "let's give old Dick a surprise to-morrow night. We were all going over to the picnic at the Geysers, only Dick wouldn't go, and now, darn the Geysers, I say! I can switch off boys and girls enough to make a jolly party, and we'll go and dance under Dick's trees."

"But, Rob, you know that I set my face, like a flint, against surprise parties; they are altogether abominable."

"Oh, psha! sis; this is different; it'll be all right over there, and it'll cheer Dick up a little." Jeanie blushed, and played a bar or two on her violin; she knew it was a thrust at her.

"I'll tell you what, Jean, I'll give Jerry the wink, and he'll see that everything is straight; and anyway, Dick's the best housekeeper I ever saw—for a man."

"Well," said Jeanie, slowly, "if you'll tell Jerry, we'll go. It will be fun, that's a fact. Now be off to Rose, and the rest of 'em."

The next evening, after a little "May-day picnic" at the Petrified Forest, by way of a "blind," and at which Jeanie did not appear, and just as the moon and the shadows were taking things into their own hands, the gay little company were on their way to Dick's. At a certain place in the road, which was through a tangle of blossom and bough, Jeanie and Rob slipped away from their companions, and ran down a "short cut" between the orchard and vineyard—a path well worn by Dick and Rob in their visits to each other. Going quietly up the hill to the house, Rob marched boldly up to the "big window" and looked in, then he motioned for Jeanie to come and look. Dick sat alone by the hearth, where a cheery little fire was blazing; his guitar was in his hands, but he seemed to have forgotten all about it; after a moment he began an accompaniment to that sweetest of sad, yearning songs:

"Bonnie Charlie's far awa,
Safely o'er the stormy main;
Many a heart will brak in twa
Should he ne'er come back again.

"Will ye no come back again,
Will ye no come back again!
Better lo'ed ye'll never be,
Will ye no come back again!

"Sweet the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen,
But aye to me she sings ae sang:
Will he no come back again!"

It was sweet as music heard in dreams. Rob turned away with tearful eyes; but Jeanie just smiled. Rob was disgusted.

"It seems to me that you women glory in a man's anguish. Look at that! I should think it would break your heart, but you look as if you were glad of it."

"Perhaps I am; we women like a new scalp-lock to hang at our girdles occasionally; and besides, he'll get over it—they all do," said Jeanie, carelessly, and added: "As Hugh says: 'Time is a great assuager of woe.'"

"Confound you all for a heartless set," muttered Rob, "but I didn't think it of Jeanie. No, I can't make 'em out."

By that time the rest of the company had arrived, and silently grouping themselves under the trees performed their serenade, Rob leading off in a solo of his own "invention," as he said.

"Wake, laddie, wake, the bean is mooming,
The flowery stars are in the sky;
The owl-birds in the grove are blooming,
The wild cat warbles merry-ly.
Chorus.—"Wake, laddie, wake, the bean is mooming,
The wild cat warbles merry-ly."

"Wake, laddie, waken from thy slumber,
Come with thy heart so full of glee,
Come forth to join our festive number,
And dance beneath the oaken tree.
Chorus.—"Wake, laddie, waken from thy slumber,
And dance beneath the oaken tree."

By the time this characteristic song was over, Dick was with them, laughing and welcoming them right heartily. But when he came to Jeanie his hand trembled, and his heart beat so fast and loud, it seemed to him that every one must see and hear it.

Ah, well, what a time it was! It seemed as if the fairies must turn a deeper green for envy of those glad young mortals; only, on second thought, there can't be many of those old spiteful fairies left; they must have worn themselves out long ago.

Jerry pranced around like a rejuvenated elephant, the Christmas handkerchief adorning his neck, and the embroidered corner waving out conspicuously. Jeanie, little winsome sprite, was sparkling with merriment—they watched her in amazement.

"Girls," said Rose Cherry, "did you ever dream that Jeanie had so much fun in her! And isn't she pretty? I should think the boys would all go mad in love with her."

"Oh, yes, Rose, you wouldn't care if they did, since her brother is the only one you're concerned about."

"Before I'd be jealous!" said pretty Rose, tossing her head and running away.

Dick and Rob, too, were watching Jeanie, both with pride, and one with an aching heart.

"Dick, I didn't know the little scamp was so pretty. What ails her, any way? I never saw her so gay; and hasn't she styled up? I tell you, Dick, I'm awfully proud of her."

"Hush, Rob."

Jeanie had taken her violin, and was beginning to play:

"Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,

Charlie is my darling, the young chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning, right early in the year,

When Charlie came to our house, the young chevalier!"

More plainly than lips could utter them, the "voice" gave forth the tender words. How it sang! now slowly, sweet, and caressing, now full of bewildering mischief, or low and plaintive as if for some lost love; then with a sound like laughter, the rapturous, delicious abandonment of joy:

"Oh, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,

Charlie is my darling, the young chevalier."

Dick turned away with a groan; but he went to her, he couldn't help it; she drew him on, her helpless, hopeless worshiper. He found himself standing apart with her, where they could watch the dancers, and hear their laughing voices mingling with the music of harp and violin.

Just beyond the dancers blazed a great fire of logs and brush. Around Jeanie and Dick was a little silken rustling of leaves; at their feet, in the depths of the cañon, the stream sped on with a laughter that changed to moaning, as it passed among the fir saddened hills. Dick was reckless, mad with the pain of losing her and the joy of being near her.

"Jeanie, if life could end here, and now!"

"Why!" exclaimed Jeanie in slow wonder, lifting her great eyes like pansies moist with dew, "aren't you happy?"

"Never so happy in my life—nor so broken-hearted."

Jeanie dropped her gaze from his, as he continued:

"I believe I shall throw myself in the creek after you're gone," laughing nervously. "Hear what a moaning it makes down there. And the firs are rehearsing a dirge; they seem to expect me."

"Mercy! how ghastly! You make me shudder," said Jeanie. "I declare I don't care to leave you here to-night; you'd better come home with Robbie and me."

"Home—with you! Jeanie—O, my God!" and he leaned his head against a tree and sobbed.

Jeanie had never before seen a man weep.

"Oh, hush!" she implored, frightened at the outburst.

"Ob, Dick, hush! Are you so foolish as to sit and break your heart for what is waiting for you, in reach of your hand, Dick?"

"Jeanie—you—don't mean it!"

"Look in my eyes and see," she murmured.

"Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,"

She sang in under breath.

"Jeanie, was that for me?"

"All for you, oh, you stu—!"

"Rosie, come home with us," Jeanie said, at the turning of the road, when they were saying "good morning," on their way home. Rose gave a shy glance up at Rob, and suffered herself to be led along.

"The second day of May," said Dick, when they were out of hearing of the others; "let that date be graven on our marbles, and say that heaven began then."

When they had entered the little house, that seemed to be fast asleep in the gray light, and Rob and Dick had gone to their room, Jeanie whispered something to Rose, who blushed and drew shyly back, then put her hand in Jeanie's, and the two girls went softly into the mother's room.

"Mother, dear, here is Rose. She came home with—me, and Dick came home with—Robbie, and we all came home together; and kiss your girls, mother, darling!"

"Jeanie, what's the news about Dunallan?" said Rob, the next day.

"Why, didn't you know?" said Jeanie, with the most innocent surprise; "he's going to marry Kate Dalrymple. I lured him on to Oakland expressly to make the match, and they fell into the snare as naturally as two turtle doves. She's a regal girl. They seem to have been ordained for each other."

"Innocent as a serpent and wise as a dove, sure as you live!" said Rob.

"Wall, naow, ye couldn't fool me," said Jerry. "Lord, didn't I know haow 'twas comin' aout? Love'll go whar its sent; didn't I tell ye so, Rob? 'n you can't change the course on't no more'n you turn a streak o' greased lightning!"

"Fact, Jerry," said Rob; "and you're going to have a box of the best cigars in Frisco."

* * * * *

Humming-Bird Hill! It seems to lie in the smile of heaven from January to December. Its little meadows are tilled like gardens; its orchard trees are full freighted with dainty bloom or glowing fruit; its vineyards bear treasures of Flaming Tokay, and Hamburg, and Muscat, and Malvoisie; its hills are dotted with herds of Angora goats, and the cheerful tinkling of their bells is heard among the firs. The deer come down to feed upon the sunny slopes, and the does lead their young down to the spring to drink in safety. The humming-birds build in the branches around the house, and the quail have their nests in the meadow near by. All around is tender, brooding life. The cottage is embowered in blossoming vines, and Jeanie stands under their shadow with bonny wee Robbie in her arms; she is holding him up to clap his dimpled hands at Dick, who is working on the hill across the creek. Jerry, too, is there, looking as proud and happy as if he owned them all.

"Oh, how blind I was," Jeanie cries, "to see no beauty in God's glorious places among His hills and mountains."

The grandmother, sitting on the porch, closes her old, yellow-leaved *Psalms-Book*, and takes her spectacles from her eyes, and, with her sunset smile, repeats:

"Beinn Shioin's breagh! a suidheachadh aobhness gach talmhainu i."

(The Hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth.) J. H. S. BUGEIA.

CALISTOGA, December 15, 1879.

ASSORTED SENTIMENT.

A Plea for Its Preservation.

"'Twas nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows."

The other day I heard Portia humming the fragment I have just quoted. Everything Portia sings, or trills, or hums, or even whistles, she makes her very own; not merely because she is the wisest of women—barring her laziness—but because she is Portia, which is a profounder reason than it seems to be.

"'Twas nothing but a rose I gave her,"

I say to myself, taking from my Japanese cabinet a little sandal-wood box, wherein are the garnered flotsam of my salad days, labeled, "Assorted sentiment."

"I wonder why I have kept these things," I said, talking aloud, after the fashion of egoists, who are always sure of an appreciative audience—of one.

"Because you are a sentimentalist." The voice comes from behind a cloud of dubiously fragrant smoke, rising from the big leathern chair near the window. It is the voice of Roger, my room-mate. I have quite forgotten Roger, so wrapt am I in the delightfulness of active reverie.

A sentimental room-mate is not an unmixed good in one's life, but Roger enables me to live in a twenty-five dollar room at one-half the otherwise inevitable outlay, and his companionship is full of other compensations.

"Because you are a sentimentalist," says Roger.

"You are mistaken," say I. "One ought always to be very nice in the choice and use of words, especially in the treatment of nice distinctions. Sentiment and sentimentality are very near of kin. In fact, one may be fairly considered the double of the other, and which is 'the other' it is often difficult to determine. You think I am sentimental, you misanthropic vaporer of inexpensive tobacco. I am *not* sentimental. I am merely overcharged with sentiment. Hold on a jiffy and I'll give you some."

"Heaven forbid," says Roger, solemnly, and he is gone.

I am alone with my treasures. I tumble them out upon the table. Their totality is inconsiderable. There are nineteen red rosebuds, and six pale yellow ones.

There is one little kid glove. It must have belonged to a little girl, for no grown-up young woman had ever so small a hand. It is scarcely possible to be sentimental over that, for I never lost any little sister and I never had any little girl of my own.

There is a lot of other stuff in the box which have little or no meaning, but the nineteen red rosebuds fill me with unspeakable yearning. I don't know what for, and I don't very much care. It is sufficient that I yearn.

One can yearn over a very little when one is tuned to the proper yearning pitch. The trouble is that I can not for the life of me remember what particular *who* gave me any particular red rosebud. They bear each to each the most exasperating sort of family likeness, as faithful to the generic type as the faces of my landlady's various Chinese servants.

The unkind interruption from Roger has left me out of poise with my normal self, and vaguely satirical at my own expense. I have been thinking, while assorting my buds and other trifles, very much in the burlesque, Victor Hugo fashion. But that sort of mood seldom lasts long with me. I can not keep back the memories which play pitch and toss with the withered and yellowed mementoes before me.

More than one of those crumbling buds were gathered by taper fingers, when I was a mere urchin of a school-boy fifteen years ago. Mary, who married the doctor, sent me one of them, sent it with the first love-letter I ever had, sending them by her brother as too precious to be trusted to the post or to the scant carefulness of an ordinary messenger.

I remember with a queer little spasm of regret that my matter-of-fact mother burned the letter, which I had foolishly left on the bureau. Doubtless I should not think it worth the saving if I had it now, but it is nice to imagine something delightful in its vanished pages and unremembered sentences. Mary, who married the doctor, had grown up to be a practical, contented, admirable woman and wife and mother. Doubtless she has forgotten; I can scarcely say why I have remembered. Another of those shrunken rosebuds was given me almost as long ago by Mary, who became a nun. I can't remember whether it is among the nineteen red ones or the six yellow ones. Mary, who is now a nun, was extremely pretty, with a pink and white complexion, and just such lips as Erasmus wrote that the English girls had. It was religious excitement, or rather religious lack of excitement, which sent pretty little Mary into a convent. I am glad of that because I think she never liked any one else so well as she liked me. I can't remember who gave me the baker's dozen of the twenty-three remaining rosebuds. Some of the happenings which gave me the twelve I do remember about were anything but pleasant. I had to fight because of two of them. I came near being shot because of another. The acceptance of a fourth from the most finished flirt of my limited acquaintance led to a fatal misunderstanding by which I lost a charming friend.

But there is something pleasant to remember about each of the remaining eight, only I can't tell *which* are the remaining eight. One—two were given me without a thought of sentiment by my best friend, my wisest counselor; but she has explicitly forbidden me to be sentimental about them, and I dare not disobey her. And the others were given by other true friends: the wife of the good Ira Merry, the sister of my most boon companion who has gone to Oregon, the oddly fascinating midget of a schoolma'am I met last winter in the Sonoma County redwoods, my adopted mother who lives in Oakland.

There are other withered rosebuds and other faded flowers in the heap before me. I know who gave me some of these, because they are in a sense individual. There are half a dozen pinks. Enid placed one in my button-hole on each of a dozen memorable mornings. There is one *boutonniere*, with its stems in silver foil and a cruel pin thrust through the heart of a fragile tuberose. Jeppetha brought it for me through the crush of a crowded carriage and the hurly-burly of the Author's Carnival, making me momentarily vain by the concession. There are some sprigs of fern which Isoude gave me, and as I look at them, I remember

that I have owed her a letter for almost a month, and reproach myself for my neglect. There is a bit of wild brier which Ote plucked for me under Tamalpais; I told her then about my assorted sentiment, and she did not laugh. There are some pansies which Esther gathered at Lone Mountain, and gave me because I asked for them. And there are two tea-roses which Doris wore at her girle in the Carnival, and which I caught ere they fell to the floor, as she passed in the grand march.

The roses of Doris are the one glint of real sunshine in this memory-fog. They are unmistakable. The fragrance of life is still in them, and the tints of life have not yet faded from their crumpled leaves. I am glad to have found a clue which may lead me out of this bewildering past. The partly shaped personalities which have begun to cluster around and strive for the nineteen red rosebuds and their yellow sisters, fade, vanish, and leave the helpless souvenirs without a name. I turn them over with my finger tips, and every moment adds to their ruin. It seems profanation thus to bring them into the light of day. How foolish it was to keep them, anyhow! Neither sentiment nor the sentimental has any business in this workaday world. They belong to mediæval romances. They have lost their identity in the common mind under the crude classification, "gush." Everybody is ashamed to own the hybrid, even Enid and Esther, whose youth entitles them to all the silver-lined fancies they choose to indulge in. Enid scorns the imputation of being sentimental; and as for sentiment, that is more intangible still, and she knows it not. We like to be thought world-wise and cynical. We want to have sense, or the reputation of sense, but we repudiate sensibility. Clearly, then, to be in the path with my fellows, I must burn my treasure trove, and turn my back upon assorted sentiment.

While I hesitated a breath of December wind comes in at the door—which Roger has left open—and flutters some of the stray, sunken leaflets to the floor. I pick them up tenderly, despite my philosophy, humming the while another morsel of Portia's melody:

"When she took it from my trembling fingers,
With a touch as chill—
Ah! her hand upon mine fingers,
Stays and thrills me still."

I sweep the dead things back into the little sandal-wood box, their faint, deathly odor floating out to me like a far-off voice.

My egoism reasserts itself. I will keep them and add to them hereafter if I please. To be a brave sentimentalist, or even sentimentalist, is not in its essence ignoble. I reflect that the world is too full of Gradgrinds already; and if I can carry some of the tender grace of the past along with me as I go, it may do me good, even if I can not tell where it came from.

In fact, so many pretty sermons lie folded with stems and stamens in my perfumed box that I dare not follow them where they beckon me. But, before I put Doris's roses away with all the others, I twist a scroll of tissue paper about their fragile stalks, for mile-stone, and head-stone, and sweet reminder; that they may be to me a visible sign, for

"Withered, faded, pressed between Life's pages,
Crumpled, fold on fold,
Once they lay upon her breast, and ages
Can not make them old."

BELMONT, December, 1879.

ALFRED HARDIE.

A True Story About Animals.

One damp afternoon the turtle came waddling out into the big room to borrow a little sand to lay his eggs in.

"My friend," the elephant said, "yours is a very hard case."

"Yes," the turtle replied, "but while there's life there's soup."

The elephant was greatly astonished, for he didn't know the turtle was given to that sort of thing at all; and all the other animals grinned, because, you see, it wasn't often the elephant met anybody in the menagerie who could talk to him.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "it's a good thing your back is so broad."

"Yes, it is," replied the turtle, "because there's no telling what make comb of it."

The animals cheered softly, and the elephant looked amazed.

"Well, old go-as-you-please," he said, presently, "you pay as you go, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," the turtle said; "I have to shell out every once in a while. How's hides?" he asked, cheerfully.

"Oh, they're easy," the elephant said; "a little loose, maybe, but nothing to worry over. House moving business keeps up, I reckon?"

"Yes, yes," the turtle said; "nothing rushing particularly, but I'm in and out all day. Nothing unusual in shawl straps, is there?"

The animals cheered at this delicate allusion to the trunk business, and for the first time in his life the elephant looked as though he were going to lose his temper, but he rallied, and said:

"Oh, no; much the same as usual; just a kind of hand to mouth business. By the way, didn't I see your father's old overcoat up in front of the restaurant yesterday?"

"I guess you did," said the turtle; "he wasn't the kind of a man to die and make no sign. Going down into the billiard room pretty soon?"

The elephant said no, they'd have to excuse him; but if they'd "wait till the hyena came along, he'd have some native whine with them." And then the turtle said, "all right, he'd drop in about tusk." And the menagerie went to supper that night with the greatest enthusiasm. But the elephant was very quiet, and only spoke once, and that was to ask the ostrich where he supposed the turtle grew to be so cute? And the foolish bird of the desert tossed an iron bolt-head down his throat and replied:

"Picked it up, I reckon."

And then, children, the elephant grinned. I said there seemed to be an epidemic in the menagerie. I turned up against the centre-pole and went to sleep on Hawkye.

When two women with new hats on passed the street there is a pair of back stares made in

GANYMEDE'S CUP.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 2, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—In the midst of some thousand most confounding perplexities, I seize my pen and attempt to chronicle a few interesting (or otherwise) facts regarding the manner in which we have launched upon the new leap year; in consideration of which I suppose the gentlemen should have precedence. It's their day out, and the custom of calling is a pleasant one, though I suppose our friend "A. B." will censure it, since he prefers a "drunk" to an American Christmas—a luxury he has a right to indulge in, if he has neither wife, mother, nor sister to be made wretched by his little eccentricity. But don't take from our too practical American youths the few illusions they have; let them believe in Santa Claus, and sing hallelujahs as long as they can, and possibly they may be less inclined to get "drunk" when they grow old. For my part, I like the pleasant interchange of compliments and wishes for a happy New Year. I like all pleasant words, and Americans are so chary in their use, indulging in them only on rare occasions. But, after all, I think we are better, franker, warmer friends than we know, or have the courage to show. But I must hasten to fulfill my promise.

I went first to Mrs. Shillaber's, who was majestic in an imported costume, and received with that *bonne grâce* that makes her home so inviting. By her side was the accomplished and beautiful Miss Nopie McDougal. I found the atmosphere so pleasant that I remained much longer than politeness justified; so did Mr. E. LeB., and a few others, much to the disgust of L. T., who was waiting in another part of the city. What a pity there is not some way of dividing up some of these fascinating fellows that there might be enough to "go round." Our friend who resembles Lord Byron, except in lameness, paid his respects; so did Mr. McF. and Mr. A., who said his name was Smith. Messieurs G. L. and S. were there, and during the day and evening the cards numbered three hundred. I stopped a few moments at Mrs. Swift's, whom I found beautiful and refreshing as ever. At Mrs. John L. Love's, Mrs. Ben Brooks's, and Mrs. McCoppin's, those I had met before repeated themselves. At Mrs. Gwin's, D. L. B. was making himself at home. The Britishers were out in full force, trying to reconcile themselves to American customs. What apt scholars they are! Mr. E. C. L., with F. M. P. and ex-Mayor B., favored a few friends with kindly words, wit, and smiles.

I took another long rest at Mrs. B. B. Cutter's, who always has something to hear worth hearing, and makes her friends so welcome that they want to stay, and never go away. Miss Cutter, her daughter—graceful, bright, and original—was entertaining a host of gentlemen, among them Gov. Perkins, who is the most genial public man we have ever had. In the recesses of the windows were melancholy youths, with hair carefully curled, who had hestowed the most serious meditation upon the knots of their cravats; I could not help thinking how nice, perfect, and irreproachable they were; of what ideal exquisiteness, with their perfumed hair and their elegant coats! What more could exacting and romantic fancy desire? As I walked along up Van Ness Avenue to ex-Senator Cole's, I was passed by Robert G.'s stunning turnout, Robert and his friend looking provokingly comfortable and complacent. At Mrs. Graves's was T. P. M., who is as unsocial and barbarous in his nature as his friend, J. M. Qu-y-, is cultivated and elegant, and judge —, overflowing with lines from an old madrigal which savored of courtly days. In an easy-chair, by the side of Miss S., sat W. S. L., the uncatchable, indifferent, and happy. Well, Billy, put up Yellow Jacket, or something else, and give some other fellow a chance to get rich, and you may be less harassed by anxious mammas.

Mrs. George M. Blake opened her spacious house. I wonder why it is that no one ever speaks of her toilets—they are faultless, at home and abroad, from the neatly dressed little foot to the becomingly dressed hair or hat. At hospitable Mrs. Henry Scott's I met a troupe of old friends—W. H. P., he of the rueful countenance, with his friend the festive Major (militia) C. W., and E. F. G., with H. R., and Fred. C. I was disappointed at not finding Mrs. George Prescott here, and had to trot over to the other end of the city, as the day would not have been complete without a chat with her and her beautiful sister, Mrs. H. J. Booth; and there I met J. M. P., who, like myself, is only half satisfied with this Western civilization.

Did you know that Mrs. Prescott's sister, Mrs. Scheidel, was married on Christmas day to a gentleman in Ohio? We all want to see her, and extended our heartfelt congratulations. Mrs. P. B. Cornwall was happy in having her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Fisher (who is home on a visit from China), and Mrs. Florence Moore, with Dr. Bronson's daughters, Cora and Mabel, with her. The same ladies received together six years ago. Here I met C. C.—g, looking the same as of yore; but bachelors never change. I waited until evening to pay my respects to Mrs. J. L. Fry and the ladies who received with her—Miss Kate Bishop (Mrs. F.'s cousin), Miss Maggie McClure, Mrs. Edgerton, Miss Mamie Coghill, Miss Sedgwick, and Miss Tompkins. Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Castle, with the charming and beautifully dressed Misses Corbett, came in, and about a hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, to whom the entertainer, Mrs. Fry, had extended an informal invitation to come and spend a social evening. Mrs. Fry received her guests with that exquisite appreciation of what was due to each one, and with such perfect "graciousness" that all were satisfied, and each considered himself especially honored. What pleases me most in the luxury of Mrs. Fry's house is that nothing seems conspicuously new. The pictures, the gilding, the satins, are subdued, and do not tire the eye with loud gaudiness of novelty. There is a feeling of repose and comfort in every room; a feeling that things have always been there. The drawing-room is of such dimensions, that it makes a pleasant hall-room. The floors are inlaid with many colored woods, so smooth as to almost reflect the frescoed walls, where garlands of flowers are tastefully twined. Notwithstanding the multitude of lights, the rooms are so spacious that there was plenty of air, and one could breathe with perfect ease. Ballenberg was never in better luck than "perfected perfection" in rendering the scene. You can imagine how happy we all were.

Ada Ven finds society so "dull," and doubly so H. and Mrs. T. have ceased to entertain; but for

all that it seems to me there has been about as much going on as we could well attend to, and that we have had some very passable parties and entertainments, with a prospect of more to come, even though the above named doors are closed.

How things get mixed up in a letter, don't they? The shadow of one word has impended over me since I read: "DIED, in New York, December 27th, Nellie M., daughter of the late Hon. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, aged 21 years." What a sad ending of the happy winter she had anticipated with her sister, Mrs. Walker! All who knew Nellie loved her. She was generous and noble to all, a loving daughter and sister, a thoughtful friend. To those who loved her best, we extend a tender clasp of the hand, which is about all one can give the afflicted.

P. S.—Please read in my last letter, 27th December, for "society girl," "society gip"—spelled forward or backward to suit the mood you may be in. G.

BOOK-COVER REVIEWS.

Sadalpha is the title of a little book of grotesquely bad verses, published by the author, J. Bradford Cox, M. D., of San José, this State. In his preface, the author says of the work that, "with the hope that it may be the means of exciting a desire for a more perfect life than many people now live, and that it may afford pleasure during its perusal, indulgence is craved for its imperfections." It seems our duty to tell Mr. Cox that in literature—with which he is evidently not familiar—indulgence is not, and should not be, accorded; for every plea that an author can make for it is simply a reason for not publishing. We do not think *Sadalpha* is likely to "afford pleasure during its perusal"—except in the sense that it will certainly make the reader laugh—and are quite sure that it will provoke remorse for misspent time after perusal. That it will be "the means of exciting a desire for a more perfect life" is probably true, for the reader will rise from it with a chastened and humble spirit, as of one who has endured a penitential scourging, or worn a hair shirt, or made a pilgrimage with unboiled peas in the shoes of him; and these are the means of grace commended by reason and approved by experience. If its writing has excited "a desire for a more perfect life" in the author, we venture to hope that he will not again put forth a book of crude and commonplace fancies in prosy diction, and dignify it with the name of poetry—of which there is not between the covers of this volume a single line, nor part of a line.

A book of quite different character is the little volume, by Mary Mapes Dodge, called *Along the Way*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Most of the poems in this booklet have appeared in *St. Nicholas* and the various Eastern magazines, a few in a former volume of poems for children. Mary Mapes Dodge is a name too well known to require serious criticism on the poems whose merit it authenticates. Those in this volume are nearly all good—we reprint one of them in another column. In saying good we do not mean great or admirable; none of them, probably, will be read five years hence; certainly none of them "will live as long as the language." They are good in the way that a wine is good over which we gently smack our lips with a sense of satisfied desire, but with never a thought of inquiring as to the vintage, or an after memory of its quality. But this is exceptional excellence, as poems go. It is much, indeed, to be "not bad," and that Mrs. Dodge always is. She never strikes a jarring note, never offends against any of the innumerable laws of the poetic art, never is out of taste. Her volume, with reference to both its exterior dress and interior merit, may not inaptly be called a canvas-back duck.

Mr. W. C. Bartlett has printed (not published) a number of his out-of-door sketches, under the title of *A Breeze from the Woods*. These sketches first appeared in the *Overland Monthly*, the initial one now giving its name to the present collection. As the book is printed only for presentation to the author's personal friends, we do not feel called upon, nor indeed at liberty, to express any opinion of its merits or demerits, and the object of this notice is merely to show how the *Bulletin*, in violating this wholesome observance of silence regarding what was not legitimate matter of comment, has, as might have been expected, committed a breach of good taste in the manner of its impertinence as well. "The author, William C. Bartlett, has, we think," says the *Bulletin*, "done a wise and graceful thing in gathering them within the covers of a book, and sending them to his friends with the 'compliments of the season.'" If it is always "wise and graceful" to please oneself this is true enough; but for our part we have not light enough—not working alongside Mr. Bartlett—to say if this act is either the one or the other. In itself it has no perceptible wisdom or grace—no more of the former than making a collection of postage stamps or jackknives; not so much of the latter as presenting one's friends with hooks by another author. The *Bulletin* continues: "The hungry multitude, on the keen scent for good things, will look in vain for it on the counters of the book stores." This a particularly interesting tableau—the people clamoring for a hook (which the publishers evidently did not clamor for) and the hard-hearted author, from sheer unprovoked malice, stubbornly denying them their consuming desire. In this picturesque attitude, as placed by his brother editor, we leave Mr. Bartlett, with the simple question: How does he like it?

In the month of June, this year, the census will be taken, and when the figures are published there will be the usual protest in all the large cities that the figures lie. It will be discovered that San Francisco has not seven hundred thousand inhabitants, and that Oakland has less than half of that. Mr. Langley, the *Directory* man, will be appealed to to disprove the totals of the census marshals, and the task could not be confided to a more competent hand. The philosopher who can point out that in our nature which makes a man proud of the number of noses that can be counted round about him would do a real service to mankind; for those in whom the offending peculiarity is conspicuous might be put to death, and the cost of taking the census would be almost nothing.

The Mormons are giving trouble, the Utes are giving trouble. How would it do to remove the Mormons and the Utes to the same reservation, pensioning the survivors?

PARISIAN BONBONS.

Charles-Eutrope de Laurencie happened to be visiting one of the Queen's favorites, when a new comer announced the sudden death of the Bishop of Nantes.

"I will wager a hundred thousand livres," he said, significantly, "that I am not made his successor."

"Do you mean that?" asked the Queen's favorite.

"Certainly, madame."

Three days afterward he received a note from the lady, addressed to him as Bishop of Nantes, and containing only these words: "Your lordship owes me 100,000 livres that we wagered."

Complaisant theologians subsequently decided that this was not simony.

Prince Talleyrand once upon a time summoned his cook, who was none other than the great Carême, and said to him severely:

"I am greatly displeased with you. You served me at eight o'clock yesterday a *salmis* which should have been ready at seven, and thus my evening's appointments were all interfered with and grave matters of state were left unconsidered or only half considered."

"Will your Excellency deign to inform me if the *salimis* was good?"

"It was delicious, sir."

"That, your Excellency, was the important point." And with a profound bow the artist retired.

The Abbé Prince von Salm-Kyrburg, who was absurdly, tragically deformed, was one day crossing the royal antechamber at Versailles, where a number of nobles were warming themselves, when one observed, "Ah, there's *Æsop* at court."

"That is a flattering comparison—for me," said the Abbé; "*Æsop*, you will remember, made the beasts speak."

A Marquis, but not a gentleman, observed one day to M. de Pils, the well-known author, that his last production was abominable—execrable.

The poet asked the harsh critic wherein consisted the inferiority of his piece.

"It is detestable—abominable," returned the Marquis, "and that was the opinion unanimously expressed at a supper I attended last night at which ten people of quality were present."

"Ten people of quality?"

"Yes, ten people of quality; what do you think of that?"

"Why, I think that it wasn't a family gathering."

Baudelaire, the poet, died of a nervous malady, which began by very curious stomachic troubles; for instance, for a long time he could eat nothing but pork in one form or another.

One day one of his friends said to him in surprise: "How on earth do you manage to be able to eat pork, pork, nothing but pork? I'd get sick and tired of it in less than a week."

"Oh!" replied Baudelaire, "I cultivate a taste for it by pretending that I oughtn't to eat it—for instance, I shut my eyes and imagine that I'm Moses or Mahomet."

"I say, old fellow, you haven't got a five franc piece about you that you don't know what to do with, have you?"

"There's one."

"Thanks—but, hello, I say, you know, it's had?"

"You asked me for one I didn't know what to do with!"

The newest thing in the line of training for the stage is to employ naturalism to bring down one's author to the level of his audience. For instance, an actor who has to play "Ruy Blas," knowing that the spectators will not half understand the irony, scorn, and indignation contained in his superb apostrophe to the banqueting lords, "Bon appetit, messieurs!" thus elaborates it: "Pitch in, ye sons o' sea cooks! Go it! Stuff yourselves up to the ears while you're at it! Wouldn't you like somebody to help you?" and so on, until the audience is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the author and the situation.

"Hi, cabby, have you a hot hrick in your hack?"

"Yes, boss." (*Enter fare.*)

"I say, cabby, this hack is as cold as Greenland—I thought you said you had some hot hricks."

"So I have—they're under my feet out here. G'lang?"

After the opera's over:

"What a splendid orchestra that is, isn't it?"

"Ye-es, very enjoyable music, I dessay; but when they play you only seem to hear one instrument—the musicians seem to me to lack individuality."

At a gathering of French savants of the last century at the house of M. Duclos, everybody hymned the praises of that universal and encyclopædic genius, Voltaire.

"Wonderful, many-sided man," exclaimed an eminent juriconsult; "a walking authority upon poetry, history, physics, literature, mathematics, medicine, natural history—everything; it's a pity, though, that he wasn't a little better up in jurisprudence. That's where he is weak—wretchedly weak. But he is a universal genius, and the ornament of the age."

Then a mathematician showed that Voltaire's ideas of mathematics were enough to make an equilateral triangle split its sides laughing; and a doctor proved that his pretended medical knowledge was the supremest bosh; and a theologian that he knew less of theology than the D. D. unborn, and so on along the line, and yet all declared that he was a universal genius. "Finally," says the chronicle, "all looked at each other and burst out laughing, and M. Duclos said perhaps they had better say nothing about it to any one."

The *Chronicle* tabulates 320 divorces during the past year, and gives the names of 207 persons who have come to their death by violence, of which number 88 committed suicide. This is not an agreeable showing for either our social, or moral, or material condition.

AT A CAMP-MEETING.

I have attended a number of camp-meetings, and have seen all phases of character represented there, much to admire, and many things to condemn. At one in the northern part of this State occurred an incident that I can not recall without laughter. The meeting had been going on for some days, and on Sunday I went out to hear a sermon from a minister of some note, who was to preach that day. I arrived early, and found a seat in the shadow of the arbor, for the day was very warm. An "experience meeting" was going on, and the brethren and sisters were telling each other of the burdens they bore in the heat of the day, of their trials, temptations, and weakness; of their joys and hope through the promises, and the flagging zeal that was being spurred to new exertion. I sat and listened to quaint, old-fashioned speech, and the experiences of homely, simple lives, that had yet found it hard to live up to their ideal of the pure and good. The birds flew from tree to tree about us; occasionally a squirrel, bolder than his fellows, flitted his bushy tail along the neighboring fence; and blue and yellow butterflies rose and fell through the autumn air. The fields were dry and brown, and glimpses of the hills and mountains showed blue through the distance. Taking in all this, and much more, I was yet conscious of a familiar figure sitting well up in front.

Old man Scrub was known for miles around, and no one was much surprised at anything he did. Many misfortunes had stricken his family, of which he was not considered entirely innocent, as his mode of family government was, to say the least, unusual. It was a peculiarity of the Scrub family that they felt themselves able to arrange all the small weaknesses and flaws of the universe, and the incorrect workings of civil and religious society. Some were so ignorant as to say their actions were the result of a disordered brain, but we know what a weak argument this was. Let a man display the peculiarities of genius, and some common mind, not able to understand the workings of such complicated and extraordinary machinery, tries to prove that the possessor is mad, and, as there is no proposition without its supporters, there are those who accept and believe even this.

Religion and politics were the two subjects upon which the old man Scrub was for ever talking, and through which he soared into the illimitable or dived into the unfathomable. He always voted for General Jackson, and turned from the polls to enlighten the by-standers on the subject of eternal damnation. No matter where you saw him, General Jackson and everlasting fire were so mixed in his speech that the listener wondered if there were not some secret relation between the subjects hitherto unsuspected by him. Now, I knew by the old man's look that he was bappy as he kept nodding his head above his stick, while sympathetic rills of tobacco juice crept from the corners of his mouth and wandered downward with placid uncertainty. Soon, a man who in other days had been called a preacher, and who had broken the bread of life to simple hearers, but who had since taken to more worldly employment where the money was more plentiful, rose to explain the ups and downs on the highway of humanity. Possessed of some eloquence and a shrewd notion of the fitness of things, he spoke feelingly and well.

Old man Scrub listened and nodded as usual, but the flow of the speaker's language pierced his mind and brought some new sensations there, for he suddenly lifted his head, and his eyes flashed with brighter light as he looked earnestly at the speaker, who, with downward gazing eyes and clenched hands seemed not to see anything that was passing around him. I knew Scrub so well that I felt something rich was coming, and whispered to my companion to look closely. As the good brother warmed under his emotions old man Scrub grew more excited, and suddenly, to the astonishment of those who did not know him, he rose to his feet, faced the speaker a moment with gleaming eyes, thrust out his long, skinny arm, and said, in indescribable tones: "That's so; that's the idee. Give us your bone, old man; give us your bone."

Imagine the effect upon the congregation, and, more than all, upon the speaker. As for myself I just sat down in the straw, concealed by my companion, and quietly laughed till I cried. The meeting soon came to a close, and I have no doubt that many a tent that day concealed much laughter as the young folks passed in and out, saying: "Give us your bone, old man; give us your bone." V. SAVELLI.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 27, 1879.

The Towers of Silence.

The highest hill in Bombay, on the Chopati side of it, is selected by the Parsees as the site of these towers—the last resting-place of their fellow-religionists, the top of the hill being surrounded by a wall, within the precincts of which none but the Parsees have free access. Occasionally a European is permitted to enter the gate, but he is not allowed to proceed further than a certain distance, and the view he obtains is a very indistinct one. To facilitate the ascent of funeral processions a flight of countless stone steps is built from the bottom of the hill to the very gate of the wall which gives admission to the ground. As one enters the gate he is bewildered by the magnificence and the grandeur of the scene that bursts upon his sight. The whole of Bombay lies at his feet, and the most beautiful gardens imaginable lie in front of him. The distant view of the sea adds to the enchanting spectacle. The first thing that engages the attention is the "Sagari," a small stone building where the sacred fire is kept and where Parsees often go to say prayers for the souls of their deceased friends or relatives. In the distance are visible the white walls of the seven different towers erected at irregular but considerable distances from each other. After the towers are once consecrated, none but the "nassasalars" are allowed to enter; but when a new one is built it is open to the Parsees for inspection, and the ceremony of consecration is performed in the presence of all those of the community who choose to attend.

On the top of the wall of the tower which is being used for the time being may be seen huge vultures, to the number of from forty to fifty. Inside the iron door—which is on a level with the surface of the top of the hill—is a flight of a few steps downward. The arrangement in the interior of

the tower is perfectly simple. There are stone slabs arranged—a little distance from each other—in three concentric circles; the slabs of the innermost circle, which are exclusively used for the bodies of females; the outermost circle, having the largest slabs, being intended for the remains of males. In the centre is a well of immense depth; and the surface is built so as to slope gently from all directions toward the well.

When the funeral procession arrives at the summit it proceeds straight to one of the seven towers that is on use at the time. After a short halt, for the purpose of allowing the relatives to take a last look at the deceased, two nassasalars proceed slowly with the bier toward the iron door. One of them opens the door with a key, and they disappear with the earthly remains, and close the door after them. They then deposit the dead body on one of the stone slabs, tear the garments in which it is enveloped with a hook, and, issuing out of the same door with the empty bier, proceed to a place where they themselves change their clothes, and undergo a purificatory ceremony. Directly the nassasalars emerge from the iron door, the vultures on the top of the wall descend, and after about ten minutes reappear. Then everybody knows that nothing but the skeleton is left of the lifeless remains deposited within the walls only a few minutes ago. When the nassasalars enter again with another funeral, they drag the skeleton and everything, with a hook, to the well in the centre; and so the bones of the members of this united and unique community mingle together in death. Of course the height of the hill, combined with the height of the tower walls, renders it impossible for any one else to obtain even the faintest glimpse of the inside of these towers. The nassasalars alone witness what must sometimes be a horrid and revolting sight inside this awe-inspiring place.

How to Eat Oysters.

An oyster has to be taken as a whole, and respected as such. It refuses to be dealt with in detail, and he who attempts it makes a gastronomic failure of no small magnitude. There is only one way in which an oyster can be eaten. There it lies on the shell, hard, white, and plump, its convoluted edges matching the rim of the shell. You pass the thin blade of your knife carefully under it, and release the fibrous heart from its pearly connection. Then you lay your knife down, take the frontal edge of the oyster firmly between your thumb and finger, bring it up in front of your face in close connection with your lips, look at it an instant, lay your head back, shut your eyes, open your mouth, place the delicious morsel on your tongue, so as to sense its fine saltiness, then let go your hold on it, and—away it goes, as slowly and as easily as a ship glides from the ways into a welcoming sea. Whoever has done this deed once, and felt the full physical rapture of it, has one memory, at least, that will never die while the senses of the palate remain. Not only is there a proper way to eat an oyster, but there is also a proper way to prepare an oyster to be eaten. And, as regards roasting, this is the way: First and foremost among the requisites is a good old-fashioned fireplace, with its stone hearth, its stout brazen andirons, its white ashes, its glowing bed of coals, and its bright roaring flame. Now draw up your low chairs and your stools, a tiny tray, a coarse towel, and a short, thin-bladed knife on every lap, and a plate of bread and butter on the floor at your side. Set a bushel-basket full of oysters, large as the palm of your hand, shaped like a scallop, at the corner of the fireplace, and a pitcher of sweet cider on the sideboard. Now we are ready. The host stands, tongs in hands, and with nimble motions, places twenty of the big fellows on the carefully-laid blazing sticks. The silence of expectation falls upon the group. Every eye is fastened on the bivalves. Whiz, buzz, sputter, bang! Now the sport begins. How the jokes fly! How the laughter bursts out and peals through the old home! How the chimney roars! How the bread and butter and cider vanish! Ah me! we must stop, or we shall not write anything sober to-night. But what memories come out of the quiet past, from the far years when we children, with father and mother, were all together in the old home, and we had so much less than we have now, as men count having, and yet had enough for love to thrive on, and such laughter that started tears. And the jokes cracked around that old hearthstone—well, who can ever tell them again as they were told then? "Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongues with singing."

The authentic history of the failure of the attempt to get Germany into another bi-metallic conference is, that Bismarck was so disgusted and annoyed by the account which Mr. W. D. Kelley gave of his interview with him, that he refused absolutely to see Mr. George Walker, who came as an accredited American negotiator, but turned him over to Count Bülow, his assistant, who paid Mr. Walker in phrases. We presume Mr. Walker is now satisfied that there never was any good ground for the story that Germany was ready to go back to the double standard or silver standard, industriously as it has been circulated here. Kelley's narrative came just in time for the Maine election. We knew it was a poetic narrative, but did not know whether it had any basis in fact; but we believe Bismarck does not even credit him with poetry.—*New York Nation*.

Hard times in Berlin have led to dog-stealing and dog-eating by the hungry poor. Plump terriers have mysteriously disappeared in considerable numbers. The fate reserved for these domestic pets was unsuspected by the general public until a distressing incident, which happened to Prince Henry XXII. of Reuss, revealed the ghastly truth. His highness had lost a poodle of extraordinary talent, which, alas! was as partly of body as it was intelligent in mind. He offered a handsome reward to any one who would restore his favorite, and "no questions asked," but in vain. Day after day passed away in sorrow, unbroken by any hopeful tidings, until one fatal morning the Prince received a post card, unsigned, but bearing the following heartless inscription: "Serenity! The poodle sends his respects, and begs to inform your highness that he has been eaten."

A man is more to a woman after marriage than before. Before he is her "treasure," afterward her treasurer.

ADA VEN'S LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 2, 1880.

MY DEAR HELEN:—We have passed the portals of the New Year, and I do not doubt that you, in common with myself and countless others, have made many a good resolution for the term of 1880. My annual promises of amendment are always made in good faith, but the exigencies of fashionable society soon cause many of them to be broken; for truth and politeness, you know, are often sadly at variance.

Mrs. Chris. Reis gave a party on Tuesday evening, at which there were some sweet singing and very lovely girls. The all-engrossing topic of conversation during the early part of the week was in regard to New Year's day—what ladies would receive calls, when, and where. Among the gentlemen of my acquaintance, many that visited last year did not make their accustomed rounds on Thursday; and perhaps it was as well, for the reaction after the strain upon the intellectual faculties, necessitated by the utterances of the usual *bons mots* and pungent witticisms, must be painful in the extreme, when taken in connection with the polite litanies of the day. On all sides the startling and novel remarks of previous years were again made in regard to the weather; its vast possibilities and varied probabilities seem to present an ever ready theme, which, though "flat and unprofitable," will never grow stale.

Mrs. Shillaber received calls between the hours of three and eleven, and sent cards to that effect to her acquaintance. Miss McDougal, Miss Gordon, Miss Lucy Randolph, and others were with her. More than ordinary interest attaches just now to the first named young lady, on account of the rumor that is so generally circulated, and implicitly believed by many, that she is engaged to be married to Mr. Le Breton, and I do not doubt the air will soon be filled with a touching threnody from the ranks of her disconsolate admirers. Her lovely face and sparkling conversation have naturally made her a much-admired favorite, and should the report prove true, it will be some consolation to know that her choice has fallen upon one in every way congenial, there existing between them a degree of unity, as to taste and accomplishments, seldom found. In regard to Miss Randolph, I have lately come to the surprising conclusion that underneath her calm and gentle exterior there must lurk a spice of coquetry, since she has stranded the hopes of more than one fond youth.

Mrs. Hooker, of California Street, had her friends, Mrs. Barroilhet, Mrs. Smith, and Miss Van Clief to receive with her. More attractive ladies than these I am sure could not be named. Mrs. Hooker, conspicuous for her blooming youth, has always been a favorite. Mrs. Barroilhet, prior to her residence at Menlo Park, was a recognized ornament at all fashionable gatherings. Mrs. Smith, as you remember, is charmingly piquant and stylish. Miss Van Clief, with her bright conversation and interesting face, has, I hear, stormed the hearts of several of our army officers. Mrs. Toland and Mrs. McMullin seem to have vied with each other as to who would present the most bewildering array of heauty, embracing in its numbers every known type, from the gorgeous, black-eyed hour to that of the orthodox angel, with her orbs of heavenly blue. Which matron will carry of the palm, is a question fraught with too many perplexities for me. Miss Minnie Glassell, even pretty as she is, will find it no easy task to fill the void occasioned by the defection of her lovely sister.

Miss Sweetapple—how suggestive her name, though I do have to skip over several thousand years to the "fall of man"—is soon to give a large party, at the Occidental. Last week there were several small entertainments, but the number of guests attending was too small to render them interesting to any but those invited. The death of Miss Nellie Crocker, niece of Mr. Charles Crocker, will for the present put an end to their brilliant Tuesday evening receptions. On New Year's day quite a number of my acquaintance invited guests enough to return in the evening to have a dance; but, as a general thing, all were too fatigued with the exertions of the day to enter into anything with much zest. At one of Mrs. Shillaber's receptions I met Miss Sawyer, a young lady recently returned from Europe, where she has been educated. I hear she sings exquisitely, and I wonder if her's is the charming new voice we are soon to bear in *opéra bouffe*.

Yours, affectionately, ADA VEN.

For many years the farmers in the interior of Maine have devoted themselves to bear-growing. The State pays a large premium for every bear-scap that is delivered to the authorities, and thus powerfully fosters the bear industry. There is no more beautiful rural spectacle than that which is afforded by a flourishing bear-farm. In the morning, at early dawn, is heard the cheerful song of the farmer's boy as he drives his father's bears to pasture. At noon the pasture, with its flock of bears grazing in the sun, or drowsily stretched in the shade, would fill an animal painter with delight; and when winter comes, and the women of the farm try out the bears' grease in vast iron pots, while the young bears gambol about the yard, the scene rivals in picturesqueness the sugar-boiling festivals in the maple groves of Vermont. Bears increase rapidly, and a good milch bear is estimated to yield from ten to twelve pounds of excellent butter, besides a couple of small cheeses, daily. It is not unusual for a bear-farmer to rear annually twenty or thirty young bears, and, as the profit made by the sale of butter and cheese pays the cost of keeping the bear-flock, the premiums paid for the scalps, together with the receipts for bears' grease and bears' meat, yield large profits.

Sioux City has a grocer named Damhim. "Where did you get this butter?" "From the grocer, Damhim," responds the gentle wife; and the husband looks as if he had been anticipated.

CX.—Sunday, January 4.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Gumbo Filé.
Fried Brains. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Veal Cutlet, Cream Sauce.
Stewed Mushrooms. Squash.
Roast Canvas-back Ducks.
Tapioca Cream.

Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Grapes, Oranges, and
TO MAKE TAPIoca CREAM.—Swell a teacup of tapioca in
add one quart of milk, yolks of three eggs, salt and sugar
boil until it thickens. As you take it from the fire stir it
beaten to a stiff froth. To be eaten cold, with a wine sa-

EARLY SHOOTING DAYS.

Reminiscences of the Battle-Field and the Jungle.

My earliest experience in fire-arms was acquired as senior partner in a cannon foundry, which did a brisk but limited business. The other member of the firm was a youngster of about my own age, who unfortunately blew himself up during one of our many experiments, thereby ruining his best Sunday trousers and scorching such portions of cuticle as the powder could conveniently get at. This disaster resulted in a dissolution of our copartnership, but I do not remember experiencing any grief in the matter, as our entire stock, consisting of three lead cannons and a large brass key, became my sole property, the transfer of this wealth being figuratively "clinched" by a sound spanking administered by my late partner's mother.

Such little episodes as this were, however, much too common to check my genius, which impelled me to melt the three small cannons into one colossal Columbiad of nearly four inches in length. This monster piece of ordnance became at once the envy of our school, and I received many advantageous offers to dispose of it, one principal capitalist even tempting me with a muskrat skin, two slate pencils, and a "Barlow" knife. This large offer being refused, Jake then tendered me his "other knife" for the privilege of firing it off. Now Jake's other knife was an old acquaintance, which had been at different times owned by every boy in school, and was usually traded "sight unseen," being long past its limits of usefulness. This, however, did not deter me from making the arrangement, which, with the remembrance of my partner's disaster, was somewhat of a relief to me. I do not remember that any one of the nine lives, common to boys and cats, was sacrificed upon this particular occasion, and am therefore inclined to think my invention withstood the explosion, and probably in due time became a peaceful sinker to an "out-line," that being the ultimate destination of all stray pieces of lead falling into our hands.

After this cannon stage, the next fire-arm I can clearly remember was a brass-barreled pistol of four inches in length, and of a shape now happily extinct—the barrel being octagonal, and the muzzle finished something like an old-fashioned cannon, with a kind of swelling like a boil at the end. This weapon was always in great demand for Indian fights (which usually took place in a willow swamp back of the school-house), although it could not be relied upon for going off more than once in ten snaps. In fact, I have seen the chief of the Blackfeet, in full poke-berry war paint, snap at an early settler until the e. s. became disgusted, and summarily ran the chief through with a corn-stalk spear much to the latter's disgust, as he had invested two green apples and a slate pencil for the privilege of firing off the weapon, which, owing to his defeat and sudden death, he was then not allowed to do.

I think that this particular pistol must have had from the first a weak constitution, and certainly it had a most demoniacal disposition—its peculiar idiosyncrasy being to hang fire for eight or nine snaps, and when you naturally attempted to look into the barrel, it almost invariably went off, removing such overhanging portions of a palm-leaf hat or eye-brows, as interfered with the proper combustion of the powder with which we were alone permitted to load it. From this pistol experience I graduated into the ownership of a long and very slim single-barreled gun, labeled "London fine twist," in gilt letters. Doubts have since arisen in my mind as to the genuineness of that "twist," also as to whether a first-class gun could be made for three dollars; but such disloyal misgivings never troubled me then, and no other gun has ever been so thoroughly satisfactory as that flimsy pot-metal weapon, and such little knowledge of gun mechanism as I now possess, I have principally acquired by directing and putting together every part of that gun, which had been unscrewed until it was in danger of tumbling to pieces like Dr. Holmes's "one-horse shay." With it I have hunted buffalo, Indians, elephants, and such other large game as a constant perusal of Gordon Cummings' adventures in Africa could suggest to my imagination. Not that elephants or Indians were very plentiful near the quiet little village in which I spent my boyhood, but that made but little difference. In truth the scarcity of the game made the hunting more pleasant. A passing menagerie, however, finally did afford us an opportunity for a real tiger hunt, which I think will always be remembered with a smile by the participants. And as a piece of genius upon the part of the enterprising Yankee who managed the affair, I have never seen it surpassed.

The menagerie in question had in its collection a very old tiger, far gone in paralysis of the hind-quarters, and evidently only a few doors from tiger heaven. Of this state of the case the public were, of course, unaware, as paralyzed and seedy tigers do not generally have much attraction for average audiences. We, therefore, only knew him from the graphic pictures of his tigership plentifully adorning the fences, in which illustrations he was depicted as carrying off a very blue-faced and measly child. Owing to a very low stage of the money market whilst the menagerie was in town, I was unable to compare the original tiger with his pictures, and therefore had but little expectation of ever seeing him in the flesh when I watched the caravan slowly toil up the long dusty hill as it left town. Imagine, then, my astonishment, when my former partner in the cannon business, breathlessly imparted the astounding news that the tiger had not gone with the menagerie—had, indeed been bought by Jim Green, the tanner, who proposed instituting a grand tiger hunt upon the following Saturday. That is, if forty boys could be found willing to pay half a dollar each for the privilege of joining in the hunt. Green was a keen, red-headed Yankee, who knew boy-nature thoroughly, and especially the boys of that town, and whatever hesitation was manifested by us in raising the money was instantly settled by his careless remark, "that he guessed if that was goin' to be any trouble about the matter he'd best not be any tiger hunt, and send the animile back to the menagerie." That settled it.

What difficulty the other boys experienced in raising the necessary half dollars I but dimly remember; but for myself, I vibrated all the afternoon between the family axe and my mother's copper kettle, undecided which to sacrifice. Finally, after taking a long, bracing look at a convenient poster, I settled upon the axe and "raised the wind."

This being done, and having duly enrolled myself upon Jim Green's list, I prepared myself for the combat by loading up my "London fine twist" with an extra large charge of powder and a round iron slug.

As I look back at this tiger hunt, I remember with surprise that I made these direful preparations without any fear of the danger I was possibly venturing into—a state of mind which was probably shared by the rest of the company, as Saturday morning found every boy ready with his half dollar, and prepared for battle. Such an armament, and such a gang of mongrel dogs, as we had collected I never expect to see again, and assuredly another tiger hunt equal to the one in question I never shall see. Green's tannery was some distance from town, and the point at which the tiger was to be turned out some two miles further down the road, and near a small chestnut grove, which, as Green prudently remarked would be "handy for any feller who might want to climb a tree." This suggestion was universally scouted as an insult, and we started in a body for the grove, to which the tiger had been carted before our arrival.

Up to this time, as I have already said, danger was the last thing occurring to our minds; but, as we neared the grove, visions of the tiger carrying off that blue and measly child would obtrude themselves; and if the projector of the hunt had then offered to return any boy his initiation fee, that boy would have fallen out of the ranks without further delay. Such an idea, however, never entered Green's red head; and although the regiment dropped from a brisk trot into a slow walk, our pride still kept us going, the grove becoming apparently larger and more sanguinary at every step, with the reminiscence of those posters correspondingly vivid. A glimpse of the cart with Green's man Bill standing very composedly beside it, however, reassured us, and we again broke into a brisk trot, being satisfied he would not stand there so quietly if there was any danger, although the tiger had evidently been turned out, and was without doubt now roaming through the woods in his normal and savage condition. We felt we were "in for it," though, and nervously asked Bill where the man-eater had gone. Bill shut one eye rather quizzically, braced himself for a speech, but finally cut the matter short by jerking his thumb toward a blackberry bush, under which, to our amazement, "The Royal Bengal Tiger," "Error of the Forest," etc., was energetically twirling his tail in the last stages of dissolution; and before the various phases of astonishment had faded from the faces of the badly swindled tiger hunters, the "Error" quietly passed in his checks, his countenance brightening into a fixed but seraphic smile, which bore no resemblance to his expression on the child-devouring posters, believed by us to be his customary aspect.

At first we did not know whether to laugh or cry, the situation was so ridiculous, and yet so mortifying; but relief at finding the danger past was very evidently the prominent sentiment. Still, it was a case where the less that was said the sooner it would be forgotten; we therefore meekly sneaked home to explain, with various degrees of success, the disappearance of such collaterals as we had found necessary with which to raise Jim Green's tiger-hunt money—a specimen of financiering which I keenly remember to have, for a time, cast a cloud upon my early shooting days.

SANFORD BENNETT.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 28, 1879.

San Francisco does not seem to tire of exhibitions of physical vigor. The past few months have been marked by frequent exhibitions of this class. Sometimes the Mechanics' Pavilion, sometimes Platt's Hall, has been the scene of action. Our citizens have been ready to come forward with vast quantities of half-dollars, which have been divided between managers and contestants in a manner which shows that the acuteness of the former in pandering to the public tastes is far more pecuniarily profitable than the mere brute force which the populace come to see. Platt's Hall was last week the theatre of a stubborn wrestling match, in which a number of youths pulled each other about the stage for prize money and for fame. We are a sport-loving people. Spectacles of physical prowess command the attention and respect of the Anglo-Saxon races. They have ever done so with great and flourishing peoples. Greece poured forth her manhood to witness the feats of strength and endurance exhibited at the Olympian and other games. Wrestling and running held an important place in these contests. The Greeks were too æsthetic to delight in sensational contests for the sensation alone. Rome, under the Empire, on the other hand, could not be appeased without death and bloodshed. These were necessary elements in her spectacles. On the occasion of Trajan's triumph over the Dacians 10,000 gladiators fought in the arena of the Circus Maximus, which, according to Vitruvius, was capable of containing 600,000 spectators. Tiberius and Claudius inaugurated naval contests on Lake Fæcinus, in the Pontine marshes, which were battles as grim and stern as any fought with Carthage, for the contestants in these battles were slaves who fought for life and liberty. Their manumission depended upon the slaughter of their antagonists. They were, as Byron puts it, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Honor, an olive garland, and a very small sum of money were the incentives of the Greek youth in their athletic games. The Roman gladiator fought for life and liberty. His watchword was most really and practically, liberty or death. There was no room there for "bilkings" or "giving the thing away," and "dividing the gate money." It is this insincerity on the part of contestants which has caused the San Francisco public so often to doubt whether they are really witnessing those genuine efforts of strength and skill which they paid their money to see. It is a sound and healthy people that manifest sympathy with feats of pluck and strength, and it is disgraceful to abuse this sympathy by the manufacture of illegitimate results.

Mr. Ruskin remains impatient. "My dear Furnivall," he writes, "not one man in 15,000 in the nineteenth century knows, or ever can know, what any line, or any word means used by a great writer. For most words stand for things that are seen, or things that are thought of; and in the nineteenth century there is certainly not one in 15,000 capable of a thought." We do not quarrel with Mr. Ruskin's figures; we only ask him to do himself justice by confessing, without false modesty, that in the 15,000,000 he is himself the exceptional "not one."

SOME PENSÉES OF PASCAL.

1623-1662.

[There was a man who at twelve years old, with *bars* and *rounds*, created mathematics; who at sixteen composed the most learned treatise on conic sections since the ancients; who at nineteen reduced to mechanism a science which is entirely mental; who at twenty-three demonstrated the weight of the air, and exploded one of the greatest errors of the old physics; who at an age when other men are scarcely beginning to be born, having achieved his course round the circle of human sciences, perceived their nothingness, and turned to religion; who, although from that moment till his death, and which took place in his thirty-ninth year, he was always feeble and in pain, fixed the language which Bossuet and Racine spoke, and furnished a model of the most perfect wit as well as of the closest reasoning; lastly, who in the brief intervals of his pain solved by abstraction the highest problems of geometry, and threw on paper thoughts which breathe as much of God as of man—this astonishing genius was named Blaise Pascal.—Chateaubriand.]

The pleasure of loving without venturing to speak of one's love has its pains, but also its sweetesses. . . . When we are absent from the beloved object, we resolve to do or say many things; but when present with her we are irresolute. Why is this? It is because in absence the reason is not so much disturbed; but it is strangely so in the presence of the object, and to be resolute needs a firmness which the disturbance dispels. . . . When we love deeply, it is always a new sensation to see the beloved one; after a moment of absence, we feel her wanting in our heart. What joy to find her again! We instantly experience a cessation of inquietude.

One sees scarcely anything, whether of right or wrong, which does not change its quality as the climate changes. Three degrees of elevation of the pole upset the whole of jurisprudence. A meridian decides what is truth; after being in force a few years, the fundamental laws change: right has its epochs. The entrance of Saturn into Leo marks the time when such or such a thing began to be a crime. A queer sort of justice of which a river is the boundary! True on this side of the Pyrenees, false on the other.

Man is nothing but a disguise, a falsehood, an hypocrisy, toward both himself and others. Human life is nothing else than a perpetual illusion.

Nature confounds the skeptics, and reason confounds the dogmatists.

We arrive at truth, not by reason alone, but still more by the heart. It is thus that we obtain first principles, and it is vain that reasoning, which has no hand in this, endeavors to combat them.

Either there is a God, or there is not; to which side shall we incline? Reason can give us no assistance, yet we must take one side or the other; we must stake on the question. Heads, then, that there is a God! If you gain, you gain everything; if you lose, you lose nothing. And thus, since you are forced to stake it, it would be contrary to all reason to cling to this life, rather than to stake it for an infinite gain, of which there is an even chance; while the loss, even if it should happen, would, after all, be the loss of nothing.

Man is neither angel nor beast; the bad luck of those who wish to play the angel is that they play the beast.

When I consider the brevity of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and after it, the littleness of the space that I occupy and even perceive, engulfed in the infinite immensity of the spaces which I am ignorant of, and which are ignorant of me, I am terrified, and astonished to see myself here rather than there; for there is no reason why here rather than there, why now rather than then. Who has put me here? By whose order or arrangement have this time and place been assigned to me? How many kingdoms of being have no knowledge of us? The eternal silence of these infinite spaces terrifies me.

A man no longer loves the woman he loved ten years ago. Very likely. She is no longer the same, nor is he. He was young, and she too; she is quite different now. Perhaps he would love her still, were she what she was then.

What a chimera, then, is man! What a novelty, a monster, a chaos, a contradiction, a prodigy! A judge of all things, yet an imbecile worm of the earth; a depository of truth, yet a sink of doubt and error; at once the glory and the refuse of the universe.

Cleopatra's nose—if it had been shorter, the whole face of the world would have changed.

The last act is bloody, however fine the comedy may be in all the rest. They throw the earth on one's head at last, and there it is for ever.

Nothing is stable for us. We burn with desire to discover a firm platform and enduring basis on which to build a tower that may rise to the infinite; but our whole foundation cracks, and the earth opens beneath us down to the deep.

Man is only a subject full of error, which is natural to him and ineffaceable without grace. Nothing shows him the truth; everything deludes him.

We desire truth, and find nothing but uncertainty in ourselves. We seek happiness, and find only misery and death.

There are only two kinds of men; the righteous who believe themselves sinners, and the sinners who believe themselves righteous.

Are you the less a slave for being liked and caressed by your master? You are fortunate, slave; your master caresses you. He will beat you presently.

This dog is mine, say these poor children; that is my place in the sunshine. There is the beginning and picture of the usurpation of the whole world.

When we love without equality of rank, ambition may accompany the commencement of love, but in a little time love becomes the master. He is a tyrant who does not suffer a companion; he wills to be alone; all passions must yield to him and obey him.

Recognize, O proud man, what a paradox you are to yourself! Humble yourself, impotent reason; be silent, imbecile nature; understand that man is infinitely beyond men, and learn from your Master what your true condition is. Listen to God!

THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

He Addresses the Widow Without the Knowledge of His Wife.

ANGEL TOWN, Dec. 30, 1879.

DEAR OLD FRIEND:—I'm writin' to ye unbeknown to the ol' woman—that's Maud, ye know. We've bin two souls 'ith but a single thought, two hearts thet beat ez one, fur five days, an' I don't reckon it's agin the dictates o' married life to speak o' yer wile ez the ol' woman, is it? The reason I'm writin' to ye is because I thought ye might feel a little sore ef I didn't let ye know how married life was agreein' 'ith me. An' the reason I hev'n't chipped to Maud is because she's queer, an' might think it wasn't 'zac'ly proper, ye understan'. Ye know w'at wimmen is, Mrs. Jones, an' ye know how little it takes to make one o' them jealous o' the man she dotes on. But I'm squar. Serciety hezn't changed me a bit, an' I stick to my friends like a poor man's plaster to the back of a beggar. I've learned a hull raft o' things sence I got to goin' into serciety. It's like the fust lessons I tuk in fero; it's a game I didn't understan' w'en I fust tackled it—or it tackled me—but I put up my coin to larn, an' I don't find it no trick at all now to pull the cards or keep cases. One o' the things I noticed partickler was w'en I landed in this yer town, an' fell up agin the red-headed duck thet stan's ahind the bar in this yer tavern, 'ith a big pen stuck over his ear, playin' the smart Aleck over the people thet want to put up in the shebang. O' course, arter I'd slid Maud up into the sittin' room, Bill an' me moseys round into the saloon to git a cocktail afore grub, an' the barkeeper, seein' we was tenderfeet, wanted to know ef we'd registered.

"What's thet?" says I.

"Yer an' it," says Bill. "Don't ye know enough to keep yer mouth shet, an' not show yer ign'rance afore strangers?"

"Well," says I, "you're the pilot on this yer trip, an' I'll leave this registerin' bizness in your hands." So we hed our cocktail, an' I follered Bill into the place whar the red-headed galoot was superintendin' a nigger shovlin' coal into the stove, an' Bill slides up to the bar an' says:

"My friend, we're goin' to lay over here a day or two."

"Ye air, air ye?" says the tavern duck, kinder careless like, an' throwin' his nose up ez ef he'd jes' sniffed a cargo o' Albany beef three months on the road, an' the thermometer risin' a hundred an' twenty-five in the shade an' no shade to speak of.

"Ain't objectin', air ye?" says Bill.

"Nary time," says the tavern rooster.

"Well, thet's all right," says Bill; "perdooce."

"What?" says the rooster.

"The register," says Bill.

"Yer leanin' on it," says the rooster. An' so he was. An' the smile o' thet clerk was jes' beautiful to look at, it was so high-toned, an' made Bill so mad.

"I'd a knowed it ef it was anythin' like the kind they hev in fust-class taverns. An' ef it ain't too much trouble to yer r'yal highness, I'd like to hev a pen an' a drop or two o' ink." Bill tried his level best to be sarcastic, but it didn't hev no effect on Mr. Bugeater.

"Pen's on the rack an' ink's in the bottle on the register desk," says he, kinder sharp like. This riled Bill more'n ever, an' he could'n't hardly hold the pen, he was so wrathful. I was lookin' over his shoulder w'ile he was writin' down the names o' the weddin' party, an' this is the way he put us down:

"Miss Minnie Oglethorpe, from Saucelito."

"Mr. William Belcher, Esq., from Rawhide, Tuolumne County."

"Col. Hannibal Tarbox, from Temescal."

"Miss Evangeline Snooks, from Sacramento."

"Mr. James Snaggleby, Esq., and wife, from Rooshen Hill."

Thet las' remark settled the hull bizness. The clerk took a squint at the book, an' grinned like a coyote swoopin' down on a dead horse. He took another squint at a bulletin board 'ith a lot o' little long keers onto it, an' grinned wus'n ever, showed his teeth ez fur back ez Los Angeles gas light 'll flicker into the mouth of a tavern clerk. Then he marked down some numbers, rung a bell, an' w'en a boy loafed in from a back room, give him a bunch o' keys, an' said, "Show 'em up," grinnin' like a monkey's corpse all the time. An' we was showed up an' no mistake, clear up to the top story, right under the roof.

"W'at 've we done?" says Bill to the little feller.

"How d'ye mean?" says the boy.

"Didn't know but the las' judgment was close on hand, an' we was goin' up to the Cap'n's office fur our checks. Thought we'd git posted on w'at kind o' records was goin' to be pulled on us."

"Oh, thet's nothin'," says the young un; "elevator's busted. Besides, this is high toned; best rooms on top; fust floor under the roof; Palace Hotel style."

Thet's the word, Mrs. Jones; style's the rulin' passion on the top floor o' this yer shanty. Two cheers an' a three-quarter bed in the bridal chamber, an' the Lord knows w'at in the other chambers. Talk 'bout mad wimmen? Ef Maud an' Miss Snooks wasn't mad then I don't want a cent. Miss Snooks is a peaked instootion thet don't like Bill. She's Maud's aunt, an' she took advantage o' thet circumstance to go fur me an' my ol' pard fur makin' her sleep in a garret, ez she called it. Then she pranced down into the office to hev it out 'ith thet red headed duck. W'en she came back she was sneerin' like an alligator.

"Who registered this party?" says she.

"Me," says Bill, kinder sheepish.

"Hev ye ever registered at fust class hotels afore," says she.

"Oh, yes, sevr'al," says Bill, tryin' to face it out.

"Then I've got nothin' to say," says she. "But my experience in sich matters is, thet w'en bridal parties is on ther towers the bride and groom's name comes fust on the list, an' the rest o' 'em follers. But thet ain't w'at's the snagger here. Ye registered Maud an' Mr. Snaggleby ez James Snaggleby an' wife."

"Well, w'at's the matter 'ith thet," says Bill, lookin' round fur a knot hole to crawl through.

"Nothin' pertick'ler," says Maud's aunt; "only in the best serciety ther ain't no sich things ez wives."

"W'at air they then?" whispers Bill, gittin' weaker 'n weaker ev'ry clatter.

"Ladies, sir," says she, "no wonder the clerk didn't give us better accommodations. Plebeians register ez 'Snaggleby an' wife,' the aristocracy write it 'Snaggleby an' lady.' I thought Bill 'd drop on the spot; but he braced up long

enough to reach the bar, and he didn't let up revivin' his droopin' sperrits 'til me an' the nigger thet cleans the dishes kerried him to bed that night. Thet's one thing I learned. The serciety woman who gits married ain't a wife—she's a lady. Ef you copper the queen, an' the queen loses, ye win; ef she wins, ye lose. But I haven't told ye how I'm makin' out 'ith my 'lady.' We're jest like—well, to tell ye the truth, we're only jest like brother an' sister, or father an' daughter, so fur; but, ez the honeymoon rolls along, Maud says mebbe her respec' 'll climb up to my passion, ez she calls it, or my passion 'll slide down to her respec', so thet we ken clinch on some kind of a proposition, like two jockeys hagglin' over a hoss trade. She says red-hot love ain't aristocratic or respectable, an' I say it's human nacher. W'at do you think about it? We're hangin' fire like a damp fuse in the blaze of a flarin' candle, an' thet's the principal reason why I'm writin' to ye 'ithout lettin' my lady know about it. I can't git nuthin' out o' Bill, 'cause he played himself out on the register bizness, an' 's bin drunk all the time sence. 'Twouldn't do to tackle o' Tarbox on the question, 'cause he'd side in 'ith Maud. I'd sooner ask advice o' the devil 'n I would o' Miss Snooks; an' ez fust Miss Oglethorpe, she's too flighty. I don't like to ask Frisbie, or Ned Rodgers, or Ike Potter, or Hi Forschner, 'cause I'm afear'd they might laugh at me. An', besides, it takes a woman to copper a woman. So I want ye to give me a few p'int on this yer high-pressure an' low-pressure love racket. W'en ye write, send yer letter to Bill, 'cause Maud's aristocratic aunt 's got into the habit o' openin' my letters by mistake; ye understan'. Maud 'n me 's gittin' along fust rate ez fur ez likin' each other 's concerned, an' I don't want ye to think we're goin' to hev a flare-up, but w'at I want to know 's how soon we'll git to lovin' each other like birds o' the same breed. I've deeded our roost up on Rooshen Hill to Maud, and made over all my government bonds to her, an' I've loaned o' Tarbox all the loose cash I hed to make a deal fur us both in the Bodies, which he says 's goin' to boom clean over the Comstock in the spring. Maud 's hintin' round about givin' her aunt a bank account, but Bill says he'll never hev nothin' to do 'ith me ef I do, an' thar I am agin between two fires. Ye might untangle thet little snare, too, ef ye want to. I'm thinkin' there'll be another weddin' purty soon ef Bill an' Miss Oglethorpe keep up the gait they've struck lately. Wenever Bill 's sober enough he an' she go moonin' off out under the trees, settin' round on out-o'-the-way benches, a lookin' ez ef they'd bin called fur an' couldn't go. I know it's all right ez fur ez the gal's concerned, fur Bill, you know, 's too sharp to be ketched in any soft snaps. Besides, w'en he makes the ruffle I'll put up a little sack to help 'em along. Gi' my regards to ev'rybody I know 'round Jackass, an' don't furt to write to Yer ol' friend, JIM SNAGGLEBY.

N. B.—W'en ye write don't furt to send the letter to Bill, on account of the heptagon, w'ich is Maud's aunt.

JIM.

To MRS. PRISCILLA JONES, Tuttle town,
Tuolumne Co., Cal., via Copperopolis.

The Charming Woman.

We must not confound the charming woman with the fascinating woman. They are different types, and belong to a different genus. The charming woman is not a deep nature. She is not always patient; she is not, as a rule, a good family woman. She must have the little element, vanity, to sustain her through the necessary schooling. She has a good deal of knowledge of human nature, and has entirely pruned down the egotism that makes a woman utterly unfit for society. She is naturally of quick sympathies, and has an amazing power of withstanding ennui. In point of fact, she is more trained and disciplined than many a higher nature. She has a genius for making the best of everything and of everybody, and would put the world in good temper with itself. She has a deal of good nature and consideration for others and a talent for investing trifles with an attractive form, like a skillful *cuisiniere* who can make a *souffle* out of any small materials. The term may be most applicable to an accomplished hostess. The flock of delicious little inconsistencies about her make the day go by, harmonize conflicting natures, and animate the household. She has an excellent tact, toning into harmony the sympathies and antipathies of those around her. She need not necessarily be gifted, but she lends herself to the gift of others—by turns elicits and suppresses them, and keeps a table in perfect tune. She can deftly turn a subject that is disagreeable, and lead us to a subject that can gratify. She has the eyes of Argus, watching over her guests' comfort, yet always appears at ease. The charming woman is not what is understood by the term a good listener, although she can give the intelligent smile and the responsive glance that are occasionally more eloquent than words; but long stories and conversational essays are against her creed. She loves to make the conversation ripple; she is attracted by the discussion of the smaller aspects of life—those that lend themselves to epigrammatic maxims and witty sayings; she knows how to make much of the brighter nothings that are said; and she also excels in the art of kindly taking down a bore. She never offends in dress; she lags behind somewhat in adopting the newest fashions; she is never at the height, but she is never out of fashion. There is a flavor of individuality in her costume, for she is well aware of the strong points in her personal appearance; and, with a subtle coquetry, she makes the most of them. She enhances them, but does it without emphasis. It is one of the tenets of the charming woman never to be emphatic. She never offends in taste, and holds it as the greatest sin to hurt the feelings. She never drives one into a corner; never asks one a direct question; never pays a direct compliment; she has a delightful fashion of insinuating that she is pleased and interested; and always displays a genial appreciation of her kind. She does not, however, belong to the tragedy of life, and you must not exact from her enduring sympathy. Her eyes will grow dim and her voice soft when she hears a tale of woe; but she will not weight her life with any emotion beyond that of the passing moment. She cannot carry a burden. You must not put a high-bred racer to draw a wagon. She has nothing of the heroine about her; yet there is a certain pluck and determination in the way she carries out her philosophy of life, for it requires both to remain bright and light-hearted as years go on, without showing any trace of hardness, and the charming woman is always essentially feminine.

THE OTHER POETS.

An Aspiration.

[Helen Doty Compton sends to a Chicago journal the following verses, which in manuscript have been in her possession, she says, for ten years. We reprint them as our humble contribution of data to the discussion concerning their author's alleged insanity.]

God! what a pitiful mockery

Seems this poor human speech,

To paint the marvelous majesty

Which my life designs to teach.

God! how much less than very death

Is this out-poken tongue,

To grasp the glorious hymn of faith

Which my soul and I have sung.

Oh, but for living lips of fire

To utter out my heart,

And flash the tones from my spirit lyre

In the voice with which they start!

Oh, but for language that should scorch

The innermost heart of hell,

And gleam and glare like a flaming torch

Through the depths where devils dwell!

Oh, for an utterance that should sweep

Like the red-hot-tipped simoom,

And wither the damning things that keep

This beautiful world in gloom!

Oh, for a voice whose tone should fall,

Like the touch of a mother's prayer,

On the sick and sorrowing souls of all

Who pine for a holier air!

Oh, if my passionate scorn of wrong,

My prodigal love of right,

And the beautiful hopes that thrill and throng

My soul like the stars of night—

Oh, if but these could pass my lips

In the night with which they rise,

How I'd tear and trample the black eclipse

That shroudeeth my brothers' eyes!

O Christ! for a boundless pentecost

To rest on my heaving soul,

And give it speech of the Holy Ghost

Instead of this stammering dote.

Then, Jesu! the lofty hymn sublime

I'd ring on life's panting sea

Should ring on the farthest shore of time,

And grapple eternity.

—Richard Realf.

Rondeau.

A rose fell from her hair last night.

When dawn undid the frail lamplight,

And the waltz went more languidly,

I brought it her. She looked on me,

Half turned to set her wreath aright.

I wonder was the dawn's delight

Lovelier or more infinite

When Cypris o'er the roseate sea

Arose.

A rose.

Red flower of flowers, 'tis yours by right

To touch her long throat's rose and white,

And fall for love. Tell her for me

How hard sometimes it is to be

So near a rose, alas! not quite

In the Canon.

Intent the conscious mountains stood,

The friendly blossoms nodded,

As through the cañon's lonely wood

We two in silence plodded.

A something owned our presence good;

The very breeze that stirred our hair

Whispered a gentle greeting;

A grand, free courtesy was there,

A welcome, from the summit bare

Down to the brook's entreating.

Stray warblers in the branches dark

Shot through the leafy passes,

While the long note of meadow-lark

Rose from the neighboring grasses;

The yellow lupines, spark on spark,

From the more open woodland way,

Flashed through the sunlight faintly;

A wind-blown little flower, once gay,

Looked up between its petals gray

And smiled a message saintly.

The giant ledges, red and seamed,

The clear, blue sky, tree-fretted;

The mottled light that round us streamed,

The brooklet, vexed and petted;

The bees that buzzed, the gnats that dreamed,

The fitting, gauzy things of June;

The plain, far-off, like misty ocean,

Or cloud-land bound, a fair lagoon—

They sang within us like a tune,

They swayed us like a dream of motion.

The hour went loitering to the west,

The shadows lengthened slowly;

The radiant snow on mountain crest

Made all the distance holy.

Near by, the earth lay full of rest,

The sleepy foot-hills, one by one,

Dimpled their way to twilight;

And ere the perfect day was done

There came long gleams of tinted sun,

Through heaven's crimson sky-light.

Slowly crept on the listening night,

The sinking moon shone pale and slender;

We bailed the cotton-woods, in sight,

The home-roof gleaming near and tender,

Guiding our quickened steps aright.

Soon darkened all the mighty hills,

The gods were sitting there in shadow;

Lulled were the noisy woodland rills,

Silent the silvery woodland trills—

'Twas starlight over Colorado!

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

The Bath.

With rosy palms against her bosom pressed,

To stay the shudder that she dreads of old,

Lysidice glides down till silver-cold

The water girdles half her glowing breast;

A yellow butterfly in flowery quest

Rifles the roses that her tresses hold;

A breeze comes wandering through the fold on fold

Of draperies curtaining her shrine of rest.

Soft beauty, like her kindred petals strewed

Along the crystal coolness, there she lies.

What vision gratifies these gentle eyes?

She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood—

Where, while the whole arena shrieks to see,

Hot in the sand a gladiator dies.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

We thought, and had good reason to think, that General Grant was not, and would not become, a candidate for reelection. He had proclaimed his desire to retire from public life; he left the Presidential office with loud expressions of weariness of its duties, and widely proclaimed his delight at being relieved from its responsibilities. When abroad, and to a magistrate in China, he declared his intention not again to seek or accept political honors. His friends, right and left, claiming to express the sentiments communicated to them in private correspondence, announced that he did not wish to be, and would not be, a candidate. With this understanding, upon his return from foreign journeying and making his first landing upon American soil in California, there was a non-partisan expression toward General Grant that had never before been accorded to an American citizen—that never ought to be accorded to any human being till he has laid aside the ambition of office, and that never would have been accorded to General Grant except upon the conviction that he would not again become a party leader or look to political and partisan support for further personal advancement. If, at the time when Democrats, "Greeley" Republicans, and Southern men—men who differed from General Grant's political views, who differed with him honestly, and who yet were honorable enough not to permit any consideration of past political feelings to come between them and him in doing him honor as a private citizen—were rivaling each other to give him the honors of public receptions, splendid pageants, sumptuous banquets, in recognition of his past military service and his distinguished executive position; if, we say, at that time he knew himself to be under the manipulation of a secret political junta, who were bippodroming him through the country for a political purpose, with a view to make him the Republican nominee for President, then be lent his great name to a disonorable purpose, and allowed himself to be used in a most questionable manner. The fact that his manipulators are unknown, and that it is necessary to work this machine in secret, is enough to condemn the whole movement in the opinion of honest men who do not want office. Opposed as we are to the election of a third-term candidate, we should be disarmed from the kind of criticism we are now making if this were a frank, open, and manly candidacy. It is not. General Grant knows whether he desires to be nominated by the Republican National Convention, and he knows whether his political friends are plotting in that direction. General Grant owes it to the nation that he should make his politics an open book, and he owes it to his own good name that he should not permit machine politicians to engage in secret and subtle plottings for his advancement. It is not honest; and every gentleman, when he shall find that all this "Grant reception" business of which has been a part has been inaugurated to advance ambitious schemes and the personal interests of those who have pulled the wires behind the scenes, will have a right to feel justly indignant. No one cares to be used as the unconscious capper of a game that he does not approve; no one is willing to be made the puppet of a programme that he does not wish to succeed. To drop figures, no man, having any pride of character, is willing to be used in a Grant "whoop up," or a Grant "boom," who does not desire to see General Grant for the third time a President of the United States. The politician who has been thus "played" may hide his wounds for motives of policy or in mortification; but those members of the Republican party, who have intelligence enough to detect the fraud or pride enough to resent it, will have the courage to revenge it when the opportunity presents itself at the electoral urn.

For General Grant the nation has a proper respect, for his military service a proper gratitude, and for his executive achievements a discriminating appreciation. There is a tendency in all communities to hero-worship; but when the war, reason resumes its sway. General Grant is an

uncommon man, and has had an uncommon history. It does not do to say that he is the accident of our war, and that he has drifted upon the wave of success without directing it. General Grant is a great man to those who have been near to him; but it must be remembered that it was God, and not General Grant, who spake creation into existence, and fashioned the universe for his purpose. It was Christ who died for the redemption of mankind, and through whose atonement salvation was made possible, and not General Grant. It was Washington, around whose standard the revolting provinces gathered and achieved national independence, and who became the Father of his Country; it was not General Grant. It was not General Grant alone who, by the accident of his military chieftainship, saved the national life from destruction, and the American Union from dismemberment; it was the millions of soldiers and sailors who fought for it; it was the \$4,000,000,000 of money expended for it; it was the gallant blood poured out for it on bloody battle-fields. It was Lincoln and Seward, and Stanton and Bates, and Sumner and Morton, and Thomas, McPherson, and Lyons, and a host of other renowned American statesmen and soldiers who rescued our nation from the engulfment of civil war; and while all accord to the distinguished soldier who carried off the honors that were possible at the close of a struggle, where numbers, wealth and valor overcame valor, we are not willing to keep him in office at the expense of principles, the value of which is greater than the lives of men and the wealth of nations. A third term is a dangerous and indefensible innovation, in comparison with which the lives of all the surviving heroes of the war are not to be estimated. It is a change of the constitution and a violation of the unwritten common law of the American Republic. It is the beginning of imperialism and military government, of force and centralization, and it is the beginning of the end of republicanism and democracy.

The *Chronicle's* Washington correspondent, having owned himself a Grant man, his statements must be taken with some grains of allowance. When his personal and political character is considered, and his and his associates' former connection with the Grant administration, the necessity for not believing anything he says becomes more apparent. A correspondent, writing from Washington to the *New York Herald*, says various reports of general agreement among Republican leaders in favor of the renomination of Grant for a third term are ridiculed by well informed people there, as evident fabrications of Grant people, who find themselves so much weaker than they hoped that they attempt to impose on the credulity of the country by false news. Mr. Charles Nordhoff, writing to the *New York Tribune* from Washington, says Secretary Sherman has always been opposed to a third term, and is now as strongly opposed to it as ever. He does not and will not support the movement to make General Grant the Republican Presidential candidate; and he believes that Grant would be a weak candidate for the party, and that his nomination would make defeat highly probable, if not certain. Mr. Sherman is a Presidential candidate himself, and he will not in any case give up his candidacy, or give his strength and influence to General Grant. Any pretense that Sherman or his friends have surrendered, or mean to, or will surrender, to the Grant movement, is a falsehood put forward by those pushing the Grant movement, in order to delude the public into the belief that they are strong, when, in fact, they are weak. The recently developed weakness of the Grant movement in the Northwest has alarmed the Grant men, and they see with an open appeal to party support they will make no show. Hence, various misrepresentations concerning Sherman and Blaine's willingness to withdraw in favor of Grant. Mr. Blaine is himself a Presidential candidate, and has no intention of withdrawing. His friends, among whom are many of the shrewdest and most active politicians of the Republican party, find that Mr. Blaine is very strong in the West and Northwest, and neither he nor they have the least intention of making their submission to the Grant movement. The report that President Hayes favors or prefers the renomination of Grant, or sympathizes with the Grant movement, is equally and entirely false. The pretense of the Grant men that the choice of Mr. Cameron to be Chairman of the National Committee was a success of theirs is also false. The Grant men wished to make Mr. Thomas C. Platt, of New York, chairman, as their first choice. Since the recent meeting of the National Committee it is admitted that the sentiment for Grant is weak in all parts of the country, more especially in the West and Northwest. It is regarded as certain that with Grant as a candidate the Republicans would lose Ohio, and his nomination would make Illinois and Wisconsin uncertain States, and Indiana sure for the Democrats. Among the prudent and earnest Republicans, the attempt to nominate General Grant for a third term is, therefore, looked upon as a grave blunder. These Republicans believe that with some other man than Grant they can win, and that either Sherman, Blaine, or Washburne would make a successful candidate. They note as dangerous to the party the possible attempt of the Grant men to go into the convention and nominate their man by a rush and hurrah; but they say they will

be forewarned of this; that precautions will be taken to make the Convention a deliberative and not a mere yelling body, and that, while the Grant men may propose their candidate, he will be met by equally zealous and enthusiastic presentations of the names of Blaine, Sherman, and Washburne. It is admitted in all intelligent political circles that General Grant and his political friends are plotting for his nomination; that his Southern trip is a movement in this direction, and a coalition is hinted at between the stalwart Grant Republicans and the Bourbons of the South; that the nomination is to be forced by party trick, and, that being accomplished, party machinery in the North can be depended on. The promoters of the Grant movement confess that, unless they can nominate the General by a hurrah, without a struggle, or unless they can cause a deadlock in the Convention, and then bring in Grant's name as a solvent, they can not expect success. One of these two plans will be tried, and they found their chief hopes, not upon the withdrawal of other candidates, as is alleged, but, upon the friends of others making so stubborn a fight as to weary the Convention and incline it to accept Grant as the speediest way of completing their work. The *Springfield Republican* notices a decline of the Grant hoo over all the country, and says: "The number of public men who have openly advocated Grant's nomination is not large, and is not growing. We shall very likely see billows of Grant sentiment occasionally hereafter, but the nearer we come to the Presidential struggle, the more availability will be studied, and mere glory will not disguise the radical objections, first, to the election of any man to a third term of the Presidency, second, to the choice of General Grant for so unprecedented a commission in a period of general prosperity and peace." Two or three facts this week place Mr. Blaine very clearly in the race and confirm the opinion of this journal, expressed after his New York speech, that there was more danger of his nomination than of Grant's. The theory that the friends of all other candidates will back out in favor of Grant, if he wants to run, is thus thoroughly exploded.

The Hon. George C. Perkins, Governor elect, goes to the capital this evening, to be prepared to enter upon his official duties on Monday. We expect from Governor Perkins an honorable and successful execution of his executive duties. His antecedents justify this expectation. His intellectual qualities are of a character that will authorize us to demand from him a superior administration. Our knowledge of the new Governor authorizes us to say that his one leading purpose is to reap the honors of the executive position, rather than its emoluments, by faithful service. His appointments are, to a degree, an open secret. The Governor's mode of treating applicants for official position is admirable, and the more to be noticed and commended because not common. He treats every person asking for himself or friend a place with frankness. If he knows he can not appoint them, he says so. If he can hold out no inducement, he says so. If he is balancing his mind between one or more candidates, he says so. His appointments will all be Republican, although in one instance, at least, it is believed he would like to have conferred an honorable appointment, one without compensation, upon Governor Irwin. If Governor Irwin had not appointed William F. White to be Bank Commissioner, there is no honor that we would not most willingly have accorded him. We are not such bigoted Republicans that we would not gladly see a competent and honorable Democrat in the service of the State; but when Governor Irwin swallowed the sand-lot—well, let that pass; we remember that the angels fell, that Lord Bacon took bribes, that one of the Apostles blundered, that Arnold turned traitor, that Wehster made a mistake. Governor Irwin will not be on the Prison Commission.

The ARGONAUT has not lived in vain. It has achieved a great social triumph; it is proud of it. It departs from its usual modest rule and boasts. Good society no longer feeds with its feet in the trough. Young men, and middle-aged men, and old men no longer get drunk on champagne at social gatherings; they do not appropriate cigars and carry them away by the pocketful; they do not transport victuals from the banqueting-room to the drawing-room; they do not crowd around the supper-table and gorge themselves. They wait upon the ladies first; they give the elder guests precedence; they are becoming polite, and remembering that they are gentlemen. They are again recognizing the fact that elegant parties are not given for the single purpose of eating and drinking. The ladies are grateful to us because they are not crushed, nor starved, nor do they have the elegant dresses ruined by careless, eager and half-drunk gentlemen. Thanks to the ARGONAUT, it is becoming fashionable to abolish champagne, thus dispensing with drunkenness, and its attendant disorder; a wine and cigar room provided in some quiet place, where young gentlemen: not expected to spend their evening. The entertainment of New Year's day, thanks again to the ARGONAUT, was decorously conducted, and men acted like gentlemen. It ought not to have been necessary for us to "make fight," and we hope it will not be again.

AFTERMATH.

Gov. Perkins's appointments have become an open secret, which anybody can guess. For Private Secretary, Albert Hart, formerly in the office of Gov. Booth, and more lately librarian in San Francisco—a good appointment. Mr. Hart is thoroughly competent and always courteous. For Executive Clerk, W. S. Safford, formerly and for twelve years County Judge of Butte County. For Harbor Commissioner, first appointment, in place of Frank McCoppin, who we wish might have retained the place, George Evans, of Stockton. Mr. Evans was Mr. Perkins's opponent in convention for the nomination for Governor. This appointment is not a bargain, but a generous recognition on the part of Gov. Perkins of political service. Capt. W. A. Philips, an experienced sea captain, will succeed Mr. Bruce Lee. For Port Wardens, Capt. George Bromley, Archibald Harlowe, and Julius Green. Capt. Bromley everybody knows, and Archy Harlowe everybody ought to know. Mr. Green was the defeated Republican candidate for Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco. A very great contest has been made for Prison Commissioners. An intrigue has been going on in the interest of the Warden to be appointed by the Commission. We know some of the applicants, and their name is legion—Hammond, Catlin, Gaskill, Mason, Jo Eldridge, Anderson of Marin, Niles of Los Angeles, James Eastman, Rev. Albert Williams, Pinney, Shattuck of Oakland, Stillwell of San Rafael, Smith Brown of Napa, Conger of Los Angeles, Highton, and so on *ad infinitum*. Wallace Emerson of Alameda, Dr. W. F. McNutt of San Francisco, A. P. Whitney of Petaluma, N. D. Rideout of Yuba, and William H. Mills of Sacramento will take the cup in this "go-as-you-please" political sweepstake, open to all ages and conditions, *without* reference to former party servitude.

Everything that is salt, everybody who ever smelt bilge water, or ever had a barnacle on any part of his person, who ever went down to the sea in ships, or who ever commanded scow, schooner or canal-boat, asked for the position of Pilot Commissioner. Captains Eldridge, Williston, Morton, Travers, and Knowles will be appointed. Those who do not get it are commended not to drown themselves. For Superintendent of State Printing, J. D. Young of Sacramento; for his assistant, Mr. Jefferis, of the Sacramento Union. For Adjutant-General, Samuel W. Backus—a good appointment. For private staff, we are not quite certain. If we were Governor, and thought war was imminent, we should appoint as body-guard to our sacred executive person old war-worn veterans like Gen. John McComb, Col. W. H. L. Barnes, Col. Grannis, Archibald Wasson, W. W. Dodge, and others who have never come away wounded from any battle-field; but, if we thought ours was to be a reign of peace, we would appoint none of those fat fellows, but would select a nice lot of trim young heroes, who would dress well and have good horses; and who knew how to dance, and ride, and flirt, and do the social of our administration in good style. We would select Col. Grannis and Col. Dodge for their past experience and because their present regimentals will fit no one else; Fred Crocker, James C. Flood, Jr., young Spreckels, and McLennan, so that when we paraded the streets the balconies should be crowded with dimity and luminous with smiles, and we would fancy it was in honor of our executive person, and not of the young fellows we had about us. If we have guessed at all correctly, Gov. Perkins is drawing to his administration and to his councils good citizens, honest men, and deserving Republicans. We wish him success, and four complete happy years of administration.

After writing the above, we observe in the newspapers the following names as constituting the Governor's staff: Col. G. W. Grannis, Chief Engineer; Col. William Harney, Paymaster General; Judge S. C. Denson, of Sacramento, Judge Advocate; Dr. E. A. Stockton, of Stockton, Surgeon General; W. W. Dodge, Frank P. McLennan (son of Donald McLennan, of this city), J. C. Flood, Jr., C. F. Crocker (son of Charles Crocker), J. C. Logan of Butte, and J. D. Spreckels (son of Claus Spreckels), Aids.

A few nights ago another six days' walking match was begun at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and preceded by a two-hours' go-as-you-please race between women. There were some eight or ten females on the sawdust track, and the vast building engulfed several thousands of spectators. The countenances of the women as they tramped, walked, or ran, according to which method they considered best for husbanding their strength, afforded a good study of feminine character. Here, you had your thoroughly American girl, with tightly compressed lips and do-or-die resolution in her form and energetic tread; there, a girl whose red face and sanguine temperament betokened Celtic or Saxon parentage; another with Israelite written in bold nasal characters upon her face; and one, who was the most purely American of all, in the person of a reasonably ugly Indian squaw. At it they went for two hours, until the only females left in the running were a girl of fourteen from San Mateo County and the Indian squaw. In spite of heroic efforts on the part

of the fourteen-year-old, the solidity, weight, muscle, and practical training of the aboriginal, brought her at least a lap to the front when time was called, much to the disgust of the lookers-on. All of which goes to prove that city girls are inferior to country girls in athletics, and the latter to female human animals nurtured in barbarism. *Q. E. D. Verbum sap.*

On the principle that every little helps, the friends of General Grant are leaving no stone unturned for whatever will assist the boom. On Monday last they telegraphed across the continent the particulars of an interview between the great man and a small street beggar, who was eventually made happy by a benefaction of nickels. A telegram also came blazing and thundering along the wires relating how that Mrs. Grant, getting out of her carriage to call on Mrs. Hayes, espied Jerry Smith, formerly her footman, and exclaimed: "Why, there's Smith!" Really, in the face of such evidence as this of Grant's fitness for the Presidency, opposition appears ungracious, and not entirely free from an element of disloyalty. It ought to be mentioned here that Mr. Smith's height is given in the dispatch as six feet and two inches.

There is in every large city a criminal and semi-criminal element—men directly and indirectly interested in having bad and badly administered laws—strong enough to hold the balance of power between the political parties, and make the municipal government whatever they please that it shall be. They do not always exercise this power, it is true; sometimes (though rarely) because respectable people have the good sense in municipal elections not to divide on "party lines;" more frequently because these dangerous classes have not that good sense themselves—do not work in concert for their own vicious interests. Commonly, however, and in the long run, this class of malefactors and abettors of malefaction vote against good government with a tolerably intelligent instinct for selecting the worst men. They ought all to be disfranchised. Is a felon a worse citizen than an habitual misdemeanant? Usually he is a better. The law should deny the privilege of voting to a man who has been, say, three times convicted of a misdemeanor.

That would not rid the polls of the bulk of those who have an interest in bad government. To get rid of the remainder—the men who rent houses for immoral purposes, keep whisky mills frequented by thieves and gamblers, etc.—would be a more difficult matter, but having altered the law in the manner suggested, it would be an experiment worth trying to make the pursuit of several sorts of business misdemeanors.

We are impressed with the idea that Gov. Garcelon, of Maine, has done nothing more than his duty in endeavoring to reform the electoral abuses of that State. The executive who holds the guardians of the ballot box to a rigid and even technical observance of the law has our approval. To be lax, or indifferent, or careless in receiving and returning votes, is a crime against good government. Mistakes and errors around the electoral urn always enure to the benefit of political and party rascals. We have seen the effect of such things in this State. We have legislated in the direction of reform; we guard our polling places for a hundred feet from electioneering vagabonds; we close our saloons; we demand a ballot upon peculiar paper of regulated length and width and in specified type; we disfranchise all not knowing how to vote intelligently, and we throw out the vote of the precinct not returned according to law. This is right; and it is all stuff to blame Democrats in Maine for taking advantage of the mistakes, blunders, or crimes of Republicans. There should be no mistakes around the ballot box.

The *Chronicle* having settled the South American war in favor of Chile, steps should at once be taken to prevent further "useless effusion of blood." Perhaps the most practical plan would be to put Mayor Killoch in command of one army, and Charles de Young in command of the other. It has recently been observed that these gentlemen, by some happy accident, never meet.

The Secretary of War, not apprehending any trouble from the Indians—at least while he remains a thousand miles away from them—does not think of any reason for refusing Gen. Sheridan permission to go to Cuba with Grant. Of course not; and he is so sick, you know. He began to be sick in the dispatches about the time that Grant wanted him to go, and now he begins to be sick in the letters of press correspondents. He will soon be sick in "the halls of legislation," and sick all over the "national domain." We have had enough sick Sheridan—the woods are full of him. Let him go.

Dr. Stebbins told the teachers last Monday evening that the step of a little child on a carpet vibrates to the limits of the universe. He seems to have made an argument out of it against punishing children in the schools. Well, we think the universe is tough enough to stand the mild concussion of a female on a bad boy's gnarly *cabeza*, and the jar of a schoolma'am's palm temperately applied elsewhere. When

the writer was a school-boy, and got an occasional desultory whack on the knowledge-box, he did observe that most of the heavenly bodies—and all were visible—shot madly from their spheres, but they appear to have settled down to business again. Oh, no; corporeal punishment does not materially disturb the order in which it is appointed that the universe shall have its being. *Palman qui meruit ferat*—let the little rascal who deserves it endure spanking.

We hope Mr. Edison has been struck with that kind of lightning that will illuminate the world. We hope he has found something that will make a clear, cold, cheap light, that we may use in our library without being compelled to curse Peter Donahue for the dearest, meanest, weakest light that ever anybody fired his brains, blinded his eyes, and endangered his soul with. But we have not that confidence in Edison that makes it prudent to break altogether with Peter Donahue, lest the lightning should fail to strike in the right place, and lest our friend Peter should take that thieving gasometer out of our cellar, and leave us in total darkness. We remember that Mr. Edison, of Menlo Park, has fooled us once before, and in our trustful confidence in his promises we came near quarreling with the San Francisco Gaslight Company, and telling the truth about it. Edison gets into the newspapers too much; and we always distrust that science that has to call in the aid of the newspapers to support it. However, we hope he has succeeded; and if he has not, we hope he will succeed, and that the gas company's stock will be as weak in the market as the pressure is while we are writing this article—corner of Fillmore and Union—where a gas-holder has been a long time promised, and a long time withheld.

Grant's speech to the Universal Peace Society has delighted the impracticables of two continents.

"Let us have peace!" said Grant as he lower'd
The streaming point of his bloody sword.
And lo! there was peace, for in tranquil rows
The turbulent rested with up-turned toes.
Now, "Let us have peace!"—and the men in the tomb
Bless God they are out of the way of his boom!

We observe that a person named F. H. Hackett is getting himself talked about in the daily newspapers rather more than is good for him. May we ask if this Hackett person is the reporter who wrote, in the *Chronicle*, that brilliant account of our "interview" with the enraged fiddler commonly known as Mister Katy Mayhew—first pledging Mr. Mayhew to assume the responsibility and take the consequences! We are anxious also to learn if that arrangement is still in force, and to what extent it is considered binding on us.

New Year receptions are experiencing a change of programme. They are becoming more formal. Ladies receive in more gorgeous toilet than formerly. Some on Thursday, sent out cards; others had fixed hours. Many received in groups, a matron surrounding herself with a bevy of young ladies. Young gentlemen called in evening costume. Mrs. Col. Fry, Mrs. John McMullin, and Mrs. Theodore Shillaker filled their houses with evening guests. Many others kept open houses till a late hour. The day was an unusually agreeable one, and large numbers engaged in New Year's day calling.

The press, we observe, is not greatly disturbed by the destruction of property in the Boston fire, the insurance being heavy enough to pretty nearly cover the loss—except the loss to the underwriters. The newspapers which uplift a dolorous wail over the woes of a man who is burnt out without insurance never have any sympathy to waste upon the companies when they suffer. Impartially unsympathetic in any case, we are in a position to protest that this is not a fair deal.

The Board of Ward Presidents of the Workingmen's party are considering the question of recognizing the Board of Supervisors. Now, if the members of the Board of Supervisors, in their anxiety to be recognized, should fall dead with congestion of the brain, could the members of the Board of Ward Presidents be held for murder?

"A San Francisco man who has been deaf for thirty years now hears as well as anybody."—*N. Y. Sun*. And what he hears is pretty much the same kind of talk that he used to hear as a little boy in the East—mostly nonsense tempered with malice, a good deal of hard lying, and a considerable amount of profanity. There has not been any change to speak of outside the man's ears, and that he thinks is no improvement.

A Colusa Chinaman, attacked by a deer, ran into a house exclaiming in terror: "Cesus Clist!—wat you call him!" We call him a most intelligent animal, having a tolerably accurate appreciation of the relative positions of deer and Chinamen in this country.

It is the opinion of an "esteemed contemporary" that a cane which once belonged to Daniel Webster is no better to club a dog with than an old broomstick. Yet it have some value peculiar to itself; will somebody husband?

THE SHEPHERD.

[From the German of Uhland.]

A handsome shepherd had passed by
A proud king's stately palace gate;
A maid, who looked from turret high,
Was filled with longing great.

She called to him in sweetest prayer:
"Oh, dared I but go down to thee!
How gleaming white the lamkins there,
How red the blossoms free!"

The lad, with answering longing said:
"Oh, couldst thou but come down to me!
How glowing are thy cheeks so red,
How white thy fair arms be!"

And when he now, with secret pain,
On each day's morning passes by,
He loiters till the maid again
Looks down from turret high.

Then upward joyously he cries:
"Oh, welcome, thou king's daughter fine!"
Her answer sweet far downward flies:
"Fair thanks, O shepherd mine!"

The winter fled, the Lent appeared,
The blossoms reddened, as before;
The shepherd to the castle neared,
The maid looked down no more.

His voice rang up in tones so sad:
"A welcome, thou king's daughter fine!"
A spirit whispered to the lad:
"Farewell, O shepherd mine!"

LOS ANGELES, December, 1879.

C. B. J.

Under the Snow.

[The name appended to the following stanzas will be recognized as that of one who has done some of the daintiest work in our literature.]

Under the snow, under the snow,
Biding the sun, the flower-roots grow
Brown and rough, like the souls of those
That bear, in the hush, the perfect rose.

By and by, by and by,
The snow will melt where the brown roots lie,
The leaves will climb to the light of the sun,
And the work of the tender seed be done.

NEW YORK, December, 1879.

MARIE LE BARON.

GOD'S ALTO.

From the French of A. de Portmartin.

Chrétien Urhan was an eccentric artist, who held the position of first alto at the Opera, who always turned his back upon the stage, and who kept his fasts regularly the year round. I had been away from Paris for five or six years when I returned there in 1842, accidentally arriving at the beginning of holy week.

For such as wish to observe the precepts of the Church, that which is most questionable at a Parisian restaurant is the soup. Almost always one finds grease spots on it whose orthodoxy appears ambiguous. Remembering, however, on one holy Wednesday the delicious *potages au lait d'amandes* of the Café Anglais, at six o'clock I was seated by Dominique, the *maître d'hôtel*, at a small table near the one reserved for Chrétien Urhan; and a few moments later that artist came in. It did not seem to me that he had much changed since I had last seen him. His costume was about the same. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, a black frock coat, or rather *l'évite*, which came down to his heels, a white cravat tied negligently about his neck, laced shoes and long hair, covering the collar of his coat. His face was both romantic and ascetic in expression, and bore a slight resemblance to that of Paganini, relieved, however, by looks in which it was not difficult to discover a sort of heavenly homesickness—the ideal type, in fact, of a priest torn from his vocation to buffet the storms of the world and the sceptre of Habeneck.

Our tables touched, and I made use of the innocent affection of ordering the same dinner that he did. *Potage au lait d'amandes*—salmon trout, *salade Russe* and *parfait au chocolat*. These details attracted his attention. Two or three times our eyes met, and at last, overcoming his timidity, he said:

"It seems to me, sir—"

"That I have had the honor of meeting you before. Yes, sir, it is a never to be forgotten souvenir for me. It was on the evening before the first representation of *Robert le Diable*," and then I went on speaking to him about Professor Poncelot, and our dear and illustrious Meyerbeer.

The ice was broken, and from that day forward our topics of conversation seemed inexhaustible. Living as he had done in absolute solitude, he seemed happy to have some one who would talk with him without laughing, as his comrades in the orchestra did, at his mysticism, and one who could sympathize with him in his ardent love of music. We used to dine together every day at an early hour, and afterward walk about the Boulevards on opera nights, and to the Champs Elysées on others.

It would have taken a Hoffman, and a Catholic Hoffman at that, to have described this singular man who had succeeded in mingling fervent piety with love of art into sentiments which were truly unique.

Not an atom of worldly alloy could get into his soul or his imagination. He seemed to be living in a dream, and to be constantly visited by a guardian angel. When he spoke to me about the old masters; about Marcello, Palestrina and Pergolèse, his enthusiasm rose to the condition of true genius. Though I gained more and more of his confidence each day, I always thought there was a mystery connected with his life, and that it was an enigma which, in all probability, I should never be able to solve.

At the end of April a remarkable change took place in the appearance and manners of Chrétien Urhan. Calm and collected as he ordinarily was he could not conceal from me his anxiety and agitation. His temper became uneven, and he was absent-minded. Sometimes a beatific smile would wander about his lips, and then again he would scowl and go away as though trying to drive off some disturbing

thought. In our walks he would squeeze my arm with affectionate violence; then he would ask to be left alone, and would walk away slowly with his head bent down, and when he returned his eyes would be filled with tears. At last one evening, when there was no opera, he took me by the hand and said somewhat indistinctly:

"Are you worthy of her?"

"Whom do you mean by her?"

"You shall soon know. Come with me."

And, crossing the sombre gallery which led from the Passage de l'Horloge to the Rue Grange-Batelière, where the actors' door of admission was, he guided me through all that labyrinth over the stage of the opera, through which an outsider has such trouble to find his way; and then seated me in one of the orchestra chairs.

"Is it for a rehearsal, then?" said I, in an undertone.

"No; for a hearing," replied he, so low—so low, and with such emotion, that I divined rather than heard his words.

The lights were reduced to what was absolutely necessary—the footlights, here and there a few gas jets, and nothing more. For he who is unaccustomed to them, those vast, silent, empty walls, with their great spaces steeped in shade, have something peculiarly sinister; and it is one of the characteristic traits of the rendezvous of pleasure that, as soon as they are at rest, are quiet, or have died out, they never fail to become lugubrious. On the other hand, a church, with closed doors, and which keeps only a little lamp watching in its sanctuary, is still the house of God. Its solitude, its obscurity, and its silence, are to imagination and to the soul all that the words of the priest, the canticles of the faithful, and our holy ceremonies have said they would be. A theatre in which there are no plays saddens the whole neighborhood, and soon becomes of little significance. And this is because man, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, can never efface from his being the impress of his origin. If he is interrupted in his joys, he falls to the unfathomable depths of sadness and vacuity. If the most delicate thread draws him toward his immortal destiny, he has only to look within to find language for those sacred vaulted arches.

A month of such intimate talks with Chrétien Urhan had predisposed me toward all the hallucinations of the fantastic world. So I invoked in turn, as I sat there, the spirits of Cornélie Falcon, Henriette Sontag, and Madame Malibran; and I imagined that I could hear in the distance the horn of "Freyschütz," or of "Oberon," the lamentation of "Donna Anna," "Marguerite's" spinning wheel, the chorus of "Fidelio," the air in the "Nuns Dance," and the tender song of "Agathe," while waiting for her betrothed amid the peaceful harmonies of a summer night. The orchestra soon arrived—they were all there, Chrétien Urhan at his place, as pale as death. Some of the subscribers, four or five influential members of the Jockey Club, were at the side-scenes. In the director's box were Director M. L. P., whom I do not wish to designate otherwise than by his initials, Halévy, Veron, Nestor Roqueplan, Duponchel, and, away back, half hidden behind these gentlemen, that most absolute, alas! most suspicious and most exclusive of sovereigns, Rosine Stolz.

A quarter of an hour afterward there was a slight murmur in the orchestra and at the side-scenes, which was succeeded by a profound silence; and then I saw a young woman led on by Ferdinand Prévost. Her appearance at first sight was certainly not striking. Rather under-sized, she was neither handsome nor pretty in the ordinary acceptance of the words; but upon her pure brow, and in her limpid look, I saw the reflection of those mysterious lights which reveal to the eternal world the world invisible. Upon me she produced the same effect that a wanderer from the country of my dreams would have done; and, afterward, I had only to remember this evening, without a morrow, to understand the words which Meyerbeer applied to this same woman: "She is the most delicate expression of the most virginal art."

She sang the air of "Alceste," "Divinités du Styx;" the ballad of "Alice," "Vas dit elle," that air of "Agathe" in *Freyschütz*, "Le calme se répand;" then, together with Revasseur, already getting a little old, the duo in the *Huguenots*—"Pour sauver une tête si chère!" and the duo of the *Vestale* with Duprez.

As she continued I experienced a singular feeling. It seemed as if I was receiving an angelic caress, which was free from all earthly voluptuousness, and even from all the pleasures of the ear, which little by little penetrated my being, and gave a new meaning to the common saying: "They must sing like that in Paradise!" Music became as immaterial as prayer in the voice of this unknown singer, and it seemed to me that an irresistible magnetism strongly influenced me to draw nearer to her. I looked at Chrétien Urhan, whose thin face could be seen lighted by the candle on his stand, and I thought that a Spanish painter would have sought for no other model for the expression of the ecstasy of a saint.

It did not take long for me to perceive, unfortunately, that his impression and my own were not shared by the others. On the contrary, the few hearers scattered about the hall heard the young artist with an icy coldness of manner. Evidently they were obeying an order, or their sensual and worldly (I will not say *boulevardières*) habits rendered them inaccessible to an emotion which was so pure. Soon the contrast became so painful to me that I went off without waiting for the end of the examination.

The next day, at about eight in the morning, Chrétien Urhan came to my room. He had grown ten years older during the night.

"Ah! the miserable, unfortunate people, they do not want her! they do not deserve her!" said he in a tone which was more like a sob than anything else. "That first hearing will also be the last; I have sent in my resignation. I can, I ought to, no longer belong to any other than to God. Paris and its opera give me the horrors. But I could not leave it without shaking hands with you!"

I was almost as much overcome as he.

"Then you have a little friendship for me?" said I.

"Much; for you were worthy of her—you alone understood her."

"Well, then, before leaving me, will you not give me the solution of this enigma?"

"Oh, very willingly. I am the son of a poor herdsman of the environs of Ensiedeln, and used to carry the milk of our cows and goats to the convent. I had attained my twelfth year without knowing any other music than our

mountain songs. For some days I had remarked that one of the monks, Father Anthelme, looked at me most benevolently. One morning he stopped me as I passed, kindly questioned me, made me sing one of my rustic airs to him, and, learning that I was the sixth child in a numerous family, said: 'Would you like to become a choir boy? I will teach you the music and the catechism.' It was the height of my ambition, and I accepted the offer with enthusiasm. A new life was opened to me. I served mass for Father Anthelme; I sang on great fête days; I read good books. Religion and music at the same time took possession of my soul, and I have never separated them. I was happy, very happy! My dear and holy protector, exaggerating, perhaps, my musical abilities, wanted to initiate me into all the secrets of harmony and counterpoint. Before entering a convent he had been the best pupil of the celebrated abbé, Georges Joseph Vogler, and played marvelously well on most musical instruments. By his advice I chose the alto, and my progress was rapid.

"One night—I was then eighteen years old, and it was Christmas eve—I was kneeling at the altar. All the priests were in their seats, Father Anthelme was singing the mass, and I was also going to sing an *Agnus Dei* of Palestrina. I had made up my mind for several days past to tell my benefactor before this holy day was over that I had but one wish on earth, which was to enter the holy order, dress in the holy garb, and by them bound all my horizon, all my life.

"I prayed with much fervor, invoking my guardian angel. I believe that he answered me, for at the same time our organ gave forth a prelude with magnificent gushes of harmony and a voice. Oh, my friend, I could say nothing which would enable you to understand the lightning flash. It was heaven, it was a divine messenger, causing me to realize at once all those adolescent dreams wherein music and religion had so often appeared as two sisters. How shall I express the ecstasies of that strange hour. I thought I should go mad. And if there is anything eccentric in my physiognomy or in my manners, it dates from that night.

"The next day I went to Father Anthelme, confessed everything to him, and said that I should die of grief were I condemned nevermore to hear that voice. He told me that it belonged to a young girl of barely sixteen, who was born in a far-off land. On the previous evening an old man of venerable appearance rang at the convent gate, spoke to the superior, and entreated that his daughter might be allowed to sing at midnight mass.

"Come, let us see, my child," added the good Father. "Is what you have told me serious?"

"Oh, very serious. I shall die if I do not hear her again."

"Well, then, take a fortnight to reflect upon it, and after that we will see."

"A fortnight after, seeing that I was wasting away, he said with increasing kindness:

"Dear child, you are passing through a crisis which will render you incapable of serving God, or even of living as an honest man or a reasonable creature should. Pure as a passion may be, it has power to change our convent into a cage, and our robe into the tunic of Nessus. You have sufficient talent to get along, but here are fifty louis which will help you while waiting; I have the right to give them to you, for they are really my own. I have not told you everything, for, before being a monk, I was a man of the world and an accomplished artist. While at my dear master the Abbé Vogler's, I knew the greater part of the musicians who have a name in Europe, and here are letters which will not be useless to you. As a return, I ask only one promise of you—continue as you are, while waiting for something better. Music may be a heavenly virgin, or a dangerous siren. If your art brings you in contact with the stage, beware of the siren and be faithful to the virgin. Think now and then of the Convent of Ensiedeln, which sheltered you in your youth, and of Father Anthelme, who loves you."

"Overwhelmed with pious gratitude, I seized his hands, saying as I wept: 'Not only will I be faithful, but, however far away, I will observe the convent rules; will give up my name of Guillaume, and call myself Chrétien, so that I may have always present in mind my promise and my resolution.'

"I have kept my word.

"But how," replied Father Anthelme, 'will you ever find your ideal singer if you do not know her name?'

"I was dumb, for I had not thought of that.

"I know it," pursued he, smiling. 'Her father told our Superior. Here it is,' and he put a card into my hand.

"I left two days afterward. One of the musicians whose address Father Anthelme had given me was the leader of the Carlsruhe theatre. He received me in so cordial a manner that I confided my perplexities to him—my dream—my folly.

"If I were in your place," said he, 'I well know what I should do. Instead of wandering from city to city, I would proceed straightway to Paris and try to be engaged in the orchestra of the opera. Sooner or later that young singer will go there to be heard, for it is an irresistible lodestone, and artists are never sure of their talents or success until the Parisian public has ratified the opinion of Europe.'

"I followed his advice. Received by Habeneck, I did not have to wait more than six months for the position of first alto. Alas! I had to wait eight years to hear the ineffable voice which had taken possession of my soul and which had changed my destiny. And to-day I am more unhappy than if I had lost her for ever!"

"Why?"

"Have you not guessed? Because it was she who sang last night, and who, very naturally wounded by her incredible reception, leaves this morning, declaring that she will never return to Paris, even were millions offered her."

"And you?"

"Me? I return to the convent which I ought never to have left. The world is too corrupt, its pretended *connoisseurs* too completely dominated by bad passions and vulgar interests, its theatre queens too jealous. Only in the sanctuary is there anything left for me. Before the year is out Chrétien Urhan, God's alto, as those miscreants call me, will be only Brother Guillaume again. So, one more shake of the hands, and then, farewell!"

He was going, when I stopped him. "And the name of your singer?" said I.

"Here it is. Don't forget it; for the Parisian *dilettanti* it will soon become the synonym of regret, of shame, and of remorse. Her name is Jenny Lind."

JAMES C. WARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 10, 1879.

ABOUT WOMEN.

A ladies' football club has been established in England. This is said to be a kick above anything we have yet attempted in America.

"Is that a new dress or an old one made over?" is the awful query every lady asks herself when she sees another woman walking along in a change of costume.

A foreign letter writer says of the new Queen of Spain: "In the different sketches made of her the teeth are left out." A toothless queen! Or does she wear false teeth and take 'em out when she sits for a picture?

Men have expended a deal of ink and sarcasm on the subject of women's friendship. Nevertheless, the thing does really exist. A woman's great mistake is that she often thinks she is looking for a friend, when it is merely a *confidante* she is seeking—one who will listen to her small miseries and smaller joys, and never say "that is not right" to her disclosures, but will merely betray her the first time they have a petty misunderstanding.

A benevolent Bostonian, now living in England, has given \$100 to each of two old ladies in Scituate, Mass., who, when girls in the war of 1812, frightened a British man-of-war away from the coast by beating a drum and playing a fife, as if a detachment of American troops were at hand. Says the Chicago *Tribune*: "If there had only been one of the present generation of Chicago girls on hand with a piano, we venture to say that the man-of-war would have struck her colors at once."

If a girl chooses to throw herself at a young man she can generally hit him.

"I smile," says an acute observer, "when I hear a young man speak of choosing a wife; my information is much more complete as to his probable future when I hear that a young lady has selected him."

One must love women very much to love a woman thoroughly. Every worthy woman is a representative of the worth of her sex, that suffers loss or increase of repute as she adds to or diminishes its fair fame. And this general worth-being recognized, she shines by its reflected light, as well as by her own proper brilliancy.

Simplicity in women! Ah, a sweet simplicity! Yes, but it is much greater in men—when they are taken in by it. "Simple, natural, and unaffected!" was my first thought of the sweetest woman I have known. And, as she appeared, so she was—not.

A woman's hand does not attain perfection before six or seven and twenty. It may, before nineteen, be delicate, but it is seldom white or dimpled. Its touch is not a caress; sinews have relief.

Miss Augusta de Grasse Stevens, a young American lady, is making a pleasant reputation in London literary and art circles. She has taken a diploma for porcelain painting, and her representations of American autumnal foliage have secured orders from the Duke of Connaught and other notabilities. She has also written a striking story in the September *Argosy*, entitled "The Magic of a Face," and is, furthermore, a newspaper correspondent.

A young married woman from England, who had remained long enough in this country to feel perfectly at home, told a friend that her English timidity so clung to her that she could hardly go into Boston, five miles, to do her shopping, without having her husband or brother to escort her on the railway. The difference between her and the American woman—who, at a call of duty or even pleasure, would take her traveling bag and set off for Colorado without fear of harm—is hardly greater than the difference between the tongued women of fifteen years ago, in reform meetings, and the voting women of to-day.

At the Millais wedding all the noted beauties of London were to be seen, "none in rags and none in bags, but all in silk attire." The bridesmaids were all pretty and young, and their red "toques" became them well, though the general effect was rather theatrical. The dresses of the guests were decidedly monotonous, being all, with perhaps half a dozen exceptions, composed of some shade of red velvet. Mrs. Langtry looked well, and not a little conspicuous, in her scarlet, tight-fitting costume. One could not, however, help being forcibly reminded of a certain character in *Faust*, when she allowed her long black mantle to descend and display her scarlet form.

Felicia was gliding down Tremont Street in Boston the other afternoon, with a Derby hat on and carrying her hands in the pockets of her long ulster, when a small boy ran up and said, "Say, miss, if yer had a cigar now, you'd be all right, wouldn't you?"

The following are some of the curious habits indulged in by distinguished singers in order to retain or strengthen themselves in their moments of rest, during the exercise of the voice: Mme. Sonntag ate sardines; Mlle. Desparre drinks warm water; Adelina Patti takes seltzer; Christine Nilsson, beer; Mme. Malibran, in opposition to all the customs of singers, ate supper half an hour before the performance; Miss Kellogg takes beef tea, and Miss Cary takes "Tom and Jerry" sometimes, and sometimes porter.

English brides are photographed immediately after the wedding ceremony, before starting on their journey. A bright idea—they never look so pleasant and happy after their return.

The wife who utilizes her husband's shoe-brush on the cooking-stove opens the door to the divorce court.

Blondes are out of fashion in Paris, and dark brunettes are the rage.

A very ugly gentleman was requested by a beautiful woman to accompany her to a painter's studio, where, having whispered a few words to the artist, she left him with a promise of presently coming back. The gentleman asked the artist what he was wanted for. "I thought you knew, sir," replied the painter, "that I am taking that lady's portrait in the character of a saint being tempted by the devil, and that she wishes you to be good enough to sit for the tempter."

HOW THE LIONS FED.

There would seem to be very little connection between eating and the proposed establishment of a vice-regal court in Canada; yet the Ottawa correspondent of a New York journal makes a text of the latter for a sermon on the former. As the historical part of his discourse is well digested—to use the expression which the topic naturally suggests—and the subject one of universal interest, we reprint it here with pleasure:

"In those days" (when Canada had a court) "the science of *gourmandise* was the popular science at Versailles, and the dishes invented by Vatel—that master mechanic of the kitchen, who stabbed himself through the heart because the supply of fish was insufficient for a feast—and by the Duchesse de Berri, Mme. de Pompadour, Mme. de Maintenon, the Duchesse de Villeroi, and other ladies, who held sway at Court as much through their skill in *gourmandise* as through their personal attractions, were cherished as the most important of state secrets. At Quebec they imitated Versailles in this, and even surpassed it in many things, for the waters of the St. Lawrence and the land of New France supplied them with many a delicacy not dreamed of in the cooking philosophy of the Old World. The Duchesse of Orleans declares in her *Memoires* that she often saw Louis Quatorze eat four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a salad, mutton basted with garlic, two slices of ham and a dish of pastry, besides sweetmeats and fruits; and, if the old chroniclers are to be believed, the Governors at Quebec were trenchermen worthy of their royal master. Of one of them, M. Beauharnais, weird tales of gluttony are told. It was Handel who used to order dinner for five or six, and who, when the waiter announced that it was ready and inquired for the company, would draw up his chair to the table, and, exclaiming, "Oh, de company is here; I am de company," would fall singlehanded upon the feast. Beauharnais had a similar weakness. On one occasion he stowed away so many lobsters—Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, was, as the Indian word implies, the lobster headquarters at that period—while on a visit to a seignior in one of the southern parishes, that he had to be carried to the Castle St. Louis on a stretcher, and kept his viceregal bed for two months. Taffanel, Barrin, Vaudremé, Frontenac, and other Governors were noted eaters, and the State dinners resembled those of Claudius, or Vitellus, or Tiberius. The ancient gourmands of Greece and Rome prided themselves on whiting from Megara, eels from Lake Copais, kids from Sicyon, oysters from Britain, and pigs from the Arcadian valleys; but their bill of fare would have looked famine-stricken beside the salmon from the Saguenay, the oysters from Percé, the moose from the Upper River, the snipe, woodcock, wild duck, and geese of Silery, the bears of Beaufort, and the ravishing grapes and blueberries from the banks of the St. Charles, that graced the tables of the Castle St. Louis. At state dinners of the present day the guests dine; then they fed. It was *quantitas non qualitas*—a square meal, not a dinner. Even the ladies gorged themselves. In the days of Henry III. of England, the daily allowance to a maid of honor was a gallon of ale and a chine of beef for breakfast, a piece of beef and a gallon of ale for dinner, in the afternoon a gallon of ale and a maniple of bread, for supper a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, and a gallon of ale, and after supper—by way of something to sleep on—bread and half a gallon of wine. The ladies of the suite and the wives of the seigniors who frequented the Castle St. Louis had no stated allowance; they appear to have followed the primitive custom attributed in the ballad to Martin Halligan's aunt:

'Who ate when she was hungry,
And drank when she was dry.'

"Early in the morning, before they were out of bed, a servant brought them the *coup d'appetit*, a stiff horn of brandy to brace them up before breakfast, which consisted of chickens and chicken broth, fish, fruit, and cakes. At one they had luncheon, at four dinner, at seven *demi-souper*, and at nine supper, each meal being superseded by the *coup d'appetit* and accompanied with brandy, Hollands, and wine, chiefly Canary. Beside this, they ate promiscuously and without regard to schedule time between meals, and thus it is easy to believe the historian, Ferland, when, in one of his lighter sketches, he says: 'It was quite noticeable that the air of Quebec, and the breezes from the pleasant waters, of the Gulf agreed amazingly with the ladies from Old France.' Tea was seldom used; it was known as a China drink, good, as old Pepys says, 'for colds and defluxions,' but not as a beverage.

"There was no 'bill of fare' the dishes, like the seasons, came in their due course, and the guests attacked each in its turn. Each guest brought his own knife; the French Canadian *habitant* to this day eats his meals with his jack-knife, and flavors them, too. Capt. Knox, in his journal, gives an account of a dinner party he attended at Quebec in 1759. 'Each person,' he says, 'produced an ordinary clasp-knife from his pocket, which served him for every use; when they had dined or supped, they wiped it and returned it to their pockets; the one I had was lent me by a Frenchman, and it gave my meat a strong taste of tobacco.' If some of the usages of the dinner-table were rough and democratic, the manners were courtly in the extreme; and when the Duke of Kent, the Princess Louise's grandfather, visited Quebec, years after the old régime had passed away, he was forced to admit that the court of George III. could show no such grace as he found among the guests at Haldimand House."

A story comes from Tenbury, England, where a menagerie has been paying a visit, which illustrates the well-known character of the elephant for humane feelings in a remarkable degree. Among the animals was a very fine female elephant, called "Lizzie," which was attacked with a violent fit of colic, and suffered intensely. A local chemist, whose success as an animal doctor is well known, treated "Lizzie" and saved her life. Visiting the exhibition at night, and met with an unexpected reception from his patient. Seizing the "doctor" with her trunk, the elephant encircled him with it, to the terror of the audience, who expected to see him crushed to death; but "Lizzie" had no such intention, and, after having thus demonstrated her gratitude by acts more eloquent than words, she released the doctor from her embrace and proceeded with her appointed task. The elephant seems to possess a holier sense of gratitude than some people do.

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

Maud—And now you've shown me all your favors, dear, do tell me who was there—the men, of course, I mean.
Alice—Oh, let me see! There were lots of Harvard men, of course—yes, and some *real* men.

He did not talk much, and would have got through dinner well enough but for one unlucky slip into which the kindness of his hostess betrayed him. He ate but little, and refused one dish after another; and the hostess, after trying in vain to tempt his appetite, said she believed she must give him up. "Wal, yes, ma'am, I believe you'd best," said the banker. "You know I'd trust you with my purse and my topcoat; but I guess I'll be boss of my own stummock."

When two young people, with singleness of purpose, sit up with each other, and when the clock strikes twelve, he says: "Is it possible?" and she says: "Why, I didn't know it was so late," you may draw your conclusions that, if the business boom continues, a unified couple will be hunting a house to rent in the spring.

"Why do clumsy men always have big feet!" asks a correspondent. Oh, thou that questioneth without reason, to walk on. Do you suppose he needeth them to comb his hair with, or that he useth them to scratch his back?

A sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

"Oh, cover me deep with the cold, damp sod," sings a melancholy individual. Certainly, we should be glad to do it at once; but, unfortunately, we shall have to wait till he's dead, and there'll be no fun in it then.

"Do animals have fun?" asks some unobserving individual. Of course they do. When a cow switches her tail across the face of the man who is milking her, steps along just two yards, and turns to see him pick up his stool and follow, she has the most amused expression on her face possible, and if she can kick over the milk-pail she grows positively hilarious.

A bold, bad burglar recently broke into the house of a man in the watches of the night. The man awakened and questioned: "What do you want here? What look you for?" Said the burglar, gruffly: "Money." "Hold on a minute," quoth the man, "and I will help you. I've been looking myself for ten years; but perhaps the two of us may have better luck."

The following is part of a conversation between an intoxicated man and a crockery dealer, as reported by the Lewiston (Me.) *Gazette*: "Shay, partner (hic), do you keep olkinds (hic) crockery?" "Yes, sir; what would you like?" "Genuine 'ntoxicatin' cup." "You had better go on, sir; you are drunk." "Beg 'er pard'n (hic); lemme she flowin' bowl (hic), ole man." "Do you see that door, sir?" "Genuine (hic) cup 'at sheers but don't 'nebrate." "I shall call the police unless you leave at once." "Lesh look (hic) at your fesh pots of (hic) Egipt, an' 'l go way." A policeman then interfered.

"Bright Eyes," the Indian lecturer—she isn't a sister of Advert Eyes, the newspaper man, is she?

The Rochester *Democrat* sighs for the good old-fashioned days when paper caps were adorned with the appropriate letters, "D-u-n-c-e." But bless his innocent heart! he couldn't wear it a hundredth part of the time. The woods are full of 'em.

This is a joke by a proof-reader, and it's more than a joke: It takes but little time and space to turn man's laughter into manslaughter.

A Hindoo baker, wishing to inform Englishmen of his trade, put on his sign, "European loafer."

A clock pendulum is bound to keep time if it has to swing for it.

If a man whistles in the street as if he were calling a dog, from three to seven men will stop suddenly and look about. Is Darwin right?

"Is business good?" inquired a friend of an undertaker. "Business good?" he reiterated. "You bet—two in walnut, two in rosewood, and three on ice at this blessed moment."

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the house
The tom cat was chasing
A tan-colored mouse.

Talking about warm hair, a lady in Milwaukee, whose hair very nicely matches the brick in the Wisconsin building, and who has been joked about her red hair until she goes around and shoots the last few thousand who made ancient remarks about it, says she heard a new thing on red hair the other day. A friend from the East said to her: "Mrs. —, I rather like this Skeneatales hair of yours." She didn't like to ask any questions, but finally curiosity got the best of her, and she asked: "Well, what in the name of the thirteen apostles is Skeneatales hair?" "Oh," says he, as he got on the other side of the table, and held his elbow over his head so the press board wouldn't hurt, "Skeneatales is about forty miles beyond Auburn, you know." He is now carried in a sling, and his friends have to get a pass from the matron of the hospital to see him.

There was a bad man of New Haven
Who wriggled so when he was shaven
That they cut off his nose
And his ears and his toes
Before they could make him behave.

Old Jackson is sure that goats can read, for he caught one the other morning demolishing his Sunday hat, which had fallen out of the window, near a fence on which was painted in big letters, "Chew Jackson's Best Plug."

A small boy, boasting of his father's accomplishments, said: "My father can do almost anything; he's a notary public and he's an apothecary, and can mend teeth, and he is a doctor, and can mend wagons and things, and play the fiddle; he's a jackass at all trades."



SAN FRANCISCO, January 1, 1880.

The New Babylon! The latest London sensation! So say the bills; but, this time, out of simple justice to the Londoners, who are the victims of much American maligning, let us at least assume that their sensation was one of unutterable dismay to find that, familiar as all their kaleidoscopic varieties of life have become, they had not yet discovered anything like the extraordinary phases presented in *The New Babylon*. You have seen it, of course, by this time. You went to see Roseri and the Big Four—not the big four, or, rather, the four big, coryphées—but those boneless, burnt cork will-o'-the-wisps, and the extraordinary Davene Family. These are what you went to see, but they threw *The New Babylon* in, and you were compelled to accept the extra. Saw you ever such a mixture before? There was Louis Morrison, who played an impossible Irishman; and Barrows, who played a still more impossible Spaniard; and Jennings, who played the minstrel type of Jew, which he did in a sort of impish, Quilpish way, as absurd as it was unnatural. Oddly enough, the time-honored gag of the stage Jew, "S'help me, Moses!"—one which, it may be remarked *en passant*, no real Jew ever employs—Mr. Jennings contracted to "S'help me!" which gave him a thickness of utterance not altogether Hebraic in its character. Then there was "Mr. Maltby," who was simply a blundering old goose, a part which Mr. Bradley succeeded in rendering very effectively. The impossible Spaniard looked like a Kamschatkan, and the impossible Irishman was tricked out like a monkey on a hand-organ. To a pair of large plaided, curiously constructed nether garments, he added a brilliant plaid waistcoat, a high colored velvet jacket, an emerald green necktie, a vermilion wig, and a white tile. Fancy the wildest Irishman that ever spread at Donnybrook arrayed in such toggery, and think how it would look on a sane man accustomed to a daily appearance in Pall Mall. The list of *dramatis personæ* further boasts an extremely intelligent Chinaman, who is valet to the English gentleman—a Chinese valet!—also, a drunken female tramp. Miss Jean Clara Walters is not very English in her style, but she plays this part with most horrible and revolting naturalness. If it is good to do these things well, she does well; but in all of *New Babylon* there is nothing else worth seeing, excepting the tableau of the wreck. Of course, it goes without saying that there is no fault to be found with Mr. Bishop, Miss Carey, and the others in their not exigent parts. Miss Ravel gives us a bit of not unpleasant pertness; and there is a statuesque Miss Virginia Thorne, who, like all the Thornes, is handsome, and, like all the Thornes, not overweighed with talent. For the rest, it was Roseri we all went to see, and one is obliged to submit to a large amount of *The New Babylon* before she comes. When she does come, she is heralded by the most unpromising flock of coryphées surely that ever wrung an anatomist's heart. Of the four imported dancers—*secundas*, as they say, and a word just harsh and hard enough it is to properly express them—there is one much banged young woman so handicapped with avoirdupois that she simply can not incline her toes skyward, while the others are as attenuated as a full set of Walpurgis-night phantoms. But when Roseri herself dawns upon the suffering audience, she is like the young hero in *Bluebeard*, "se-lim and se-lender." She is a dainty, graceful dancer, and combines something of the airy lightness of Bonfanti with the more muscular grace of Rita Sangalli, without being as great an artist as either. If she were as handsome as either, or as pretty as little Palladino, her *naïve* enjoyment of her own performances would be something charming; but it sets ill upon her, because it lacks piquancy. However, why should one quarrel with a dancer's face, when all her art lies in her heels?

If one wants to see pretty faces, it is only necessary to walk down street to Locke's *Bric-à-Brac* theatre, where they abound. They have made a Grand Turk of "Bluebeard" this time, but there is nothing very Oriental looking about the place, excepting pretty Ada Lee, who has inducted herself into Turkish petticoats for the occasion, and they, as all the world knows, are of such sensible brevity as not to impede the ordinary action of the *opéra bouffe*. She has several speaking lines as well, as she has had indeed in every one of the burlesques in their long *répertoire*; and if no one has ever yet had the faintest idea what she was trying to say, it has not borne upon the depths of the plot to any extent. It is impossible not to make a dim guess at the language she employs, for, though the words are unintelligible, the accent is unmistakably Cockney. In fact, this "English accent," modified, quite pervades the troupe. Miss Everleigh has it in the soft liquid form which is charming until she sings; then, as she has no voice, it is lost in the struggle with notes. Miss Wright, who is the best actress in the troupe, proclaims herself a subject of Queen Victoria whenever she opens her lips. Maffin has come from across the big pond, and Forrester never learned to speak under the stars and stripes. The handsome, automatic Miss Deacon is another, and Miss Rosa Leighton, who makes a very pretty "Fatima," and who would look twice as well shorn of two-thirds of her blonde locks, has a thoroughly English voice. The Britannic line ends here, for Miss Roseau's accent has nothing distinctive. What it was in the beginning no one can say. The very pitch of her voice is false, unnatural; its gurgle is an affectation; in singing it is badly used, though, truth to tell, she sings the "Trumpet Song" more acceptably than anything she has yet submitted. How

much there is in a voice to prepossess or prejudice! Miss Roseau is a superb looking woman in that last costume, all white and a-glitter, but the ring of her voice has prevented her becoming a favorite even though she here is less heavy in her style. Then there is little Chpaman's voice, which sounds as shrilly as a child's through all the choruses, and Carrie McHenry's, which is both flat and shrill. Graham's is thin and weak, and fittingly accompanies his gaunt, sharp-cut face, and Chapman's is as hopelessly uninteresting as he is himself in any rôle. As for Roland Reed, he will never be called the silver-voiced comedian, but he has an intelligible and intelligent way of speaking which are both refreshing. As for the intonation of his voice, it is western; and as to the quality, it harmonizes oddly enough with the stage elocution which he has so carefully engrafted upon it, but even that shows study—and you do not often see a better comedian than Roland Reed, do you? He did not satisfy in the *Magic Slipper*, which is really an awfully poor burlesque, with nothing in the world to redeem it but "Cinderella's" sisters. How natural they look! Really they might almost have walked out of one's nursery and one's old, old picture-books—wedding head-dresses, high colors, huge feet, and all. But *Oxygen*, and *Piff-Paff*, and *Robinson Crusoe* were all better, and Roland Reed was better with them, and so were the little actresses who had greatness thrust upon them for lack of leading—what do you call the girl in a burlesque troupe who does not figure in this one? By the way, is it not strange sometimes to read the cast of a play in the Colville-Folly Troupe? How absurd to cast Ella Chapman, for example, for a "bad man" in *Robinson Crusoe*, when she was so thoroughly delightful as "Sally," or whatever the youngster's name may be, who wears a white pinafore and half length socks. While Miss Wood, who would really have made a very good bad man, paradoxical as it may sound, played the *ingénue* when there is nothing ingenuous about her. Then Roland Reed, who would have made a character of "Friday," is relegated to something, while Graham, who is acceptable enough, but makes nothing in particular of anything, plays "Friday." What is rotten in Denmark?

Over the way from the burlesquers, Hermann, and Mlle. Addie, and necromancy, are delighting the superstitious, and drawing crowds of the curious. Do you remember a dark browed, much dyed magician, who set the town in a whirlwind of amaze some years ago by standing a young woman, with so peculiar a name that it can not be forgotten—a Miss Angelique Schott—upon her elbow, and making *tableaux vivants* of her *ad libitum*? Angelique Schott—what a name for a visiting card!—was a handsomer woman than Mlle. Addie, but Herrmann is a more deft magician than Sylvester, and even in the mesmeric act, where the first principles of gravitation are incontinently upset, more interesting. It is a pretty act, and so much nicer than decapitation; but try to stand upon the funny bone of your elbow for five minutes, and you will find yourself extending a yearning sympathy for Mlle. Addie. However, she may like it better than being shot out of a cannon. A queer life, is it not, to be decapitated one week, shot out like a bullet the next, poised in mid-air the next?—and heaven knows what comes after in Herrmann's *répertoire*. How thankful we every-day people should be who have no trapeze, no boneless contortion acts, no mesmerism, nothing of the striking and the unnatural, nothing to do but to walk abroad and bask in this frosty holiday sunshine, nothing but to eat, drink, and be merry after candle-light, while these poor creatures peril life and limb for the meaningless clap of applauding hands, and a weekly stipend almost as paltry as a school-teacher's under the new law!

BETSY B.

Preludes—In Divers Keys.

The fifth Quintet Recital—last of the series—which fell upon last Tuesday, had very much the air of a Lenten feast, designed as a corrective for the musical stomach that had been over indulged at the four banquets that preceded it; the *menu* was of the simplest—the condiments were an accident and afterthought—and everything was served rare, with the blood in it. The indisposition of Mr. Linn, who was announced as pianist in place of Miss Schmidt (also ill), compelled the dropping out of the programme of any piano-forte *ensemble*; Mr. Espinosa, who kindly stepped in at the last moment, had nothing ready and had to depend on solo numbers. Of these the *Etude* of Alkan was most interesting—hardly beautiful—and admirably played. The solo from Ries's *concerto* in C sharp minor was a strange selection; it was never intended to be played without the orchestral accompaniment, and is very incomplete when given by itself. Of the residue of this programme it may be said to have been without idea, taste, or judgment. The stringing together of a number of separate movements of Mozart and Haydn, without any reference to the character of the works, is a simple absurdity, and the interpolation between them of such peurileties as the Scarlatti *canzonetta* and the Martini *gavotte* for 'cello, is equally absurd. The Spohr violin duet might have also been reserved for home study; it has a beautiful *andante* between two very long and dry movements that it is a pure waste of time to listen to. Few audiences have been treated to violin duets for the past twenty-five or thirty years, and I think that the time has come when this sort of thing might be permanently shelved. The G minor string quintet of Mozart—first movement—with which the concert ended, was the redeeming point of the entire programme; it seems too bad, however, to be content only with scraps, and I trust that in future series Mr. Schmidt will pluck up sufficient courage and confidence in his audience to make his programmes a little more consistent, and occasionally give entire works as the composers designed them.

There reached me this week intelligence of the death—at Cassel, in Germany—of Miss Frederike Hoffman—who will undoubtedly be pleasantly remembered by many of my readers as the pianiste of the Musical Institute concerts of seven and eight years ago. Miss Hoffman, than who no artist could be more modest and unassuming, was a delightful pianiste of the classical school; her *technique* was complete within its limits, her touch very delicate and refined, and her style pure, chaste, and noble. Such, also, was her life. Both at home—at Cassel—and in this State, where she spent several years visiting her family, she was beloved and respected by all who knew her.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

Gay beauty smiles with lavish wiles,
And mad are the songs we sing;
But the reckless laugh
And the wine we quaff
To me no pleasures bring.
Sick of the noise and blinding light,
I rise and steal out in the night.

'Tis early June. The pale, cold moon
Lights up the sea and sky;
And falling there,
With a wild despair,
Prone on the sands I lie;
While, wakened by the moaning waves,
Dread memories rise from out their graves.

They come in hosts, like haunting ghosts,
They come and they won't be gone;
And I dig my hands
Deep down in the sands,
And laugh them all to scorn;
For a deadly hate in my heart hath sunk,
And I'm always dismal whenever I'm drunk.

Who Excuses Accuses.

Says Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.:
"You must excuse me, dear!
But then I know you can not see
The soot in your left ear."

"Oh, thank you, dear!" says Mrs. B.;
"You're very kind to speak.
How could it get there? Let me see—
Oh, yes! the cars—last week!"

The Serenade.

Only a maid at the window,
Waiting her lover's call;
Only an old spring bonnet
Made over for use this fall.

Only a blue-eyed bulldog
Facing the garden path;
Only a pair of cat-tails
Bear witness to his wrath.

Only the maiden's fellow
Sitting within his room—
Only some seatless trousers
To tell of the bulldog's boom.

Whistle the Old-Time Tunes.

Whistle us something old, you know!
Pucker your mouth with the old-time twist,
And whistle the jigs of the long ago,
Or the old hornpipes that you used to whist;
Some old, old tune that we oft averred
Was a little the oldest thing we'd heard
Since "the bob-tailed nag was a frisky colt,"
In the babbling days of old "Ben Bolt."

Whistle to us something old and gray,
Some toothless tune of the bygone years,
Some bald old song that limps to-day,
With a walking-stick, in this vale of tears.
Whistle a stave of the good old days,
Ere the fur stood up in a thousand ways
On the listener's pelt as he ripped and tore,
And diddle-dee-blank-blanked Pinafore.

Better this Way.

Maud Muller, on a winter's day,
Went up town, a call to pay;

Beneath her Derby gleamed her locks
Of red banded hair—and her crimson socks!

Of all the sights that make us smile,
The saddest is Maud Muller's "style."

Failure.

Marion Davis, he set out
To drive a pig to town,
And sell the same and buy his wife
A brand-new Sunday gown.

Those who have tried to drive a pig
Will understand the drive;
And will predict (and it is true)
That he did not arrive.

"Gone to Meet —."

Now is the time when the joyous boy
Goes out on the ice-covered lake,
With a shout of glee and a laugh of joy—
But the ice begins to break.
Into the water, full twenty feet deep,
He is tumbled, and there unawares
His skate-bucked feet begin to creep
Up a flight of the golden stairs.

Language of Flowers.

White roses for a maiden's love;
Red roses, man's affections prove;
White roses all are plucked and gone—
Red roses would you linger on?
N. B.—You gather from the yellow
My feelings for the other fellow.

The Bardess.

The poetess sat in her easy chair,
Ink-smear'd was her face and unkempt her hair,
And untrimm'd were the nails on her fingers.
Her round, red heel it peeped out through
A hole in her father's cast-off shoe,
As she sang, "Ah! the soul still lingers!"

The Ewe Lambs.

Now is the time when the tender mind
Designs the slippery deed,
And the faithful fair of their pastor make
A sort of centipede.

Obituary.

Put away his shoe and stocking,
Put away his painted ship;
At the Golden Gate he's knocking—
Little Tommy. Let him R. I. P.

CALCRAFT, THE HANGMAN.

A cable dispatch announces that the noted executioner, Calcrafft, who for forty-six years held the high office of hangman in London, is dead. Calcrafft's real name was Thomson, and, unlike William Marwood, of Horncastle—his successor and the present Yeoman of the Halter—he was particularly reticent as to his history, his system, and his sentiments. When Henry Mayhew, in the days of *London Labor and London Poor*, tried to extract a "statement" from Mr. Calcrafft, the taciturn hangman would vouchsafe no other reply to the Mayhewian overtures than that "he didn't see it." Nor did Godfrey Turner, some years afterward, meet with much greater success in his attempts to interview Calcrafft. "The truth is, Mr. Turner," observed the reticent Jack Ketch, "that there didn't ought to be no newspapers." Like Bismarck and other executive minds, Calcrafft instinctively despised the "reptile press." In early life, like Marwood, he was a shoemaker. The particular characteristic of his style of hanging was the use of the short drop of two and a half or three feet, as opposed to the long drop of six or seven feet given by Marwood, who holds that death by dislocation is more speedy and painless than death by strangulation. But, according to a recent controversy still engaging scientific men in England and France, it is quite doubtful whether the older was not also the better artist. Calcrafft retired from active life a few years ago. It is known that his retirement was due to his passionate love of flowers, which he adored with such earnest, and no doubt refining, devotion that he gave up his time most grudgingly to the less congenial duties of his great office. His successor has a more temperate love of the beautiful in nature, and a better appreciation of the aesthetic side of neck-stretching, having long since renounced the vanities of the world to assist Calcrafft as a gentleman amateur.

It was only in 1878, however, that Marwood succeeded in getting himself much talked about in the papers. Private executions came into fashion, thanks to Charles Dickens, some thirty years ago, and Jack Ketch ceased to be such a popular and even fashionable hero as he was in the time of the Georges. The first important event in which Marwood figured as the executioner was a double hanging at Reading, March 12, 1877. Among the most notable executions performed by Calcrafft were those of the Mannings, of Bermondsey, in 1849, on the occasion of which it was that Charles Dickens published in the *London Times* that celebrated account of a London mob at a London hanging, which first stung the conscience of civilized England into a sense of the brutalizing and degrading influence of public executions. He hanged also the poisoner Palmer, of Rugeley, and the "martyrs" of Manchester, Allen, Larkin, and Gould. His name will not pass into dictionaries of daily use like that of his hanging predecessor Derrick, but as a sinister figure in the background of contemporary history he must not be suffered to quit the scene without mention.

A gentleman in Paris paid a visit the other day to a lady, in whose parlor he saw a portrait of a lovely woman of, say, five-and-twenty. Upon the entrance of the lady her visitor asked her if the portrait was a family portrait, and was told that it represented her deceased daughter. "Has it been long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas! sir," replied the lady, "she died just immediately after her birth, and I had a portrait painted to represent her as she would have appeared if she had lived until now."

A certain young man brought his affianced down from the country to see the sights. One day, while they were passing a confectioner's, the swain noticed in the window a placard bearing the announcement: "Ice cream—one dollar per gal." "Well," said the young man, as he walked into the saloon, "that's a pretty steep price to charge for one gal, but, Maria, I'll see you through, no matter what it costs. Here's a dollar, waiter; ice cream for this gal."

M. Lafitte, of the *Voltaire*, says that he himself saw the late Countess Montijo and her daughter, the Empress, previous to her assumption of the imperial purple, waiting patiently in the ante-chamber of Nestor Roqueplan for gratis tickets for the opera, which they had come to solicit. The manager did not even pay the Spanish ladies the courtesy of asking them to step into an inner room.

"How long has she been dead?" inquired a be-raved husband, as he quietly stepped into the room. "About five minutes," answered a tearful bystander. "Well, it's all right; I never got a chance to see any of my folks draw their last breath. If a hundred of my friends were to die I would be just my luck to miss it every time." Grief will assert itself.

Old Father Taylor, of Boston, was a strong and far-seeing man. Standing on a bill-top which overlooked the village he noticed six little wooden boxes called meeting-houses, and, knowing that there were only as many hundred inhabitants in the place said, sententiously:—"Ah, I see you have had a religious war here."

Literary ladies had better enlarge their hose; not that their little bits of feet are to grow, oh, bless 'em! not at all; but the gift book of the season is to be the *Chinese Encyclopedia*, in five thousand and twenty volumes, and it will take quite a good deal of stocking to hold it.

A boy of four was sleeping with his brother, when his mother said, "Why Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed. What will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides."

There are about four thousand one-legged and one-armed Confederate veterans in Georgia who will be able, under the recent act of the Legislature, to call upon the State to supply them with artificial limbs.

The prettiest gold piece now circulating in France is the twenty-franc piece bearing the head of Napoleon for the year 1805. It looks like the coin of an old Roman Emperor.

After a Texas jury had stood out for ninety-six hours, the judge got a verdict of them by sending them word that a circus had come to town.

Homer was a beggar. Spenser died in want. Cervantes died of hunger. Dryden lived in poverty. Joaquin Miller is doing very well.

What poets mean by "a long farewell" is the sort of farewell Ole Bull bids to the American public. It takes him thirty years to bid it, and then he returns to fiddle one night more by general request.

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ASSESSMENT
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—BY—
WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

CHAS. TILLSON.

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

TAXES, TAXES,
1879-80.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879-80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

CHAS. TILLSON.

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

MONTGOMERY
AVENUE
ASSESSMENT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879-80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

CHAS. TILLSON.

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Up in the steeple tipped with gold
The dreary midnight bells have tolled;
And the spectre-like clouds go flitting by,
While the echoes dying say, as they die:
" 'Tis gone—'tis gone!"

" 'Tis gone, 'tis gone!" the thoughtless shout;
"The new year's in—the old year's out!"
But, ah! there are many who say, with a sigh,
With the hended head and tearful eye:
" 'Tis gone, 'tis gone!"

Gone, oh! gone; and the bells that tolled
Up in the steeple tipped with gold
Woke a broken heart from a troubled sleep,
To fold thin hands, and to whisper and weep,
" 'Tis gone, 'tis gone!"

Gone, O God! and old sexton Time,
Who rang just now the dead year's chime,
Wrote its name on our hearts with iron band,
With a vanished one in the silent land—
" 'Tis gone, 'tis gone!"

Gone—and our hearts are buried there
With that dead year; while to his heir
The cypress we bring, not the holly bough—
For a loved one then, but an angel now
With the old year gone!

MARYSVILLE, January 1, 1880.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

THE ELF OF HOHENHEIM.

A Story of a Waif from the Old World.

On descending the Volga years and years ago, on a radiant moonlight night in midsummer, I entered into conversation with an old Russian Sectarian Patriarch whom I met on board the boat, and with whom, as it always happens with these extraordinary men, I was soon deeply engaged in a theological discussion.

"Can you tell me, Father Onufry," I asked, in the course of the conversation, "on what, besides the Scriptures, you base your faith in an eternal life of bliss beyond the grave?"

The old man raised his white head from his bosom, and, extending his hand toward the endless steppes which bordered the river, said, in a solemn voice:

"On the immensity of human misery on earth!"

Through time and space this answer rings in my ears in all its unutterable sadness, as the last and highest expression of a whole martyr-nation's misery; and the longer I live, the deeper and fuller becomes the stream of humanity running past me on the broad and rugged causeway of life, the more I learn to fathom the deepness of those simple words:

"On the immensity of human misery on earth!"

It was on a Saturday night on Montgomery Avenue. I returned on foot at a slow pace from my office, intent upon the picture of busy life and confusion which surrounded me, and which, for years, had never been so noisy and bustling as now. The "good times" have set in, and, like a huge monster stretching out his limbs after years of prostration, the great city sends out of all its thoroughfares thousands upon thousands of its population, bent on enjoying life, on putting to immediate profit the gains of the day while the rising tide lasts and before the ebb sets in again. Though the hour was late, the stores were ablaze with light and thronged with customers. On the sidewalk the hustle was so great that I had some pains in pushing my way along. Women, hending under the load of baskets and parcels, chatted, laughed, and screamed as they went; parties of men, strolling with pipes and cigars in their mouths, were enjoying the clear, mild night after a hard week's work; pairs of "our boys," swaggering along with all the imperturbable and inimitable impertinence peculiar to the promising offshoots of Young America, blocked up occasionally the whole sidewalk, spitting and brawling in the most accomplished fashion, and occasionally interchanging some choice epithet of endearment or ridicule with parties of "girls," who, as to the noise they made, were in no way inferior to the stronger sex. Italian peanut vendors, with their dark southern faces lighted by the flaring torches surrounding their stands, advertised their goods in a shrill mixture of Italian and Irish-American; peddlers blabbed out their endless stories, collecting groups of the ubiquitous loafer around them. In the midst of all this turmoil, the discordant sounds of a street organ, performing the "Wacht am Rhein," pierced through the other sounds, and an old bald-headed Frenchman, with a long white beard, hawled out the "Marseillaise" at the pitch of his voice.

Slowly I advanced amid all this bustle, admiring and in some measure fascinated by this picture, so full of a coarse but intense and robust life, and on which the lights in the store windows, the petroleum torches of the street vendors, the stained, multicolored gas-lamps of the dime museums and other places of equivocal and unequivocal amusement shed a lurid, almost fantastic glare. All of a sudden I stopped as it struck by lightning. What was this before me? A ghost? a horrible freak of my imagination? or what else?

That ashy pale face, that stooping figure, creeping along with difficulty and thrown from side to side by the busy crowd like a broken reed—where had I seen a semblance of them before?

This ghastly figure was that of a woman. By the hand she held a child, a baby of some three years of age, who seemed so exhausted that its legs refused service entirely. It did not even scream, and let itself be dragged along by the woman like a lifeless corpse. I turned round and followed this wretched pair. I soon found out that the woman's walk was not purposeless. She staggered from one ash-barrel to another; at each of these ornaments of our metropolitan thoroughfares she stooped down, plunged her bare arm into the heap of refuse and kept it there, searching till she had found some remnant of something which may have one day served as food to man or beast. This she clutched at with eager grasp; the best bits she gave to the child, the rest she

in the meantime the busy, roaring wave of humanity past her as coldly and indifferently as if it were indeed of the ocean and not a living throng of men, of thousands would the very next morning worship in

in proud self-complacency the Christian God, the God of mercy, charity and love!

Stepping to her side I touched the woman's shoulder. She looked around with a wild and scared expression, the light of a torch fell full on her face—"Good God! is it possible?" I screamed. "Emily!"

Her whole frame shook under the rags which half covered it; she drew back from me, and with a groan of irrepressible terror attempted to run away. I held her fast, however. "Come now," I said, "whoever you may be, think of your child, it seems to be dying. Let me give it to eat."

She bowed her head in silent obedience and suffered me to lead her to a small hotel in the neighborhood, kept by an honest old German, on whose discretion I could reckon. I engaged a room, ordered supper and a bottle of strong wine, and hiding the woman wash and dress herself and the child, I went out to purchase in one of the adjacent stores a cheap but decent outfit for them both, which, on returning to the hotel I sent up to her by the chambermaid. A quarter of an hour later supper was brought. I knocked at her door; a feeble voice answered, "Come in," and on entering I remained two or three seconds standing motionless, speechless at the door, staring at the apparition before me. The hasty toilet she had made had wrought an extraordinary change in all the young woman's appearance. She sat before me with the child in her lap in all her wondrous, delicate, bewitching beauty—the "elf of Hohenheim," as we used to call her, but no longer the wild, wayward, elf-like child, but such as I had seen her in my boyish dreams—a beautiful, fairy-like woman!

"Emily Rechberg!" I whispered, when the chambermaid had left us. "Do you know me?"

She looked up at me, and, dropping her head in both her hands, broke into a torrent of tears. After soothing and quieting her as best I could, I insisted on her and the child eating the supper I had ordered before entering upon any explanations. After the last morsel had disappeared, and the child, which had already fallen asleep while eating, had been put to bed, Emily sat down by my side, and, with many a sigh and many a tear, told me her story. It was the sad, old, old story.

I was barely seventeen, and had just entered the celebrated Agricultural Academy of Hohenheim, near Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, when I first made the acquaintance of Emily and her uncle, the famous mathematician, Dr. Aloysius Rechberg, with whom, having lost her own parents, she then lived. The old Professor's house was a favorite haunt for all of us boys. Himself childless, but yet full of energy and animal spirits, the old man liked to be surrounded by the noise and bustle of youth. On some evenings in the week, and, indeed, not infrequently during the whole days, the Professor's house looked more like a student's *kneipe* (tavern) than like the abode of one of the first scientific authorities of Germany. In the snug parlor on the first floor of the lovely cottage Rechberg occupied there stood a large oak table, surrounded with old-fashioned carved wooden chairs. Many a joyous, never-to-be-forgotten night of mirth and delightful entertainment have we passed there, youth and happiness in our hearts, the foaming beer glass before us, and the Professor's hearty voice and laugh cheering us to new mirth, and giving us the example of youth and joy.

Little Emily, the "Elf of Hohenheim," as we had nicknamed her, never failed at these queer assemblies. Indeed, she was the genius, the spirit of our band—and a mad, uncontrollable spirit it was, to be sure! Scarcely fifteen years of age, she was already as far advanced in her studies with her uncle as any of us.

"I don't want to make of the girl one of your insipid, hot-house flowers, which droop and shudder at everything," the old man used to say to us. "Let her see, study, and enjoy life just as it is. You are all of you a set of honest, though excessively lazy lads, at whose hands she has no harm to fear. So let her enjoy her freedom—the only thing she possesses, poor thing! I trust her to you—do not betray me, lads."

And Emily was indeed our friend, our comrade—almost our sister. She felt so secure inside the domains of her adopted brothers that she wandered, in summer and winter, all alone, through the extensive woods of Hohenheim, considering them, as it were, a sort of paradise on earth, in which no fatal tree nor wily serpent could ever tempt her. Elf-like she haunted the grounds around our academy, climbing in the trees, imitating the singing of the birds around her, making the air resound with her clear, silvery laugh, shedding on all things the fairy light of her dear, innocent presence.

Such she had lived on in my remembrance these many years since our parting. Such, as a long-lost dream of youth and light, she appeared at times to me amid the dark shadows and bitter realities of life. Who was the rascal who had darkened and polluted this bright vision of light, who had made this of my little "elf of Hohenheim?"

His name was, she told me, or at least was supposed to be, Count Ladislav Brodzinsky, and he pretended to be a Polish nobleman of immense wealth. Like all the rest of the students, he too had been received with the usual free hospitality at the professor's house, but had soon, by his manners, excited the old man's suspicions. He was forbidden the house—but the mischief was already done, Emily was madly in love with him. Interviews went on between them clandestinely, the wretch bewitched her more and more, until at length she consented to elope with him to America, whither, he said, important business matters called him. The pair fled first to Paris, thence to London, where they stayed nearly a week. While in that city Brodzinsky came home one day seemingly in prey to a terrible agitation.

"Somebody is on our track, my dearest Emily!" he exclaimed. "I have been followed the whole day. We can not start from here together. You must go to-night direct to Queenstown, and wait a day there for the boat which shall bring me from Liverpool. The people who are tracking me must see me get on board alone. Do you trust me, my love?"

Of course she did, and obeyed him guilelessly, confidently. Long before the steamer had been sighted she was standing on the Queenstown dock, waiting, straining her sight for the streak of smoke on the horizon. At length it came. The tugboat took the Queenstown passengers on board the huge ocean steamer. Emily found her cabin reserved for her, but no Ladislav Brodzinsky to meet her. Trembling, bewildered,

she inquired if there was a passenger of that name on board. The steward, who had accompanied her to the cabin, thought there was one, and promised to inquire immediately.

He went, and Emily remained in her cabin trembling, fearing she knew not herself what, feeling as if each minute that passed became a century of suspense. In the meantime the steamer had heaved her anchor, the screw had been put in motion, and the ocean monster glided majestically into the open sea.

At length the steward returned with the answer:

"No, miss, there is no gentleman of that name on board."

On hearing these words Emily remained for some time like one paralyzed by terror and despair. Then, realizing all of a sudden the horror of her situation, she rushed out of the cabin with a piercing cry and ran on deck, whence, had not the captain met her and held her fast, she would have jumped into the sea.

She then began beseeching the captain in a frantic way to turn back, to put her on shore anywhere; the poor man had a good deal of trouble to explain to her the impossibility of her demand, and to quiet her so far as to lead her back into the cabin. She need but wait patiently, he said; in New York she would be sure to find a telegram explaining all.

She waited—but in vain; no message, no friendly word bade her welcome to the new world. The captain and some of the passengers took an interest in the poor girl, and accompanied her to the German Consulate. There she gave her uncle's address, and the Consul promised her to cable to him immediately. The next day she was to learn the answer. She came the next day. The Consul led her to his private office, and with a grave face invited her to take a seat.

"Have you other relatives in Germany, Miss Rechberg, besides your uncle?" he inquired.

"None," she answered.

"I regret it," rejoined the Consul, "for your uncle is dead. Here is the answer I received this morning."

And he showed her the fatal message. Emily had suffered so much during the passage that this new blow could scarcely hurt, but only stunned her. She sat there motionless, staring at the paper before her with a vacant gaze.

"Do you wish, under the circumstances," continued the German official, "to return to Europe? I could facilitate your arrangements if such should be your wish."

"What for?" she asked, dejectedly.

"Just as you please," answered the Consul.

She rose from her seat, thanked him mechanically, and went out into the street.

"Oh, do not ask me," exclaimed Emily, covering her face with her hands, "to tell you all that befel me here! It is a tale of shame and misery I will spare you and me. Four months after my landing this child—his child—was born. Some time later I received a letter from him, offering me money and explaining his treachery with perfect frankness. My love, he said, had become troublesome to him, for just then the possibility of a rich marriage with an elder and excessively jealous woman had presented itself to him—and thus he resolved to put me out of the way. How well the rascal knew me! In writing the letter he placed a deadly weapon into my hand! He knew well enough I would not use it."

The night was far advanced when Emily had told me her sad story to the end. I took leave of her, promising to come back the next morning and not to forsake her till a suitable position had presented itself for her.

I came, and returned the next day, and the next, and so on for nearly three weeks, until little by little, the intercourse with Emily became the most engrossing occupation of my day.

She became daily more beautiful, and daily I saw revived before me the fair image of the "elf of Hohenheim," of my boyish dreams, turned to a still more bewitching reality.

One day as I entered as usual the little German hotel, the fat host came to meet me with a letter in his hand.

"For you," he uttered laconically.

I tore open the envelope. It was from Emily, and contained the following lines:

"My dearest, my only friend! I leave you who have saved me, whom I have learned to love more than my life. And it is just because of my great love that I go. Your life must remain as it is, pure, and free and noble. Your path must not be soiled by a creature like me. Farewell! God bless you! May every tear which falls from my cheek while I write this bring you years and years of happiness! Do not grieve for me. I have found honest work in another city far away. Do not search for me, and do not forget quite your poor, loving

"ELF OF HOHENHEIM."

A year has passed. I have neither seen nor heard from her since.

This is M. Rénan's opinion of the Talmud: Thus, at the same time as the Christians, the Jews made a new Bible, which threw the first a little into the shade. From the Jewish book to the Christian book the distance is enormous. It is one of the phenomena, the most extraordinary in history, the simultaneous appearance in the same race of the Talmud and of the Gospel—of a little *chef d'œuvre* of elegance, of grace of moral refinement, and of a heavy monument of pedantry, miserable casuistry, and religious formalism. These two twins are assuredly the two creatures the most unlike which have ever gone out from the bosom of the same mother. Something barbaric and unintelligible, a desolating contempt for language and form, an absolute lack of distinction of talent, make of the Talmud one of the books the most repulsive which exist. One feels in it the disastrous consequences of the greatest fault which the Jewish people has committed, which was the turning its back on Grecian discipline, source of all classic culture. This rupture with reason itself put Israel into a deplorable isolation. To read a foreign book was a crime.

"Mr. Brown, couldn't you give me a position of some kind with you?" "Very sorry—don't think there is any vacancy in my establishment." "If you have nothing else, employ me as your adviser." "Very well, you may commence by advising me how to best get rid of you!"

Women are naturally suspicious. You may have got a long hair on your shoulder from holding a six-year-old girl, but your mother-in-law will back your wife in doubting the statement every time.

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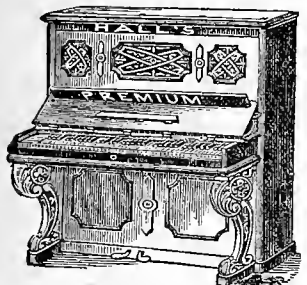
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THE STATE INVESTMENT AND Insurance Company.—The regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the above named company, for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the company, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of JANUARY, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

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NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRA & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

NOTICE.

THE DELINQUENT POLL TAX Roll for 1879 is now being made up. All who are liable and have not paid, and who do not desire to have their names appear in that list and subject themselves to the legal penalties attached, will please call immediately and obtain their receipts.

A. BADLAM, Assessor.

December 29, 1879.

ANNUAL MEETING.—THE ANNUAL meeting of the stockholders of the California Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, January 21, 1880, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 10 to January 22, 1880.
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with December 31, 1879, a dividend has been declared at the rate of six and six-tenths (6 6-10) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and five and one-half (5 1-2) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after Thursday, January 15, 1880.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of six and nine-tenths (6 9-10) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of five and three-fourths (5 3/4) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of January, 1880. By order, GEO. LETTE, Secretary.
SAN FRANCISCO, December 31, 1879.

OFFICE SIERRA NEVADA SILVER Mining Company, San Francisco, December 31, 1879.—Annual Meeting.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, Room 61, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on WEDNESDAY, January 21, 1880, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees, to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 10th to January 22, 1880.
W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 10, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION.

In 1867, the Government of the United States published a map of the Pacific Ocean, designed to show the relative position of the Hawaiian Islands and the distances from them to surrounding commercial countries.* This map goes a long way toward elucidating the Hawaiian Question. It shows that in the immense waste of water that separates America from Asia and Australia, the Hawaiian Islands occupy a central position, and afford the only practicable harbors where ships may refit, recoal, or seek refuge from storms.

To take advantage of this fact, to employ the natural advantages of Hawaii as an agency in the extension of American commerce and the development of American maritime power, has been an object of solicitude with our Government ever since it acquired a footing on the Pacific Ocean. No sooner did the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo cede New Mexico and the Californian coast to the United States than the latter hastened to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce with the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed February 2, 1848; that with the Sandwich Islands December 20, 1849. Among other provisions, the latter opens the ports of Hawaii to war vessels of the United States, to steam vessels of the United States carrying their public mails, and to American whaling ships, free from duties of tonnage, harbor, lighthouse, quarantine, or other similar charges. It accords to whalers the privilege of trading and bartering a certain quantity of their supplies or goods without having to pay duties or imposts upon the same. And while it confers the most ample privileges of residence, protection, and trade upon the citizens of the United States, it specifically exempts them from military service to the Kingdom of Hawaii. In all other respects they are placed upon the most favored footing.†

When this treaty was concluded Gen. Taylor was President of the United States and John M. Clayton Secretary of State. The discovery of gold in California so rapidly hastened the development of the coast, that before this administration went out of office it perceived the necessity of establishing more intimate relations with the Hawaiian Islands. The extension of our commerce with Japan, China, India, Australia, and the Pacific islands, and the establishment and development of our naval power on the Pacific Ocean, were not the only objects in view: we had now the additional one of assisting to develop our new possessions on the Pacific Coast by providing for them adjacent commercial outlets in times of peace, and a naval outpost in case of war. Possession or control of the Hawaiian Islands would afford us all of these advantages. Possession was impossible. The Hawaiian Kingdom was a political power whose sovereignty and independence had been recognized by both Great Britain and the United States in 1844. We had therefore no right, even if we had the power, to seize the Islands. Such an act would have involved us in war certainly with Great Britain, and probably also with the other great powers, and the least deplorable results of such a conflict would have been the destruction of our maritime commerce and the devastation of our coasts. Moreover, the policy of the United States has always been opposed to the acquisition of extra-continental territory.

Possession of the Hawaiian Islands was therefore out of the question: our policy was, plainly, to control them. Our missionaries had led the way; our merchants had followed it; already the Islands were Americanized. They had embraced the Christian religion; their state had been modeled in great measure after our own; their laws were modifications of our code; their language had been fixed in our letters and types; they had adopted our habits, manners, dress, and currency; and they had come to regard us as their "mother country."‡ The easiest, the only, way to control the Islands was evidently to render our commercial relations with them more intimate; and reciprocity was the means. By the adoption of this policy we would enjoy all the advantages of control without the responsibilities or expenses of possession.

President Taylor and his successor, President Fillmore, and Mr. Clayton and his successor, Daniel Webster, all recognized the advantages of this policy, and favored its adoption. So did President Pierce and his Secretary of State, William L. Marcy; and the subject having been carefully considered in all its bearings, it was determined during the last named administration to submit a reciprocity treaty to the Senate for its adoption. This was done in 1853; but, although the small area of cultivable land in the Sandwich Islands, and the necessary insignificance of its sugar crop, was pointed out, the jealousy of a few Louisiana planters took alarm, and prevented the ratification of the treaty. The preponderance of Southern representation in the Senate continuing until the outbreak of the civil war, and the magnitude of that conflict excluding from consideration all topics not immediately pertaining to it, the subject of the Hawaiian treaty remained untouched until 1867, when it was again brought to the attention of the Senate.

Meanwhile, other American interests had grown up in the Pacific. In 1853, Commodore Perry had visited Japan and effected a treaty with that country, by virtue of which its ports, which had been virtually closed to European commerce since 1639, were again opened.

In 1856, owing to the great value of guano and the discovery, chiefly by our whalers, of numerous guano islets in the Pacific Ocean, the Congress of the United States passed an act extending the sovereignty of the Government to such of these islands as may have been discovered, or found abandoned and taken possession of, by American citizens; with privilege to take guano therefrom and land the same in the United States as a domestic product, free of duty.* Under this act, some fifty or sixty islets had been claimed by Americans, and guano to the value of over half a million dollars a year was being obtained from them and landed in the United States.†

On the 30th March, 1867, Russia had ceded to the United States the whole of her possessions in America, including Alaska, the islands adjacent thereto, and the fisheries in the contiguous waters.‡ Here was a new world, between which and Nicaragua, Panama, Cape Horn, or any other point on the various sea routes from the Eastern States, the Hawaiian Islands formed a middle station.

Moreover, the Australian trade had grown to very considerable dimensions, and Honolulu was on the direct line between San Francisco and Melbourne or Sidney; eight and a half days by steam from the former; twenty days from the latter. Thus many grave reasons presented themselves for desiring to consummate the long desired but neglected treaty of reciprocity with Hawaii. The events of the civil war had taught us how important the Islands were as a naval station; the new interests which we had acquired in the Pacific Ocean demanded protection, and the manoeuvres of other powers toward attaining the same object warned us that no further time was to be lost.

Both President Johnson and Mr. Seward were in favor of reciprocity, and they authorized Gen. McCook, on the part of the United States, to contract a provisional treaty with Judge Harris, on the part of Hawaii, subject to ratification by the Senate. This treaty was signed in San Francisco May 21, 1867. On the 5th of July it was transmitted by the President to the Senate. On the 14th of September Mr. Seward submitted a copy of it to an officer of the Government familiar with our commercial relations, requesting an expression of his opinion on the policy of reciprocity, especially with reference to Hawaiian sugar, and received a favorable reply. This correspondence was sent to the Senate. Yet such was the fear, on the part of that body, of jeopardizing the sugar-growing interests of the United States, that the treaty was not ratified. The Louisiana planters were opposed to it; the refiners in New York were afraid of it; there were no refiners in San Francisco; and as for the sugar trade generally it was, if not hostile, at least indifferent to the measure. It required the experience and observation of eight more years to convince all parties that, so far as sugar or any other production of the Hawaiian Islands was concerned, it could never be great enough to make the least impression upon the established industries of the United States, and that the treaty was absolutely necessary as a means to preserve and protect the interests of the United States on the Pacific Ocean.

The Reciprocity Treaty thus sustained a third ordeal in the Senate, and, after having been most carefully considered and modified, was ratified, with a provision that enabled it to go into effect about the first of September, 1876, to last for seven years, "and further until the expiration of twelve months after either of the contracting parties shall give notice to the other of its wish to terminate the same."

Gen. Grant was President, and Hamilton Fish Secretary of State, at the time, and they both recognized the importance, urged the necessity, and promoted the ratification of the treaty. Since it was made, no publicist, no statesman, no financial nor no commercial interest, has ever found fault with its stipulations or complained of its working. The press has unanimously approved the policy of making it, and the public has with equal unanimity admitted the satisfactory operation of its provisions.

There is no act of national policy or legislation which does not serve to foster some interest; and there is no interest thus involuntarily fostered which is safe from the attacks of envy and detraction. The Reciprocity Treaty with Hawaii built up a sugar-refining interest in San Francisco which without it would have had no existence. It is not and never can be important enough to harm anybody, not even the sugar refiners of the East, whose works are so far removed from the Pacific Coast that it would be almost as cheap to import and pay the duties on refined sugar from Europe as to transport it by railway across the American continent. The refineries of San Francisco afford a beginning, a nucleus, an encouragement to the cultivation of native cane or beet-root sugar, which the former are ready to purchase so soon as the product can be laid down at an economical price. They give employment to 500 workmen on the Pacific Coast. In short, the refineries have become a useful and important link in the chain of industries that have rendered California and the Pacific Coast measurably self-sustaining and that may yet render it a manufacturing centre.

In spite of these facts the sugar-refining interest of the Pacific Coast has its enemies. They are few and unimportant; but as such characters often make up in loudness and verbosity what they lack in justice or truth, and thus impose upon others a sense of their importance out of keeping with

the reality, it will perhaps not be without interest if to the brief sketch we have given of the origin of the treaty we append an account of its practical working.

In the first place, it is to be remarked that in none of the statistics which have hitherto been published concerning our commerce with the Hawaiian Islands has a very remarkable change in the official mode of compiling those statistics been noticed. Previous to 1867 it has been the habit of our customs collectors to enter American whaling ships and vessels laden with guano from American islets in the Pacific ocean as though they had entered from foreign countries.* Their cargoes were thus credited to the last foreign countries from which they had departed; and among them the Hawaiian Islands figured very largely, for they were the common recruiting station for all such vessels. This erroneous practice was reformed in 1867, and ceased to vitiate the official statistics after that year; but in the comparative summaries which are still made by the Government, the period of the reform is not noticed, and the figures relating to the previous period are compared without proper consideration with those belonging to the subsequent one. They thus exhibit less increase of trade than what has actually occurred. At the same period two other reforms were made, both of which affect the official returns relating to our commerce with Hawaii. It had been the habit of customs collectors to include what is known as "indirect trade" in the import entries. For example, the cargo of a ship laden with Chinese tea, entering into the United States from China, after having stopped at the Sandwich Islands, was, under the old system, credited to Hawaii; under the reformed one, it is credited to China. In the same way the "in transitu and transshipment" trade returns had been erroneously included in the import entries. This trade consists of goods transmitted between two foreign countries; only passing in transit through the United States for transshipment to some foreign country: for example, a cargo of oil shipped from Hawaii to England *via* the United States.

When the statistical system of the United States was reformed, in 1867, these various returns were eliminated from the import entries, which, in consequence, appeared sometimes to fall off, whereas in fact they had increased. And this was the case with the Sandwich Islands.

The statistics herewith submitted are from the official record—not of summaries, but of each year by itself; so that the various sources of error alluded to are avoided.

It is to be remarked at the outset that the Hawaiian Islands possess but a small arable surface, and that even this is daily subject to volcanic eruption. There are twelve islands altogether, of which but eight are inhabited; the rest being small, rocky, and sterile. The area of the whole group is about 6,200 square miles, or nearly 4,000,000 acres; but hardly one-fortieth, or scarcely 100,000 acres, of this area is cultivable under any circumstances. Dr. Wood's estimate, made in 1856, was as follows:

	Acres.
Grazing lands, good.....	1,920,000
Arable lands, good.....	292,000
Sugar-cane lands.....	100,000
Lands adapted to raising manilla, hemp, bananas, etc.....	500,000
Total.....	2,812,000
Of which the arable lands are.....	392,000

This estimate was made before any careful examination of the lands was entered upon. More recent observation reduces the arable lands to 100,000 acres, of which scarcely one-fourth is suitable for the cultivation of sugar. Hon. H. A. P. Carter, Special Commissioner to the United States, said, in 1875:

"Cane lands now in cultivation are 10,000 acres, of which about one-third produces annual crops, one-third biennial, one-third a crop in thirty to thirty-six months. I am very confident it would be difficult to find 20,000 acres more which it would be practicable to plant in cane. Much of the land usually spoken of as arable land is cut up by ravines or subject to drought, or some other drawback. Several plantations have been started in such places, and abandoned after a large expenditure of money. There are from 30,000 to 50,000 acres of land in the group, lying in small patches in ravines and valleys, and on mountain slopes in favorable localities, where bananas, rice, taro, coffee, hemp, ramie and other fibrous plants might be grown. The balance of the lands not barren are fit only for pasture of horses, cattle, goats, or sheep. I am aware that larger estimates have been made of available sugar-cane lands on these Islands. In fact, I do not believe there are 100,000 acres in all the group profitable for agriculture, of which 25,000 could raise sugar-cane under favorable circumstances. Much of this would need irrigation to produce good crops. On the islands of Maui and Kauai much of the lands are irrigated; some are irrigated from ancient water leads, cut by the natives in former times, at comparatively small expense. In other places large expenditure has been made to secure a supply of water, which, from the precipitous character of the Islands, it is difficult to retain in sufficient quantities to last through a few months of dry weather. Some of the cane lands produce three to four tons of sugar per acre; but the average product is about two tons. As some of the cane on the uplands takes two and three years to mature, the average annual product on these lands is about one ton; thus the 10,000 acres under cultivation produce about 12,000 tons per annum."

According to this estimate, which is the latest and most authoritative, the lands are classified at present as follows:

	Acres.
Lands in sugar-cane in 1875.....	10,000
Additional lands in sugar-cane since 1875, say.....	3,000
Other lands suitable for sugar-cane.....	12,000
Lands possibly suitable for bananas, rice, taro, coll ramie, etc.....	500
Other possible arable lands.....	2
Total arable lands.....	25,000

* Commerce and Navigation, 1867. Introduction, p.

* Report of the Bureau of Statistics, dated Dec. 31, 1867, p. 48.
† Treaties of the United States, p. 468, Washington, 1871.
‡ U. S. Com'l Relations, 1856, Vol. 3, p. 367.

* Act of August 18, 1856, section 3.
† Commerce and Navigation, 1867. Introduction, p. xlii.
‡ Treaties, p. 741.

Much of this is subject to floods of volcanic lava and to drought.*

The native population of the Islands is unprogressive. In 1850 it numbered 80,643; in 1853, 71,108; in 1861, 67,084; in 1866, about 65,000; in 1872, 51,531; and in 1877, about 51,000. "Agriculture has made but little progress, and will never probably occupy the natives to any great extent. * * The means of subsistence are so easily procured that the inhabitants have but few inducements, even did they not lack the industry and enterprise, to become extensive agriculturists."†

To supply the place of the unprogressive natives, efforts have been made to induce foreign agriculturists to emigrate to Hawaii, but thus far with little success; the entire foreign population of the islands, including Americans, Europeans, Japanese, Chinese, and Polynesians, having been according to the latest census, that of 1877, only 6,912. The area practically subject to cultivation, and the population being very small and incapable of extension, it follows that the production of the Islands, which consists chiefly of sugar, can not be increased much beyond its present limits. What these are will be seen from the following comparative summary of the exports of that article, which substantially represents the product; the home consumption being about 500,000 pounds per annum. Molasses may be reduced to sugar at the rate of one gallon equals three pounds :

TOTAL EXPORTS OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS TO ALL COUNTRIES FROM 1866 TO 1877 INCLUSIVE. COM. REL. 1874 ET SEQ.

Year.	Sugars, Pounds.	Molasses, Gallons.
1866.....	17,29,161	851,795
1867.....	17,127,187	544,994
1868.....	18,312,926	492,839
1869.....	18,302,110	338,311
1870.....	18,783,639	26,662
1871.....	21,700,773	271,291
1872.....	16,995,402	192,105
1873.....	23,129,101	146,439
1874.....	24,506,611	90,060
1875.....	23,080,182	93,722
1876.....	20,616,403	84,100
1877.....	34,773,726	187,873

From this table it will be seen that in 1866 the exports of sugar and of molasses reduced to sugar amounted to 20,284,546 pounds, and in 1877 to 35,337,975 pounds, showing an increase of about 75 per cent. Of these exports only a portion—the main portion, to be sure—were exported to the United States; the importations into this country, over three-fourths of which are entered at San Francisco, having been during the past two years as follows :

IMPORTS OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS INTO THE UNITED STATES DURING THE TWO YEARS ENDED JUNE 30, 1878. COM. AND NAV., 1877 AND 1878.

Year.	Sugar, Pounds.	Molasses, Gallons.
1877.....	30,624,162	138,862
1878.....	30,397,329	87,535

Oregon imports about one-tenth of these quantities, and some small lots of sugar and molasses find their way into New Bedford and other Eastern ports of the United States.

How small the entire product of the Hawaiian Islands is, compared with the total consumption of saccharine matter in the United States, will now be shown. The most complete statistics of the sugar consumption of the United States were published by the London Statistical Society, in their *Journal* for December, 1875, pp. 526-32. According to these tables the consumption of sugar, and of melada and molasses reduced to sugar, in the United States, was as follows :

CONSUMPTION OF SACCHARINE MATTER IN THE UNITED STATES.

Year.	Net Consumption of all Saccharine Matter.	Net Consumption per capita of Population.
1860.....	1,174,135,000	37.4
1861.....	1,179,881,000	36.4
1862.....	1,444,129,000	43.8
1863.....	776,242,000	32.3
1864.....	841,223,000	33.4
1865.....	853,394,000	30.8
1866.....	1,203,634,000	34.1
1867.....	1,302,447,000	36.2
1868.....	1,307,323,000	37.2
1869.....	1,435,352,000	38.1
1870.....	1,595,640,000	41.4
1871.....	1,651,283,000	41.6
1872.....	1,797,412,000	43.9
1873.....	1,805,203,000	42.9

From this table it will be observed that the average consumption of saccharine matter in the United States during the years 1871, 1872, and 1873 was nearly 43 pounds per capita of population, and as it had been increasing for many years, it has very likely by this time reached 45 pounds per capita. The estimated population of the United States for the present year, 1880, is about 50,000,000, so that the total consumption of saccharine matter will hardly fall short of 2,250,000,000 pounds, of which the Hawaiian Islands will furnish about 30,000,000 pounds, or one seventy-fifth part !

In other words, although the sugar product of the Hawaiian Islands has increased 75 per cent. since the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty, and has very nearly, if not quite, reached its utmost practicable limits, it is so small compared with the enormous consumption of sugar in the United States that only one pound in seventy-five of the latter is imported from Hawaii !

It is submitted to the good sense of our people that upon any grounds of consideration this is too trivial a matter to outweigh the material advantages derived from the virtual control of the Hawaiian Islands which the treaty confers upon us, and for which we negotiated it. Suppose the treaty abrogated, and the numerous benefits which were conferred upon our commerce by the Hawaiian Legislature in the hope of promoting its adoption, were abrogated with it. On the one hand, we should gain less than \$1,000,000 a year in customs revenues (say 30,000,000 pounds of sugar at 3 cents per pound), and on the other, subject our shipping to perhaps more than \$1,000,000 a year in tonnage, harbor, wharfage, and other dues ; shut the markets of Hawaii to the worth of manufactured goods which we now ship in exchange for sugar ; and debar ourselves from de-

riying any of those political and commercial advantages which accrue from our present influence upon the government and affairs of those Islands.

Arguments for or against any policy are worthy of consideration in proportion to their practical importance. A number of arguments which have been adduced against the Reciprocity Treaty—such as the Chinese, the balance of trade, the employment of American capital on the Islands, the possible future had faith of Hawaii, the revenue, and other arguments—might possibly be worthy of consideration were the sugar trade more important ; but they fall to the ground as baseless and worthless in face of the fact that this trade scarcely equals one seventy-fifth part of our whole consumption of sugar. As for some other arguments which have found their way into captious hands—such as the so-called sugar monopoly, the beet-root sugar, and the stationary condition of the tooth-brush trade arguments—these are easily refuted.

We have already shown that the establishment of sugar refineries on the Pacific Coast, due to the operation of the Reciprocity Treaty, will serve to build up and encourage the beet-sugar industry.

As for monopoly, there is none. Everybody is free to buy sugar from Hawaii, and consume it unrefined if he prefers. Indeed, many do this. The unrefined sugars of Hawaii are excellent, and vast quantities of them pass directly into consumption without being refined. Moreover, everybody is free to purchase Eastern refined sugar. The presence of a refinery or two in San Francisco need not stand in the way ; on the contrary, it will help to cheapen sugar, not to enhance its price. And in point of fact it has had this effect, as the following table of prices will show :

TABLE SHOWING THE MARKET PRICE OF CRUSHED (REFINED) SUGAR IN SAN FRANCISCO AT OR NEAR THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH SINCE THE OPERATION OF THE RECIPROCITY TREATY WITH THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Month.	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.
January.....	13 1/4	11 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2
February.....	13 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2
March.....	13 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2
April.....	13	11 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2
May.....	14	11 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2
June.....	14	11 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2
July.....	13 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2	9 1/2
August.....	13	11 1/2	11 1/2	9 1/2
September.....	12 1/4	12 1/2	11 1/2	10
October.....	12 1/4	12 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2
November.....	13 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2
December.....	13 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2	12

From this table it will be noticed that the price of refined sugar has fallen almost constantly since the treaty went into operation, and that it was lower in 1879 than in 1878, and lower in 1878 than in 1877. With these facts the monopoly argument falls to the ground.

The tooth-brush argument is of the same character—worthless.

In scanning the lists which make up our one million dollars' worth of exports to the Hawaiian Islands in 1866, and our two million dollars' worth in 1878 (these do not include re-exports of foreign commodities), it appears that while the general trade nearly doubled, the exports of some few articles—among them tooth-brushes—fell off. To offset the few exports thus shown to have fallen off, we now append a list of the exports of some of the others, far more important, that increased :

CERTAIN ARTICLES OF DOMESTIC PRODUCTION EXPORTED FROM THE UNITED STATES TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS IN 1866 AND 1878 RESPECTIVELY. COM. AND NAV. REPORTS.

	1866.	1878.
Agricultural Implements.....	\$10,364	\$17,449
Live animals other than horses..	300	10,595
Beer.....	1,645	5,595
Books and Maps.....	6,939	10,105
Brass manufactures.....	2,663	2,663
Biscuit.....	9,616	27,290
Flour.....	47,282	89,686
Candles.....	1,181	1,181
Carriages, and parts of.....	4,001	15,430
Clocks.....	1,188	2,375
Cotton manufactures.....	45,072	80,249
Fancy articles.....	8,673	16,260
Jewelry.....	1,383	6,626
Hats.....	14,935	21,193
Hay.....	200	8,345
India Rubber goods.....	3,172	7,587
Hardware—Iron and mfs.....	115,654	461,032
Hardware—Steel and mfs.....	96	11,728
Boots and Shoes.....	22,642	38,416
Other leather goods.....	21,771	31,785
Lumber and manfs. of wood.....	263,490	276,770
Marble and stone.....	675	1,432
Musical instruments.....	3,126	4,974
Ordnance stores.....	126	5,469
Oils.....	21,198	34,186
Paints.....	3,024	4,213
Varnish.....	384	1,511
Paper and Stationery.....	12,044	18,107
Provisions.....	51,460	106,366
Scales and Balances.....	488	1,323
Soap.....	2,212	2,212
Spirits.....	5,699	13,187
Turpentine.....	24	1,304
Sewing Machines.....	8,681	8,681
Refined Sugar.....	1,120	9,214
Tobacco and Cigars.....	19,678	39,394
Trunks and Valises.....	1,943	2,923
Vessels (ships sold to Hawaii).....	54,450	54,450
Wearing Apparel—clothing.....	36,078	67,776

If this list of increased exports be compared with that of diminished exports alluded to, it will be found that this one contains 39 articles, or classes of articles, while the other contains but 12. It will also be found that while the other one sums up less than \$350,000 in 1878, this one sums up over \$1,500,000. Nearly every branch of our domestic manufactures is represented, and not less than half a million dollars of profits are involved—all of which inured to the benefit of manufacturers in the Eastern States and merchants in San Francisco. What more is reasonably to be expected from a small trade like this ? By admitting Hawaiian sugar free of duty, we have secured all the political and commercial advantages we sought for—the latter alone far exceeding in pecuniary value the sum of duties remitted ; we have released our citizens from the payment of these duties, for it is they, and not the Hawaiians, who would have had to pay them ; we have lowered the price of sugar to the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast ; we have secured an increasing market,

free of duties, for already over \$2,000,000 a year worth of American manufactures ; and have done all this without disturbing a vested interest, without creating a monopoly, without violating a political principle or transgressing a law. On the contrary, we have laid the foundations of a wider commercial policy on the Pacific ; we have protected our guano islands ; we have extended the influence of American commercial capital and increased the profits of American trade ; we have lowered home taxation to the extent of a million dollars a year, by remitting a fraction of the duties on sugar ; we have promoted the consumption of sugar, a healthy and necessary article of diet ; we have secured employment for 500 workmen in and about sugar refineries, and for several thousand others in the manufacture of the various goods shipped to Hawaii ; and we have extended the great principle of Free Trade, by removing all the obstacles that stood in the way of unrestricted commercial intercourse with the most important islands of the great ocean that laves our western shores.

THE ICTHYOSAURIAD.

A True and Faithful Description of the Celebrated Fight between the Ichtyosaurus and the Plesiosaurus.

AIR—"The Good Old Colony Times."

I.

In the antediluvian times,
When the Era Jurassic begun,
The Plesiosaurus kicked up an awful muss with the Mylodon.

CHORUS.—"Ful muss with the Mylodon,
ful muss with the Mylodon,
The Plesiosaurus kicked up an awful muss with the Mylodon.

II.

But the Ichtyosaurus was nigh,
And looked at the fight with a grin;
Says he to the Pterodactylus—"Here
's a chance for to go in and win."

CHORUS.—"S a chance for to go in and win, etc.

III.

The Pterodactylus wept;
Then, stretching his finger and thumb,*
He paddled away
To his friend the lazy Anoploterium.

CHORUS.—"Zy Anoploterium, etc.

IV.

He told the horrible tale,
He smole a ghastly smile :
" Let's summon the Iguanodon, quick !
Says the wing-fingered animile.

CHORUS.—Says the wing-fingered animile, etc.

V.

The Iguanodon came,
And the festive Trilobite,
And the great Dugong
Came, leading along
A fossil Ammonite.

CHORUS.—A fossil Ammonite, etc.

VI.

The Dinotherium bowed,
And the Glyptodon made a salaam,
As the Megalosaurus led up a gorgeous Upper Silurian Clam.

CHORUS.—"Geous Upper Silurian Clam, etc.

VII.

They called a council of war,
To one decision they came,
And away they flew,
Through the CO₂
To block the murderous game.

CHORUS.—To block the murderous game, etc.

VIII.

Alas ! they came too late !
The Ichtyosaurus smole,
And said : " I'm blowed
If I ain't swallowed
The Plesiosaurus whole !"

CHORUS.—The Plesiosaurus whole, etc.

LOS ANGELES, December, 1879.

W.

* The little finger of the Pterodactyl is longer than his whole body.—*Geological Lectures.*

Rondeau.

Over the bay a schooner sailed,
Its sails were black, and closely veiled
Were all its crew, while forward, near
The foremast, stood a sable hier,
With guards attendant, steeled and mailed.
Anon some solemn note regaled
The mourners' ears, as one bewailed
Great Achmit's death, and shed a tear
Over the Bay.

One joy alone the mourners hailed,
Which truth demands shall be detailed—
It was a schooner of lager-beer
Which, over the Bey's unconscious bier,
They drank, and soon were—truth prevailed—
Over the hay.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1880. PERCY VEE.

Cause and Effect.

CAUSE.
A mildewed fox with a sunburned tail
Sang loud in the cinnamon sky,
Whilst a guinea-pig with a short toe-nail
Whistled a lullaby.

EFFECT.
(On the man who read it.)
He broke all his teeth on the very first line,
And groaned as he tied up his jaw :
" I've got 'em again, and had better resign,
For it's the worst I ever saw !"

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1880. SANFORD BENNETT.

THE THREE HUNDRED.

A Southern Story of the War.

Three hundred men of remarkable size remained as the bulwark of a cause. Three hundred rifles flashed in the sunlight, and three hundred glistening bayonets pointed with ominous portent to the sky, which was blue. The uniform of the soldiers was gray. They were drawn up for review. There were several peculiarities that distinguished these men from ordinary soldiers in time of war. Their uniforms were bright and new. Three rows of brass buttons ornamented the breast, gold braid in graceful festoon-designs relieved the front, and a stripe of black ran down the outer seam of the trousers. The caps were surrounded by a black-and-gold band and surmounted by a cockade of white feathers. These facts are worth of note, for the reason that the war was drawing to a close. The soldiers exhibited no signs of fatigue or hardships; their uniforms were not soiled nor ragged, nor slashed by sabres, nor torn by minie-balls.

Let us examine the reasons why this magnificently equipped and excellently drilled battalion was absent from Shiloh, from Seven Pines, from Chickamauga, from Donaldson. Was the Southern army surfeited with men? No. These were of a strange and unusual type. There was not a man who wore a beard. Their faces were rosy and white. Their most striking peculiarity was their size. They were not giants. They were narrow in the shoulders, narrow in the hips, and had legs of disproportionate length. In fact, they appeared to be dwarfs.

Not less remarkable in appearance than the soldiers were those who participated in the review. There was a notable exception in the person of the colonel, who was about forty years of age, of medium stature, straight as an arrow and proud as a king. He had gray eyes that were sharp, quick, intense. His forehead was broad and massive, his hair very gray, his neck powerful and firm. He was every inch a soldier—brave, resolute, daring, calm, prompt. It was upon his companions that the caricaturist could have flung the filthiest ink of bad humor. There were six of these. They were mounted, sat their horses awkwardly and uneasily, were uncouth and ridiculous. One had extremely long legs and large ears; another was so near-sighted that the phalanx appeared to him to be a monstrous pin-cushion, pricked by many needles. Under ordinary circumstances they might have been dignified men; but their surroundings were extraordinary, and they were consequently undignified.

After the review, the colonel asked one of the gentlemen:

"How do you like their appearance?"
 "Very much; very much."
 "Do you think they will stand?"
 "Under your leadership they certainly will, commandant."

The colonel smiled.
 "But, commandant," continued the gentleman, "you must remember that it is only at your earnest solicitation that I consented for the little fellows to retain their uniforms and to be under fire. I would not have a hair of their beads harmed for all the world."

It was strange that he should speak thus of soldiers!
 "I assure you they will be perfectly safe, sir," replied the officer.

"Quite sure?"
 "Yes."
 "Very well."

"The breastworks will afford ample protection. There will be merely a skirmish. The enemy will not fire upon us; but, on a mock show of resistance, will probably aim high and discharge a round to frighten us. I will return the fire in like manner, and then send up the white flag. I am extremely anxious that the boys should smell burnt powder. It will be a harmless lesson; yet I will lead them to believe I am in earnest. Of course it would be folly to oppose five thousand veterans with three hundred school-boys, twelve or thirteen years old."

They were not soldiers, then, but babes, whom the conscript act had disdained to send to the front. They were cadets; they attended a university; the colonel was the commandant; the borsemen, the Faculty. The boys were under the age of fourteen; the professors, over the age of fifty. They were not bomb-proof, but age-proof.

The commandant mounted his horse, spurred down to the centre of the line, and made the following address:

"Men and soldiers!"
 Three hundred young hearts throbbed with pride.
 "The enemy is upon us. Sherman is marching to the sea. He leaves in his desolate track chimneys without houses, children without homes, a people without a God!"
 He paused. The line trembled.

"You hear his guns. You see the black smoke of burning homes. In less than an hour a brigade of five thousand trained soldiers will sweep down upon you. The South does not despair. She has yet three hundred brave hearts to sacrifice upon the altar of Right."

The line swayed with excitement.
 "Your mothers and sisters watch you from afar. Their prayers are with you."

He shook with emotion.
 "Richmond has her eyes upon you! If we die, it is the death of the soldier."

He raised his sword:
 "If we fall, our dead bodies will be a monument to honor, the inalienable birthright of a Southerner!"

This ingenious and eloquent appeal had a wonderful effect. The colors were unfurled, and the entire line, in the wildest enthusiasm, sent up cheer after cheer. What if the boys were beguiled with a taste of glory? It made them soldiers, men, heroes.

The University was a mile from the town. A fence inclosed the broad campus. Along one side ran the public highway. On the side nearest the town was a large meadow. Not many rods from that side of the inclosure nearest the town was a trench two hundred yards long, protected by an earthwork that rose three feet above the surrounding level. The town was separated from the University by an intervening country, crossed and checked with fences, hedges, and walls of stone, the road cutting a broad passage through the whole. On either side was a row of stately dwellings and magnificent lines of cedar and live-oak, with occasional bedges of arbor-vitæ, Osage orange, or Cherokee rose.

The three hundred were drawn up in line of battle some two hundred yards in advance of the intrenchment. It was the intention of the commandant to fall back after the first fire. He speculated considerably on the nature of the attack. It was uncertain whether the raiders would send out a small detachment, or precipitate the whole column upon the feeble opposition of the boys.

But the commandant had not acted in consonance with his original intentions. He did not place the boys under the protection of the breastwork; they stood upon the open plain.

A cloud of dust was seen in the direction of the town. It was caused by the rapid approach of a company of horsemen. They numbered some seventy men. The heart of the commandant beat rapidly; a crisis was at hand. The advancing cavalymen reached the meadow and halted. They formed. A command was given; a charge was ordered. The horsemen plied the spur, and bore down, headlong and furious, upon the three hundred.

The commandant saw at a glance their terrible object: they would not shed the blood of the boys, but they would scatter them like chaff, and perhaps trample them in the dust. It was an anxious moment, and the commandant formed a resolution.

"Aim low!" he commanded.

He could not brook the insult.

"Fire!"

There was a terrific crash. When within fifty yards of the young rebels the impetuous charge of the cavalymen was stopped by a wall of lead. It struck them in the face and blinded them; it crushed their breasts; it shattered their arms. It struck down their horses, some falling to the ground, others, rearing and plunging, fled riderless from the bloody scene. The company was overwhelmed with consternation. A pompous little array of mock soldiers had poured out from three hundred toy rifles an unmerciful hail of death, that scorched the air and tore through the vitals of the veterans.

The soldiers had not fired a gun. They did not retreat—they ran. Death had stalked, unexpected, into their midst. They left a third of their number dead or wounded upon the field. But they were by no means defeated. It was now a point of honor. They rallied and prepared for a second charge.

The feelings that thrilled the breasts of the three hundred at this first taste of victory, the wild energy that sent the hot young blood bounding with redoubled speed through their veins, are things that scoff at portrayal. The faces that were white when the finger pressed the trigger were now glowing with feverish excitement. They stood as firm as a rock, and reloaded their rifles. The commandant praised them.

The cavalymen advanced and delivered a fire at long range. One little fellow was struck in the breast. He threw up his hands and fell flat upon his face. Those in his immediate vicinity were demoralized, but the commandant galloped to the spot and reassured them. Much as it galled his pride, he saw the advisability of ordering an immediate retreat. He carried a heavy responsibility in the little life that had already gone out. He proceeded to retreat, orderly and slowly, and reserved his fire. He was in despair. Events had taken an altogether unexpected turn. He concluded to surrender. He pulled something white from his pocket, and reached down for a gun from which to wave it.

At that moment his plume fell to the ground, severed by a bullet. He had become a target. In another second a mad ball tore blindly through his heart.

When the commandant fell there was indeed dismay in the ranks. His horse bounded away. The cavalymen, seeing his fall, again put spur to horse and charged furiously.

But the boys were not without a leader. The senior captain sprang forward, sword in hand, and placed himself in front of the commandant's body. The hat of the latter had fallen; the boy picked it up and placed it upon his own head. It was too large for him. He was a mere child, but his eyes glared dangerously. He raised his sword as the commandant had done, and assumed command. But the line was giving way. It melted. It was lost. Not to be outdone in bravery, the other captains rallied around their commander. Many were flying, but they also returned. The little captain bravely endeavored to form his men, but it was useless. The horsemen were charging them and were quite near. The boy captain shouted at the top of his voice:

"Fire—low!"

Again was the enemy brought to a stand by a short nervous fire, that did little harm. The boys were huddled together like frightened sheep. The commander ordered a retreat to the intrenchment.

He picked up the dead body of his commandant. By a powerful effort he succeeded in placing it across his shoulder. A torrent of warm blood gushed from the ghastly hole in the side and streamed down the boy's breast. It sickened him. The weight of the body was crushing him. He staggered forward a few steps. The odor of the blood invaded his nostrils. He closed his teeth firmly together, and struggled to retain his balance. The body was heavy and unwieldy. The legs swung from side to side and hindered him. He trembled with the exertion. His stomach revolted at the smell of blood. He surged to one side and fell, the body lying across his back. He raised himself upon his hands and knees, and the body rolled upon the ground. He grasped it by the collar, and mustering all his strength, dragged it across the intervening space, and over the embankment.

In the meantime, a cloud of dust far greater than that previously created by the repulsed horsemen was approaching the battle-field from the town. A regiment of eight hundred horse had been dispatched at the moment the firing was heard. It arrived at a most unseasonable time. The Federal company was stung with anger and shame. It had demoralized the enemy, but only temporarily; for he was now safely lodged behind an efficient shelter. The company was compelled to submit to the mortification of a reinforcement. Eight hundred and fifty cavalymen were now arrayed against three hundred trembling boys.

The solitary figure of a boy stood calmly upon the embankment, in full view of the enemy. He was the leader of the rebel forces. The great mantle of a sorrowful loneliness enveloped him; the sad essence of that oppressing absence of everything but pride pervaded his bearing; he seemed utterly desolate and deserted, but brave, superior, scornful of death. There is not a mother in the world whose heart would not have gone out to that lonely child standing

in the shadow of death. She would have clasped him in her arms, and covered his sad, childish face with kisses. His arms were folded. His right hand clasped a sword larger than the one he had previously carried. It was the commandant's. The boy was pale.

He had restored order and confidence. The boys had as yet imbibed no idea of defeat. They were quietly secreted in the trench, rifle in hand, and prepared for another charge.

The storm gathered. A dense blue cloud, charged with a thousand thunderbolts, prepared to burst upon the heads of the three hundred. It advanced, and disgorged a hail of leaden stones. It thundered out destruction, and belched fire and smoke. It rolled onward, hurling death through the air.

The cool commander of the rebels stood upon the embankment unharmed, while the minie-balls rained around him. They threw dirt upon him as they struck the embankment. As the cloud rumbled noisily and thundering over the ground, he seized his opportunity, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Ready—aim low—fire!"

There was a puff of smoke from the earthwork; a few in the lines of the enemy wavered; but the cloud swept on.

The crisis came. The cloud had become a flood, which poured over the embankment. The boys were scattered to the winds—

All but one. He stood pale and resolute beside the dead body of the commandant. The flood roared and seethed around him; he held the great sword in both hands, to battle with the waves.

A captain approached him and demanded:

"Surrender!"

The boy regarded him scornfully, and grasped the sword more firmly. The captain thought to frighten him by raising his sword as if to strike.

"Surrender!" he repeated.

"Not to you, sir."

The captain was astonished.

"To whom, then?"

"Your colonel."

"My colonel!"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I demand it."

"For what reason?"

"It is a courtesy due to my rank."

"Who are you?"

"A soldier."

"Your rank?"

"Colonel-commanding."

"And the man lying there?"

The boy gazed down into the upturned face. His breast was seen to heave.

"Who is he?" asked the officer softly.

A tear trembled upon the pale cheek of the boy. Less firmly he answered:

"My father."

OAKLAND, January 4, 1881.

W. C. MORROW.

A propos of the recent seventieth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes, an inspector of the Holmes mansion writes: "But inside, the controlling character is shown at once. Family portraits line the hall; 'claw-footed chairs and black mahogany tables and bevel-edged mirrors and stately upright cabinets' (things the Autocrat furnished his 'man of family' in describing him at his first public breakfast) fill the parlors. The portraits include the ancestral member of the council, by Simbert, and, in the Autocrat's own catalogue, 'the great merchant-uncle, by Copley, full length, sitting in his arm-chair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying around, one directed conspicuously to The Honorable, etc., etc. Great-grandmother, by the same artist, brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative, grand old lady, stiffish, but imposing. 'A pair of Stuarts,' and so through the list. In short, when the Autocrat gave the world his idea of a man of family, he gave a very picture of himself. His library and study is up one flight of stairs, and with spacious bay-windows looks out on the bay. From these windows—overhanging the bay—with his glass, the Doctor has a sweeping view of Beacon Hill, North Boston, Charleston, Somerville, Bunker Hill, Cambridgeport, Old Cambridge, Brookline, Brighton, Mount Auburn, Watertown, Waltham, and Arlington Heights; and winding down from the bills, the sinuous valley of the Charles. In this lofty study, with this airy outlook, our poet and philosopher is as completely isolated from the world as a hermit, and yet looks out into it on every side. He is like a watchman on the wall, who sees the signs and wonders without, and the commotion of the people within."

A correspondent writes from Leipsic that a society composed of fashionable women has been formed there with a view to discouraging extravagance of dress and any and all superfluous expenditure for adornment or display. The members are pledged not to wear jewels, false hair, trains, double skirts, or anything not required by considerations of decency and self-respect. Patterns of single gowns with very little trimming have been devised, and certain mantua-makers have agreed to follow those patterns rigorously whenever they are asked to. The members are persuaded that they will be able to work a thorough reform, and do great good by causing rules of economy to be widely adopted in that city. As many of them are rich and of high social position, they think that their influence will be felt and their example followed throughout Bavaria. We hope that they may be, justified in their opinion, but we have shuddering doubts. Something of the sort has taken place in an Ohio town, though there the motive is theologic. A number of young women have organized themselves into a Circle of the Sanctified, as they designate it, and have discarded gems and garniture of every kind. Recently one of them was found in the street in the early morning in her nightgown, and not long after in a still worse state of wardrobe. She was arrested, properly draped, and pronounced insane. My she is so. When young women, or even toled have discarded ornament or surrendered the there is good reason to question their me-

GANYMEDE'S CUP.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—Mrs. Jerningham says:

"Men never seem to turn from meat,
Their dinners never come amiss."

But what is the cause of the moderation as exemplified at the various entertainments New Year's night? Can we hope that those who can not read the ARGONAUT have had it read to them, and that a lesson has been learned? or was it because, having been fed all day, the pangs of hunger were in a measure appeased? Whatever the cause, the result is most satisfactory, and there is no longer any need of repeating to our society *habitués* the reproach which the White Angel once made to Swedenborg: "You eat too much." Their abstemiousness was most exemplary, and one might think they were trying to become spiritualized through fasting. Our entertainers, too, have learned that it is wise to begin to feed early in the evening, quietly informing the older and more distinguished guests that "supper waits," taking good care that there is no cessation on the part of the musicians. They must be refreshed *one* at a time until all danger of a rush is passed.

And now that this evil has been so easily overcome, can we not find that prescription for "inspiring some of our society leaders with a little more graciousness," a little more kindness of manner, toward invited guests and those whom chance or accident brings within their doors; a little display of cordiality, gentleness, and consideration toward those whom they deem their inferiors in name, rank, or purse; a little evidence of that "grace of sympathy" which radiates and makes beautiful the most irregular features—in place of those howls that impress one as having been "strangled at birth," give us a friendly greeting, that makes one feel "You are welcome—I'm truly glad to see you." Most of our *grandes dames* appear to think that any exhibition of sensibility and cordiality is highly derogatory to their dignity, and move among their guests and along their spacious halls like magnificent refrigerators, sending a shiver of 1-wish-I-was-at-home-iveness to the very marrow of those who came to be made happy for a little while. We all appreciate the privilege of being received within the portals of these magnificent homes, but something other than open doors and gorgeous suppers is desired of our ladies if they would rank with those whose birth and brains inspire them to be gracious to all. Even Harold Skimpole "took it his business in the social system to be agreeable."

Have you ever observed how things go by threes? and why should they not? the sun and moon have each three names, and Aristotle remarked that "three is the chief of mystical numbers, because it contains a beginning, a middle, and an end," and I have been wondering how our trio of brilliant entertainments was to be completed—Belmont, Crocker, —. The mystery was solved last night, when I responded to the invitation—

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad

request the pleasure of your company

Friday Evening, January ninth, 8:30 o'clock.

R. S. V. P.

1222 Pine Street.

At the entrance of the lavishly smilaxed *salon* stood an usher, who, with a voice more or less resounding according to their social importance, announced the names of the guests to Mrs. Goad, who was just a bit more charming than usual. She wore an elegant green silk costume, most artistically and wonderfully made, and blending harmoniously with the chaste white silk worn by her cousin Miss Wilkins, whose pleasing manners and happy conversation make her a favorite with all she meets. Mrs. Volney Spalding is one of those rare ladies who never forget to be polite, and wore on this occasion a very "Frenchy" and much admired costume, composed of gold and cardinal colors. Dr. Gwin's daughters, Mrs. Coleman and Miss Carrie, were surrounded by their usual corps of admirers, recalling to my mind the days of '57 and '58, when I paid a flying visit to California, spending a few days at the White Sulphur Springs, Napa, where Mrs. Gwin was holding court over a throng of beautiful ladies and handsome men. A few of the ladies are left, but the men are all gone.

You know how complete are the appointments of the Spalding (formerly Ralston) House for entertaining; how spacious the corridors and *salons*; what a boon to dancers the inlaid floors! The entire parlor floor, with the dining hall, was thrown open. The many mirrors added to the apparent size of the apartments, enabling us "to see ourself as others," etc. Supper was served down stairs, where there was plenty of room to be comfortable. I send you a *menu*, printed on white satin, gold letters:

MENU DU SOUPER.

Huitres de l'Est. Huitres à la poulette.
Consommé de Volaille en tasses. Terrapènes à la Maryland.

PIECES MONTÉES.

Galantine de Dinde sur Socle.
Pâté de foies d'oie en bellevue.
Buisson de Bécassines.
Langues de bœuf décorées.
Jambon de Westphalie à la Parisienne.

SALADES.

Salade de Crevettes. Mayonnaise de Volailles.

ROTS.

Poulets. Cailles. Teindes.

DESSERT.

Pyramides. Gateaux Assortis. Fruits de la Saison.
Bonbons. Mottees. Fruits Confits.
Glaces.
CAFE.

I never saw a more toothsome repast, which will not surprise you when you know that it was got up under the direction of Mrs. Spalding—a lady who can count among her accomplishments the art of making a dining-room attractive—an art it would be well for more of our ladies to cultivate. Mrs. McMullin's trio of beautiful daughters were more becomingly attired. Miss Emma Crockett's

costume was a bewildering mass of green satin and grenadine. Mrs. James Burling was radiant in pink silk. Mrs. Isaac Requa displayed one of her numerous silk toilets. Mrs. Dan Tazt never looked younger or prettier in her life; and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Selby, was greatly admired. Miss Mamie Coghill, the almost "faultily faultless" beauty; Miss Sedgwick—she with the oriental eyes; Miss Myra Giffin, Miss Hussy, and the Misses Cole made a charming picture.

I must not forget pretty Mrs. Lieutenant Fletcher, who appears to be as great a favorite as when she was Miss Miller. But the army people are all pleasant, and none more so than General and Mrs. Kautz, who were present. In fact the navy and army were well represented, their glittering uniforms adding very much to the brilliancy of the affair. Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, and almost the entire corps of society beaux were present, headed by Dewey, Tevis, and Mix; and Mrs. Goad is to be congratulated upon having given one of the most elegant parties of the season, the memory of which has left a pleasant jingle in the minds of all present, including

GANYMEDE.

What They Know About Everything.

We are not always glad when we smile,
For the world is so fickle and gay,
That our doubts and our fears, our griefs and our tears,
Are laughingly hidden away.
—Eliza Cook.

The devil is an unappreciated man of genius, and therefore deserves the sympathy of every educated man.—*Spielhagen*.

Most friendship is feigning; most loving, mere folly.—*Shakespeare*.

Wrinkles are the tomb of love.—*Du Bosq*.

At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs.—*Shakespeare*.

Welcome whatever the kind heavens give,
And you shall find it sweet to live.
—Eliot.

The woman who is most desired is she who is most skillful in concealing her character.—*Georges Sand*.

Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss!
—Byron.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable.—*La Rochefoucault*.

Human life has two faces that we must look at, turn by turn.—*Souvestre*.

A man can profess more religion in fifty minutes than he can practice by working hard for fifty years.—*Ingersoll*.

Love is a malady which every one ought to have once, and of which one is always cured with regret.—*Rocheperdre*.

The crowning punishment of atheism in this world is to desire faith without being able to acquire it.—*Chateaubriand*.

The night,
Shows stars and women in a better light.
—Byron.

To cynics the world is a shield of bronze, held before them to hide the breast wound.—*Ouida*.

He who loves can not be old.—*Moore*.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 5, 1880.

N. B. S.

Mr. White—I move that it is the opinion of the Commissioners that it is to the best interests of the city that it should own the lake and the lands condemned.

This was carried unanimously.

Mr. Kelly—I move that we give \$1,206,000 for that property, and no more for the entire property.

The Chairman—Is that seconded? [Applause.] It is not. Is there any other motion?

Dr. Meares—I move that we appraise it at \$1,500,000.

Mr. Purdy—I second the motion.

The roll was called. Mr. Kelly voted no. Dr. Meares, Messrs. Cobb, Purdy, and White voted aye. Mr. Reynolds's name being called, he said he hoped they would agree on something unanimously; and, after some discussion of an interlocutory character, voted aye.

The Chairman—Gentlemen, the award is made; \$1,500,000 is the amount.

Mr. Kelly—My vote is for \$1,206,000. I wish to have it so recorded.

QUERIES AND WONDERMENTS.—Why is it that a proceeding that compels the city to buy property it does not want has met so little opposition as this? Why is it that it passed a new Board of Supervisors at its first real business meeting, as a surprise? Whence came the applause when Mr. Kelly could find no second for his attempt to save a quarter of a million of dollars? What has become of that tax-payers' association that was so active just before election? If this property is worth \$1,500,000, how did it come to go to foreclosure, judgment, decree, and sale by the Hibernia Bank for an original debt of one-tenth that amount? What is the aggregate amount of taxes to be paid by Messrs. White, Cobb, Meares, Purdy, and Reynolds, annually, upon this additional debt created by them? When Mr. Mahoney gets his million and a half, will there not turn up other proprietary interests in the same lake to be purchased? Is there not a grave constitutional question involved as to whether this additional debt can be created against the city of San Francisco?

Apropos of the recent discovery that the late Charley Parkhurst, the veteran stage-driver, was a woman, the Carson *Appeal* says: "Parkhurst used to be with Hank Monk a good deal in early days; and when Hank heard the report he was so overcome for several minutes that he gasped for breath, and drawled out: 'Je—hosphat! I camped out with Parkie once for over a week, and we slept on the same buffalo robe right along; wonder if Curly Bill's been playin' me the same way.'"

The San Francisco merchant is laboring for two points that have our full sympathy. The encouragement of home industries and home manufactures, and the development of a Central and South American and Mexican trade. If we were a commercial paper we would be eloquent in this direction.

The fancy for decoration has even reached whisk-brooms, clothing them with embroidered felt cloth, and putting them, when not in use, in a willow frame, decorated with Kensington embroidery.

LEGISLATIVE NOTES.

Mr. Grove L. Johnson is to the fore with his Retraction Bill of last session—a measure that has been long enough dead to smell pretty bad, but not long enough to be buried, it seems. Indeed, it will probably be buried only in the political grave of its author, but the funeral will not be much longer deferred, apparently.

"The same gentleman has a bill 'to prevent the accumulation of large landed estates.' It belongs to that kind of legislation—of which we shall have no end this session—that looks on the face of it like an undoubted cure of a conceded evil, but is invariably abandoned by whatever nation adopts it. To prevent the accumulation of large landed estates is easy enough; it has been done hundreds of times. To cure the greater evils entailed by the prevention is not so easy—except by method of repeal.

Mr. Tyler has given notice of a bill providing for donations to the State, or to the counties, designed to meet the cases of the officials pledged to return a part of their salaries. These conscientious officials are quietly lobbying against the bill.

Assemblyman Braunhart crops out and chips in with a highly practical measure, making it a misdemeanor for a druggist to pay a doctor a commission. We shall have to supplement it with a great many similar laws. For example, it must be made a misdemeanor for the druggist to fall dreadfully ill, call in the physician, pitch his prescription into the fire, and pay him a prodigious fee for "professional services." Perhaps it would be well, too, to make it a capital offense for the druggist to buy a dog of the doctor and then shoot the dog.

It was, after all, a little impertinent, that indorsement of Mr. Swift for the Chinese mission. It was a recognition of a fact of which they had not the right to speak at all, namely, that the present incumbent is "under fire." It is a question of taste—*non disputandum*.

It is unpleasantly probable that the session will see a good deal of unintelligent meddling with the mining interest under the guise of hostility to stock gambling. Most of the legislators lost heavily in the recent depression; it is natural that they should "go again."

Paul Neumann characteristically opposed the appointment of a Chaplain to the Senate. One got into the Assembly, however, at \$5 a day, and another will doubtless be selected for the Senate at an equal or superior salary—of which we shall cheerfully pay our portion, for the reverend gentleman will necessarily pray for Paul as well as for the rest.

Steve Maybell, the poet of the Sand-lot, is said to have made a blasphemous speech on this Chaplain question, which was bad taste in that hard. Five sand-lotters wanted Judge Tyler for chaplain—a mean reflection on the good Judge. It is now said the Senators are thinking of electing a female chaplain, which will be real nice for the Senators. We should be very glad if some broad-minded and fearless man, without impiety and without hypocrisy, would discuss and settle this ever-recurring question of prayers and chaplains for legislative bodies—and souls. We think there should be no hired chaplains for a California legislator, but reserve our reasons for publication in a big brass-bound volume.

The report on "American competition," which is being prepared for the British Royal Commission of Agriculture, contains the coldest sort of comfort for English agriculturists. It is shown therein that American resources for supplying England with food are constantly receiving new developments; and that the facilitation of transport and the extension of agricultural enterprise are uniting to drive the English farmer into bankruptcy. Even the growing of fruit, vegetables, and poultry is already suffering from American competition. It now remains for the "foreign affairs" editor to seriously propose annexation of England.

Obscure Intimations.

LITTLE MAIDEN.—You forgot to send your name and address; you are therefore, as yet, unread. It is a rule.

T. L. C., New London, Conn.—We'll consider the matter.

SCHOOL HOUSE.—We do not find the verses anywhere, nor remember them. So they could not have been very bad, or we should not only recollect them, but they would probably be hanging up in the office framed and glazed. We so seldom get bad verses that they are esteemed a great curiosity here.

TURKISH ADVENTURER.—Be as patient as possible and trust in Allah, who alone can tell what we shall think of it.

W., Nevada City.—We ask you, in all solemnity, if this is a decent time of the year to be working at one's spring poems? How many ulsters did you put on to thaw out a conception of spring so that it would run? We can not yet say what the spring styles of poetry will be, but it was well enough to be a week or two ahead of the other vernal bards, so as to come first in point of time. Pigeon-holed for the present.

NEW YORKER.—You do not give your name, so the song of your satisfaction at the relegation of Judge Terry to his squash ranch would fall rather flat upon ears accustomed to the sonorous diapason of our delight.

J. Q., San Jose.—A story that will take up more than three columns of this paper has but a slender chance of being considered. We have yet a few to work off which were accepted before our suffering readers began to bemoan their fatigue by sending us (derisively) stories a league and a half in length.

"BABY DAYS."—Literary criticism "is not the same thing."

CXI.—Sunday, January 11.—Bill of Fare for Ten or Twelve Persons.

Eastern Oysters.
Gumbo Filé, with Rice.
Smelts, cooked in Spanish Style.
Chicken Salad. Potato Salad, garnished with Tongue and Olives.
Stewed Terrapin. Boiled Hominy.
Fillet of Beef, with Truffles and Mushrooms.
Green Peas. Celery, with Cream Sauce.
Roman Punch.
Roast Turkey. Potato Croquettes.
Rochefort and Gruyère Cheese.
Charlotte Russe. Brandied Peaches. Wine Jelly.
Assorted Cakes, Candied Fruits.
Fruit-bowl of Oranges, Apples, and Bananas.
White Wine, Claret, Madeira, and Champagne. Coffee, Liqueurs.

TO COOK A FILLET OF BEEF.—Take four or five pounds of fillet, trim, and lard with salt pork; place in a cooking basin, cover with white cooking wine; cut up three or four truffles, throw into the wine, and let it stand twenty-four hours. Then take two cans of mushrooms, pour off the juice of one, and place the mushrooms in a saucepan; add the juice and wine of the meat, salt, pepper, and a small piece of butter; let them stew for about an hour. Place the meat in a small pan, baste with butter, cook half an hour; and five minutes before it is served toss the mushrooms over the meat, and serve very hot.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

John St. Martin is a stock speculator, resident in San José. A good place is San José for a speculator in bulls, but there is no worse spot in the universe for the dealer in bruin and wild cat. Last week he came to San Francisco to unload a thousand shares of "Rough-and-Tumble," and while here was seduced into purchasing so large an amount of "Tom-and-Jerry" that his assets were completely swallowed up in the outlay. His entire line of longs is now being sold for "commish," and he has returned to the Garden City fully determined hereafter to busy his head with the raising of cabbages—in which praiseworthy industry he deserves to succeed.

Parties who are not interested in the Maine election frauds hint "that the audacious and unblushing *coup* just performed in Maine bears a most striking resemblance to the Cronin business attempted in Oregon," and go on to say that "they are so much alike in conception and execution that the suspicion is not altogether unnatural that both originated in the same mind"—that is to say, that of the "Sage of Cipher Alley." It must, nevertheless, be admitted that there is nothing extraordinarily "sage" in using for the second time an expedient that had failed the first, and one which was evidently sufficiently well known to be at the brains' ends of even a paragraphist.

Mr. Bumber, of New York, recently sold his wife for five cents to a gentleman appropriately named Buyer; but a week later Mr. Buyer, indisposed of his bargain, brought her to the original proprietor and wanted his money back. The case at last arrived before a court of law, the woman "waiting for the verdict" with some anxiety. If it should be decided that in his week's possession Mr. Buyer had not had five cents' worth of advantage from his ownership in fee simple she might justly resent it as a reflection upon her capacity for making herself useful. The traffic in wives, unless under the rigorous restriction of a healthy public opinion, is singularly open to abuse, anyhow. We should be sorry to be understood as actually condemning the sale of wives; we merely do not approve of buying them.

Brother Owen—as the progressive sisterhood calls him—Owen of the San José *Mercury* wants the supply of babies stopped, and Brother McClatchey of the Sacramento *Bee* says "talking isn't going to do it." It's a very pretty quarrel as it stands, but there is hope for both the gentlemen. The Kindergarten promises to educate the baby of the future into an animal which by no mischance may ever be brought to read either the *Mercury* or the *Bee*. Whereupon the chief reproach of childhood will disappear.

"R. F. M." of Oakland has a right to be amused, surprised, and pleased because a certain very worthy person got caught in the lariat thrown by the Grant Boomers. Some people are too good, and too innocent, and too unsuspecting to be able to avoid the snares spread for their entanglement. Such long-headed, broad-horned, prudent cattle as "R. F. M." ought to be more indulgent toward the more unsophisticated calfings of the herd.

Mr. Sam Goodhue is a western poet of approved pattern. He resides near Santa Cruz, in a redwood cañon, and has seventeen children. It has been, for the past sixteen years, his invariable Christmas custom to address a Christmas poem to his latest child. But, early last November, his blushing wife presented him with two pledges of her affection so nearly simultaneously that there was extreme difficulty encountered in deciding which of the twain was "last." In preparing his regular poem, Mr. Goodhue bridged the difficulty in the following novel and picturesque fashion:

My Christmas boy, my Christmas girl,
My proud old head is in a whirl.
To thee, or ye, this I inscribe:
I drink to ye and all our tribe;
And if the "last" be girl or boy,
I wish the hangman double joy.

All of which is tributary to the filial excellence of the fifteen elders, and is also most praiseworthy verse.

The Australian papers are relating—with greater evident pleasure than we think the gravity of the offense justifies—the extraordinary impropriety committed by a lady over there, who, with but an indifferent observance of local custom, had three wives, one of whom is still living. The other two died soon after their respective weddings, probably of disappointment; and the husband herself has gone mad. It appears that none of the wives made any public complaint, and the husband's ineligibility was discovered only after her incarceration in an asylum where she was required to take a bath. This is not quite as clear as might be wished; the agency of water in disclosing a family secret of this kind should have been particularly set forth. Surely she must have taken baths before. Perhaps they use a more powerful sort of soap in the asylum than elsewhere. The matter is not altogether comprehensible in any of its aspects; at least it is not so to us, and we doubt if we have made it so to the reader. On the whole, we would prefer that it should be considered that we have not written anything about it.

The women of New York are represented (falsely, we fear) as having caught the mining share fever, and as having organized a "Woman's Mining Company." The company, it is said, will be limited to "two hundred and fifty souls"—if ladies, despite the dictum of Mahomet, have souls. Twenty-five thousand dollars are to be raised, nearly one-half of which is already pledged, for the purchase of certain mining property in San Juan County, Colorado. The company will be officered and controlled by women exclusively. The *Tribune* publishes the names of several wealthy and well-known women who are interested, and who it avers have also formed a woman's "Bullion Club" on the model of the male organization of that name. To this point we can follow our esteemed contemporary with willing faith, but when the *Tribune* avers that a large party of these gentle creatures intend going to the mining districts next spring to

prospect we should like the privilege of withholding our belief, if that is not contrary to the etiquette of journalism as understood in New York. We hope the whole statement is true, however; it will be a good thing for the handsome Lent, the fascinating Gashwiler, the engaging Hearst, and many more of the lady-killers of the market. It may be confidently asserted that if the pretty dears really want a fine undeveloped mine, capable of producing a monthly "divvy" with but a trifling expenditure, any one of these gentlemen will have it ready for them.

Mr. John P. Jones, U. S. Senator from Nevada, has taken upon himself to secure the perpetuity of the Comstock. The poetry Editor of the ARGONAUT wishes to return humble and devout thanks to the great prophet of silver and sage of the sage-brush, for this great promise and undeserved boon. All the savings of a long and laborious career are invested in Peavine, and he having a weakness for compound interest investments, the assessments thereon will be paid until 1909, at which date the poet will purchase a senatorship.

Mr. Cox, a Democratic member of Congress from the city of New York, has introduced into the House of Representatives a bill to restrict European and other immigration. Of its terms we are not advised, but it seems as though the time had now come when we should no longer invite an indiscriminate immigration from foreign lands. The continuing policy of giving away public lands as an inducement for aliens to come among us seems a very short-sighted one, in view of the fact that we are getting the refuse and redundant population of Europe, and for this we are giving away the heritage of lands that will soon be needed for the sons and daughters of our own forty millions of people.

Among the changes prominent in business houses we notice that of the old and well-known firm of Williams, Blanchard & Co., long and favorably identified with the shipping business of San Francisco, and for some time past agents of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Mr. Blanchard having retired, Mr. W. B. Dimond and Mr. A. Cheesbrough have been admitted as partners. The firm is now Williams, Dimond & Co. We congratulate our merchants on this event, as they are more or less brought in contact with "Pacific Mail," with which Mr. Dimond is particularly identified, being the Purveyor of the company. His good judgment and pleasant manner of doing business has made him many friends, and, however much we regret to see old friends retire from business, we are grateful that their places are filled by such active business men as W. H. Dimond and A. Cheesbrough.

We wish that science, common sense, and genuine patriotism would join hands, and undertake to settle the sewerage question for San Francisco. At present we have three crying evils in this connection. The atmosphere of the city is poisoned in summer and fall by the noxious gases which escape from our ill-ventilated and unflushed sewers. The health officer has shown—we think conclusively—that, until we can have systematic and ample flushing, our only safety is to puncture the man-holes on the line of the main sewers, and allow the gases to escape in small quantities, regularly diffused, as soon as generated. Another evil—only indirectly felt—is the constant fouling of the waters of the harbor, and the consequent destruction of young fishes, occasioned by the fetid outpourings of our sewers. A third evil is the continuous waste of the best fertilization material, which, if stored and distributed by a judicious system of engineering and a wise economy, would add incalculable fertility to our market gardens, and help forward the problem of park reclamation to a speedy conclusion. Have we no engineers, no economists, no patriots?

We have received the first two numbers of the *American Art Review*, published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. The agents in San Francisco are A. L. Bancroft & Co. The *Review* is edited by Mr. S. R. Koehler, associated with whom are Dr. Prime and Mr. Charles C. Perkins. It is in nearly every way a creditable attempt to do for American art what *L'Art* does with such incomparable ability for French. Of course, it is not to be expected that we shall very soon have an art periodical of such a character as that; we have not the artists, the writers, the materials, the public to produce and sustain such a one. We must creep before we can walk, but we are creeping toward the light. Each of the monthly numbers before us contains articles of notable excellence, and is admirably illustrated; the first number having three etchings; the second two, and both many wood engravings. All the work appears conscientiously done, and much of it with exceptional intelligence and technical knowledge. Among the contributed articles we observe one of capital merit from Mr. Wm. Laffan, formerly a journalist of this city, now journalist, artist, *littérateur*, and man of affairs in New York—a rare fellow, skilled in many kinds of cleverness. We commend the *Review* as a venture worthy of encouragement and support.

Columbus, Ohio, is wild over Miss Adèle Belgrade as "Hamlet." "Belgrade in breeches" has certainly a taking sound; though one can not help fearing that the divinity which shapes Miss Adèle's ends will be sadly discouraged by the rough hewing of Columbus criticism.

Nym Crinkle, appealing from the dictum of "Willie" Winter, says that he is perfectly willing to admit that John McCullough is "pure and good and sweet, as a man," but does not care to be obliged to sit through a representation of *Virginius* that his admission may be believed.

According to Mr. J. N. Lockington, the recognized Pacific coast authority on the subject, ninety species of food fishes are sold in the markets of this city. Those who remember what Agassiz said about fish as brain food will scarcely wonder at our present delegation in the Assembly, or feel more than momentary alarm at the continued absence of Denis and the continuous presence of Caliban.

The word "flirtation," which in its ruder sense is an abomination, in its finer sense stands only for brilliant conversations.

DECLINE OF THE BOOM.

The ARGONAUT takes a decided and unyielding stand against the renomination of General Grant. We do not question his patriotism, his service to the country, or his personal integrity. Our views have been so often uttered that it is needless to give them further expression. This opposition we shall make with fearless, and, we trust, honorable warfare, up to the closing day of the Republican National Convention; awaiting then the action of the Democratic Convention, and governing our political course by the then existing political conditions. We declare that, in our judgment, the best intelligence and the highest patriotism of the nation agree with us in this estimate of the situation.

The Philadelphia *Press* gives the following interview with George William Curtis upon this topic. He says in regard to Grant's nomination:

"I think it would be unwise both for himself and for the party. He would gain nothing by it, even if he could be elected. The party would lose by it. The nomination would certainly be inexpedient—in my judgment the most inexpedient that the party could make. It would provoke the resistance—passive resistance at least—of a large and powerful class of Republicans whose coöperation has been demonstrated to be essential to the party's success next year. The fall State elections showed that it is necessary for the Republicans to carry New York next year in order to elect their President. It is difficult for the Republicans to carry New York at any time. It has been proved beyond doubt that it is exceedingly difficult for the party to carry the State with machine nominations. Grant's nomination would render the success of the party in this State extremely problematical. It would be a machine nomination."

"Would his election be opposed by any other class of Republicans?" "Yes; I think it would be opposed by another class of Republicans whose prejudices against a third term are stronger than even that other prejudice against the machine. There can be no doubt that a great body of the very best Republicans have a deep and incredible feeling against a third term. So strong and general is this feeling that it has created a custom against third terms. It can not be denied that the feeling is deep and wholesome. There is no reason at present for trying to overthrow it. Grant's election is not necessary. It is not sought on any good grounds of public policy. It is not urged to accomplish any needed national object. It is not suggested as a means to secure any desirable thing that can not be just as well secured by the election of any other nominee. There is, in fact, neither reason nor occasion for it. Then why attempt it?"

The Charleston *News and Courier*, speaking of Grant's candidacy, says:

"Some of the most influential newspapers in the country will oppose him. When he is a candidate, the shortcomings and faults of his administration, from 1869 to 1877, will be recalled and exposed. The respectable and thoughtful voters of the North and West—such voters as scratched Cornell in New York—have no liking for General Grant, and they will not vote for him if the Democracy offer them a better man."

The correspondent of the New York *Graphic*, a strong Grant paper, writing from Philadelphia, says:

"Public opinion is by no means unanimous, even in Philadelphia, for Grant. I heard many Republicans, like A. T. Goshorn, M. Hall Stanton, Galusha A. Grow, Edward McPherson, and Mayor Harrison, of Cleveland, express their fear that the General was being led away from his own equivoque by over-interested friends. I am satisfied that Grant desires to be, and expects to be, President. If he did not, every strong feeling would have made him speak ere now. His silence can only have one interpretation. Governor Hoyt told me that General Grant would not allow his political friends to be committing themselves for him, and therefore against other candidates, if he expected to desert them."

A correspondent of the Iowa *Tribune* writes as follows:

"The local prestige of Presidential possibilities is a subject of interest, even at this early stage of the contest. The choice will probably be Grant, Blaine, or Sherman. A new man may capture the nomination, but this outcome is extremely doubtful after the experiment of 1876. The writer will briefly attempt to define Iowa's popular preference. The assumption that General Grant is the favorite is an erroneous one. It arises from heeding the clamor of politicians, rather than from close attention to the voice of the people. Our people honor him as a military hero and twice successful Presidential candidate, but he is not the favorite now. The depth of esteem Iowa people entertain for him is immeasurable; but he has enjoyed a full measure of honor, and should be content. The Republicans of this State are not for Grant for the Presidency, nor would his candidacy inspire old-time enthusiasm."

A correspondent writing from Washington to the Baltimore *American* thus expresses himself:

"Among close observers of political events, the general sentiment is that the opposition to the third-term movement is so intense and profound among our foreign-born citizens, and especially the Germans, that the nomination of General Grant is, in their opinion, daily becoming less probable. Mr. Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who has been here for several days, expresses himself freely on the subject, and his views have had very great weight among leading Republicans. Mr. Smith makes the important declaration that the German Republicans in Ohio are so hostile to a third term that if Grant were nominated they would go off from the party in a body, and the State would be carried by the Democrats. This was not because they disliked Grant, but because of a strong prejudice against Imperialism, in the direction of which they thought a third term pointed. Mr. Smith observes further that, in talking with the editors of Republican journals who have not taken public position on the question of candidates, he has found that they are, almost without exception, opposed to General Grant's nomination."

"Mr. Smith has discovered that the opposition to Gen. Grant as a candidate is not based on personal grounds, and does not arise either from a personal dislike of him, or because the success of some other candidate is desired; but rather on the ground that it is not believed he would prove a strong candidate, and principally for the reasons assigned above."

"Mr. Keyes, of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, says that he regards the renomination of Grant as a hazardous experiment. Mr. Enos, a member of the National Committee, from Wisconsin, agrees with Mr. Keyes, and adds that the Germans of Wisconsin are as hostile to a third term as the Germans of Ohio. Mr. Root, the Illinois member of the National Committee, deems Grant's nomination as dangerous. Mr. Martin, of Kansas, and Mr. Stone, of Iowa, also members of the committee from their respective States, are afraid Grant would be defeated by the loss of Ohio and other States where the German and foreign vote decides the result. The notable circumstance that among the leaders of the Grant movement are to be found names that the public can never regard but with aversion has also tended to weaken the cause. Such is the expressed feeling of prominent Republicans here on this question."

A St. Louis dispatch to the Associated Press is as follows:

"The statement that Secretary Schurz has obtained a controlling interest in the *Westliche Post*, of this city, attracts considerable attention, because of the supposed indication afforded that the Secretary intends to remain a permanent factor in Missouri politics, and as also indicating St. Louis as the probable headquarters of the anti-Grant wing of the Republican party. There is an organized group here, headed by ex-Senator Henderson, opposed to Grant openly, and it is surmised that, with the *Post* under Schurz's absolute control, an effort will be made to combine the German-Republican influence with that of this group of politicians to control the Missouri delegation to the National Convention."

MEDITATIONS OF A HINDOO PRINCE.

A Correct Translation of a Remarkable Poem.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and the steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean, and northward beyond the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here in the mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol or the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills,
Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the shot that kills;
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side.
For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolks, the first of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in the flame;

They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard
our race,
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and the riots unholly, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret—Whence and Whither? Alas, for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost
sea?

"The secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"
It is naught but the wide-world story, how the earth and the heavens be-
gan,

How the gods are glad and angry, and the Deity once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown
main."

Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a camp that is gathered and
gone,

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve and at morning are level and
lone?

Is there naught in the heaven above, whence the hail and the levin are
hurled,

But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep,
With the dirge, and sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who
weep?

A. C. LYALL.

THE LADIES OF PERU.

Some of their Peculiarities Described by a Lady of San Francisco.

LIMA, November 2, 1879.

Lima lies in a broad, beautiful valley, seven miles from the Pacific coast, at the base of the Andes, and occupies both banks of the Pimac. It has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. The streets are narrow, crossing at right angles—some paved with rubble-stone from the coast. The houses are generally built of adobe, plastered on the outside, and stained yellow, green, blue, slate, fawn color, etc., with windows, blinds, cornices, and mouldings. They are from one to two stories in height, with flat roofs, and balconies from the second floor. Some have a *mirador*, or lookout, on the roof. A large double door opens in front, with an iron-grated window on each side, projecting on to the narrow sidewalk. Within is an open court, in some houses laid with marble, but usually with flat stone or rubble. A corridor extends around the inside from each floor. The various apartments of the house open into the court and on the corridors. There are no fire-places in Peruvian dwellings, although during a portion of the year—from May till November—much discomfort is felt from a damp, chilly atmosphere.

There is a general impression that it does not rain in Peru, and that thunder and lightning are never known. It does not rain at Lima, but there are two well-marked seasons, the wet and the dry, the former corresponding to our summer, the latter to our winter. In time of the wet season a foreigner never walks the streets without earnestly longing for a good pouring rain, to wash away the slippery mud and make the proud Peruvians raise umbrellas and put on water-proofs and overshoes, which they never do, though their clothing may be thoroughly saturated with the drizzling mist, with no fires to warm or dry them!

Lima is called the paradise of women. They are called beautiful; so they are, if you admire their black eyes and ebony tresses—not the dreamy black eyes of the harems, nor the sparkling black eyes of the Syrians, nor the liquid black eyes of the Egyptians, but the black eyes that easily reveal the different types of character. Peruvian ladies have character, and are not afraid to show it; yet we hear nothing of equal rights and privileges among them. For them to lay claim to a right is but to possess it, for they can easily win over the priesthood, and thus have the most powerful class in Peru on their side. They are generally occupied, but do not work; they look upon labor as degrading. They rise early, take a cup of tea, and go to mass. Their toilet requires but a few moments. Their walking suits are neat and pretty; in this respect they surpass us. The dress is black, and never touches the ground; there is no fussing or fumbling with trains. A white skirt is sometimes seen a little below the dress, with a deep hem and two tucks, and always white and clean. Prunella gaiters are generally worn; the hands are bare; the *manta* is thrown over the head, falling gracefully to the bottom of the skirt. The *manta*, not being used with us, needs some description.

By way of illustration, let us take one of the large silk shawls, with deep fringes, that were worn in the States several years ago; dye it black; then on one side, about a yard from one corner, remove half a yard of fringe, and put in its place a piece of black lace about two inches deep; we now have a *manta*. It is the *manta* that gives the charm to Spanish ladies in the eyes of foreign men; they always praise it; they always speak of the *manta* whenever they mention the beauty of the women. It has undoubtedly this advantage: it may conceal many defects of a face that is not handsome, and it sets off to advantage the charms of a beautiful face. To drape one's self gracefully in a *manta* is an art that must be studied. It is first thrown over the head; the lace is brought down on the forehead, sometimes dropping over the eyes. It is fastened so as to draw around the neck; the long end is carried over the left shoulder, and pinned so as to fall down in a fold on the left side. The left hand is concealed, but the right holds either a prayer-book and rosary or a parasol. A lady never goes out alone; two or three go together, and a black woman-servant walks behind. Young girls are carefully escorted by their friends wherever they go, and are never permitted to see the persons of the opposite sex alone. The matches are made by the older people, and so effectually is this done that the ladies all marry, and none are divorced.

The subject of dress claims the most of their time and attention: their ball dresses, and opera and *soirée* suits, are magnificent. Their boots, especially, are beautiful. No people have naturally as small feet as the Peruvians. The Peruvian-made boots are too small for foreigners. They explain the fact of their feet being so small in a very indefinite way: "We descend from the Incas, and they had small feet." "What was the cause of the Incas' feet being so small?" "Because they descended from the Chinese." "Were not your ancestors Spanish?" "Yes, they were Spanish;" and again the question of the small feet reverts to the Incas and aborigines of Peru.

Peruvian ladies are not very intelligent; as soon as they pass beyond the school-girl period they care little for books or literature. Many learn to play the piano when young, but do not care to continue when married. They are excessively courteous in their manners, but we are not to be misled by appearances. Their mode of salutation is more of an embrace than anything else, and they always say: "My house and all that I have is entirely at your disposal, and we are to be as one family." They are always wealthy in imagination—at least they never speak of poverty. They love to smoke. Although handsome when young, they scarcely turn twenty when they begin to fade. One thing always lasts with them, and that is their gait. Their movements are gliding and graceful, and the same is true of the men. Although the streets of Lima are narrow, and the sidewalks cramped, you are jostled less by the passing throng in three months in Lima than you would be in three days in London, or New York, or San Francisco. Go into the densest crowd in the market or on the plaza, and still the same is true. Conversation among the ladies generally turns upon domestic affairs; instead of asking a foreigner about her own country, and other countries that she has visited, they ask what her name is now (although they have been properly introduced), what her name was before her marriage, how old she is, how long she has been married, if she has any children, the names and ages of each, how long she has been speaking Spanish, what she thinks of Lima, etc. It is esteemed fortunate among them to have a family, for here comes in one prominent feature in their domestic life.

When a child is christened sponsors officiate, called the *compadre* (godfather), and *comadre* (godmother). They bind themselves to support, educate, and protect the child, the same as one of their own, if the parents die or are unable to take care of it. In its essential features the system is an excellent one; it provides for children, and brings many families into close friendship and sympathy, enlarging the circle of their acquaintance, and strengthening their influence. It is so common for everybody to have children, either of their own or those of some one else, that even the priesthood is not exempt; a nephew or niece may be the object of a *padre's* special protection. The system is too complicated to be thoroughly explained in this letter. The ladies are good at shopping and making bargains; they never tire, or find a thing too trivial to occupy their time; they are never in haste; there is always a *mañana* (to-morrow), and then another. Call a laundress, and she promises to return your clothes in eight days, never sooner, except at the steam laundries, where the price is about one-third the value of an ordinary garment. Eight days pass—the laundress does not appear. She must then be looked after. The things are not ready, she says, but come to-morrow—and to-morrow means another week. By the time that she fully understands that you are in a hurry for your clothes she says you can have them sure *este noche* (this evening), but she raises her price about threefold. Take your clothes, and pay the price agreed upon, no more. The same delays may be expected in all business transactions with the Peruvians. In making any purchase everything must either be bargained for, or two or three times the value will be demanded. If a lady wears a hat and is well-dressed, when she goes shopping or into the market, a price is at once set upon her head. In this respect, however, the Peruvians do not differ from other nations. Everywhere dress, rank, and nationality must alike be paid for. To the point is the following anecdote:

A sovereign passing through a town in Holland was charged \$50 for two eggs. On this he said that eggs were surely scarce in that town. "No," replied the landlord, "but kings are."

When his wife died, Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was so wretched that he felt his own intellectual life was at an end, and in her grave he burned all the sonnets he had written, and which, by the way, were addressed to her. His friends resolved that the poems should not be lost, opened the grave and rescued them; and after a time revealing to the poet that they were in existence, persuaded him to print them.

A personal call ought to insure a meeting, if only for a moment. A mere formal reminder of one's return to town ought to pass through the post or through a messenger. Persons have no right to expect "calls" from busy and intelligent friends nowadays, unless they devote an at-home day to their convenience.

LITERATURE.

Flowers of the Sky is the title which, with his fatal weakness for the sensational, Mr. Richard A. Proctor has selected for his newest book on astronomy. Mr. Proctor's notion of what is interesting in his science could hardly be adequately conveyed, by the way, if our notation did not run up into the billions. When Mr. Proctor has explained that an express train shot out of a cannon would require ten quadrillions of years to get from the Hudson River Railroad Depot to the hither boundary of the orbit of Sirius he sleeps the sleep of contentment.

A French critic endeavors to show that the character of "Colonel Newcome" was stolen by Thackeray from Balzac's "Le Colonel Chabert," in the *Comédie Humaine*. It is difficult—and perhaps unnecessary—to make a Frenchman understand that anything good in English literature is not lifted out of French literature. There are justifications for this view.

Alphonse Daudet—after Victor Hugo the most conspicuous figure in contemporary French literature—is described as over forty, handsome, with blue eyes and blonde hair, kindly, charming in his manners, and heartily liked by his friends. He writes pretty well, too.

Mr. Edmund Yates is about to publish for the first time his version of his quarrel with Thackeray, twenty years ago, which led to Yates's expulsion from the Garrick Club. Yates not only did not dare to give "his version" of it until Thackeray was dead, but prudently waited until he was also decayed.

Ginx's Baby (otherwise known as Mr. Edward Jenkins, M. P.) is going to read his own works. Unfortunately he has decided to read them "before folks."

Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, himself a poet, says of Mr. E. C. Stedman: "His poetry is fresh and buoyant, full of the memories of great deeds and joyous experiences." The same is true of the poetry of Hans Breitmann.

Porter & Coates issue in pamphlet form six letters of the Hon. William D. Kelley, written last summer to the Philadelphia *Times* during a trip to Europe. We are not appraised of Mr. Kelley's action in the matter, but presume he has not had the weakness to omit the famous "interview" with Prince Bismarck on the silver question. Bismarck having "branded" it as altogether a lie, it has now a certain importance and value which it had not before he deigned to notice it.

The *American Hebrew* is publishing an English translation of a portion of the Talmud. This, we believe, is the first time any considerable portion has been translated.

Mr. Swinburne's new book, *A Study of Shakspeare*, should be popular with the Nevada newspapers. It is a thesaurus of abuse. From its pages might be compiled a copious dictionary of vilification. The objects of Mr. Swinburne's vituperation are other students of Shakspeare, concerning whom there is little in the book, and that little is of little value.

A twelfth edition of the late George Henry Lewes's *Life of Goethe* has appeared in the German language. The translator adds some fresh information about the last of Goethe's loves—Ulrike von Levezow, the Bohemian lady—who is still alive. Goethe met her in 1822, when past seventy-three years of age, and her beauty so impressed him that he asked her then to become his wife. But the young lady concluded that the difference of years was too great even for her to marry the prince of German poets, and accordingly declined.

A letter of Byron, now for the first time published—at least we do not remember it—is dated Athens, November, 1810, and contains the following characteristic passage: "My works are likely to have a powerful effect with a vengeance, as I hear of divers angry people whom it is proper I should shoot at by way of satisfaction. Be it so. The same impulse which made 'Otho a warrior' will make me one also. My domestic affairs being, moreover, considerably deranged, my appetite for traveling pretty well satiated with my late peregrinations, my various hopes in this world almost extinct, and not very brilliant in the next, I trust I shall go through the process with a creditable *sang froid*, and not disgrace a line of cut-throat ancestors."

When N. P. Willis visited England in the summer of 1839, he announced in his journal, the *Corsair*, that he had "engaged as a regular correspondent a Mr. Thackeray." When Thackeray's first letter appeared in the *Corsair*, the *Southern Literary Messenger* declared that it "could not see its sovereign merit," and added the wise remark that "Mr. Thackeray has much of the dandyism, affectation, and puerility of Mr. Willis himself." But the Southern man of letters has never been distinguished for the strength and splendor of his critical judgment.

The collected works of Théophile Gautier would fill three hundred octavo volumes, and Mr. Swinburne's good opinion of them would fill a fog-horn of exceptional calibre.

Glatigny, "the vagabond poet," was a tramp from choice. He had a theory that a poet should have but one coat, though it is but right to say that he did not always act on it, for he seldom had even one. He often got a living in cafés and casinos by writing verses for the singers, and was commonly so poor that he slept in omnibuses, police stations, under hedges, and where he could. Here are some of his lines from a poem in praise of a bohemian life:

Les poèmes inachevés,
Les chansons aux rimes hautes,
Les haltes au bord des fontaines,
Les chants et les bonheurs rêvés,
Tout prend une voix et m'invite
A recommencer le chemin.

A STUDIO STORY.

From the French.

There is an artist friend of mine who has all the talents and no talent of his own. He would copy or imitate a Greuze or a Watteau to perfection. A Diaz by him only wants the signature, which an unscrupulous dealer does not hesitate to forge. My friend, whom we will call Durand, is an excellent man, industrious and clever, but too negligent to take the initiative in anything, even in painting.

Well, he had given notice to quit his apartment last July, on the fifteenth day of the month, at noon, according to the customs of the country. He had, however, been so absorbed in his painting that he had forgotten to retain a wagon to take away his furniture; and when he did at last concern himself about the matter, he only succeeded in securing one for the end of the day.

But at noon precisely, just as he was putting the finishing touches to a copy of Greuze's famous "cruche-casse," there came an imperious knock at the door. It was the new tenant, escorted by her furniture. She was furious to find that Durand was "dawdling over his paint-brushes," while all her furniture was out in the street, exposed to the gaze of indiscreet by-passers. She even threatened to fetch the police in order to bring Durand to a sense of his duties as an outgoing tenant.

Durand, like many painters, thought the sea more charming than ever when agitated by a storm. He found some resemblance between women and the sea, from which Venus rose, and concluded that his fair visitor was rendered more charming by her anger. She was about twenty-five years of age. She had dark hair and blue eyes, a fine, nervous figure, and her rosy nostrils were slightly dilated by her emotion. She was accompanied by a little girl of six years of age—a little golden-haired cherub.

"What!" continued the irate lady. "You are not going away until five o'clock? It is absurd! What am I to do with my furniture? Where is the proprietor? I must see the proprietor!"

It was impossible to gratify her last wish. The proprietor was just buying a seventh house, according to the directions of the law regulating such matters and *par devant notaire*. The door-porter alone was available, but the new comer was so terrible, so aggressive, and so threatening, that Cerberus was tamed, and ran away with his tail between his legs, and left his broom behind him.

Durand ought, according to his system of imitation, to have become wrathful, too; but his adversary was a pretty woman, so he sought an ally. The little girl was playing with a shepherdess in *porcelaine de Saxe* that adorned one of the chimney-pieces.

"Should you like it?"

"Oh, yes; it is droll."

"Take it."

"Jeanne," said the mother, "I forbid you to accept anything."

"If it were only to please her," replied Durand, "I could understand your prohibition, but it is an economy for me. I shall have so much less to move."

Women are ready laughers. The lady fixed her eyes on the tapestry in order to keep her countenance.

"Your name is Jeanne?" said the painter.

"Yes," answered the child.

"And your father—where is he?"

"He died two years ago."

"And mamma is a widow?"

"Yes, monsieur."

Then, turning to the lady, Durand apologized for his sins, told her that he had cleared one room, and that he would go and help to get her furniture in.

Soon the furniture began to find its place—the wardrobe, the mirror, the bookcase.

"Ah, madame, without knowing you, I can read in your soul Montesquieu, Balzac, Bossuet, Hugo, Lamartine—"

"Ta, ta, ta!" cried the irate lady. "You would have done better to clear out before noon than to be trying to study my character!"

"I am working all the time, madame. Look! That console there—here the statue of the Virgin—this little mirror opposite the window—"

"Ah! it is no use; you can not make peace with me!"

There was an interval of twenty minutes, during which the lady stood at the window. Durand had remained in his room with the child.

"Are they coming to-day or to-morrow—your men?" she asked, angrily, as she came back into the room. But she stopped in the middle. Jeanne, motionless and smiling, was seated on a chair, and Durand was painting her portrait.

"Mamma," said the little one, suddenly, "I am hungry. You have some wine and a *pâté* in the big basket."

"Come, then, and breakfast on the balcony," murmured the mother.

Durand was left alone to finish his sketch. There was a silence of ten minutes. Then the child returned timidly.

"Mamma has something to ask you."

"What?"

"She does not dare—"

"She wants to turn me out?"

"No."

"What, then?"

"Mamma wants to know—if you—if you would like a piece of *pâté*."

This happened on July 15, and when the porter arrived, all trembling, to announce that the men had at last come to remove Durand's furniture, he found him sitting on the balcony at table with the mother, and dandling the child on his knees. Misfortunes, however, never come alone. The wagon was too small. It would not hold all Durand's things at once.

"Leave your pallet, your easel and pictures," said Jeanne. "I will take care of them, and then you will be obliged to come back again and finish my portrait."

He left them. He only came into possession of them yesterday, October 15, when he brought all his furniture back to his old room. This time, however, there was no difficulty about the outgoing tenant, for she had meanwhile become Durand's wife; the two households were merged into one.

ABOUT WOMEN.

A Connecticut woman was taken suddenly ill a few days ago, and when a physician arrived she asked him if she was going to die. He replied that it was nothing serious—that she might live twenty-five years longer. "Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed; "the Hayden trial may be finished by that time, and I'll lose none of it."

The saddest story yet told about the mania for wearing birds is that a female ornithologist, living in Philadelphia, has been obliged to go into retirement to avoid seeing bonnets on which the head of one bird, the body of another, and the tail of a third are put together, and all are decorated with beads. She says: "If my minister were to mount the pulpit in Indian war-paint, I assure you it would look no more incongruous to me than to see my neighbor in a front pew displaying on her head my favorite *loxia cardinalis* with blue glass bangles upon its wings. I received a nervous shock which caused me a week's sickness by the association on one bonnet of two birds which I knew were each other's natural enemies."

Among Mrs. Dinah Maria Mulock Craik's poems there is none better known than "Philip, my King." Few of those who read and are fond of this piece of verse know that the baby it glorifies is now Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet. He is Mrs. Craik's godson.

The foolish virgin on the train sitteth and looketh out of the window. But the wise one flirteth with the conductor, and he chalketh her back.

An increased sale of corsets among the colored people of the South is mentioned as an evidence that the blacks are advancing in civilization. Wait till the watermelon season, though, and see how quickly that "boom" will burst.

This is Mary Anderson, painted in Louisville colors: "Can you imagine some drifting cloud of evening crystallized in mystic limpidness into that image of the Maker that we call humanity—pellucid, lit with azure fire? It may suggest a dream of that vision of loveliness which I have seen, and which shattered one's soul to pieces. Tall, slender—but slender like one of those threads of steel that carry trains across Niagara—a step as graceful as the wild-cat's; and that neck! aspiring as the Alexandrian shaft that lifted Pharos to light up the sea—commanding as the tower of ivory that looketh toward Damascus."

Arthur Sullivan says Boston women are the handsomest in the world. That's what he says in Boston.

The *Reno Gazette* says that Mrs. Grant discovered in that town the prettiest girl she had seen in all her travels. The girl has now left Reno, however; she had "stopped off" at the station to get dinner, on her way from San Francisco to visit a sick aunt in Virginia City.

Twenty ladies "chipped in" and bought some lottery tickets. One of them told her minister, and he was shocked. "My dear madame," he exclaimed, "do you not know that is gambling?" She rattled right along as if she hadn't heard him: "Yes, we are going to draw the thirty thousand dollar prize, and if we *do*—then we've all agreed to give you five thousand of it for the new church organ." "An excellent idea, my dear madame; excellent, and I devoutly trust you may win it."

A lady in Cambridge, who lives alone, was somewhat startled the other day by a man who came to the door, and, without assigning any reason for his coming, began a series of questions: "Who lives here?" etc. "Any man in the house?" he continued. "No." "Do you keep a dog?" "No." At this point, fearing she had put herself in the villain's power, the defenceless lady added: "But I keep a pistol." The man started in astonishment for an instant, and beat a hasty retreat. He was a tax collector, and now he is firmly opposed to woman suffrage.

He called upon Anastasia last Wednesday evening. The conversation languished, and finally she said, thoughtfully: "I don't like these white duck belts: they show finger marks so plainly." Then she added hastily, "That is—of course—in dancing, I mean." Then her brother winked at him, and said something about the "sofa he guesses;" but he didn't notice it, because Anastasia asked him if it wasn't time to get up a coasting party.

Sarah Bernhardt is said to sleep in her own coffin. If our sleeping chamber in a hotel adjoined Sarah's, we would rather she would be sleeping in her coffin than coughing in her sleep.

French history in the past hundred years exhibits three women who have perhaps experienced more splendor and more bitter grief and mortification than any other three women in the world—Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and Eugénie. But none of them took to lemonade, like Mrs. Hayes.

A young gentleman, by no means obscure in New York social circles, called at a leading hotel, and, with characteristic dignity, handed his card to the polite clerk with instructions to send it to Miss —'s room. The young man sat down and awaited with considerable anxiety the return of the bell-boy. Presently the lad came down the stairway, and, shuffling into the office, remarked to the clerk, in a voice loud enough to reach all who were sitting round, while his face was illuminated with a broad grin, "Please Mr. —, Miss — told me to say that she was not in." They do these things better in Frisco.

Moore, in a note to one of his Irish melodies, tells us that during the reign of Bryan, King of Munster, a young lady of great beauty, richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to another with a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such was the perfection of the laws and the government that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes and jewels.

Nellie Johnson, of St. Louis, is a diminutive woman, who weighs only fifty pounds. Nevertheless, being insulted by a young man in the street, the other day, she whipped out a pocket knife and plunged the blade into his breast. He escaped with his life only because it was a small blade, not at all because she was a small woman.

THE OTHER POETS.

Winter-Green.

To-day the winter woods are wet
And chill with airs that miss the sun;
The autumn of the year is done.
Its leaves all fallen, its flower-stars set,
Its frosty hours begun.

Should last year's gold narcissus yearn
For next year's roses, oh! how vain!
No brief dead flowers arise again,
But each sweet little life in turn.
Must shoot and bloom and wane.

Sweet, had the years that slip so fast
Brought you too soon or me too late,
How had we gnashed our teeth at fate,
And wandered down to death at last
Forlorn, disconsolate!

Surely before the stars were sure,
Before the moon was set in heaven,
Your unborn soul to mine was given,
Your clear white spirit, rare and pure,
For me was formed and shriven.

Ah! surely no time ever was
When we were not; and our soul's light
Made those cold spaces infinite
That lie between the years like glass,
Seen only in God's sight!

Howe'er it be, my one desire,
If chance has brought us face to face,
Or if the scheme of things found place
To store our twin hearts' light and fire
In strange foreseeing grace—

Howe'er it be, for us at least
The woodland pathways are not dark,
New lights are on the boughs and bark,
And in the rainless sunshout east
We hear a mounting lark.

—Edmund W. Gosse.

Kisses.

Give me kisses—do not stay,
Counting in that careful way;
All the coins your lips can print
Never will exhaust the mint.

Kiss me, then,
Every moment, and again!

Give me kisses—do not stop,
Measuring nectar by the drop;
Though to millions they amount,
They will never drain the fount.

Kiss me, then,
Every moment, and again!

Give me kisses—all is waste,
Save the luxury we taste;
And for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take or give.

Kiss me, then,
Every moment, and again!

Give me kisses—though their worth
Far exceeds the gems of earth,
Never pearls so rich and pure
Cost so little, I am sure.

Kiss me, then,
Every moment, and again!

Give me kisses—nay, 'tis true,
I am just as rich as you;
And for every kiss I owe
I can pay you back, you know.

Kiss me, then,
Every moment, and again!

N'importe.

"What if but yesterday
I laughed, and said him nay,
When here's to-day, to-day
To change my mind and say
A sweeter word than nay."

"What if but yesterday
I told him that my nay
Could never turn to yea,
Though he should pray and pray
Forever and a day."

"What if but yesterday
He swore he would obey
My cruel will, nor stay
To further sue or pray—
Then strode in wrath away."

"What if but yesterday
Like this he strode away,
When here's to-day, to-day
For him to hear me say:
'I love you, Love, to-day!'" —Norah Perry.

The Stirrup Cup.

Death, thou art a cordial old and rare;
Look, how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakspeare for a king's delight.

These were to sweeten thee with song;
The blood of heroes made thee strong;
What, heroes! Ah, for shame, for shame!
The worthiest died without a name.

Then, Time, let not a drop be split;
Hand me the cup when'er thou wilt;
If death such dear distillation be,
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

—Sidney Lanier.

Paris petticoats are coming to be as remarkable as that which the young men of a certain congregation once united to sew for their beloved female pastor. One of them, which was lately displayed to a correspondent, was made of peacock-blue satin, with large dog-beetle points which fell over five rows of plaitings, lined with second plaitings made of gold-colored silk, which were finished by three rows of plaited or ruffled white lace—a veritable cloud of gauze.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.

The Republicans have organized both branches of the Legislature. The Governor is inaugurated. The address of the Speaker of the Assembly, the message of his excellency the Governor, closed in promises of good conduct. The Republican party is responsible for the next four years of administration of political affairs. This is an important period in the history of the State. A new Constitution is adopted, and it is one that takes some new departures. It is, to a degree, an experiment, but an experiment in the direction of reform. Having been adopted by the people, it is the law, and it has the right to be generously interpreted in the spirit of the principles that passed it. The Republican party promised to do this at its State Convention. Its candidates for office, its orators, and its press, all gave promises in the same direction. It is undoubtedly true that if the party had not so pledged itself, and the people had not relied upon an honest fulfillment of this resolve, the "New Constitution party" would have swept the State by an overwhelming majority. We shall expect from the Legislature and all its Republican members an honest and earnest effort to give us laws in harmony with the spirit of the new organic law.

Present at the Capital during the organization of the Legislature, the writer came away having most favorable impressions of the *personnel* and character of its members. The Senate did not make so favorable an impression as did the members of the lower house. We should guess that there were more of ability, dignity, and general legislative competency in the larger body. Nearly all are new members; there were few present of whom we can ascertain that they have any political record. We speak of this not as detracting from, but rather as adding to, our good opinion of the character of the Legislature. The writer sat in the Assembly chamber while its members took the oath of office. He was ashamed of our San Francisco delegation; he always is. Its members—excepting two or three—looked like well-dressed fire Jakes out at a picnic or clamhake—a very "ornery" lot. We hope their ignorance may make them modest, and their individual ambitions to go to Congress may prompt them to a severe effort at keeping their mouths shut on all important occasions. The country members pleased us vastly. We think we know enough of faces to successfully prophesy that a good, sound working majority from the interior is composed of sensible, dignified, intelligent, and honest-minded gentlemen—enough to save San Francisco from the consequences of its own folly in sending uneducated, irresponsible, propertyless adventurers to legislate for its vast interests. If it were not for the country members, San Francisco, its property and its people, its commerce and its manufactures, would have gone to the devil years ago. It is too soon to suggest what Senators or Members will develop into leaders in either branch of the Legislature. We could name, even thus early, some few who will come out as pronounced idiots; they will disclose themselves as talking jumping-jacks very early in the session. They will spring to their feet with a sort of automatic jerk at every opportunity. They will be pronounced economists in stationery and small items of legislative expenditure; they will be harking watch-dogs of the Treasury, but will never bite when some great, red-handed, colossal thief plunges his arms elbow deep into the people's pocket. That provision of the new Constitution is an admirable one which provides that no law shall pass except by a majority of all the members upon roll-call; and it is a happy provision that the vote of the silent, reflective member counts one, while that of the noisy and galloping jackdaw of debate counts no more.

We shall not expect to find at this session of the Legislature that jealous feeling sometimes apparent between the country and the city. Our city of San Francisco is (in the

Assembly) so powerless and so utterly at the mercy of the members of the interior, that we shall hope its very unprotected condition may incite their sympathy and arouse the better and more generous feelings of its members. Our wealth, our great commerce, our three hundred thousand people, our public institutions, our industries, our vast and varied interests, are represented at the capital by men mostly destitute of experience and of learning. Most of them are propertyless, some of them are characterless, and some of them are mere adventurers, without the feeling and patriotism that comes from birth upon the soil. It is our shame and our calamity that this condition of things exists. It is our misfortune that behind the larger part of the San Francisco delegation there stands no intelligent and deeply interested constituency to demand of it faithful and honest legislation; that it is the party of an hour. Hence we say to Democrats, and to New Constitutionalists, and to Republicans of the interior, that San Francisco looks to them for protection. This sweeping estimate of what is known as the Workingmen's party has its reservation: there are several members of the Legislature who owe their advancement to it for whom we have great respect, and to whom we look for both intelligent and honest legislation; but they are not the men who may be seen dodging around the corners of the street with alien demagogues and political adventurers at Sacramento, or who in San Francisco spend idle and profligate lives in avoiding work. We commend to the country Workingman that when he is introduced to the sand-lot statesman, or the sand-lot lobbyist, that he feel his palm to ascertain if it is calloused with bones.

There is no class that is so well entitled to be esteemed honorable as the one that works. We mean as the one that, with its strong muscle and patient will, toils at manual labor for a day's wages. The labor of the brain brings its honors of position, and its emoluments that give the enjoyment of later ease, of culture, and of travel. The man that accepts in humility God's curse of daily toil, and does his duty manfully, and in performance of this duty aids to maintain a good wife and bring up the children she has borne him to manhood and womanhood, industrious, virtuous, God-fearing, and law-abiding, is entitled to be esteemed honorable; he is entitled to be considered respectable; he is to be treated as wise and good men treat good and honest men. His class is the foundation upon which is reared the social and political fabric. He is the stone upon which, in this land, the temple of republican liberty rests. He produces all the wealth, and when wealth is accumulated it is useless unless he continues to labor. Without him there would be no law, no government, no religion, no civilization, no society. The rich man's accumulations would turn to ashes, and the learned man would starve, unless the working man toiled continuously on. Therefore the Government, the church, the class, or the individual that ill treats labor or withholds from it all its just dues, is either cruel and cowardly, knavish or idiotic, or mad. God in his wisdom gives to a large class only one means of subsistence, and that is by the exercise of their unskilled physical labor; and society is so ordered that a laborer's daily bread, and that of his wife and children, oftentimes depends upon his daily toil. He must have work and adequate wages, or be and they will starve. When this alternative is presented, organized society must provide him with labor. There is no answer to be given when the palm of the man who is willing to work extends itself and asks for bread, other than to give him labor to earn his bread. To give bread without labor is to encourage idleness and mendicancy; to refuse the opportunity of labor is a brutal and selfish denial for which society is always punished, and always ought to be. The men of brains get the wealth of other men's labors and their own. Society is only an organized trust to dispense fairly and honestly the proceeds of labor. It is the working man's due to have employment, and out of employment enough to maintain himself and those who—being unable, by infirmity of years, or infancy, to toil—are dependent upon him. There is always something to do, and if there is not, labor must be found. The monuments of the prehistoric age—the Pyramids of Egypt, all the great works of antiquity—were built upon the recognition of this demand. Napoleon recognized it in his Parisian work, and no statesman is ignorant of this known factor in ruling a state that has a redundant population. If the time when despots may resort to war in order to give employment and divert the minds of dangerous classes from disturbing the state has not altogether passed away, still such a remedy is no remedy in a republican country. It is not even a temporary relief, and is always followed by taxes, burdens, and kindred oppressions that aggravate the evil it seeks to cure.

The proposed condemnation of Lake Merced for the purpose of supplying the city of San Francisco with water is, in our judgment, a deliberate, well-matured, and criminal attempt to get money from the tax-payers without an adequate equivalent. We do not believe that the Rancho de la Merced and its waters are worth one-half the money that Mr. Mahoney and his associates seek to get for them. We do not believe that there is any individual or corporation that would pay for Mr. Mahoney's interest in that property the

quarter of one million of dollars, if the individual or corporation was compelled to bring the water to this city for sale. It is not proved by any disinterested scientific person that the lake will produce four millions of gallons of water daily. The Spring Valley Company owns the west side of the lake from its waters to the ocean; it owns the outlet on both sides; it owns land, and has established pumping works and used them now for three years. Mr. Mahoney never claimed to be the exclusive owner of the lake, and the boundary line of his ranch runs through it. He owns no part of the outlet, and, so far as we know, he never appropriated the waters for public use by notice and by taking the necessary legal steps, while the Spring Valley Company did do this thing some three or four years ago. The fact then is, that Mr. Mahoney is the owner and tenant in common of a lake the waters of which he has no right to take out or divert except for domestic purposes; that the whole volume of water is not one-third of the present requirement of the city. He has no pumping works, machinery, or mode of distribution. He asks for this one and a half millions of dollars, and offers to sell it to San Francisco that it may be held as a stuffed cluh over the head of the Spring Valley Water Company. Its waters never will be, and never ought to be, brought into this city, because neither in quantity nor quality will they answer the purpose. As to quality, it is inferior; and the answer to this proposition, that Spring Valley used it on one occasion, is met by stating the fact that three million gallons of Merced water was mixed with six million of Spring Valley water. When this lake is purchased, what will the city do with it? Will another job of erecting pumping works and laying distributing pipes grow out of it? Shall we have a system of municipal water works to be run by politicians? To purchase Mr. Mahoney's undivided interest in the waters of this lake is but the beginning of an extravagant and profligate expenditure of money, and but the beginning of an endless and costly litigation. If the city buy this water the Spring Valley Water Company will enjoin its use, and, in our opinion, will make such injunction perpetual. When the Spring Valley Water Company began to pump at Lake Merced there was afforded Mr. Mahoney and his associates a good opportunity to test the question whether or not they were the sole owners of its waters. They did not do it. We believe they dared not do it, because we think they are not the sole owners of the waters of Lake Merced, nor can alone control their disposition.

Lake Merced is on a large scale what Washerwoman's Bay was on a smaller one. The lake, though further removed from the business centre than the laguna, is still within the city limits. Lake Merced is on the very level of the ocean; the laguna (Washerwoman's Bay) was some fifty feet in elevation; each was the receptacle of drainage. When we first knew the laguna it was a body of clear water, fed by a bold spring. In after years it became an offensive cess-pool, and was filled and drained, at great expense, by the city, as a sanitary measure, under the direction of the Board of Health. The Merced drains an area of some seven square miles, over which the city must inevitably extend unless the entire area is to be purchased by the city and kept unoccupied for the purpose of catchment. When the city does so extend, there is no plan within reasonable expenditure that can keep these waters clear. The waters of the lake will in time become stagnant and impure, and will demand to be drained or be thrown into open communication with the ocean. If this lake and its surrounding lands could, at a reasonable price, be purchased for a park and pleasure grounds, it would be well; but for ultimate use as a water-supply we believe it will be valueless. It is a strange fact that Mr. Mahoney, his friends, his creditors, and his hirelings, are the only people that seek to compel the city to take it. It looks like a job; and if we did not know that Mr. Mahoney, H. A. Cobb, Wm. F. White, Geo. Purdy, Messrs. Green, Fitch, and others were entirely above even the shadow of a suspicion of interested motives, we should suspect the existence of a conspiracy to sell this property to a city whose people don't want it, for an exorbitant price. We suggest to Messrs. H. Cobb & Co., Commissioners, and to Messrs. Schottler, Mason, Drake, Whitney, Fraser, Doane, and Bayly, Supervisors, that if this job gets through there will be a divided opinion in this community with regard to their official and personal integrity.

The message of Governor Perkins is an admirable document. It considers practical questions and makes practical suggestions, exhibits thought, and is dignified. It is an able State paper, and in marked contrast with most of our political manifestoes. Coming to us too late for extended comment this week, it shall be referred to again in discussion of the important questions treated of in it.

The gifted young Republican statesman by the name of Hardy, who kindly consented to allow the party to send him as its representative to Sacramento, disappointed those party friends who do not know him, by his somewhat boastful and vainglorious attitude of independence. He refused to coöperate with his thirty-six Republican associates in the election of Speaker. We are glad to know, however, that the wheel went round, notwithstanding the weight of this very small political fly.

AFTERMATH.

We tried very hard to think that Governor Garcelon was making an honest effort to purify the ballot-box of Maine. He is a man of advanced years, a good lawyer, and of honorable record, and we were not willing to look upon his attempt as a deliberate one to "Mexicanize" American politics. But in view of the curious fact that all the errors and omissions, all the mistakes and accidents, and all that was attributable to carelessness or crime, occurred in those districts where Republicans had a majority, makes us pause in our charitable estimate of this venerable Democrat. In fact, it rather looks as though this Maine Returning Board had not been guiltless of fraud and gross abuse of discretion in its endeavor to exact rigid conformity to critical rules. The added fact that this board is not willing to submit to the opinion of the Supreme Judges of the State, which opinion it consented to ask, looks at least suspicious. Before this is printed other facts may be elicited, and further history be made. We prophesy, however, that there will be no civil war to break out in Maine; that the cloud will blow over, and that the blue-eyed angel of peace will spread her white wings over the Penobscot.

The city of Brooklyn seems to be singularly favored in the matter of Aldermen. At the first meeting of the new Board, Alderman Dwyer in the chair, the gentleman's brother, "Johnny," the renowned pugilist, was nominated for Clerk of the Third District Court. At this point in the proceedings a respectable member named Dimon interposed an objection to the candidate on the ground of moral character and general fitness. Mr. Dimon was promptly ruled out of order and howled down by the gallery. Mr. Dimon protested that this was all exceedingly infamous, and had the unkindness to display a hideous woodcut of the candidate as he had appeared after an encounter in the ring with a gentleman who is probably now in the State Legislature. It was all to no purpose: the gladiator was triumphantly elected, and Mr. Dimon knows what it is like to oppose the will of the people. Brooklyn is called the City of Churches, and in the intervals of official duty Mr. John Dwyer will probably confirm his hold upon the religious heart by sailing in and cleaning out the impenitent.

We are happy to renew our acquaintance with an old and familiar editorial in the *Bulletin*. It came out on this occasion on the pardon of Morgan, Ver Mehr, and two others by Governor Irwin. It makes its appearance on all like occasions. We like it. We like it better and better as we read it year by year. Ver Mehr ought not to have been pardoned because he was not a criminal from his cradle up; because his father, good old Christian gentleman, wanted to see him before he died; because his mother pleaded for him with a mother's love; because he had relatives and friends who were being punished by his incarceration. Such men, according to the *Bulletin*, ought never to be pardoned, because their offense is greater than the sin of the criminal classes. Does not the *Bulletin*, in its moral snivel, forget that the punishment of such men is an hundred-fold greater than that of the ordinary chronic felon who delights to make his home in the Penitentiary, and who finds his most congenial association among convicts? The *Bulletin* knew these men were going to be pardoned; everybody knew it. It has been an open secret for weeks. We congratulate Governor Irwin upon this act of clemency, and think he did a just and generous act.

Another view of the matter is subjoined, in order that the reader may take his choice, according to his preference for prose or verse. If there were a middle ground we should endeavor, also, to occupy that:

FOUR OF A KIND.

Said Johnson: "What's the use to irk
Ver Mehr and Morgan with hard work?
'Twere most ungracious to be hard on
The men whom Irwin means to pardon."

Said Irwin: "Plainly 'tis not fair
To hold this Morgan and Ver Mehr.
Why should we give men food and raiment
Whom Johnson won't make work in payment?"

Alas, that Johnson's plans were such
That they did nothing, he did much!
More worthy actions had been numbered
If they had wrought and he had slumbered.

The State had benefitted, too,
If, in your zeal, O Irwin, you
Had let their terms pass undisputed,
Cutting your own until it suited.

Well, Jim and Alf, and Bill and Newt,
Each doffing his official suit,
And showing up as birds of a feather,
Retire from public life together.

In reply to a correspondent we beg to say that we *do*, indeed, think it about time to denounce this set and concerted persecution of Duncan by the "small depositors." Duncan has about as much chance, in our opinion, of getting into the State prison as Jack Stratman has of much longer keeping out of it. No jury, it is clear, can be got to convict him; each failure to agree makes eventual agreement less likely. At his first trial there were eleven jurymen for conviction, at his last only seven. In the meantime he is kept by excessive

bail in a kind of imprisonment so much worse than confinement in the penitentiary that conviction would be mercy. Duncan is old, utterly broken, bankrupt in fortune and respectability. His wife and family are suffering for the necessities of life. His punishment, with its alternations of promise and despair, its vicissitudes of hope and horror, is already greater than the offense of which he is accused. If Jack Stratman will not let go his hold on Duncan's shank, but is determined to fetch away a mouthful of tendons, Jack should have his tail twisted.

Mr. James Redpath is in this city, or has been, and has kindly undertaken to give his views of Mr. Thomas Nast, the caricaturist of *Harper's Weekly*, whose first cartoon, Mr. Redpath is pleased to say, "was a declaration of independence against English and Irish domination—the inauguration of American liberalism in art." It was a declaration of independence of every rule of art, too, and so was his last, and all the intermediate ones. Mr. Nast is simply not an artist. He has a keen instinct of humor, a happy knack at hitting off a likeness, a nose for political absurdities, and an almost perfect lack of even elementary knowledge of art. He can not *draw* at all, and if he is the exponent of "American liberalism in art"—whatever that may have the goodness to be—we really do not know whose work best represents the wide and catholic ignorance that knows no east, no west, no north, no south, no times or seasons, no national boundaries and no universal law. Mr. Nast is admirable within the limits of his capacity; he has done good work of its kind; but it is in no sense art, nor allied to art.

Mrs. Meeker publishes a "card" in which she recounts the true story of the treatment to which she and her daughter and Mrs. Price were subjected by the Utes—a story the truth of which was obvious enough from the first, without the telling. We think Mrs. Meeker would have done better to keep this heart-breaking narrative out of print and out of speech. Apart from the other and personal disadvantages of publication, it has given occasion to all the blackguards of the local and Colorado press to exalt their unpleasant voices in a concerted clamor for blood. Blood is good enough, and that of a flirtatious Ute is particularly grateful to the nostril, and its rippling flow especially pleasing to the eye. What we object to in connection with this matter is the voice of the blackguards.

Apostle Taylor—hear him shout:
"Polygamy you can't wipe out!"
We mean not, Dogma's barking pup,
To wipe it out, but wipe it up.

A large envelope marked "Department of State, U.S.A." Under this the words, "A penalty of \$300 is fixed by law for using this envelope for other than official business." Contents of envelope a printed sheet; on one page a letter from Secretary Evarts to Governor McCormick, asking him if he would accept a diplomatic appointment, and tenderly mentioning his services at the Paris exposition—on the other a letter from Governor McCormick to Secretary Evarts, declining appointment. Nothing else. Is the sending of this thing to us "official business"? If not, does the man for the gratification of whose vanity it was sent owe three hundred dollars to the United States Treasury? Or will Secretary Evarts be obliging enough to pay the fine for the satisfaction of showing us his method of complimenting a man by offering him something which it is understood he is not to accept?

The wife of Mr. Jonesmith has the misfortune to be more good than beautiful. On the San Rafael boat, the other day, the writer overheard this bit of conversation: *Brown-jones*.—"That fellow Jonesmith is outrageously unfaithful to his wife." *Smith-brown*.—"For example?" *Br*.—"O, I don't know any particular instance." *Sm*.—"Ah, you are a physiognomist—you think he looks like it." *Br*.—"Never saw him; I think *she* looks like it."

That good old man, J. Madison Wells, of New Orleans, is about to be thrown upon the heartless world to shift for himself by browsing round outside of politics: his term of office as Surveyor of Customs is about to expire, and Hayes will not reappoint him. The veteran is naturally in favor of Grant, whom he considers "one of the greatest military geniuses the world ever saw," we suppose.

There has been an explosion of celluloid, with disastrous consequences, in New York. Celluloid is a kind of thing which is made into collars for dogs and hoodlums. If it will explode on their necks and send the heads of them flying into the middle of the next pic-nic season, it will perform a good and beneficent service.

There is a society lady of this city who recently walked from one of the leading hotels to South San Francisco, thence across the hills to the park, thence home to the point of starting. The distance by the route taken was at least twelve miles, yet the lady who accomplished the feat was so little tired thereby that she spent the evening in promenading the hotel corridors with some friends. Possibly there are nether

San Francisco ladies who are in the habit of making long walks and can do so with equal ease. But the habit is certainly not a fashionable one. The lady whose example has been noted is pretty enough and bright enough to set the fashion, if her name might fairly be made public. The formation of social walking clubs—limited in membership to three or four ladies and an equal number of gentlemen—would reveal to society eyes a vast amount of beautiful peninsula scenery and add a healthful supplement to the "witchery of archery" and the social opportunities of lawn tennis.

OUR SOLONS.

St. Peter, leaning o'er his gate
(Opened infrequently of late,
For, heedless of what Kallioch said,
Men aped his practices instead—
Directed in the road they chose
Not by his finger, but his toes),
Had cast on earth his anxious eye,
Some upward pilgrim to descry,
But saw not one between his post
And the remote Pacific Coast.
But down upon an arid plain
That stretches inland from the main
He saw a pushing, struggling crowd
Engaged in altercation loud;
No fighting dogs e'er raised such Ned,
Nor tomcats cursing on a shed.
"Come here, R. A.," he called, and the
Recording Angel ran to Pe-
ter's side, and asked, "What's up?" "Why, look!"
Said Peter, "Something for your book!
Note that unholy squabble there—
The lies and oaths that load the air!"
The Angel glanced upon the fray,
Then turned and calmly walked away.
"Oh, bother!" he remarked; "I've got
No stomach to write up that lot.
Each second year the rascals swarm
To Sacramento to perform
Some kind of circus or a show;
Immoral, doubtless—I don't know:
I've orders to ignore the rabble,
And make no entries of their gabble.
Of how they've stolen, sworn, fought, lied,
They'll find no 'record,' when they've died,
Up here, to which to 'point with pride.'"

The Senate and Assembly pay Mr. John F. Swift the compliment of its nearly unanimous indorsement to the Chinese mission. It is not yet settled, however, that Mr. Seward, the present Minister, will be recalled. There are those who profess to know that he will not be disturbed during the present administration. Mr. Swift would make a serviceable and intelligent official at the capital of China, and we should be glad of his appointment, if Mr. Seward is to withdraw.

Edison at Menlo Park bids the listening gas-men "hark!" while they wag each sinful ear, half in anger, half in fear, catching every word that slips from between his wizard lips: "Hark, ye wreckers of estate! Repent, reform, or fly from fate. For the doom ye long have earned burns more fierce than gas e'er burned. Go found orphanages, go and pay for fuel, where the snow howls 'round tenements as bleak as the Christian creeds ye speak. Turn your gas-jets into grates, sell your gas at cordwood rates. And so 'scape the vengeful fates."

We are delighted to know that the music teacher at the House of Correction is retained, and that the æsthetic education of the young gentlemen who are about to graduate at the Industrial School will not be neglected. When the festive young hoodlum is turned out upon society, he will be in possession of at least one accomplishment, namely, that of music.

Grove Johnson clamors for an Act
To make us editors retract
All words not founded upon fact.

If e'er on any thin pretense
We have committed the offense
Of calling Grove a man of sense,

We'll take it back without a law—
We stand in such Philistine awe
Of his ungently wielded jaw!

The *Chronicle* of Sunday last had an article profusely illustrated—like Kearney's speeches—with a show of hands. The *Chronicle* ought to know something of hands, certainly; its proprietors have had more opportunities to study the palms of jurors, grand and petit, while their owners were absorbed in a rapt contemplation of the horizon, than anybody in San Francisco. The hand of fellowship, with clean nails, they know less about.

The meanest attempt that has yet been made to blacken the character of General Grant in the interest of some other no aspirant is that of the New York *Tribune*, which asserts that during his recent visit to Philadelphia the garrulous Galenean refused to receive Mr. Belknap when that statesman called to pay his respects to his former chief. The story is not only false, it is malicious: Grant received Mr. Belknap with the same simple dignity and unpretentious cordiality that he would have extended to any other thief.

Boston finds fault with "the culture of the West" because a Chicago girl said Henry James, Jr., had "no heart," and suggested that he could not be "compared with Shakspeare." Perhaps the author of *Daisy Miller* has been making a personal "study" of the Western heart, or, possibly, a girl did not know that Shakspeare was born in

TO MY OLD PIPE.

Ah, here you are, in the same old place.
Come out, Old Pipe, of your well-worn case.
Yes, sure enough, 'tis the meerschau bowl!
And amber mouthpiece, unbroken, whole.

How many rare hours we've passed together!
You made me heedless of stormy weather,
And kept me up pretty late at night
When I colored this clay that was once pure white.

I'll fill your bowl with this fine long-cut,
'Tis the good old brand of the "whisky butt."
There now—well lighted, and drawing good;
Ah ha! Stop smoking? Who could, who could?

Yes, many an hour of rest and ease,
When nothing else had power to please,
I owe to you, Old Pipe, true friend,
Who sorrow soothe and comfort lend.

I've smoked you by the camp-fire's light,
In the dear old woods, of a summer's night;
In the hunter's cabin, shut in by snow;
At home, abroad, with high and low.

And when the midnight oil I've burned,
And long the printed pages turned,
A philosophic, calm review,
And, after, sleep were due to you.

"Who loves not women, wine, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long."
The couplet is more old than true;
They cease to please with time—not you.

The weed and wine and song are good,
But women, in all likelihood,
More pain than peace give us poor men;
The weed and wine and song sing, then.

And now, these piping verses done,
Panned half in sadness, half in fun,
Good-night, My Pipe—they end in smoke—
We'll leave them to the critic's croak.

RENO, Nev., January, 1880. W. A. LAWSON.

OUR WATER RATES.

[The following interesting and readable communication upon the water question is furnished us by a writer from Australia. His views are so nearly in harmony with those expressed by us from time to time that we have given the article space in our columns.]

At the founding of San Francisco it might be said that a person standing on one of the local hills could see "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." As the city increased in population it became apparent that the water supply, to be pure and abundant, must be brought hither in pipes from a distance, or obtained from artesian wells. The latter would not answer the purpose, because, according to the opinions of able civil engineers, not more than six million gallons a day would be yielded from artesian wells sunk in the city, while the daily local consumption approximates 10,000,000 gallons, and is constantly increasing. It is unnecessary to rehearse the history of the Spring Valley Water Works, from which the city obtains the most of its aqueous supply. That history has been told and retold by the local press. But a consideration of the subject, founded on experience, from the opening of the works to the present time, gives rise to reflections and suggestions which may properly be laid before our readers.

At the outset we may observe that the most thoughtful of the citizens, those whose conclusions are entitled to weight, are of the opinion that the water supply should not be in the hands of any private company; that the works should be owned and operated by the municipality. As a matter of fact, there are only two cities in the world—London, England, and San Francisco—which are provided with water by private corporations, namely: London, by eight of such bodies; and our city, by the one mentioned. New York was compelled to buy out the old Manhattan Water Works at an immense cost. It was so, also, in Chicago, Albany, Rochester, and a great number of other large towns, where the inhabitants cheerfully assented to the purchasing of the water works of private companies, so that the whole system might be under municipal control. The arguments in favor of this are obvious, and will readily suggest themselves to every reflective reader.

A question of equal importance is: Who should pay for the water? In this respect the Spring Valley Water Works Company occupies an anomalous position, one which would not be tolerated if the concern was in the hands of the municipality. Unlike in England, the northern and eastern States of the Union, on the European Continent, and in Australia—in all which places a water tax is assessed against property—here in San Francisco the consumer has to pay for the water. This practically makes a present to the landlords of all the water used in quenching conflagrations, etc. It is true that in many places where the tax is imposed on property the landlords stipulate with their tenants that the latter shall pay the rate; but a special contract of that kind is quite beside the question at issue, and with it the public are not concerned. A moment's reflection will show that the landlords are deeply interested, as well as the tenants, in having a plentiful supply of water. The owners of houses know that such a bountiful provision is calculated to cause a speedy extinguishment of fires, and also to reduce insurance rates to a minimum. Suppose there was no water supply sufficient to throw a stream twenty feet from the ground, what would be the upshot? Either that the insurance companies would not insure at all, or that they would charge such a high premium as to make house property scarcely worth having. For these, therefore, and other reasons which might be stated, it is manifest that the tax should be against property, and it should be left to the landlords and their tenants to make a proper *pro rata* estimate as to their respective interests in the water supply, and the amounts they should pay respectively of the tax. In New York four-fifths of the water rates are paid by the landlords and only one-fifth by the tenants. A fact like that speaks more forcibly than a thousand arguments in favor of the tax being levied on property.

Another anomaly, but perfectly consistent with the unsound principle of compelling the company to look to the consumers for payment, is that only about forty per cent. of the buildings in San Francisco are insured,

leaving, of course, sixty per cent. uninsured. This can be accounted for on only two hypotheses. First, that the owners are so well satisfied with the abundant water supply, and the efficiency of the Fire Department, that they consider the risk of loss by fire so trifling as to render insurance needless, or, at least, unprofitable; or, secondly, that there are landlords here who own so many houses that they can better afford to lose one occasionally by fire than to insure them all. The latter principle is frequently adopted with regard to personal property as well as to real estate. For example, the great London shipping firm of Green & Green never insures its vessels. The firm is what is technically termed its own insurer. But we apprehend that few, if any, San Francisco landlords act on that principle, but rather on the first hypothesis mentioned. Without paying any insurance or water tax, they ostensibly enjoy all the advantages of an abundant water supply and an efficient Fire Department. This surely is not just. The fire brigade act just as energetically in extinguishing an uninsured as an insured dwelling, and the insurance companies are compelled to indorse such action, for the reason that a conflagration might spread from uninsured to insured buildings.

As a necessary outcome of the state of things described, much injustice is done to both the consumers and the Spring Valley Company. The rates paid are at least *four times too high*, and yet the corporation does not reap a proper or adequate return for the money invested. Instead of a simple and efficient water tax of so much per cent. on the real estate valuation of the city, there is the following complicated scale of monthly charges for tenements occupied by a single family of not more than five persons:

GROUND SURFACE COVERED BY TENEMENT.	One Story.	Two Stories.	Three Stories.	Four Stories.	Five Stories.
600 to 700 square feet ...	\$2 00	\$2 00	\$2 25	\$2 50	\$2 75
700 to 800 " " " "	2 00	2 25	2 50	2 75	3 00
800 to 900 " " " "	2 25	2 50	2 75	3 00	3 25
900 to 1000 " " " "	2 50	2 75	3 00	3 25	3 50
1000 to 1200 " " " "	2 75	3 00	3 25	3 50	3 75
1200 to 1400 " " " "	3 00	3 25	3 50	3 75	4 00
1400 to 1600 " " " "	3 25	3 50	3 75	4 00	4 25
1600 to 1800 " " " "	3 50	3 75	4 00	4 25	4 50
1800 to 2000 " " " "	3 75	4 00	4 25	4 50	4 75
2000 to 2200 " " " "	4 00	4 25	4 50	4 75	5 00
2200 to 2400 " " " "	4 25	4 50	4 75	5 00	5 25
2400 to 2600 " " " "	4 50	4 75	5 00	5 25	5 50
2600 to 2800 " " " "	4 75	5 00	5 25	5 50	5 75
2800 to 3000 " " " "	5 00	5 25	5 50	5 75	6 00
3000 to 3200 " " " "	5 25	5 50	5 75	6 00	6 25
3200 to 3400 " " " "	5 50	5 75	6 00	6 25	6 50
3400 to 3600 " " " "	5 75	6 00	6 25	6 50	6 75
3600 to 3800 " " " "	6 00	6 25	6 50	6 75	7 00
3800 to 4000 " " " "	6 25	6 50	6 75	7 00	7 25

Nor is that all; there are a number of other confused and perplexing charges. If a one-story house covers a greater area than 4,000 square feet, 25 cents are added for each additional 200 feet; and for each additional story, 25 cents. If a family consist of more than five persons, 25 cents additional are charged for each additional person. For every bathing-tub in private houses a dollar is charged; in barbers' shops, \$2. For every horse, and water for washing one vehicle, a dollar; every additional horse, 50 cents, and every additional vehicle a dollar. It would be tedious to give all the petty and positively vexatious items, such as 25 cents for every guest in a hotel or lodging-house, so much for every 25 square yards of garden or pleasure ground, etc., etc. Now, these rates, per month, are not simply enormous—they are outrageous; and if they were charged by a municipality they would be termed extortionate. Nevertheless, it is the system that is to be blamed, and not the company; for, as stated, it does not obtain a suitable return for its investment. One of the charges by meter reads: "Fifty cents per thousand gallons, provided the monthly bill shall not be less than \$50." Not less than \$600 a year for water! Monstrous! The company itself admits that the charges are four times too high; but, in point of fact, they are five or six times too high, as any person may discern by consulting statistics on the subject. The remedy for this state of affairs is that already hinted at: an *ad valorem* tax on the real estate of the city, instead of the existing method. So far as we know, no fault is to be imputed to the conduct or management of the Spring Valley Company. The water is good, the supply is abundant, and the present works are capable of furnishing water for many times the present number of inhabitants.

By way of contrast of systems adopted for paying for a city's aqueous supply, we will briefly describe the Yan Yean Water Works which supply Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, Australia, and the mode of payment in force for the commodity. But first, we may observe that there are in Victoria alone—one of the youngest of the seven Australian colonies—no fewer than 43 elaborate water works, constructed at an aggregate cost of nearly \$15,000,000, the Yan Yean works, for the capital, having cost \$5,000,000. The reservoir for these works—nearly 25 miles from Melbourne—is on three sides naturally bounded by hills, and a vast lake is formed by the artificial construction of an embankment 3,159 feet in length and 30 feet high, connecting two bluffs. The space so inclosed had been the only outlet for the drainage of a watershed of about 45,000 acres. The lake, or reservoir, contains about 1,300 acres, the greatest depth being 25 feet and average 18. At one side of the reservoir runs the river Plenty—a stream of crystalline purity—so called because it is never failing, although in summer it is only a few inches deep; a small dog could wade across it. From the Plenty the water is conducted into the reservoir by an aqueduct, and the supply is thereby capable of being adjusted by a sluice, by means of which a regulated influx takes place. At the end of the reservoir, from which the huge pipes conveying the water to the city are fed, there is a "water-tower" which regulates the depth from which the water in the reservoir runs into the pipes.

The discharge of the river Plenty, where it supplies the reservoir, was ascertained in one summer to be only six and a half cubic feet per second, equal to a yearly supply of eight and a half million cubic yards, and capable of occupying only a mean depth of three and half feet in the reservoir, which is less than the actual evaporation, estimated by observation at five feet. But the reservoir is fed by a drainage basin of sixty square miles of generally a steep character. Before the reservoir was inclosed by the artificial embank-

ment mentioned, the ground was covered with thousands of tons of charcoal, which aids in purifying the water. It reaches Melbourne as clear as water from a mountain spring. The works were constructed by the government, and a small property tax is levied and collected. Pipes from the mains are laid on to all the houses and lots in the city, and payment by all the property-owners is rendered obligatory. They may, of course, and do, make arrangements with their tenants for payment of the whole or a *pro rata* share of the tap, the landlords being interested to the extent of acquiring the water for the extinguishment of fires, and the low rates of insurance companies consequent on a copious supply of water. The property water-tax does not amount to one-sixth of the charges made by the Spring Valley Water Works Company, and yet the income, on account of the more extended and equitable distribution, is larger than the money yield from San Francisco. The population of our city and that of Melbourne are almost identical—three hundred thousand.

Before closing these remarks we would invite attention to one more very important matter in this connection. The Yan Yean reservoir is about six hundred feet higher than Melbourne, while the reservoirs of the Spring Valley water supply are a little more than half that altitude above San Francisco. Now, the water-power from both, instead of being allowed to go to waste, should be largely utilized. Let us make a little calculation. The water of the Yan Yean reservoir has a motive power of two and a half horses per foot of fall, which, multiplied by the approximate height above Melbourne—600 feet—would result in a total water-power of 1,500 horses, eighty per cent. of which, or that of 1,200 horses, could be made available by means of the turbine, or horizontal water-wheel, the useful effect of which has been proved up to that percentage. This power would be able to break about 2,000,000 cubic yards of road material in the year at a cost of half a cent per cubic yard, a quantity sufficient for 34½ miles of streets, laid thirty feet wide, with nine inches deep of broken stone.

Mr. Alden, of the New York Times, evidently shares the weakness of journalists for military criticism. After describing the recent hostilities in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church at Pittsburg, he asserts, in effect, that the congregation blundered whenever its two factions engaged. "Not the slightest knowledge," he says, "of the elementary principles of strategy was shown, and the means of assuring victory, which would have been apparent even to an average militia colonel, were totally disregarded. It may be laid down as a principle of church fighting that the pupil is the commanding position. The party which wished to conquer at Pittsburg should have occupied the pulpit in strong force at an early hour, posting, at the same time, a number of picked elders on the pulpit stairs. The choir-gallery should also have been occupied, thus placing the body of the congregation between two fires. Had this been done by the Clyde party, it would have been impossible for the Woodside party to hold services in any part of the building, unless they could have successfully stormed both the pulpit and the choir-gallery. This might possibly have been done, but the struggle would have been a hard one, and the carnage would have been fearful. Nevertheless, neither party seems to have thought of this method of securing victory. There was also a failure on the part of all the combatants—with the single exception of the man with the poker—to use their weapons with any efficiency. The fire of Bibles and hymn-books from the back-pews was nearly ineffectual. Those weapons have a comparatively short range, and, except in the case of a plunging fire from a gallery, do little execution at a long distance. There was a large fifteen-inch Bible in the pulpit that would have done tremendous execution had it been thrown into the struggling mass of elders at the foot of the pulpit stairs, but no one had intelligence or presence of mind enough to use it. There were also foot-stools in many of the pews, which might have been effectively used, but the 'Covenanters' seem to have entirely forgotten the example of Jenny Geddes, and not a foot-stool was used. Such a fight as this does not deserve the name of a battle. A dozen stalwart Irish Roman Catholics, accustomed to ecclesiastical fights with their Orange enemies, or a small gang of earnest Methodists inured to expelling roughs from Missouri or Arkansas camp-meetings, could have put the entire First Reformed Presbyterian Church to flight in five minutes."

The Indianapolis Herald has no patience with ladies who use pet names. And the Herald is right. Speaking of Miss Mamie Smith, who was recently admitted to practice at the bar of Kentucky it says: "Can it be possible that a woman of sufficient learning and intelligence to be admitted to practice law would permit herself to be known to the world by such a pet name? What dignified fame can she expect to acquire with the name of 'Mamie'?" What would have been the success of such men as George Washington, Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, Rufus Choate, Ulysses S. Grant, Henry Ward Beecher, Oliver P. Morton, Thomas A. Hendricks, Conrad Baker, and Jonathan W. Gordon had they attempted to acquire position and fame by starting out in life as 'Dordie' Washington, 'Hoddie' Greeley, 'Charlie' Sumner, 'Rufie' Choate, 'Lyssie' Grant, 'Harrie' Beecher, 'Nollie' Morton, 'Tommie' Hendricks, 'Coonie' Baker, and 'Jontie' Gordon?"

Miss Lilian Whiting, on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati Commercial, stays at her post until eleven o'clock at night, and is then accompanied to a horse car which passes the door and leaves her at her own home. Miss Whiting looks the picture of strong, healthy, fresh young life. She enjoys her intellectual work, and has proved that a woman can do well on a daily paper.

The latest Yankee discovery is a spring in Michigan so strongly magnetic that a man who drank from it and went into a blacksmith's shop found the anvil on which he sat stuck fast to him, and had to have it amputated.

A young man of Cleveland, Ohio, deeply in love with a Jewish maiden whom he wished to marry, recently renounced his Christian faith and embraced that of his betrothed. It is not difficult to determine beforehand who will "run" that family.

THE WIDOW'S COUNSEL.

She Throws a Brand of Discord into the Pard's Family Circle.

TUTTLETOWN, January 4, 1879.

POOR FELLOW:—The Lord only knows how much I pity you, Jim. Not a day passes that I don't weep a bucketful for you. The sight of an idiot always did affect me that way, and I've never really recovered from the effects of my visit to the Stockton asylum four years ago. But, Jim, you're served mighty well right. I warned you against *fashionable women* long before you made this break. If you hadn't been a natural-born numbskull you'd a heeded what I said to you, and you wouldn't be squirming now. Only five days married, and asking advice of another woman! Why, Jim, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; and if you weren't what you are—a fool of the deepest dye—you'd never lift your head again. Jim, it isn't the square thing to write to a woman *unknown to your wife*. That's flat, and even that chronic old drunkard, Bill Belcher, will tell you the same thing. And then to call your *wife* the old woman is the worst in the deck. Jim Snaggleby, if you was my husband, and I should hear of you calling me your old woman, I'd tear that old bald-headed scalp of yours out by the roots. In the first place, it ain't a decent way of talking about women anyhow; and in the second place, no woman ever is old until she's paraded round the country in the side-show of a circus as the sister of one of General Washington's body-servants.

I don't care a snap of my little finger how married life is *agreeing with you*; and as for your *Maud* being *queer* or *jealous*, I care a mighty sight less. I've had some experience with her style of females, herself included, and I've gauged her gait from heel to toe. She played you for a sardine, and held out both bowers and the ace. She covered every trick, and the first thing you know there'll be war in the camp. You've deeded most of your property over to her; you've given old Tarbox all your loose cash, and, if Bill Belcher isn't sober enough to get it himself, you'll make over the balance to a blear-eyed old bundle of bones who has *the honor* to be *Maud's aunt*. You'll be lucky if they leave you your soul; but they say the devil takes care of his own, and as he's probably got a mortgage on that part of your personal property, he won't let his human imps euchre him out of the valuable plunder.

That hotel business shows up you and Bill about as well as anything could, the only difference between you and Bill Belcher being that he was born so, and you inherited your idiocy. You needn't be so surprised at the discovery that society women who are married are not *wives*. And if you hunt round lively, maybe you'll find out that society *dicks*, as you call them, who are married, are not husbands. They are *gentlemen*. So, Jim, you can congratulate yourself on being a gentleman, even if you are married to the daughter of a beef contractor who sold mule meat to the soldiers during the war, and called it *supplies*. Coming down to business, you want to know how long it'll take for you and your *lady* to even up on the love racket. Well, Jim, I'll tell you. As soon as they've got all your coin, and you ain't no more use to them as a monkey show in the parlor, her love'll slide down to zero, and as soon as you find out that the whole thing was a put-up job, perhaps your *lady* will fetch zero, too. It's a case of *perhaps* in your case, but it's a dead-shot in hers. The truth of the matter is that it's away below zero with her now, but the chances are that it'll climb a little after you're out of the way, because, as they say, *distance lends enchantment to the view*, and *absence makes the heart grow fonder*. And that's why I pity you, Jim. I've taken your advice about addressing this letter to Bill Belcher, but I sent a copy of it to you, so that if the *peaked institution*, as you call her, which is Maud's aunt, opens it *by mistake*, she can get some idea of what I think of her. If, as you say, she's been in the habit of *opening your letters by mistake*, I think she'll acknowledge she's caught a tartar in this one. I've heard of this Evangeline Snooks before. Bill gives us her photograph in a letter to Frisbie, describing your wedding, and nearly everybody in the county's read it; and if it'll do her any good to know it, she's the laughing-stock of Tuolumne of 1,200 horses, could be made available by means of the County, from the Confidence Mine to Don Pedro's Bar, and from the Mono line to Jackass Hill. It was the best thing Bill ever did, and by the time you get this, Maud's aunt will be *famous* from Sheep Ranch to Coppertown, over in Calaveras. I hope the *old heptagon*, as you call her, *will* open this letter *by mistake*. Only, Jim, you'll have to look out for squalls and land-slides, and maybe earthquakes, after this. Bill said she enameled, and I hope she'll poison him for saying it, because, as you know, I don't like your drunken *pard* any better than she does. He said she was a shadow, a skeleton, a beak-nosed old scarecrow, and I don't know what else. Why, Jim, for fear that she won't have the *pleasure* of knowing how Bill's *flattered* her, I've a good mind to direct this letter to her *by mistake*, but I'll give you a chance to grin at her whenever she sets out to make it uncomfortable for you or Bill, because, you see, she'll hardly dare, being *high-toned*, to acknowledge that she opened the letter. Of course, you are on the lookout for the letters, so I'll send the one to you off first. She'll be apt to get it, and won't have time to get Bill's. If she should manage to make the rifle on Bill's letter I'll fix it so that he will have her arrested for opening letters that didn't belong to her, and then I'll have the *extreme pleasure* of appearing against her. But, Jim, give her that bank account Maud's *hinting round about*, as you say in your letter to me. Don't mind Bill. He wants a slice himself. There's square up-and-up advice on that subject, anyhow.

As for Bill's scrape with the *flighty piece*, as you call Miss Ogilethorpe in that letter of yours, I hope you'll make it an object for them to marry. I think a present of \$10,000 would fix it. I'll bet she wouldn't sell for more than that figure at auction, and I'm sure she ain't worth a tenth of that sum to anyone but Bill Belcher. If the Snooks woman don't show this to the Ogilethorpe person I've wasted my ink for nothing, and Bill won't *fall quite as hard as I intended him to*. As you have told me all your family affairs, and the Snooks has read this letter, that lady of yours will, in all probability, make it very salubrious for you on general principles. But you've got one friend. Bill and you can always get the best kind of advice by writing to her, *unknown to your wife*—lady, I mean. Don't be backward, Jim; but when

you've got any little family *snarls* to *untangle* just drop your *friend* a line, and she'll fetch you through with flying colors. That friend, Jim, is, Yours truly, PRISCILLA JONES.

P. S.—Maud's aunt must see a copy of this letter. If she don't get hold of it any other way, I'll drop her a line to be on the lookout, and hold this one back. I'm doing this out of *friendship*, Jim.

To JAMES SNAGGLEBY, Los Angeles, Cal.

A Terrible Revenge.

SONORA, January 4, 1879.

MISS SNOOKS:—If you will *take the trouble* to investigate Mr. Snaggleby's mail on the next day after you receive this, you will learn something to your advantage, as well as the advantage of Maud and Miss Ogilethorpe. It is not exactly the thing, you know, for him to correspond with *other women*, and his *lady* still living. Be very careful about securing the mail matter, as Jim will be on the watch for the particular one referring to you and Maud.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

To EVANGELINE SNOOKS, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Charming Conversationalist.

The good conversationalist has many gifts, none of which are intrusive. He or she is called by some general term charming, delightful, fascinating, but seldom clever. All the gifts are spontaneous—felt, not criticised; but when one possessing them comes into a room, daylight seems to enter. Good conversation is never ostentatious—it is facile and simple, gently capricious, gracefully lively; it has the easy charm that makes something of nothing, giving value to the commonplace from the fashion of utterance. It must be Proteus-like—ever changing. It must be prepared, never be a preoccupation or a pretension; never seek to be epigrammatic, witty, sentimental, or romantic. Fate has its revenge on those who seek to elude this law of spontaneity. If it be annoying enough to think of the repartee that would so effectively have capped our friend's last speech, when the discussion between us is a thing of the past and he is out of earshot, it is yet more mortifying when, next time we meet, and cunningly bring round the talk to the point where we left off, and at the proper place shoot off our polished and cherished repartee, to find it fall, nevertheless, like an arrow from an unstrung bow.

The secret of conversation lies, *par excellence*, in its improvisation. It is the word rising fresh and sparkling from the inspiring source of the present emotion. It is noteworthy of the good conversationalist that he never interrupts, and that an unerring tact warns him when the subject in hand begins to pall. If there be a story to tell, he rides the hobby with a light saddle; hastens over uninteresting details like a good horseman coming to the jump; takes a pull when near the fence, makes at it, and comes to land safe amid laughter and applause. He knows the right moment for his story, and is not so dotingly fond of it that if there comes a chill he will not likely drop it and turn to some other topic. Many a clever member of society may travel from Dan to Beersheba and be dull, with never a word to say of his journeys or adventures. The conversationalist will merely walk to the post-office or to the shop, and, like a bee after a little flowery turn returning with its store of honey, he will bring back amusing comment and humorous observation that will rouse the languid and interest the sick. To his other gifts must necessarily be added that of being a good listener—it is the supplement that completes the whole. His foremost virtue is the precious power of sympathy, enlarged by observation, to which is added the discipline of wide and varied culture. Only under like conditions from the barren soil of talk can spring the flowers of conversation.

A lady correspondent in France writes as follows: "What queer ideas you Americans have over there!" said a Frenchwoman to me as we stood one day waiting for our glasses to be filled at one of the springs of Vichy. "Such a droll people! But is it really true that you make grow the potato (sweet potato) by wetting a common potato vine with molasses and water?" "Heugh! those miserable, radical Americans," said an Imperialist once in my hearing; "they plant their dead fathers and mothers in their vegetable gardens, that thus their beans and asparagus may have more nourishing properties." "Your American mothers seem to us mad," said a Frenchman. "They often permit their daughters to go away on traveling excursions of a week at a time with their *fiancés*. Of course it is true, for I read it in the *Figaro*." "What would your men do if your American ladies did not provide spittoons in their drawing-rooms? Do you believe they really would spit upon the floor?" said another. "The only American woman I ever saw had a great beard," said a stout paysanne to me among the mountains of Auvergne. "I saw her in a show the year I went to Lyons. I thought all American women were like that. But I am sure you are quite as pretty as a Frenchwoman," she added, patronizingly. It was in that same village, forty miles from a railway, and in so secluded a mountain nook that it was the site of a Trappist monastery, that I was followed by every inhabitant of the village as I walked with my French companion through the main street. "Look at the American," they cried to each other; "she's painted to look like a Frenchwoman!" I had not an atom of powder upon my face, and I had traveled fourteen miles since morning in an open carriage under an August sun. That I was as red as a dahlia was only proof that my natural coffee color lay deep under layers of cosmetic. For did not all those Auvergnats know well that all Americans are negroes?

It is said to be the intention of the Empress Eugénie so to time her visit to Zululand that she may be on the spot where her son met his death on the anniversary of that sad event, the first day of June. Lieutenant Carey will not be detailed as the escort of the illustrious lady in that sad pilgrimage. This sombre duty will be devolved upon Sir Evelyn Wood, for whom the poor Prince Louis conceived a great regard during the latter's short career in Zululand.

Mrs. Cecelia died recently in Philadelphia, aged one hundred years. She was the beloved daughter of Celia Logan, who writes European letters for the *Morning Call*. Gone to join her daughter's "constant readers."

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

The Swedish army has a corps of skaters. It must be a beautiful sight to see an entire company strike an air hole.

Thou gay-plumed bird, whose gorgeous, fan-like tail Doth flit around the barn-yard like a vessel's sail. Whose warning squawk is heard on pleasant days and murky. We think of thee, and how we long to eat thee, lovely turkey!

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady last evening a razor, neatly inclosed in a handsome silk-lined case, and labeled "Butter-knife."

Whatever else an ill-mannered man may do, he is not likely to eat raw oysters with a common table-knife.

Leave out those who talk about what they don't know and those who know what they don't talk about, and how much smaller would the population of Delaware be than that of any other State?

The Massachusetts Supreme Court decides that a woman is competent to testify as to her own age. But it doesn't tell how to make them do it.

Did you ever notice that the man who calls a baby "a brat" never knows as much in a week as a ten-pound baby does in a minute?

Boys must be disciplined. The palm of the parental hand will do, if applied during the first five years; a switch, if delayed five years longer; and a club, put off till three times five years are attained. After that, as demonstrated twice in Chicago during the past week, fathers have to shoot rebellious sons dead on the spot.

Italian lawyers will plead a case lasting three days for \$5. Such being the fact in the case, wouldn't it be money in the pockets of most of us to import fewer Italian organ-grinders and more Italian lawyers?

There is no egotism, no meanness nor nothin' in this editorial from the *Atlanta Constitution*: "Lotta said recently that she wanted a man of sense to admire her for once. Previous engagements compelled us to allow the opportunity to slide while Lotta was in Atlanta."

Probably you never heard of a ginger-bread barometer. A French editor has one—a General in ginger-bread. He buys one at a fair once a year and nails it to the wall at home. Damp weather softens and dry weather hardens ginger-bread, and the editor can tell by touching the figure with his finger what kind of a day it is going to be.

A little pair of gloves that yet Retain the smell of clover, And just a tinge of mignonette—I turn them vaguely over, And marvel how the girl I kissed The night she promised to be true Could jam a number seven fist Into a paltry number two.

Mr. Denis Kearney is in Boston, and has been interviewed by the *Herald*, which was obliged to go out and borrow a lot of dashes to fill the blank places in his conversation.

Notwithstanding all the modern improvements of husbandry the matrimonial harvest is still gathered with the cradle and thrashed by hand.

A fellow in the crowd started out, and meeting one of the Greenbackers who had been counted in, kicked up a fuss with him, and among other things called him a "loathsome pariah." "What's that you say?" yelled the Greenbacker. "You're a pariah, sir; a loathsome, web-footed pariah." The Greenbacker knocked him down, stepped on him several times, whipped his limp form round a lamp-post, and threw him over into a friend's yard with this piece of advice: "Never insult a man's mother, not even in Latin, for there's no telling how well the fellow may be up in the dead languages."

Lebanon, Me., is proud of possessing the stupidest man in the United States. He is a farm hand, and was engaged to plow a ten-acre lot. Wishing him to draw a straight furrow, his employer directed his attention to a cow grazing right opposite, telling him to drive directly toward that cow. He started his horses, and his employer's attention was drawn to something else; but in a short time, looking round, he found that the cow had left her place, while the sagacious plowman was following her, drawing a zigzag furrow all over the field.

We notice but few new designs on Christmas slippers. They are still made on lasts modeled after an Erie canal-boat, which makes it very convenient for the wearer to turn around without lifting his feet from the floor. The little nails so much appreciated by gentlemen with tender feet show no deterioration in quantity or point.

A letter was mailed at Des Moines the other day with this inscription on the envelope: "Postmaster, if not delivered in three hundred and sixty-five days burn it, and I will send a man for him."

"Press me close," said Kate last eve,
"Tis bliss to suffocate."
Quoth George: "My pet, if you'd jus' sleeve,
With thee I'll suffer, Kate."

A Scotch clergyman, whose habit it was to preach hell-fire to his congregation in large doses, had occasion to visit a poor, sick parishioner. After enlarging with considerable unction on his favorite topic, he said to her: "Now, my dear woman, did you ever appreciate the tortures of the damned before?" "Nae, nae; never till you came here," was the rather equivocal answer.

The art of managing an Oxford University mob is rarely learned. The late Mr. Bellew, however, once lulled a storm at the theatre by the very humblest of processes. He simply "gave in"—which is really the only thing to be done. Mr. Bellew had incautiously presented himself with a luxuriant head of hair. Presently a shout arose of "Go and get your hair cut, sir." "There's a barber round the corner, sir." "It only costs sixpence, sir," and other playful quips of Attic delicacy. "What did you do?" asked a friend. "I was a preacher, to whom the latter was relating the story," replied Mr. Bellew, in the naivest way, "I cut."

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The concert of Mr. Theodor Vogt--Metropolitan Temple, 2d inst.--was probably designed, in the first instance, as an opportunity for that gentleman to present himself to our public as organist and composer; the remainder of the programme may be regarded as a concession to an audience that is scarcely yet prepared to accept an entire evening of organ music, be it never so well played. Mr. Vogt introduced himself with Bach's *Prelude and Fugue* in C minor, playing afterward a *Concert Fantaisie* by Dr. Volckmar, and, at the close of the concert, an extemporaneous *Fantaisie*. I heard only the two former numbers, in both of which the apparent nervousness of the performer was very distressing; his passages were far from clear or correct, pedals uncertain, and general treatment of the instrument exceedingly unsatisfactory. If Mr. Vogt has ever been taught to register his Bach *Fugue* as he did on Friday evening, he has been very badly taught, since he simply makes a muddle of the whole thing, and entirely obscures the flow of the voices. Of his compositions, the song, "*Wer nie sein brod*," of Goethe, has decided quality, and is well written, albeit of too much dramatic pretension for a mere lyric. It was exceedingly well sung by Madame Fabbri. The *Morning Prayer*, a quartette with baritone solo, has the effect of an exercise in modulation, without any theme; it has nothing to say, and continues saying it for about fifteen minutes. The solo--very well rendered by Mr. Müller--reminded me constantly of Wachtel's reply when asked why he did not sing in Wagner's opera: that he was "not engaged to sing viola parts." I heard nothing but a "viola part" and a spasmodic organ accompaniment. Mr. Müller, who was in excellent voice, made a great success of Gounod's *Nazareth*, a fine though somewhat over-long song, and Mr. Espinosa, at the pianoforte, and Mr. Julius Heinrichs--violinello--were, as we know them, artistic and reliable. Mr. Ferdinand Urban sang a song by Liebe, with a delightful tenor voice and such a beautiful style that I wonder we have not before heard him in concert. It is surely our loss, and one that I hope will be made good in the future, since our market is not overstocked with good tenors who know how to sing a song properly.

I do not know a more trying ordeal to which a concert company could be subjected than to have Signor De Vivo for its advance agent. My Italian friend (I shall always love him, for he taught me how to stuff and bake artichokes, which I believe he can do better than any man in the world) is such an inordinate blower--is on terms of such perfect familiarity with the superlatives in our language, which he uses with delightful abandon--that I defy any company to be equal to his announcement of it, or any artist to be strong enough to survive his genial, but reckless, manner of advertising. Worst of all, the public knows De Vivo, and takes what he gives *cum grano salis*; so when a genuine artist does happen to fall under his protecting mantle of glowing imagery, he has first of all to undo the work of the agent who over-advertised him--not always an easy matter--and then, in the face of the lingering doubt with which the public always receives De V.'s statements, begin to make his impression. Fortunately for Mr. Chizzola, his company is so exceptionally strong that even De Vivo could do it no serious injury; it is a group of artists of *primo cartello*, each well able to stand on his own merits, each so admirable in his way that it is a simple statement of a fact to say that we have never before had in this city so delightful and well balanced a group of artists. Of Madame Patti, it is at this writing too early to form a just opinion, since the indisposition which prevented her singing on Wednesday evening had already set in on Monday, and deprived her of the full control of her voice. From what I heard on the opening night, however, I should say that while the voice has perhaps suffered somewhat in the extreme upper register, it has gained breadth and richness in the lower; and that, retaining as she does all her former wonderful accuracy of execution and intonation, her singing is no whit less enjoyable than in the days of her former great triumphs. Mr. De Munck--Madame Patti's husband--is simply one of the finest violincellists I have ever met; his tone and style are alike large, pure, noble, and entirely free from the maudlin affectation of most soloists upon his instrument. Mr. De Munck is a great artist: such a one as since Wieniawski and Sauret we have not had amongst us, and one who--although he has scored a perfect success--will be scarcely properly appreciated until, when he is gone, we shall have only the recollection of his perfect playing to compare with what we get instead. Those who heard his wonderful interpretation of Schumann's *Abendlied* on last Wednesday night will not speedily forget him.

In Mr. Toedt Mr. Chizzola has presented to us a pure lyric tenor singer, whose like has not been heard here; one who combines with a beautiful, sympathetic voice great culture and a refined, musician-like style that is very rare among singers. Mr. Toedt sings like a musician; so much so, indeed, that I earnestly hope that, before the season ends, he will let us hear him in some of the songs of Schumann and Schubert--something out of the routine of the usual concert programme. (By the by, the huge pedal extremity of one of our "esteemed contemporaries" went into it again, last Tuesday morning, when he accused Mr. Toedt of altering Abt's song *Embarrassment*. The fact is that the song was sung exactly as written and printed in the original edition.) Signor Ciampi has also a beautiful, though not large, voice, of very pleasant quality, which he manages well, and sings like a thorough artist. I have rarely heard two voices blend more satisfactorily than his and Mr. Toedt's do in Faure's duet *Crucifix* (sung on Wednesday), or derived more pleasure from an Italian song than he gave in *Una Stella* of Mililotti, on the same evening.

Mr. Henry Ketten is a pianist *sui generis*, and in his genre he is a very fine one. Whether one likes the style or not is an open question, perhaps, although scarcely so to me. I am quite clear that I do not. Mr. Ketten is a pianist of the ultra modern French school--a school that takes individual caprice for style and individual methods for technique. It is a school of surprises and stunning effects, of violent *fortes* and almost inaudible *pianissimo*, of much execution and no

legato, of much octave playing without any real control of the wrist; in fact, a school without method. As a result we have in Mr. Ketten an extremely brilliant player who does some things marvelously well--especially some of his own compositions--and others not so well. He has many novel--and sometimes delightful--effects of the keyboard, and is evidently a thoughtful and cultured musician. His *Sérénade Espagnole* (Wednesday) is a charming and interesting composition, and his *Faust* transcription is quite masterly. But his playing of Liszt seems technically faulty (not from insufficiency, but out of the nature of his technique), nor did I fully approve of his treatment of Mendelssohn's little *Presto* (out of Op. 16) with its tremendous basses and overhard *staccati*. These, however, as I said before, are individual matters. Mr. Ketten is a pianist who will always delight the public while he interests the musician, and who is undoubtedly entitled to take high rank as an artist.

"Mme. Clara Schumann, on the contrary, cannot play one single bar before the public without having her music before her, and, to the best of our knowledge, has never tried to play from memory." I find this statement in the *Trade Review* of the 27th ult. It is clearly an error. I have heard Madame Schumann play from memory by the hour, in public and private; heard her play concertos from memory (the A minor of Schumann, the G minor of Mendelssohn, and the G major of Beethoven), and even accompany songs--of her husband--without the book.

ADA VEN'S LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 9, 1880.
MY DEAR HELEN:--I can not tell you how shocked I was on New Year's Day to see gentlemen visiting in full evening dress. The custom has been properly discarded years ago; and it is now universally conceded, among gentlemen of taste, that a dress coat and white cravat should never be worn earlier than the dinner hour; and as every one knows we get all our masculine fashions from London or Paris, it is inexcusable at this late day for any young man who has any pretension to style, or gentility, continuing to adhere to this bad habit. The striking resemblance it creates between the guests and the servants of a house has led to much embarrassment and many ludicrous mistakes, and it is a social law, as fixed as those of the Medes and Persians, that only in the evening will a gentleman wear evening dress. And while I am fault-finding, I must say that the custom prevalent with some young men (well-meaning, no doubt) of leaving gilt or silver-edged New Year's cards, ornamented with elaborate floral or arabesque designs, is supremely ridiculous, as it would be easy to mistake the reminder left by your friend for the advertisement of an enterprising haberdasher.

And now, my dear friend, with the proud consciousness of having done my duty, I turn from the "lords of creation" and their apparel to the more important subject of women--their garb, and pleasures. The present week has had more than the usual amount of "gaiety" crowded within its brief limits. Lent commencing somewhat earlier this year than usual, the time allotted to festivity must be proportionately less. How delightfully things temporal and spiritual can sometimes be made to harmonize! After earthly pleasures have been enjoyed to the verge of satiety, and mind and body alike require a season of rest, Lent interposes its welcome quiet, when abstinence and early hours can repair the drain occasioned by previous dissipation. First upon the list is the "Tea" given by Mrs. William Sillem, on Wednesday afternoon. Last fall Mrs. Louis Haggin inaugurated this style of entertainment, so popular in the East, by a series of five, which were thronged with the *élite* of our city. In New York two or three in one afternoon are not uncommon, and they are universally attended by the most fashionable ladies, and also a sprinkling of gentlemen. Our fair ones, however, seem to prefer the excitement of the ball-room, with its music, dancing, and may be champagne.

Well, to return to Mrs. Sillem's "tea." It could not fail to be most pleasant, her well-known affability having made her deservedly popular with a great many of our most prominent ladies, numbers of whom made their appearance in splendid costumes, and remained as long as fancy or politeness dictated. On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Sweetapple gave a brilliant entertainment in the grand parlor of the Occidental Hotel. This spacious apartment, with its decorations of flowers and evergreens, made an unusually elegant and spacious ball-room. I will not dwell upon your friends that I have previously mentioned at former entertainments, but give you a little variety by naming those I have not heretofore met. Miss Sweetapple, of whom you have probably heard, is a dazzling blonde of the English type, whose reputation for beauty has been widespread: as visible proof, she has in her train attendant admirers from foreign lands. Mrs. Shillaber was present, wearing an elegant costume. Miss Roberta Thompson, a beautiful brunette, with soft lustrous eyes and brilliant complexion, was one of the most admired young ladies present. I saw Miss McDougal, Miss Van Clief, Miss Johnson, and others.

Now I have something really interesting to communicate. All of our recent entertainments have been attended by an English baronet, Sir George Bridges--he has three or four other initials, but I forget them. I assure you his advent has created quite a flutter; and, as he is young, and endowed with "acres of charms" and a talismanic title, I think he need never sigh in vain. I have lately made the acquaintance of a charming young officer, stationed at the Presidio, who seems to find the pursuit of pleasure quite as congenial an occupation as following the trail of the treacherous savage. Mr. Graves, the mild-mannered McAfee, Bayard Smith, and other acquaintances were among the guests. On Friday evening the much-talked-of reception of Mrs. Frank Goad took place, at the "Raiston House." Our fashionable people are all attending the concerts given by Carlotta Patti. Though her voice seems on the wane, her beauty is unimpaired. I think, however, the combat being waged between her husband and agent even more entertaining than her singing. In their "ruinous assault and inextinguishable rage" they seem to have defied all known rules of warfare, as well as those of the English language. Until my next, Yours affectionately, ADA VEN.

THE NEW YEAR IN SACRAMENTO.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 3, 1880.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:--Such punch! such Bavaria cream! such salad! such "wine and women"! The boys were all out in full regalia. They ganged (I coined that word myself) about like this: Gang 1--W. A. and Dan Houghton, and Tim Porter. Gang 2--Charlie Houghton, J. E. Mills, and B. F. Smith. Gang 3--Will Cothrin, Collis Emmons, Charlie Parsons, and Frank Johnston. Estudillo (J. M.), Aguirre, Crandall, and Putnam made another team. Prodder failed this year, and sailed under the flag of the older boys, amongst whom were J. I. Felter, L. A. Upson, Dr. Tyrell, Dr. Hughson, our friend Mazlin (and, by the way, we shall feel too dreadfully cut up if he leaves the town when Perkins comes in!), Ludwig Mebius, Dr. Cluness, John Carroll (just returned from the East), A. A. Van Voorhies, J. W. McClatchy, Fred Bird-sall, Norton Bush (one of the fellows tells me that all the "fair frauds" in the city are crazy over tropical painting since Norton set up shop here!), C. W. Clarke, M. A. Shipley, Albert Gallatin, Charles and Byron McCreary, Col. Hamilton, Wm. Lyon, and the Rev. Mr. Ward (who wished all his pretty parishioners a Happy New Year). Of course there were hundreds of others, but I can't think of any more just now. Some of the cards that wished the fair ones a Happy New Year were unique; the most noticeable of which were the four aces dealt by Tom Riley, Clint White, Johnston (A. J.), Val. McClatchey, and Barney Wolf. This last gentleman's was "the boss," and no mistake. It represented a wolf making his exit from the State Capitol, carrying in his mouth a card with the letters P. P. C., and on his collar Wolf's initials, D. B. Prodder's charcoal sketches produced an immense sensation, at an immense cost.

Our gang started out about one P. M. Our first call was on Mrs. Judge Denson, who was assisted by Mrs. Dr. Harvey of Galt, Mrs. Charles Holbrook of S. F., Miss Laura Graham of Elk Grove, and Mrs. George Bates, *née* Emma Beatty. Thence to Mrs. Bird-sall's, assisted by Mrs. C. W. Clarke, Mrs. Cluness, Mrs. Horace Adams, now of S. F. (and how good it seemed to see her genial face again!), Mrs. Joe Glover, Mrs. Sternfeldt, and Miss Lou Turner. At Mrs. J. H. Carroll's we found Mrs. Gov. Irwin, Mrs. Mebius, Mrs. A. Campbell, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Jennie Taylor, and the Misses Webster, besides the young Misses Carroll. On Tenth and F, Mrs. J. I. Felter received with her daughters. Mrs. Albert Gallatin was assisted by Mrs. Col. Hamilton, Mrs. William Lyon, and Miss Brightie Bush of S. F. At Mrs. J. H. Glyde's we found Mrs. Dr. Snider, and the Misses Snider, Hamilton, and Megowan. Mrs. C. H. Hubbard was assisted by Mrs. Carrie Williams, Mrs. Wilbur Wilcox of Redwood, Mrs. George Hogan, Mrs. Ed Cushman, and Miss Gertie Gerish. At Mrs. Charles McCreary's were Mrs. Harry Weaver, Miss Fannie Tyrell, and Miss Minnie Clark. Mrs. Frank Miller was assisted by Mrs. R. J. Mercley, Lillie Flint, and Amelia Bohl. Mrs. James N. Porter was assisted by Mrs. W. A. Houghton, Mrs. Hurd, Miss Nellie Clark, and Mrs. and Miss McKune. And then there were hosts (or hostesses) of others that I can't begin to mention. The ladies were dressed most elegantly; if I were a woman I could tell all about their furhewels, but I only know they all looked bewildering. Some of their homes were exquisitely decorated, especially Mrs. Gallatin's, Mrs. Carroll's, and Mrs. Foye's. When we came out of Mrs. Foye's, and looked across the road at the Crocker mansion, and found it so still and silent, somehow our gay spirits were quelled as we thought of poor Nellie Crocker, who had received us last year with the customary Crocker hospitality, now lying dead and cold in New York. She died with the old year, and it is a loss very deeply felt by her friends, and, indeed, by all.

We finished up our calls without any "accidents" happening. The absence of wine in many of the houses was particularly noted; indeed, in some places they gave us blue ribbons instead, and in one Cupid's bow and arrows, as if they could ward off Bacchus!

Charlie Prodder gave his usual Christmas tree to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and cleared about \$300, besides making eighty-six little hearts glad, for one day in the year at least. After the Inauguration on the 13th inst. it is rumored that four elegant private parties are to be given.

Our friend, the Recluse, can say "Eureka" in more than one sense of the word, for 'tis said he has "found" the Doctor's daughter. BETSEY AND I.

At the theatres there is a general stagnation, the usual reaction from the glint and glitter of the holidays. The only houses doing any business are the Bush Street Theatre and the Standard across the way. Both are cosy and comfortable, and have good attractions--the Colville Folly Company at the one, and the "great and only" Hermann at the other. Monday begins the last week of the Colville Company at the Bush Street, and for their *au revoir* they will present a medley of performances--five burlesques: *Oxygen*, *Magic Slipper*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Piff Paff*, and *The Bohemian Gyrl*--the last of which can readily be dispensed with. At the Standard, Hermann begins his fourth week, advertising, in addition to an entirely new programme, his "great cannon act, in which a human being"--presumably Mlle. Addie--"is fired fifty feet into space." This "firing out" process is said to be very interesting and exciting.

Cincinnati rejoices in the "Sardinia Dramatic Company." It is to be hoped that the organization will not visit this city for the following reasons: It is not to be supposed that such a high-toned troupe would have anything to do with the "dramatic editors" of a provincial town like Frisco. Then some envious quill-driver would be sure to dub the organization the "Sardine Dramatic Company," and it is a living fact that no dramatic talent ever outlasted the first fresh blast of local wit.

Wilhelmj the Great will be in town in time to shake out his fiddleful of larks about the 19th inst.

Silver jewelry is fashionable.

MARRIED.--At San Gabriel, January 3, 1880, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Wm. Willson, E. H. Sanderson to Annie W. Rose. No cards.

DON PIATT ON AMERICANS.

In what a charming mental condition the pious Piatt must have been when he "penned the following lines":

The private letters of Charles Dickens now read by the blessed American people open their innocent eyes to the fact that the great humorist hated and despised us.

It is not so very depressing after all; for we find consolation in noting the sort of people Charles admired and liked. "No great man is a great man to his lackey," says another man of genius who despises us; "but," he adds, "that is the lackey's fault," and we say that Charles Dickens, with all his genius, was yet a lackey.

We never, until we encountered Boz, understood what Shakespeare meant when he spoke of the toad that carried a jewel in its head. Dickens was that toad, with a jewel so precious one never ceases to wonder at its brilliancy.

On the other side, God knows, Dickens found enough in us to loathe with a contempt that defies expression. He tells, for example, how people slept in the streets with the temperature below zero, or fought all night among themselves to secure seats at his readings. And we can tell him that there was not one in a thousand of this multitude that had ever read his works, or could have appreciated them when read. They were animated by the same sickly sort of enthusiasm that makes thousands on thousands rush forward to look at Grant or shake his hand. When Grant left the Presidency he could and did travel over the country without exciting any attention whatever. But since he has been socially tolerated, for political reasons, by royal personages in Europe, the enthusiasm is intense.

There was yet another reason more potent than this for Dickens's contempt. He saw in us a nation of thieves, and a poor lot of snobbish shop-keepers, plus the thief. He saw the brain of Europe plundered to enrich a class in this country possessed of just brain enough to cater to other men's taste, and of enough, and barely enough, moral nature to keep them out of the penitentiary. We beg pardon of the poor convicts—the publishers of the United States escape punishment, not through any regard for the moral code, but because the law protects the stealing instead of prosecuting the thieves.

Dickens visited the United States the first time to negotiate an international copyright law, and, to his amazement and disgust, the first to meet and welcome him were the thievish publishers, clad in purple and fine linen out of the very money they had stolen from him, their guest. And so dull is our moral sense as a nation that these scoundrels are regarded as honorable men, and so treated by the public and protected by law.

The average member of Congress is a man who never read a book. He would not be a member if he had. As he comes up through sample-rooms and lager-beer saloons, his moral sense is on a par with his intellectual attainments, and of course the world of science and literature is unknown to him; while the ten commandments, learned by rote, are only remembered to be broken.

As the representative represents, Dickens had and expressed a pretty fair estimate of our people.

A strange instance of walking during sleep occurred to a deceased Hampshire baronet. This gentleman was nearly driven to distraction by the fact that every night he went to bed in a shirt, and every morning awoke naked, without the smallest trace of the missing garment being discovered. Hundreds of shirts disappeared in this manner; and, as there was no fire in his room, it was impossible to account for the mystery. The servants believed their master to be mad; and even he began to fancy himself bewitched. In this conjuncture, he implored an intimate friend to sleep in the room with him, and ascertain by what manner of mysterious visitant his garment was so strangely removed. The friend accordingly took up his station in the haunted chamber. As the clock struck one, the unfortunate baronet rose from his bed, rekindled with a match the candle that had been extinguished, opened the door, and quitted the room. His astonished friend followed; saw him open in succession a variety of doors, and pass along several passages, traverse an open court, and eventually reach the stable-yard, where he pulled off his shirt and disposed of it in an old dung-heap, into which he thrust it by means of a pitchfork. Having finished this extraordinary operation, without taking the smallest heed of his friend, who stood looking on, and plainly saw that he was walking in his sleep, he returned to the house, carefully closed the doors, re-extinguished the light, and returned to bed, where, the following morning, he awoke, as usual, stripped of his shirt! The astonished eye-witness of this extraordinary scene, instead of apprising the sleep-walker of what had occurred, insisted that the following night a companion should sit up with him, choosing to have additional testimony to the truth of the statement he was about to make, and the same singular events were renewed, without the slightest deviation. The two witnesses accordingly divulged all they had seen to the baronet, who, though at first incredulous, became of course convinced when, proceeding to the stable-yard, several dozens of shirts were discovered, though it was surmised that as many more had been previously removed by one of the helpers, who probably looked upon the horde as stolen goods, concealed by some thief.

Sweetly sings a nineteenth century poet: "What will heal my bleeding heart?" Lint, man, lint; put on plenty of lint. Or hold a cold door-key to the back of your neck, press a small roll of paper under the end of your lip, and hold your left arm. This last remedy is to be used only in case your heart bleeds at the nose.

When a man writes the word "parrot" four times in ten lines, and the intelligent compositor spells it four different ways, and then doesn't strike a harmony with Webster, it is time the American Philological Society took charge of the United States language.

The fashion of putting 650 buttons down the back of a dress has disappeared; but they now use 1,300 hooks and eyes on the front, and a man can't lay up a dollar to save his life.

There is one thing Congress can take, and the country never protests against it or misses it, and that is a recess.

Kisses by telephone taste like a boiled china egg on toast.

It is generally known to us middle-aged men, by "tradition," that breeches began to give place to trousers during the first decade of the present century, but it is not generally known that trousers were actually worn by London exquisites in the latter years of the last century. "It will be observed," says a writer in *Artists' Pocket Magazine of Classic and Polite Literature*, new series, volume 3, 1825, "from the following description of a dandy published in 1791, that trousers were then in fashion, and were then considered as a ridiculous article of dress: 'Advertisement Extraordinary!—Lost, last Saturday night, supposed in the lobby of the new theatre, an overgrown baby, who arrived but two days ago in town from the country. He had on a light-colored coat, with cape hanging carelessly over his shoulder; a pair of his father's breeches, which reached down to his ankles; and an old pair of his grandnanna's spectacles, which he converted into an opera glass. He laid on his sister's high-crowned hat, and his hair cut so short that you might observe his bare poll. Laughs a great deal; can swear a few fashionable oaths, but does not know how to write his name. Answers to the name of Master Jackey. As he had only sixpence a week pocket-money, it is feared he is detained in some cake shop for his reckoning; if so, all demands will be cheerfully paid if he is returned to his disconsolate parents.'"

The "California Hundred"—five twenty-dollar pieces.

About the guiltiest looking people in the world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

On a pane of glass in little Moreton Hall, in England, there yet remains the following distich, cut with a diamond, and dated 1762:

"Man can nee more knowe woman's mynde by tears—
Than by her shadow jud e what clothes she wears."

Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and she will ever think kindly of you. Give her Hop Bitters and she will be amiable and beautiful, because it will make her perfectly healthy.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 449 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Convenient for our Cosmopolitan City. Filippé's Academy of Languages has been removed to the central location, southwest corner of Kearny and Bush Streets. Professor De Filippé has been private tutor in many families of the elite of this city, instructing in French and Spanish. We wish this distinguished gentleman further success.

From numerous cases of Dyspepsia and Constipation, cured by the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, after every other known remedy had been used in vain, its efficacy in restoring the functions of Digestion and Evacuation is manifest.

A Sioux City conductor discovered a tramp curled up on the front platform the other night and yelled: "Light out! Move!" The tramp woke up and said: "Oh, don't make so much fuss, or the conductor 'll come around and put us both off."

Now that a Glasgow chemist has produced crystallized carbons which are veritable diamonds, there is a chance of a coal-beaver becoming as big a man as a hotel clerk.

Santa Claus tried to get a prize pumpkin into Mr. Hayes's sock, but it wouldn't go in, and he had to put it in his shoe.

Ohio's first colored jury found a verdict of: "Not guilty, 'cause he didn't done it."

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Performance Sunday, January 11th, Monday, January 12th, every night and Saturday matinee. Last week of

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Real Cannon! Real Powder! Real Explosion! Real Rapid Transit! See the "Live Shot!"

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HANNAH GIVING THANKS.

Out of the tiresome, dinful town,
Old, old Hannah—lame and poor—
Dwelt in a hut half tumbled down,
With the wolf too often at her door—
Her snow-white hair a holy crown,
For she never felt the cross she bore.

Some water, in a quaint old cup—
A table bare, a crust of bread—
She clasped her hands, and, looking up,
"All this—and Jesus, too," she said;
"And now, dear Lord, with Thee I sup,"
And reverently bowed her head.

Then broke the sun in golden floods,
Before it blushed the flying gloom;
Celestial anthems from the woods
With wondrous music filled the room;
And tender calls from songful broods
Came, mingled with divine perfume.

O Thou Beloved Friend, who cried
To friends who slept forgetfully—
Doubted by one, by one denied,
Kissed unto death by treachery—
Not all in vain that Thou hast died
While one of these believes in Thee.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879.

EMILIE LAWSON.

THE WHITE MARE.

In the valley, about six miles above the forks of the Teton River, in northern Montana, is the Blackfoot Indian Agency. A high stockade of split logs standing on end, deeply sunk in the earth, encloses about two acres of ground. Heavy gates, opening outward, sway harshly on great iron hinges. They keep the Indians out of nights. A well of water is in the centre of the inclosure. Low log buildings, covered with earth, are scattered along the stockade. A couple of sand-hill cranes stood expectantly at the well, waiting patiently for a thirsty man to draw water. A white-tailed deer, with a broad blue ribbon on her neck, walked daintily around. Her cool black muzzle, studded with drops of dew, brilliant in the slanting rays of the rising sun, was slyly thrust into my hand, giving me a slight shock of surprise. By the stables stood a cow moose, standing so awkwardly with crooked legs and humped back, and the pendulous lip which Mark Twain calls "the Hapsburg," that her very ugliness excited my pity. A moose calf—her miniature in ugliness—stood stupidly at her side. Standing at the well, facing the grand Rocky Mountain range, I drew a bucket of water. Drinking deeply, repulsing the while the advances of the female crane with my moccasined foot, I got the reward of all men who reject the advances of the tender sex, and was soon engaged in repelling a furious attack on me by the long-legged twain. The attack was fierce. Their long, hard bills clashed viciously as they scornfully scolded me, and I was on the point of beating a disgraceful retreat when I heard, "Ho, Frank! come have a mouthful of whisky!" Recognizing the voice, I gladly left the cranes in undisputed possession of the water bucket, and walked across the parade to the store of the fur company.

Bidding Burr "Good morning," I declined the whisky on grounds unnecessary to state; yet the barrel had a yellow head, and—and—well, I knew the tap. I sat and talked to Burr, who was in charge of this extensive store, and before breakfast he went over it with me. A curious stock. Everything you could not find in an Eastern country store was here. As we walked he explained the business to me. Alluring? Not at all. He, looking at his watch, said: "We have yet time before breakfast to look at my mare."

The sudden change in the expression of the voice, the softening of the eyes, as this hard Indian trader spoke of his horse, excited my curiosity; and I went with him. He took me to a low log stable, the chinks carefully mudded, the open shutter and door well made and carefully fitted, so as to exclude the buffalo gnats in season. A few short, heavy chains, stretching from post to post, kept the horse in and the other animals out. With breast pushing against the topmost chain, with her handsome broad head thrust out, and alert ears cocked forward, stood a snow-white mare. She was looking at the moose with a surprised expression on her face, as much as to say: "Well, you have not grown handsomer during the night." Burr whistled, and with a joyful neigh the mare turned her head toward him and bade him welcome. The greeting between man and animal was almost tender. The mare rubbed her nose gently against his breast, and the man stood softly stroking her delicate neck. Unlocking the chains, they dropped. Burr walked toward the well. The mare, with dainty steps, arched neck, and flicking tail, followed behind him, or, caressingly advancing to his side, rubbed her body against his, as though the mere contact with the man was grateful to her. His arm, it seemed to me, instinctively lifted and dropped across her neck.

The two walked on together, unconscious of any incongruity. A bucket of water stood at the well. The high-bred creature smelt of it, and, detecting my previous presence, disdainfully refused to drink after me. Emptying the bucket, Burr drew another, and of this the mare drank slowly, her white face gradually sinking into the shallow vessel. All across the parade, on the return to the stable, the love scene was reenacted. As they passed me, the mare showed her aversion to a stranger by laying back her ears and thrusting out her white-toothed muzzle toward me in a vicious manner, causing me to step hastily back. They pass into the darkness of the stable. Burr comes out with a bucket, puts up the topmost chain, and goes after barley. The mare, with outstretched head, looks after him with kind eyes. Again she saw me, and, with wide opened mouth, reached around the post to pay me the attentions of her dislike. Returning to the stable with a full bucket of barley, Burr passed in. I heard him pour the grain into the feed-box; I heard him speak to the mare as his "dear girl," and I heard him—kiss her.

A singular gentleness had come over this hard man, steeled to human suffering and woe, whose business it was to impoverish Indians, to destroy their morals, to brutify them with the devil alcohol. He sat at the breakfast table, silently, with his antelope steaks and trout untasted before him, the softened face, I wondered what was

the story. So I asked: "Burr, why do you love that white mare?" He looked kindly at me, and, with a sad smile, replied: "To-night, after the men are in bed, I will tell you the story." Then briskly: "Frank, this is not business. Eat, my boy, then clear out, and fish or hunt. You will find some fool hens in the big willow thicket about five miles below here. I saw them the other day. Shoot some. To-night we will have a feast, and I will open my two last bottles of sherry, and we will talk." His face hardened. The cold, deadly look returned to the gray eyes, and our breakfast was soon finished.

Shouldering my rifle, I stepped out of the stockade and slowly walked down the valley. On the distant hillsides antelope grazed; down the valley before me I could see a few deer running for cover to the willows by the stream. Now and then a grouse rose before me and flew rapidly away. Resisting all temptation to shoot at anything, I walked steadily on. Climbing a hill, I sat on a rock and musingly gazed at the vast plains to the northeast, at the foothills of the range, and at the rugged, rocky range beyond. I love the Rocky Mountains, and never tire of their face. I wasted hours in looking and in thinking of the many tales I had heard of the range. When the sun was high above me I started for the willows. There I neatly shot the heads off of six grouse. Then jointing a light trout pole, I whipped the clear pools of the south fork of the Teton, and was soon rewarded by a string of fine half-pound trout. Then came the pleasant walk back through the cool, dry air, and over the crispy grass of the north. What a luxury life was in the valley of the Teton! I turned my spoils over to the smiling Indian woman who acted as cook for Burr. The rest of the day I spent on horseback, running antelope with a lot of half-blood Indians. At eight o'clock supper was served and eaten. The sherry was brought out, and I scattered on the table a handful, my last, of Rosa Conchas that had never paid duty, and as we sat smoking Burr told me this story:

"In the fall of 1863, I thought it might be profitable to start a trading-post in the Yellowstone Valley. Learning from the Blackfeet that the Sioux were camped on the south side of the river, I determined to ride over and see what arrangements I could make with them. I crossed the Belt Mountains, and, riding down the valley, was soon at their camp, I on the north side of the river, they on the south. I sat on my horse and hailed the camp. No answer. I could see plenty of Indians walking about, and again I hailed. No answer. I shouted myself hoarse, and the only notice taken of me was by an old huck, who walked to the river bank, looked at me, made an insulting gesture, and slowly walked off. I went there to trade, and, having got angry at the treatment, though I well knew that I ought to leave the valley at once, I, like a fool, resolved to cross the stream and brave the danger. So I forded and rode into the camp. I spoke to no one; no one spoke to me. The sullen braves turned their backs on me as I rode up the street. The young girls looked curiously at me. Riding slowly along, I cooled rapidly. I saw that I was not wanted, and I at last fully realized that I was in danger. I did not dare to ride to the south, out of the camp, nor did I have courage enough to attempt to recross the river.

"Before me stood a great tent made of buffalo skins. It was the largest I had ever seen. I halted, dismounted, and stood silently at my horse's head. No one noticed me. Indians went past me, apparently not seeing me. At last a young woman came and stood before me. Looking right into my eyes, she said: 'What do you want?' I looked her coldly in the face and made no reply. Smiling, she asked: 'What brings you here?' Steadily I gazed into her eyes and was voiceless. She left me and disappeared into the great lodge. Soon an Indian warrior in full paint, with bow and strung arrow in his hands, came to me. Speaking Blackfoot, he said: 'Why are you in this camp?' To him I replied: 'I wish to trade with you.' More men came. They took my horse, and seizing hold of my arm they led me into the great lodge. Here I was seated and a council was held. I sat and listened to them talk of what it was best to do with so presumptuous a white man. Some were in favor of trading. The large majority of the Indians were in favor of torturing me. It was soon decided that I should be tortured; and they sat and discussed the many methods. After a two days' talk it was decided to burn me. I was in a strange condition mentally. I would listen to a plan of torture as though it was some other man they were talking about; and I would comment to myself on that plan as giving the chap but little chance for his life. But when the dusky brave, who talked Blackfoot, told me that I was to die by fire the next day, I understood perfectly that I was the man they had been talking about, and I replied: 'I know it.' Clustering around me, they asked if I had understood all the talk. 'Yes; I had.' Then why not answer the maiden when she spoke to you? 'I came, not to talk to squaws, but to trade with men.' No use; I could do nothing by soft talk, and, having played my hand, finally resigned myself to my fate.

"I noticed that the girl who had first spoken to me in front of the lodge was watching me. She would quickly glance at me, and then drop her eyes on the buckskin shirt she was embroidering with Crow hair. Several times I noticed this, and once I replied with a smile. The lodge emptied. All were gone except the girl. She quickly came to my side, apparently to refold some buffalo robes, and in a whisper said: 'You are to die to-morrow. To-night I will have the best horse in the camp saddled and standing on the outside of the lodge. I will have the tent cut from the outside. You jump through, mount, and ride for your life. You may escape. You will burn if you stay.' Then, with a smile, 'The mare is mine. She is the fastest animal in the valley of the Yellowstone. I give her to you.' She left me, and quickly resumed her work. As she wove the hair of many Crow scalp-locks into the shirt I sat looking thankfully at her. She never looked at me again. As I saw a chance for my life my heart beat so loudly that I thought it would be heard. I calmed my face and waited. I ate fairly of supper. I smoked a pipe. All were very kind and attentive to me. Night was passing away, and still the Indians lingered, looking at the man they were to burn on the morrow. I leaned back against the tent to rest myself, when I felt a hand gently pushing me forward. Sitting whistling, I felt the point of a knife come through and strike my neck. I did not flinch. I could feel the blood trickle down my back. I could feel the knife carefully drawn down until it hit the

ground. Still whistling, I waited, my heart thumping, my blood on fire—waited a minute to give whoever cut the tent time to escape. Then grasping my heart and nerves for an instant, I gathered myself, and turned backward through the opening. Instantly jumping to my feet, I vaulted into the saddle that was on the back of a white horse that stood there, and in the midst of yells, of rifle shots, of a pack of howling dogs, we rushed out of the camp. It seemed to me as though a thousand horsemen were in pursuit of me instantly. We galloped up the river to a bend I had seen. Dashing in, we forded it under a fire that made the water boil around us, and were out of water, and on the level land to the north of the river, before any of the Sioux were half way across. Striking the trail to the Bozeman Pass, I took it, and knowing it, pushed boldly on, and though hotly pursued, my horse outlasted theirs, and I escaped. I never drew rein until I dismounted to the west of the pass. The girl saved me. With any other horse I should have been recaptured and burned. I have not got the girl. The love I have for her the mare has instead. I returned to my post, and made no trade in the Yellowstone that year.

"Again. Last winter the snow was on the ground in January, and for three days I had been hunting or running antelope. The sun was very bright, and my eyes hurt me. I saw specks floating about; little chains with small links were constantly before me. My eyes burned smartly when I returned to the agency. Daily while hunting I had seen the low, black clouds in the north that indicate the formation or marshalling of the winds of the frozen north. Daily the south wind swept them beyond the northern horizon; but the next morning found them looming portentously in the northern sky. On my return to the agency I found a runner had just got in from Belly River, in British America, with important news for me. It was necessary that I should go up at once. I started the next morning. My eyes hurt dreadfully.

"I always go to the Belly River, when the snow is on the ground, by the way of the Sweet Grass Hills, and there I camp one night. One side of the hills is always bare of snow, and there is a spring of good water on the northern side of the centre hill. A strong south wind was blowing when I started, but by noon I saw the clouds to the north suddenly rise up. I knew that the marshaling of the north winds was completed, and they were eager for the assault on the soft south wind. On came the black cloud. The south wind still blew fiercely, but it could not stem the assault from the arctic region. Birds flew south before the storm; antelope and deer were running for shelter. I had reached my camping ground, and stood looking far off to the north, seeing the landmarks disappear one by one as the head of the 'blizzard' reached them and shrouded them in its icy breath. A calm. Then, with a mighty rush and a loud noise, the head of the 'blizzard' swept past me. The air was filled with particles of ice that cut through almost horizontally, and seemed as if they would never fall. Colder, ever colder, grew the wind, and denser the air as the ice particles thickened. I sought shelter in the rocks. Buckling the clothing on the mare I turned her loose, knowing that she would not leave me. Then I lay down on my blankets, and, wrapping my heaver cloak around me, I tried to sleep. I began thinking, and could not sleep. The buffalo had not come south that winter, and the wolves were gaunt and hungry. As they follow a horseman over the plains in the summer, so they do in the winter, only more of them, and those great, gaunt famine-breeders, the gray and black ones, go in largely increased numbers. I had had a pack of them at my heels all day, and now they cropped up in my thoughts.

"Finally I slept. When I awoke it was dark. Holding up my naked hand, I felt the icy sweat of the 'hizzard' strike sharply against it. The roar of the wind still continued. I waited, it seemed to me, for hours, when I suddenly felt my mare paw my breast. I spoke kindly to her, saying she had made a mistake. Soon she pawed me again, and I arose to find that all was dark, that I could not see the white mare. Alarmed, I struck a match under my cloak and looked down to see the blaze. I saw nothing, but the match burned my fingers. With a desolating despondency I realized the fact that the glare of the snow encountered for the past few days had made me snow-blind; that I was fifty miles from the nearest house, and unable to see; that a furious storm was raging.

"Stupid, almost wild with horror, I thought I could hear the snuffing of the wolves, and the soft patter of their feet below the wild shriek of the arctic winds. I was simply benumbed with terror. The mare recalled me to myself by rubbing her cold muzzle against my face. She saw that something was wrong with me, but what she could not comprehend. I resolved to saddle her, to feed her, and, after she ate, to mount and let her take her own course. So I fed her the remaining measure of barley, and waited for her to eat. Then I saddled up, and, without bridling, mounted, and, wrapping my cloak around me, sat steadily in the saddle, awaiting the frisky action of the high-strung animal. She stood trembling until I told her to go. Then I felt her turn until the ice drops struck obliquely on my right side and hack, and she rapidly walked off. Not a motion or movement did she make to discompose my seat. Wrapped in my cloak, with hood drawn over my face, warm and encouraged with hope, I patiently sat on the horse. I could now hear the snarling of the wolves, and my only fear was that they, rendered desperate by hunger, might attack the mare. I dismissed the thought—would not think of it. If they did attack us, we were lost; if they did not, I thought we were safe. All day the 'blizzard' raged and tore icily around and on us. The mare walked rapidly or cantered slowly on. It seemed to me that we had been traveling for days, for weeks even, when the mare stopped and neighed loudly. Reaching forward, I felt the rough stockade; dismounting, I felt the hinges of the gate. Loudly I called. Then I took my rifle from the saddle, and rapidly I handled cartridges into it. At last a sleepy voice from the inside called 'Who is there?' I answered, 'Burr; and I am dead snow-blind. Come to me.' They came, and I was saved—saved for the second time by the white mare. Do you wonder that I, not having the Sioux maiden, love her mare?"

I sat by the bright fire, with my feet high on a stool, and did not answer—simply sat and smoked, and thought of the girl, of the man, of the mare. Leaving me thinking, Burr went to sleep in his chair with a softened face.

FRANK WILKESON.

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NOTICE.

THE DELINQUENT POLL TAX
Roll for 1879 is now being made up. All who are liable and have not paid, and who do not desire to have their names appear in that list and subject themselves to the legal penalties attached, will please call immediately and obtain their receipts.
A. BADLAM, Assessor.
December 29, 1879.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 9) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth (26th) day of February, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 11, of fifty cents (50) per share, was declared, payable on MONDAY, January 12, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING
Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the sixth (6th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 6) of Three Dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the third (3d) day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE
INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 20.—The monthly dividend for December, 1879, will be paid on Jan. 10, 1880, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, January 5, 1880.

ANNUAL MEETING.—THE AN-
nual meeting of the stockholders of the California Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, January 21, 1880, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before a meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 10 to January 22, 1880.
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRAN-
CISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with December 31, 1879, a dividend has been declared at the rate of six and sixteenths (6 6-16) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and five and one-half (5 1-2) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after Thursday, January 15, 1880.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-
MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of six and nine-tenths (6 9-10) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of five and three-fourths (5 3/4) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of January, 1880. By order. GEO. LETTE, Secretary.
SAN FRANCISCO, December 31, 1879.

OFFICE SIERRA NEVADA SILVER
Mining Company, San Francisco, December 31, 1879.—Annual Meeting.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, Room 61, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on WEDNESDAY, January 21, 1880, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees, to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 10 to January 22, 1880.
W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT AND
Insurance Company.—The regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the above named company, for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the company, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of January, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 17, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

His Majesty the Late Emperor Norton.

All the wise men and all the funny men of the press have been straining their ponderous and heavy wits to make a pun and a successor to the dead Norton. Twenty-three years ago, by a stroke of bad luck in the purchase of a cargo of rice, a prosperous, and, so far as we know, an honorable, and, so far as we then observed, a strong-minded business man lost heart and courage and drifted away to seeming idiocy; not an entire loss of reason, that entitled him to be shut up among the insane, but a harmless mania that impelled him to think he was Emperor of America and Protector of Mexico. He was a beggar, and sought alms from his old acquaintances; not an ordinary mendicant who with extended palm sat by the way-side or tramped from door to door, but an artful, ingenious beggar, who asked of his subjects such support as was denied him by reason of the fact that his government, like many others, was not recognized, and his crown, like that of many others, was but an ornament. In his own opinion, he had a divine right to be maintained at the expense of others; to lead a useless, vagabond life, like other imperial mendicants; to get money and be supported, like other kings out of a place. And who shall say that the Emperor was not right? Who shall presume to question the sanity of a mind that for twenty-three years enabled its body to live in luxury and idleness without physical or mental toil? A man who ate well without pay; who, in all those long years, never missed a meal or paid a cent; who slept well, and never experienced a day of illness; who dressed well, with epaulets of gold braid, with hat of plume and feathers, with baton of office, a knobbed and garbled stick; who died in a painless way; who was translated, let us hope, to Abraham's bosom; whose remains were followed to the grave by many friends, and over whose body the gentler ones laid flowers and shed their sympathetic brine; who leaves behind him the memory of no wrongs, and of whom no one tries to treasure an unkind thought!

Is there to-day a crowned king in all the world who could go down to his grave thus regretted? or who could lay off crown and sceptre under which less of crimes or mistakes had been committed? Would not the proud Czar most gladly lay aside the honors inherited from all the Romanoffs if he could be reconciled to queen and heir, and drive from his affrighted imagination the horrors and fears of impending Nihilism, and lie himself down beside his brother and his peer at Lone Mountain if he knew that heirs and subjects would lovingly lay their flowers upon his tomb as the tribute to his well spent life? And that other Emperor, who has waded through seas of blood to unify German States and build a great German Empire upon bayonets and debt, dead peasants and dismembered States—would it not have been better for him and for humanity that twenty-three years ago he had lost a cargo of rice and been an amiable mendicant for sausage and lager among his countrymen in San Francisco? What one of the crowned kings of earth is so much happier to-day than the poor old dead Norton? Not the cold, heartless, unhappy Humbert; not the boy-king of Spain, at whose throat the assassin's knife is a constant menace; not the exiled Bourbon of France, nor the unhappy Empress whose only consolation is to kiss the bloody sand where his to her most dear life went out under the stab of the assegai; not the nasty old King of Holland, nor yet the most virtuous and excellent gentleman who wears the crown of Belgium. Going beyond the grave where our Emperor has gone, where in all of history do we find, or where, wandering in all of heaven or hell or Fiddler's Green, will the dead Norton find any of his sovereign brothers to whom he may not say: "I am one of you. I had no more vain pretensions; I assumed no more absurd imperial airs; I committed no more crimes; I perpetrated no more mistakes; and the evil I did not do more than compensate for all the good any of you ever accomplished." He may proudly stand with Charlemagne, the imperial Augustus, Frederick Barbarossa, Cæsar, Napoleon, and all the great Peters, and Fredericks, and Johns, and all that wore tiaras or crowns, and say: "I brought as much of good from California as you brought from Europe; and I brought less of evil, for with me came—up or down—no groans, nor tears, nor blood."

Among ourselves, too; among our most brilliant of professional, and most successful of business men; among our millionaires; among us all who think, and plod, and strain, and struggle to get fame or coin—mostly coin; among our politicians, who lie and prosper, fawn and grow fat; among our editors, our preachers, our gamblers, our thieves; among us all, who has led for the past twenty-three years so happy a life as the Emperor Norton; and who among us, from the most eminent of our reverend fathers in God down to Old Crisis, has a better hope of a glorious immortality in the world to come? We wise ones—wise in our own conceit—are apt to think, and in fact we do think we think, that ours is the better way, ours the higher enjoyment, ours the straight and narrow path that leads through goodness up to God, or through honor on to fame. We affect to pity these poor, straggling tramps along the highways and byways of life; and as we see them drifting aside, loitering by the way, not attempting to gather shells, not endeavoring to lay up

treasures, we criticise and blame them. We are not quite convinced in our own minds that they are not, after all, the true philosophers, and that it is not they who have carelessly stumbled upon the stone we have been so diligently and toilsomely and fruitlessly endeavoring to find. Personally, the writer has often dreamed that he should like to lay aside his identity, and become a tramp, a wandering vagabond, a veritable homeless, friendless, conscienceless, unambitious, ragged, cheeky tramp; an itinerant summer snail, crawling through the country from kitchen to hay-stack, begging, sleeping, dreaming; sparring the world for a living, plucking forbidden oranges in the groves of Los Angeles, stealing the great purple clusters of forbidden grapes in vineyards where they grow, smouching the blood-red pomegranate, and then stealing away to the seashore, to rob the rocks of mussels and chase the fleeing clam; migrating with the seasons—northward in the summer, to the fields where peanuts and sweet potatoes grow, where the succulent green corn gives up its sweetest treasures before the campfire, as we gipsies, dozing and waking, snore and tell our tales—our tales of outwitting shrewd men, of living without labor, of braving women and servant-maids in our raids for meat and bread, of our escapes from the only thing we fear—imprisonment with toil. And when old age and failing faculties of mind give society its triumph over us, and we are worn and weary with the conflict, even then the advantage is with us, we throw ourselves upon its bosom, and, as errant loafers, we welcome the asylum where we may pass our days in idleness, with bread; and when death comes we pass in our chips, conscious that in the game of life none carry away from it more winnings than we.

The duty of rejecting manuscripts into which their writers have put much of earnest effort and honest desire to please, and which they naturally regard with a tenderness like that of a mother for her child whose very faults are dearer to her than the virtues of others, is the most thankless and ungracious that an editor is compelled to perform. It is a duty that he can not execute without giving pain where he is most unwilling to wound, and where, in many cases, with whatever of gentle consideration he perform it, he will arouse unjust resentment. He is not permitted to hope that his contributor will approve his literary judgment, or understand without personal explanation that countless other than literary considerations determine his action. The utmost that he can expect is that his dictum will be endured. But when, expecting nothing but silent or sullen suzerainty, he finds cheerful and amiable acquiescence; when he finds gentleness answered with civility, and goodwill responding to politeness, he feels that kindness—even of the cruel sort—is not utterly wasted, and that even members of the *genus irritabile vatum* are not so black as they love to paint themselves. In illustration of these random remarks, and in order to afford the reader a not unpleasant glimpse into the interior life of journalism, we venture to subjoin a private note from a clever young woman, some of whose verses we had the unhappiness to decline—an unhappiness which she has generously dissipated; for who could regret an act of which so pleasant a letter was the consequence? In the hope that we shall be pardoned for the liberty, we present this pretty letter as a model of modesty and amiability, commending it as such to others whose favors on similar occasions have been distinguished by superior asperity and inferior grace.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—DEAR SIR:—My poor, rejected "rhymes" have lain at the Postoffice for some time, and reached me only to-day, together with your little note of condolence. I can not resist the temptation to answer and say a few words in defense of my taste, though you probably do not expect or care to hear from me again. Your kind little note amused me beyond measure—and touched me, too—with its tender consideration for my feelings, with the almost unconscious reproach hidden in its refinement. I have always supposed an editor to be a kind of literary porcupine, and was not prepared for the tender handling I received. Many thanks; only please don't think me disappointed or mortified at my failure. I think I have too much poetry in my soul, am too great a lover of Tennyson and Moore, of Browning and Buchanan, to ever consider my verses more than they really are—cheap imitations, or rather crude attempts, which not even English prosody could bring to perfection; for the "fire of genius" does not smoulder underneath. My writing to you first was only a piece of girlish impulse. Please forgive the infliction, and respect my foolish little secret. Begging pardon for this, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

"Success is measured by the difficulties which make milestones for its only avenue. Success is no more success without struggle than love is love without crosses." In this manner mused Mr. John Swinton as he clasped hands with Denis Kearney. But the great and robust commoner—who needs no prefix to his identity—hissed between his honest lips as he turned on his haughty heel: "The hell-bound spy of capital! He wears an unsoiled shirt. By all the spoons of Butler Ben, I'll trail him in the dirt!" The incompleteness of the poem is due to the sudden flight of "ours" through the window, propelled by Mr. Swinton's fiercely un-Democratic number seven boot. The foregoing is unfortunately a lie, but posterity will say, mournfully: "It might have been."

A sulphuric acid spring has been discovered on one of the Farallone islands, and if a company is not speedily incorporated to make government brandy on that island it will prove that the season of our vigor is past, and that we deserve all the ruin Chinese cheap labor can bring upon us.

The following are the reflections of James Anthony Froude on the uses of a landed gentry for England. Had the Irish gentry been willing to remain upon and of the soil, the present condition of Ireland might have been different: "A nation, it is said, which does not respect its past will have no future which deserves respect. Great Britain is what it is to-day because thirty generations of strong, brave men have worked with brain and hand to make it so. Nothing great ever came to men in their sleep. The fields now so clean and neatly fenced were once morasses or forests of scrub, or were littered with boulder stones. Our laws, our literature, our constitution, our empire, were built together out of materials equally unpromising. We, when we were born, came into possession of a fair inheritance. We are bound to remember from whom it came, and not to think because we have got it we have ourselves only to thank for it. You may test the real worth of any people by the feelings which they entertain for their forefathers. With the Romans, reverence for ancestors was part of the national religion. It was something like a religion here not long ago, and when the nineteenth century has sufficiently admired itself for its steam-engines and electric telegraphs, something of the same feeling, we will hope, may revive. Every step of what is called progress for the last thousand years has been the work of some man or group of men. We talk of the tendencies of an age. The tendencies of an age, unless it be a tendency to mere death and rottenness, means the energy of superior men who guide and make it; and of these superior men, who have played their parts among us at successive periods, the hereditary families are the monuments. Trace them back to the founders, you generally find some one whose memory ought not to be allowed to die. And usually, also, in the successive generations of such a family you find more than an average of high qualities, as if there was some transmission of good blood, or as if the fear of discrediting honorable lineage was a check on folly and a stimulus to exertion. In Scotland the family histories are inseparable from the national history. How many Campbells, for instance, have not established a right to be remembered with honor? How many hundred Scotch families are there not who have produced, I will not say one distinguished man, but a whole series of distinguished men, distinguished in all branches—as soldiers, seamen, statesmen, lawyers, or men of letters? It is true the highest names of all will not be found in the Peerages and Baronetages. The highest of all, as Burns says, take their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God. Those patents are not made out for posterity, and the coronets which men bestow on the supremely gifted among them are usually coronets of thorns. No titled family remains as a monument for Knox or Shakspeare. They shine alone like stars. They need no monument, being themselves immortal. A Dukedom of Stratford for the descendants of Shakspeare would be like a cap and bell upon his bust. Of Knox you have not so much as a tomb—you do not know where his bones are lying. The burial place of Knox is the heart of Protestant Scotland."

There is no good reason why San Francisco should not have better horseflesh than its stables seem to hold. If one may judge by what is ordinarily seen in the Park, our horses are not up to the high standard we claim for ourselves in that line. Possibly the tendency to own fast horses has put it out of our desire to own beautiful ones. This is not saying that the horses seen in our streets, and in the Park do not number a great many handsome, stylish ones, with brilliant action, and all other desirable qualities. But it is certainly true that the "perfectly appointed turnouts" of our wealthier citizens are fewer than they ought to be, and fewer than they will be when our rich men come to consider more the pardonable pride of their wives and daughters, and to think less of their own chances of winning with fast trotters.

It transpires that Mr. Kearney's trip to the Eastern States has a more national political significance than was at first suspected. There is now very little doubt that the most carefully matured plan was concocted long before the great agitator left San Francisco, in which some of the ablest minds in the nation had a part. This plan was—and is—no less a project than the calling of a National Constitutional Convention, to which the conservative States will be forced to accede in order to secure themselves even minority representation. The programme has been carefully prepared, and foreshadows an early call for an election, forced through Congress by Mr. Kearney's numerous admirers in both houses. Mr. Kearney is to be chosen permanent president, and Mr. Ben Butler is to head the list of vice-presidents. Among Californians interested in the scheme are said to be Messrs. De Young, Kallioch, Pickering, Stratman, Smith, Jones, Robinson, and Brown. It is believed that the plan for a new constitution prepared by Mr. Alfred Paraff, recently of Valparaiso, has been passed upon by the committee, and will be carried by the majority known to be in favor of the measure. A provision for the transmutation of the entire yearly product of the Peoria lead mines into gold is objected to by Mr. U. S. Grant; but, as that gentleman is promised the presidency of the company to be engaged in the work, with assurances that the Kearney vote will help him out in his fight for the poundmastership of Galena, there is hope that he may be placated; the chance that he may be only a hitch in the programme.

A BROKEN BRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Thyra Tynotte, *etat* forty, was a charming lady of very decided convictions, but no belief was more firmly rooted in her mind than her faith in the utter and entire desirability of Germantown as a place of residence. Philadelphia proper, of which fair city it was at once a suburb and an ornament, was well enough as a mart in which to transact business, but Germantown was the one spot upon earth wherein to make a home.

Death, however, had made sad havoc in her own household. She, her half-sister Mary, and an elderly female servant were the sole surviving occupants of her father's old homestead. But more grievous than the certainty of death was her anxious suspense as to the fate of her half-brother Henry. He with Mary, both many years younger than Thyra, were the children of her father's second marriage. Orphaned at an early age, she had cherished them with more than an elder sister's love, and had devotedly filled the vacant place of their dead mother. Upon attaining his majority, Henry "realized" his portion of the estate and went to Chicago; there, wasting in reckless dissipation both his health and his modest patrimony, he finally found himself upon a bed of sickness and overwhelmed with debt. Thyra came to his rescue, nursed him tenderly, paid off his obligations, and remained until he was restored to health. This much accomplished, and unable to persuade him to accompany her, she returned to her beloved Germantown, in the full belief that her brother had begun a new life, alike worthy of himself and his name. For a time his frequent letters confirmed this faith; then the intervals of neglect on his part grew longer and longer, until finally he ceased to write at all. For two years she had not heard from him, and the most diligent inquiry only revealed the fact that he had again fallen in with his former dissipated associates and had left Chicago. This was the one great trouble of Thyra's more recent life, and at times the torture of suspense grew almost intolerable. But the natural buoyancy of her disposition asserting itself, she again appeared charming and radiant as of old. Her innocent pride of name—her father had been an eminent judge of national celebrity—sat well upon her. You saw at a glance that she was a thorough-bred lady—perhaps a trifle too stately in bearing, just a shade too positive in opinion, but a lady—kind of heart and gentle of manner. Every line of her face and form, every fold of her simple yet dainty dress, evinced the innate refinement of her nature.

Such at least was the estimate of an observant stranger who met Thyra while taking a stroll at the close of a warm day in midsummer. He was leaning carelessly upon the hand-rail of a once ornamental but now old and very dilapidated rustic foot-bridge, which, at but a slight elevation from the water, spanned a wide and shallow stream. Idly speculating upon the rotten and unsafe condition of the frail structure, his attention was attracted by the obviously insecure position of the slender mimic pier which supported the centre. It was simply a great, gnarled root, or curiously twisted bough, in whose grotesque distortions his fancy found some resemblance to the figure 8. But the appearance of Thyra, emerging from the neighboring woods, dispelled his idle fancies, and he formed the estimate already mentioned as he beheld her following the winding foot-path down the slight hill to the creek.

The bridge was just wide enough for two to pass conveniently, so he maintained his ground. As she neared the centre, where he was waiting, he felt that the vibrations of the light woodwork were accompanied by a slight sagging, which soon became very decided. She was within a few feet of his position when, with a violent lurch, his half of the bridge gave way and he was thrown into the stream. Evidently not unaccustomed to sudden emergencies, he quickly gained his feet, and, standing knee-deep in the water, looked upward with a countenance expressive of angry astonishment rather than alarm. But either his struggles or the falling scantlings had knocked the insecure pier—already out of place—completely awry. Thyra, to her horror and dismay, felt that her fragile support was also tottering. She instinctively turned to fly, but, before she could take a step, the remaining ruin sank down with a crash and she was precipitated, awkwardly enough, into the strong arms of the stalwart stranger. The force of the shock fairly staggered him; but by a manful effort he contrived to hold his own, and then stood stock still, hesitating as to what he ought to do next. This manner of supporting a lady was clearly a novel experience and altogether out of his usual line. All his feelings of gallantry and regard for the sex were opposed to placing her upon her feet in the water, yet propriety demanded that she should be released from his close embrace as soon as possible. Finally he inquired, confusedly:

"To which bank shall I take you, madam?"

Poor Thyra, dazed and terrified, could only cry in her fright:

"Oh, carry me back! Oh, carry me back!"

"To old Virginia shore," he added feebly, in bewildered refrain, as he moved for the side from which she had started.

Heedfully balancing himself, he waded through the water with slow and cautious step. But, spite of his utmost care, he was several times nearly overturned by the loose and slippery stones which lined the bottom of the creek. Never a cry, however, issued from the lips of his firmly clasped charge, not even when once he barely, by the most desperate exertions, saved himself from falling. "Plenty of sand," he muttered to himself, approvingly. Thyra thought he referred to the bed of the stream.

Reaching dry land he awkwardly, yet tenderly, deposited his fair burden upon a rustic settee which handily stood near the ruins of the bridge. After a moment's rest, Thyra instinctively rose to shake out her disordered drapery, but immediately fell back with a low cry of pain.

"I trust you are not hurt?" inquired her companion in misfortune.

She again rose upon her feet, but very cautiously this time, and doubtfully limped a few steps forward.

"I fear I have been slightly bruised," she answered, simply. "Oh, how shall I get home!"

"Permit me to go for a carriage."

"A carriage!" she exclaimed. "Why, the only conveyance that could follow the path through the woods is a wheelbarrow—and I have no fancy to try one," she added, smiling. The stranger appeared nonplussed for the moment. Then,

significantly stretching out his powerful arms, he looked doubtfully into her face. Thyra, with a faint blush, glanced keenly at the man before her; for the first time she fairly took in his general appearance. His dress bespoke a man sufficiently well-to-do; his figure, unusual strength and power of endurance; his features, bronzed by exposure at some previous stage of his life, indicated great firmness, combined with a high degree of energy, tempered, however, by a twinkling eye and a good-humored expression of mouth which at once inspired confidence. His short, iron-gray hair—he had lost his hat in the fall—revealed a head of fine proportions. Taken altogether, he was a noble-looking specimen of the *genus homo*, apparently about forty-five years of age, and in the vigorous possession of sterling qualities of mind and body. Thyra's hasty inspection was evidently satisfactory. She felt not only entirely secure, but also that here was a man over whom, in a small way, she could safely tyrannize. So she limped toward him, replying, somewhat dryly, to his significant look and gesture:

"Many thanks. I question neither your strength nor your good-will; but one arm will suffice this time, if you please. Kindly permit me to lean upon it until we can reach my bome, just beyond those woods." She pointed in the direction of the path down which she had come, and added, sharply: "Be quick, or you will catch your death of cold in those wet clothes."

Without more ado, she made a virtue of necessity, and bore her slight weight confidently upon the stout support extended to her. Then, spite of her pain, she became very gracious and grateful, as they threaded their way through the shadowy woods and up the glistening evening road to her door. Her bearing gave no token of the adventure just passed, though it had not been without a spice of danger and an odd admixture of the awkward and the ludicrous.

But the secure shelter of her chamber once attained, she carefully reviewed the entire affair. As she pictured to herself the figure presented to the uplifted eyes of the astonished stranger when she sprang downward into his arms, she suddenly blushed red as fire.

"At all events," she cried out with a start, "I had on my new silk hose," and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which showed very decided symptoms of soon becoming hysterical.

CHAPTER II.

While anxiety as to the fate of her brother was the great trouble of Thyra's later life, another of almost equal proportions was looming up in the near future. Her sister Mary, in making repeated visits to her Aunt Laville, her mother's sister, who resided in Philadelphia, had fallen in love. This, too, with a man of whom Thyra, although she had not seen him, strongly disapproved. In spite of her pride in ancestors of revolutionary fame, who, if they fought for anything, fought to establish the fact that all men were born free and equal, Judge Tynotte's eldest daughter was at heart somewhat of an aristocrat. Her secluded life and the exclusive character of the society in which she moved, had done much to foster this feeling. Hence she could not behold unmoved the spectacle of her darling sister sacrificing herself in favor of a man whom she held to be far inferior to that sister in the social scale. As soon as it came to her ears that such a sacrifice was contemplated, she at once betook herself to Mrs. Laville's abode, and the too willing victim was transferred to her home, in disgrace. The undesirable lover was absent from the city at this time. All unaware of the opposition to his suit, he had resolved that upon his return the elder sister should be apprised of it in due form. Thyra, informed to this effect by the blushing culprit, was busily engaged in fortifying her camp, strengthening its defenses against both assault and siege, and more especially in weakening the power of the enemy, at least in so far as his influence over her sister was concerned.

Her fall into the creek had in no wise diminished her ardor, and on the morning after the accident she renewed her labors with unabated zeal. The two sisters, after breakfast, had sought the cool shade of the breezy piazza. Thyra—in deference to her slight injuries—half-reclining in a bamboo easy-chair, was, in Mary's phrase, "doing the severely maternal."

"Oh, Ty!" Mollie exclaimed, impatiently, "is there never to be peace between us, nor any more rest for poor me? If you only knew him, I am sure you would admire him."

"Knew him?" echoed Thyra, "what do you know of him, or of his connections, yourself?"

"That is just the question I was about to put to you," retorted the younger sister. "What do you know of him, you cruel Ty, that you should be so horribly prejudiced, so wickedly unjust?"

This was an arrow shot straight at the weakest joint of Thyra's armor. The eldest daughter professed to have inherited, in some degree, her father's judicial mind, and "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*" was her device. However lightly others of her sex might have regarded it, to her the accusation of willful injustice seemed tantamount to insult, and she resented it accordingly.

"What do I know of him?" she uttered in a determined voice, "I know just this much. He is not fit to be your husband, nor my brother-in-law. Nor shall he be either, if I can prevent it."

"Oh, Ty! you will break my heart! Indeed you will," cried the love-sick girl. Then she added in coaxing, pleading tones, "Why will you not be a good, comfortable, loving sister Ty, just as you used to be? Let Jim visit us here, and see whether you will not learn to like him as well as I do—that is, almost as well; not quite, or we should become jealous, and be as hateful to each other as we are now."

Thyra stared at her in mild surprise.

"Nonsense," she finally said, smiling, "leave off twisting those vines, dear, and come here beside me. I want to talk to you very seriously."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the little one, who was fond of a mild bit of slang, "now I'm in for it." Nevertheless she obediently drew up her low rocking-chair close to the big bamboo.

"Now, my darling," continued the elder, "I really want to make you think."

"As if I never thought," pouted Miss Heedless.

"I am going to tell you," began her mentor, in a grave tone, "what I know about James Hetherton, the man whom you think you love."

Mollie was on the alert in a moment, ready to do valiant battle, if needs be, in defense of her lover.

"Long before you were born," the speaker proceeded, "Job Gedway, the grandfather of James Hetherton, was the keeper of a low tavern on the outskirts of Germantown and a miserable drunkard. Failing in his wretched calling, he removed to the city with his wife—poor thing, she was not to blame—and his two children. One of these was a boy named Joe, known even at that early age as a wild and graceless ruffian. In the city, as I learned when older, for I was a mere child when all this transpired, the family went from bad to worse, until they sank out of the sight of decent people. Previous to this, the reckless Joe, in 1849, ran away from his home, in company with another young desperado, and made his way to California. Later, upon his sister's death, he sent for her only child. This child, born in the slums of Philadelphia, familiar from earliest infancy with all that is vile, he adopted as his own. This son, the cherished pupil of the unprincipled adventurer, Joseph Gedway, the chosen partner of his wicked schemes, is James Hetherton, the man whom you say you have chosen to be your husband."

Mollie, who, during the latter portion of this narration, had found it almost impossible to remain quiet, sprang indignantly to her feet.

"Oh, Ty! sister Ty!" she cried. "How can you sit there and calmly repeat such wicked lies—base, cruel, cowardly lies? Joseph Gedway is a hero, and my Jim is good and true."

Thyra, drawing herself up in her stately manner, was about to reply to this passionate outburst, when Mollie interrupted her with an earnestness and decision as novel as irresistible.

"Do not speak another word," she uttered rapidly, "until you have heard me out. Joseph Gedway was driven from his home by his drunken father. It was to get gold for the relief of his poor mother that he started for California. After cruel toil, and enduring for two weary years such hardships as we now can scarcely bear to read of, he reached the Sacramento River. There, a fever, the result of his trials and exposure, brought him to the verge of the grave. For tedious months he was compelled to lie idle, but the moment he was able to get about, he renewed the fierce struggle. Then, when on the fair way to success, he was robbed by false comrades and left by them for dead. Indomitable of will, after a second long and dangerous illness, he courageously started out afresh, as soon as he could place one foot before the other. This time fortune favored him. He succored the last hours of his dying sister, and brought up her son an honor to himself and to humanity. That is my Joe Gedway, and that is the stuff which made the real California pioneer. It was true men, men bold and determined as himself, that built up the new country—not the miserable drunkards, desperadoes, and riff-raff generally of your novels. I ought to know, for Jim has told me all about it."

Mollie, flushed with generous excitement, stood in front of her sister, saving the air in impetuous emphasis, with outstretched arm and gesticulatory finger, making of herself, as she afterward remarked, a spectacle for gods and men, had either chanced along the Germantown road at that moment. Thyra, overcome for the moment by this vigorous onslaught, murmured, feebly:

"You forget, my dear, that we are upon the front piazza and—"

The rest of the sentence was not audible, for the impulsive Mollie, struck with contrition, impetuously clasped her Ty to her throbbing heart, and, with strong symptoms of tears, besought her pardon.

"But indeed, Ty, I could not help it," she continued, when peace was again restored and duly ratified. "Your false informants had done my Jim such cruel, wicked wrong. I shall never forgive them—never," she repeated, with an emphatic shake of her head. "And just to think," she rattled on, "Uncle Joe—for so Jim says I must call him—is likely to be here any day." Thyra opened her eyes widely at this announcement. "I mean in the city. He is to meet Jim when he returns from New York, the presence of both partners being necessary to complete the business arrangement which has kept Jim here six months. How terribly the poor man would feel did he know of this wretched slander, and he just returning to his old home. For, after all, Germantown was his home, and

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"

She sang softly.

Thyra, who only half heeded this persistent chatter, was employed in rallying and reforming her forces. After all, Mollie spoke with no other authority than the unsupported testimony of one of the men accused. Of course he would have ready some such plausible story, and none could have been invented more likely to captivate and inflame the imagination of a young and impetuous girl. Nevertheless, she felt that her task was becoming very difficult, and that it behooved her to move with great caution. She therefore declined to renew battle upon the old ground, and effected a change of front.

"Did you learn the nature of this business?" she began, as Mollie ceased singing.

"Something connected with mines, I believe," replied the younger sister, carelessly.

Exactly what wild ideas of mines and mining these fair ladies entertained is best known to themselves. Thyra, however, had read somewhere that a vast deal of gambling was connected with their successful operation, and had a vague notion that Virginia City was not unlike Baden Baden in its palmy days; minus, perhaps, some of the gilding and external refinement of that once glittering "hell."

"Do you know whether these mines are in shares?" she inquired, gently inquisitive.

"Oh, yes! I know that much; for Jim said something about placing shares in the market, which I could not understand," replied the innocent girl, to whose unsophisticated mind the word "market" meant solely a place where greens, etc., were sold.

Thyra [affectionately].—"Can you tell me, my dear, whether these shares were in stocks?"

Mollie [hesitatingly, and anxious to be exact].—"I think he called them shares of stock."

Thyra.—"Can you not remember clearly?"

Mollie.—"Oh, yes! I remember distinctly now, for he said one of my wedding presents should be a certificate—I recall that word on account of the marriage certificate—a certificate for, I forget how many, shares of stock."

Thyra [inquisitorially].—"You are certain that the expression was 'shares of stock'?"

Mollie.—"Quite certain."
Thyra [severely, and with an air of knowing all about it].—"Then he is a gambler, and wants to make you an accomplice."

Mollie [up and in arms on the instant].—"He is not a gambler, and you are a wicked woman to call him so."

Thyra [with dignity].—"I know all about it. I read in the paper, only the other day, that stock gambling was the curse of San Francisco, and that nearly every one living there was infatuated with the new game."

Mollie.—"I don't care what the papers say."

Thyra [innocently].—"Neither do I, except when they agree with me. I can not conceive, Mollie, how you can think of loving a man who makes his money by playing cards. I can not—"

But what she could or could not will never be known, for at this moment the gate of the front garden was opened, and a young man, somewhat too glaringly attired for good taste, came up the walk to the piazza.

"I believe I have the honor of addressing Miss Tynotte?" he said, as he raised his hat to Thyra.

At first she feared that it might be the very man she was denouncing, his treacherous-looking mouth and false, glittering eye being just what she had expected to find in the gambler-lover. But, seeing no appearance of recognition on Mollie's part, and his features seeming not altogether unfamiliar to herself, she was reassured, and acknowledged her identity.

"May I presume upon your good nature so far as to request a private interview?" inquired the stranger in a courteous manner. Then, noticing a sudden pallor overspread her features, and an odd hesitation in her manner, he added, "You have no occasion to be alarmed; though the matter upon which I call is of grave importance."

But Thyra answered him never a word; the pallor of her face grew deathly, her limbs trembled beneath her, and she was obliged to grasp the rail of the piazza for support.

"Pardon me for being so persistent," resumed the man, upon whom her eyes were fixed in doubting, frightened recognition and aversion. "Pardon me, but I have a letter of an especially private character, which requires an immediate reply. It is from your brother Henry."

Yes, she was right; this was Cliff Den, the smoothest and most plausible of all her brother's villainous Chicago associates. She had met him at Henry's sick-bed, and also in settling up his affairs. No news other than evil could be brought by such a herald. Disaster, disgrace, shame. With a wild gasp for breath, she fell fainting on the floor.

CHAPTER III.

OFFICE OF BARIST, DEN & ELWOOD,
Shippers and General Freight Agents,
San Francisco.

MY DEAR SISTER TY. :—I write you these hasty lines in shame and anguish of spirit. They will be handed to you by my firm friend, Mr. Cliff Den, in whom you can confide entirely. Having inherited a considerable sum of money, he invested it all in the purchase of an interest in the large and well known house of Barist & Elwood, now Barist, Den & Elwood. Through his kind offices I obtained a responsible position with the firm, and won their entire confidence. About this time I became infatuated with the fever for stock gambling, and lost not only my own little savings, but also a considerable sum borrowed from Mr. Den. Then followed the old, old story, of risking my employers' money to regain what I had lost; still further embezzlement, to make the original defalcation good, and so on, from day to day, involving myself more and more deeply. This morning my hopes of concealment and eventual restitution were rudely blasted. The arresting officer stands at my elbow, waiting to take me to prison as soon as I shall have written this letter. In spite of my crime, Den still remains my friend. Being about to leave for the East, upon business, he urged me immediately to communicate to you my situation, offering to deliver the letter in person, and inform you as to further details. Having no other hope, and loathing to drag our name in the dirt, I have consented. I have taken, in all, the sum of five thousand two hundred and eighteen dollars, and have also wrongfully signed the firm's name. I am arrested simply for embezzlement. If you can hand over to Den the amount named, the accusation will be withdrawn and myself released. Should you be unable to do so, an additional charge of forgery will be preferred, and I am liable to be sentenced to seven or eight years in prison. My consolation, in that event, will be the certainty that I can not survive the first year. My health, already seriously impaired, would not sustain so rude a trial. In this terrible strait, I once more appeal to your old love for me, and beg of you to come to my rescue. God knows how I shall ever repay you, but, if it be possible, save our father's name from this foul disgrace. The officer at my side warns me to be brief. I pray you to conceal all this from darling Mollie, and strive yourself to forgive your miserably weak and wretched, but, in spite of everything, always your loving brother,
HENRY TYNOTTE.

While Thyra was reading this letter, closely watched by Den, Mollie, upon the piazza, had her speculations as to its import interrupted by another visitor. It was unmistakably the hero of the bridge, who had been duly described by Thyra, in relating the adventure. Mollie knew him the moment he raised his hat from his iron-gray hair.

"Good morning," he said, in a friendly tone, "I have taken the liberty of stopping to inquire whether Miss Tynotte suffered any inconvenience from the accident of yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, save a little stiffness," replied the young girl, "my sister felt no ill results whatever this morning. She is very particularly engaged just at this moment, or I would bring her here at once to answer for herself. Pray be seated."

"Am I correct," asked the new comer, taking a chair, "in thinking that you said Miss Tynotte was your sister?"

"Quite correct. We are sisters."

"But many years ago, when I knew something of Judge Tynotte, he had but one child, a daughter, when his wife died."

"That is true enough. My brother Henry and I are the children of a second marriage. So, to speak exactly, Ty and I are only half-sisters."

"Pardon my apparent inquisitiveness, but by what name did you call Miss Tynotte?"

"It is only a pet name for Thyra. Henry and myself, and I believe we alone, always called her Ty."

"May I inquire where your brother Henry is to be found at present? Believe me, I am not asking these questions from any idle motive."

"I can not say where he is. We have not heard from him for a long time, not since he left Chicago."

"Chicago?" exclaimed the visitor.

"Not since then. But the very gentleman who is now with my sister—listen, I hear them coming out—has just brought a letter from him."

"A letter from him. Impossible," muttered the stranger. At this moment his attention was attracted by the appearance of Thyra at the hall door, which was quite near to him.

"I will hand you, Mr. Den," she said to her companion, "the money for my brother Henry to-morrow morning. In the meanwhile telegraph to San Francisco at once, and also let Henry know that his sister begs of him to come to her immediately."

Thyra, while speaking, did not observe Mollie's visitor, but Den, looking up to reply, the eyes of the two men met in mutual recognition. Cliff instantly wheeled around, and muttering something about having forgotten his gloves, made hastily for the room they had just left. But the stranger, equally quick, pursued and caught him with a firm grasp before he had taken a dozen steps.

"Hold hard!" cried the captor. "What devil's trick are you up to here?"

Den's eyes flashed fire, but he had no chance against his powerful antagonist. Making a virtue of necessity, he yielded quietly.

"What does this violence mean?" inquired the astonished Thyra, fearful of some new complication in Henry's case. Mollie, mute with surprise, was looking over her shoulder, though she had retained sufficient presence of mind to send the elderly servant for an officer.

"I beg pardon," panted the victor, "but he recognized me and was making off. This is Harry Wirl," he said, indicating his prisoner, "a convict who escaped from San Quentin during the fire there, some months ago. He was serving out a sentence for forgery. He is a hardened offender, and I was one of his victims."

"I am quite confused," exclaimed Thyra. "And this letter from Henry—"

"Is a bold forgery. A device to swindle you out of a round sum of money."

"But how about my brother?"

"Oh, Ty," cried Mollie innocently, "I am sure he will not refuse to tell you the truth if you beg of him to do so. Will you, sir?" she added, turning to Den, alias Wirl, who up to this time had maintained a moody silence.

The escaped convict, although a seasoned rascal, was not altogether lost to manly feeling. This simple appeal, together with Thyra's evident distress and pain, moved him.

"Well, Miss Mollie," he began, with an assumption of gallantry, "for the sake of your bright eyes I will make a clean breast of it, if you and your sister will promise not to prosecute. You see, thanks to our friend here," and he nodded in the direction of his captor, who kept a wary eye upon his movements, "I shall be obliged to return to San Quentin, where I still have a longish term to serve, and so have no desire to test the hospitality of your Eastern penitentiary. Shall I count upon your forbearance?"

He was apparently as much at ease, and spoke as gaily, as though he were making a pleasant morning call. Assured that, for their brother's sake, if for no other reason, he had nothing to fear from the sisters, he continued his story in the same light and careless tone.

"I knew that your brother had been in San Francisco," he resumed, "for we went there together from Chicago. But almost immediately after our arrival I lost track of him, and have not seen him since."

Thyra gave vent to a sigh of relief.

"Then came my own troubles," he went on, "my conviction to, and escape from, San Quentin. Anxious to put as much ground as possible between myself and that pleasant resort by the water-side, I came East. I sought Philadelphia on account of the big fair across the river, expecting to turn my talents to good account in the city of brotherly love. Fortune was favoring me but indifferently, when by chance I recognized Miss Tynotte's fair features—here he made a low bow—"in a city street-car. I overheard her reply, to a friend's inquiry, that she had neither heard of, nor from, her brother Henry since his departure from Chicago. Remembering his troubles in that city, and how handsomely she had put up for him—I beg your pardon, I mean with what liberality she had supplied the money to get him out of his scrapes and debts—I thought I saw my way clear to a neat little turn and a bag of money. As I was about tired of Philadelphia, I went to work at once. I was perfectly familiar with your brother's writing—in fact, had some stray letters of his in my trunk. Taking these as guides, I was not long in getting up the letter I had the honor to hand to you, Miss Thyra; and I flatter myself that the plant—I beg pardon, I mean the scheme—would have been entirely successful but for this unfortunate meeting."

"But I remember the letter had a printed heading," said the elder sister.

"Oh, that was a mere trifle," he answered. "But I fear I must beg of you to defer further explanation, for I see a friend with whom I have a very particular appointment coming up the walk. I trust you will excuse me."

His hearers looked out the doorway, and beheld the policeman for whom the servant had been sent approaching the piazza. Den, briefly given into custody as an escaped convict, made his exit with as jaunty a bow as the manacles upon his wrists permitted. His captor remained behind, having promised the officer that he would shortly call at the station and prefer charges.

"Miss Tynotte," he said, when he found himself alone with the two sisters, "will you let me see the letter which the rascal delivered? I have a special motive in desiring to see it, and to speak with you concerning its contents, if your sister will excuse me."

"I left it upon the table in the next room," replied Thyra, moving toward an open door. "Will you not enter and examine it at your leisure?"

Mollie again sought the piazza; the other two entered the apartment in which Den had been received.

"A clever forgery," the visitor muttered to himself, as he subjected the letter to a close scrutiny. "Every characteristic, every turn of the pen preserved. It must be he. There is no room for doubt." Then turning to his hostess, he spoke aloud in a tone which was strangely gentle and solemn. "You have just passed through a trying scene, Miss Ty-

notte," he began, "do you think you could bear the additional fatigue of a story in some measure connected with it?"

Thyra at once signified her assent. She was beginning to feel great confidence in this strong man.

"About two years ago," he continued, "there came to my office in San Francisco—for that is my home—a delicate-looking young man, seeking employment. I chanced to have a minor clerkship vacant, and became interested in the applicant. Though I questioned him pretty closely, I learned but little of his connections. His name was Knotte—Henry Knotte; he had recently arrived on the coast, was unmarried, and had no friends or relatives in the city. All unrecommended as he was, he persuaded me to give him a trial, and I never had reason to regret that I did so. He was honorable, faithful, diligent, though apparently weighed upon by some secret grief. I had become greatly interested in him, and as his health was rapidly failing, made his work as light as possible. In spite of every care, he was soon compelled to give up the desk and take to his bed. Every possible aid to rally his feeble strength was sought after, but all alike in vain. Shortly before his death he told me that Knotte was an assumed name. He and a companion had committed an indiscreet act in Chicago, which brought them to some extent within the ken of the law; so they had come on to San Francisco under false names."

"You said his first name was Henry. That was his true given name, was it not?" in a tone strangely subdued.

"It was," gravely answered the visitor; and then, after a pause, resumed his narration. "The young man was about to confide to me his full name and story, when he was seized by a fainting fit. When he recovered, fearing that the excitement would be too great for his weakened frame, I bade him defer further communications until the following day, it being then late in the evening. As I left, though he appeared somewhat bewildered, he had sufficient control of his faculties to place in my hands a bulky letter, which he desired me to forward. I did not notice, until I had reached my home, that the envelope bore no address. I let the matter rest until the next morning, when I called upon the poor boy again. It was too late. Shortly after my departure, the previous evening, he had become unconscious, and so remained until nearly daylight, when he breathed his last in my son's arms. I therefore never learned from him his true name."

"It was Henry Tynotte," Thyra said, speaking slowly, and with manifest effort restraining her sobs. "Did you open the letter?"

"Failing by other means to ascertain its proper destination, I did," answered the narrator. "It was addressed simply to 'My Darling Sister Ty,' without surname or further indication for whom it was intended. The writing had the same appearance as this clever forgery of your brother's hand, which I now hold," he added, looking solemnly into her eyes.

"Where is my dear Henry's letter? Why don't you give it to me?"

"It is only within the last hour that I have known that the message was yours, Miss Tynotte. It is in my trunk, in Philadelphia. Having vainly attempted to find its owner in Chicago, I brought it with me to renew the search in this city, with which Henry, when off his guard, had betrayed some knowledge. As a last resort, I even read the letter from beginning to end; but I could gain no clue from its contents. It dwells fondly upon your tender love for him from his earliest infancy; upon your self-sacrificing devotion to his welfare; and, in the most endearing terms, blesses your gentle influence, which never entirely forsook him, even when he was at his wildest, and which at last prevailed. It is a message breathing gratitude and love. But while I am describing it I might be on the road for the letter itself," he concluded abruptly, taking up his hat.

Thyra was gently weeping now, but she followed her new-found friend to the hall door. Their attention was so absorbed that they failed to notice that Mollie, accompanied by a tall gentleman, with whom she appeared to be upon the most friendly terms possible, was rapidly approaching up the front garden walk.

"But there is one thing you have forgotten," said Thyra; "a thing which, even in my sorrow, I am anxious to know, that I may treasure it up with my poor brother's memory—I mean the name of his noble friend."

"O! as to that," he began, awkwardly; but before he could utter another word, Mollie's tall companion, bounding forward, seized his hand with a bearty grasp.

"Why, Uncle Joe Gedway!" he exclaimed, "when did you arrive?"

"My Jim, Thyra," said Mollie, slyly, by way of introduction.

It is, perhaps, needless to add that Thyra has reconstructed her ideas of mines and mining, of Californians in general, and of Joseph Gedway in particular. Equally useless to state that Jim Hetherton, his uncle's nephew, found grace in her sight, and that, in due time, he and Mollie were made happy. But it may surprise the reader to learn that Thyra's affection for Germantown is no longer so demonstrative as it used to be; that she has been heard solemnly to declare that climate, situation, and every surrounding constitute Oakland the one place on earth in which to make a home—and then, too, it is so handy to San Francisco. At all events, she is going to try the experiment, in company with—Joseph Gedway.

GEO. W. WANNEMACHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 2, 1880.

The grand feature of Steele Mackaye's new Madison Square Theatre is the stage, which has been constructed under the supervision of Nelse Waldron. It is a movable double stage, and is, in reality, a huge elevator. It is thirty-one feet in width, twenty-nine feet in depth, and the space between the two floors is twenty-five feet two inches. While the first act of a play is being presented on the lower stage, the scenery for the second act is to be set upon the upper floor. Then, when the curtain falls, the great elevator is lowered, until the upper floor reaches the level of the footlights. The lower floor is then in the deep pit excavated in the basement, and the scenery can be removed and a new set made. The double stage is to be worked by a system of friction wheels, and it is thought that eight men can easily raise and lower it. If it proves to be a success, there will be no necessity for the curtain to remain down for more than two or three minutes between any two acts of

TO G—,

I liken all my friends to flowers,
A bright bouquet that never fades;
Its fragrance scents the morning hours,
Its beauties light the evening shades.

Amidst them all, in velvet fold,
I see the pansy's charming face,
Its purple eyes, its heart of gold,
Its look of love, its gentle grace.

And soon the dying twilight weaves
A chain of tender, hopeful words,
That come from 'neath the twining leaves,
Faint echoes from the songs of birds.

I listen to the low, sweet chime,
Which tells of clearer, bluer skies,
And see that brighter, happier time
Reflected in the pansy's eyes.

And thus the murmuring music blends
With all that's loyal and that's true;
And in that dear bouquet of friends
The flower most loved is that like you.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879. J. C. DUNCAN.

THE DECLINE OF THE "BOOM."

The New York *Dispatch* says: "The desire on the part of a certain portion of the Republican party—a portion which we in our experience find confined mostly to office-holders and office-seekers—to renominate Grant for the Presidency, does not meet with universal favor. Indeed, among the most intelligent Republicans there is strong opposition to the idea of a third term, and even many friends of Gen. Grant doubt the possibility of his election should he receive the nomination. From what we have heard, we are convinced that the nomination of Grant would be followed by disastrous defeat. The quiet Republicans who do not attend primaries, but who vote at every election, are very unanimous in their opposition to making Grant the nominee, and the German Republicans are utterly opposed to him. The talk of Jay Gould and others about having 'a strong man' President has alarmed the Germans, who, by experience, know what a 'strong man' and a 'strong Government' mean. There is still a widespread regard among Americans for the tradition, handed down to us from our earliest President, that it is dangerous to our liberties to give any man a third term of the Presidency. There is another very strong reason why Gen. Grant should not be the nominee: The Republican party would be put on the defensive at the beginning of the campaign. It would have to meet the charge that he had in his Cabinet men who were corrupt; that he was intimate with men who were afterward convicted of defrauding the revenue; that he pardoned with lavish hand such convicts, and that his private secretary was proven to the satisfaction of the country to have been in league with them. These things can not be disproved; and, though we never entertained for a moment the thought that Gen. Grant knew of the wrongs committed by his friends, we can not believe that the man who surrounds himself with corrupt men is the fittest man the country could choose to fill its highest office. Looking at the question of nominating Grant from all sides, we can not but regard it as the most dangerous move which the party could make. Of all the men mentioned as candidates he would be the weakest."

A *Tribune* Philadelphia special says: "The Times has polled the Pennsylvania press on the choice for the Presidency, and will publish this morning the replies of sixty Republican newspapers, as follows: For Blaine, 26; for Grant, 22; for Sherman, 3; for the field, 5; for the best man, 3; for nominee of the National Convention, 7. A considerable number of those expressing a personal preference for Grant, name Blaine as the second choice, or report that the sentiment of the Republican portion of the community is in favor of the latter rather than Grant."

Returns from 5,338 interviews in Indiana with Republicans of all grades of opinions, give, the Indianapolis *Journal* says, "the following choice for Presidential candidates: Blaine, 1,882; Grant, 1,600; Sherman, 1,352; Hayes, 874; Washburne, 71; Garfield, 37; Thompson, 12; Colfax, 18; Harrison, 16; Bristow, 11; Conkling, 17; Edmunds, 10; Fremont, 6, and the rest scattering."

The Chicago *Journal* says: "It is a matter of great surprise to advocates of Grant's nomination that the opposition to him is so great, and mainly based on a conscientious opposition to the third term."

The Dayton (Ohio) *Journal* says: "If there are men who are determined that Gen. Grant shall be the Republican nominee for President, we seriously advise them to make a careful investigation of the situation in Ohio. We can heartily support Grant, but we know that there are enough Republicans who will not support him to jeopardize the State."

The Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* says: "To us the Republican party never seemed in such peril as at the present time, for its blind leaders, ignoring public prejudice and feeling, seem determined to wreck it on the third-term rock. They are leaving out the people, the majority of the voters of the United States, without whose aid their best schemes must come to naught. Besides that, they are doing infinite injury and placing in jeopardy the great fame of the great and skillful soldier, Gen. Grant, by forcing him into a contest which he can not win. As a soldier, his countrymen can not too much honor him, but as a Presidential candidate they will not vote for him. Sects, nationalities, Conservatives, and Independents are all opposed to his reelection; precedents, traditions, and good policy also oppose it; and his nomination would but bring upon him the bitterness of defeat—a shame from which he should be preserved."

Mr. Jacob Bomberg, of Harrisburg, Penn., a banker whose contributions to the Republican "campaign fund" are well known, and whose wide acquaintance with business men enables him to speak understandingly, writes: "If Grant is nominated for President, I know of one thousand German Republicans in this county alone who will vote for his opponent, because of their belief that Grant's election to a third term of the Presidency is the first step toward an American monarchy." The nomination of Gen. Grant, Mr. Bomberg adds, will give Pennsylvania to the Democracy by thirty thousand majority.

The Utica (N. Y.) *Observer* says: "It becomes more and more clear every day that there is a large and growing ele-

ment in the Republican party which is opposed to Grantism, with all that it implies. It would indeed be strange if a plot for the suppression of liberty, and the creation of a hasty empire on this free soil, could be carried forward without provoking an earnest protest from all parties. Nobody really misunderstands the Grant movement. It is the story of Louis Bonaparte over again. Give the man what he asks now, and he will take the rest without asking."

An Albany special dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune* says: "The anti-Grant movement has assumed definite shape in Albany, and a club has been formed having already sixty well-known Republicans as members. Mr. Dawson, one of the *Evening Journal* editors, is among the members. Branch clubs are forming rapidly, and the opposition to the boom is evidently beginning in this State."

A Washington dispatch, dated December 29th, says: "The noticeable characters who welcomed Gen. Grant here on Saturday were, first, Ned Beale, his host, an old chum of the free-and-easy days in California, whom Mr. Lincoln refused to appoint Surveyor-General, upon the ground that he would soon be 'monarch of all he surveyed.' Next in order was Don Cameron, recently elected Chairman of the National Committee by the bogus votes of John J. Patterson and W. J. Purman, both residents of Pennsylvania, who pretended to represent South Carolina and Florida as members of that Committee. Babcock, whom Grant had saved from the penitentiary, was more cordially and familiarly received than any of the others. Tyner, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, could not restrain his enthusiasm, and stood among the foremost on the platform, with other disciples of Addition, Division, and Silence. John H. Ketcham, whom Boss Shepherd, after being rejected by the Senate, named as his substitute for Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and who now represents the Thirteenth District of New York in the House, and also the First National Bank and the Washington Ring, was, of course, early on the ground. Old Subsidy Pomeroy, long supposed to be dead and buried, was resurrected by the first sign of a return of Grantism, and reappeared in the flesh, to justify a third term of that beneficent policy."

That powerful journal, the N. Y. *Times*, indicates its opposition to the "Boom" by publishing an interesting sketch in fifteen chapters of the life of Elihu B. Washburne.

A Great Discovery.

A citizen of Montana is the accidental discoverer of a simple, natural process of butter-making which bids fair to revolutionize the industry—to its advantage—and promises to make the butter markets of the world tributary to San Francisco. Like many other great discoveries, the Montana process is almost laughably simple. At the same time, the application of one of the most universal natural laws to a process hitherto both artificial and complicated seems little less than inspiration; and the unknown genius who hit upon the lucky experiment which proved the application at once efficacious and inexpensive, deserves a niche in the temple of invention near those whom the world has united to name great.

The story of the discovery is briefly as follows: A farm-hand employed on the ranch of James R. Johnson, who lives in Prickly Pear Valley, seven miles north of Helena, accidentally broke an immature squash from its vine. The seedling was of the Mammoth Californian variety, and the only one of the kind on the ranch. Anxious to repair his fault, the farm-hand suggested that the squash be "raised by hand." It then weighed only ten pounds, and Mr. Richards laughed at the idea. The hired man, however, obtained permission to proceed with his experiment. The squash was taken to an attic, where it could have a daily sun bath of several hours duration. A long strip of cotton was wound around its stem, and three times a day the end of this strip was immersed in a pan of fresh milk. This novel treatment was continued twenty-seven days. In that time the growing squash had been seen by at least a score of persons, each of whom had witnessed the absorption of milk, and each visitor examined the squash and gave it a vigorous shaking to try and find out what had become of the milk. At the end of the twenty-seven days the squash was removed to the Helena Agricultural Fair. It then weighed forty pounds, and had consumed about fifteen gallons of milk. The fair lasted one week, during which the squash was not fed. It was then cut into halves, and, to the astonishment of all present, ten pounds of superior butter was found in each half, making the yield of butter twenty pounds from fifteen gallons of milk—a yield quite unprecedented. The squash itself was made into pies by the ladies of Helena. One of these pies and a pound of the butter was forwarded to Mrs. President Hayes, whose judgment in such matters is exceeded only by that of the President. Mrs. and Mr. Hayes immediately returned a letter of thanks, countersigned by both Evarts and Schurz, "indorsing" the pie, and ordering a ton of the butter by return mail.

There seems to be only one obstacle to the perfection of this novel process. The scientific in Helena are agreed that the actual coagulation of the cream, after absorption, was due to the shaking of the squash by those who witnessed its novel bringing up. There seems to be no doubt in Montana that this system of butter-making will be introduced throughout the United States. As the leading squash-producer, California must soon take the lead as butter producer. Of course it is not expected that neighbors will feel sufficiently continuous interest in the new process to happen in regularly on churning days; but it is suggested that the milkmen and cowboys might play football or tennis with the squash-churns, and so combine pleasure and profit no end. It is also suggested that it is a poor rule which will not work both ways; and, perhaps, young steers may be fed upon the broken squash-churns, and, when fattened, converted at once into beef and butter—which would beat oleomargarine out of the market.

Marc Antony would make an excellent auctioneer. How he would take some crude cub of a passion and lick it into shape with that incomparable tongue of his! How he would get hold of all the clinging tendrils of sentiment that wrap these little brown packages and make them sell the goods for twice their value! What don't you suppose he could have sold Cæsar's mantle for by the yard if he had happened to be an auctioneer instead of a funeral orator?

OUR OWN MINES.

Ever since the silver discoveries of Washoe the tide of mine speculators and mine purchasers has swept over the Sierras to the eastern slope, leaving the California mines neglected. It is undoubtedly true that there are hundreds of valuable mines in California that have been partially prospected and abandoned, while there are thousands of valuable quartz ledges that have never been even prospected. Valuable mining properties, all the way from Sierra County to Tulare, lie neglected and valueless, while money by the millions has been expended in the more distant mining fields of Nevada and Arizona. If the enterprise, the mining skill, the labor, and the money that have been laid out on the Comstock and other mining districts had been used for the development of the gold-bearing quartz lodes and auriferous gravel deposits of California, the value of hullion would not have been decreased, and California would have been more populous and prosperous than any of the newer States of the Union. We hear continually of mining properties in Sierra, Plumas, Placer, El Dorado, Amador, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and other mountain counties that are for sale at nominal prices. Some were opened and abandoned when mining was more expensive and less understood than now; when processes of extracting gold from rebellious ores were fewer; when labor was high. Nevada presented what were regarded as superior attractions for capital, and these properties were either abandoned, or "stayed by" in a hopeless, drowsy way by impoverished miners, in the hope that in time something would turn up for their relief.

We are glad to observe that there is a growing disposition on the part of capitalists to seek these mines for investment. Many sales have been consummated within the last six months, and we think we may safely prophesy for the Western Sierras a new and prosperous era. We would warn everybody against investing money in the purchase of a mine except upon careful personal investigation. No one in the world has a better judgment concerning property to be bought than the person who is to pay for it. If the writer had ten or a hundred thousand dollars to invest in a mine, he would visit it, learn its history, examine it for himself, inquire of the miners of the neighborhood concerning it; and would do all this without airing his position as a capitalist. He would examine its ores, see them taken out with his own eyes, have them worked in a mill by a practical process, would eschew analysis; and when he had made up his mind to purchase the property he would ask the advice of experts. Then he would work and operate mill and mine as he would any other enterprise that demanded sense, caution, and economy. There are thousands of mining properties within the reach of small capitalists, which thus treated, would be found highly remunerative. A quartz ledge once tested and developed, a quartz mill properly built, ought not to be a more hazardous property than farm, or ship, or shop, or store. No farm, nor ship, nor shop, nor any scheme of business, ever made money that had not over it the eye of some constant, capable, honest business man. The mistakes about mines are made in California and Pine Streets, and in New York.

What They Know About Everything.

In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, most distressed.
—Crabbe.

Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph, make atheists of mankind.—Dryden.

Lust of power is dropsy of the mind.—Higgon.

Our natures are like oil; compound us with anything, yet still we strive to swim upon the top.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakspeare.

Judas was a woman—disguised!—Ouida.

He who is insensible to beauty is not far from loving vice.—Chateaubriand.

Our life is nothing, and quite sad enough to make any man of sense wish to get rid of it quickly.—Spielhagen.

Through danger, safety comes; through trouble, rest.—Marston.

There are three periods of love: Desire—possession—satiety.—Leméle.

Saints
And cool-souled hermits, mortified with care,
And bent by age and palsies, whine out maxims
Which their brisk youth had blushed at!—Hill.

He who would not be out of place in society must love life, and be determined to be happy in spite of everything.—Georges Sand.

After money, ennui makes more marriages than love.—Leméle.

The reduction of the universe to a single being, the expansion of a single being even to God—this is love.—Victor Hugo.

In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand the proof! Byron.

Who has not known ill fortune never knew himself or his own virtue.—Mallet.

Shallow artifice begets suspicion.—Congreve.

Mammon sits before a million hearths,
Where God is bolted out of every house.—Bailey.

Ambition is the mind's immodesty.—Sir W. Davenant.

Men, like butterflies, show not their mealy wings but to the summer.—Shakspeare.

The worst men often give the best advice.—Bailey.

No love can be durable that has not virtue for its object.—Chateaubriand.

Chance makes of us only what we make of ourselves.—Spielhagen.

Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.—Dr. Donne
SACRAMENTO, January 12, 1880. N. B. S.

If a pretty woman asks you what you will bet, tell her you will lay your head to hers.

TO A YOUNG SENATOR.

A Dunce-Cap that May Fit Whom It Will.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1880.

MY YOUNG FRIEND:—You have at last achieved the equivocal distinction of representing the senatorial district in which is situated the Arcadian retreat of Rawhide Ranch, and I congratulate you upon the fact; not because I think it is of any especial importance that you are a Senator, but because the usages of good society require that something pleasant should be said, and, as I can see no particular cause to congratulate either your constituents or the State at large, I address my complacencies to you. It is perhaps unnecessary to remind you that many years ago, when I was younger and greener than now, and therefore more like yourself at present, I enjoyed what I then thought was the great distinction of a seat in the body of which you are now—in your own estimation at least—a distinguished member. I therefore have no difficulty whatever in understanding precisely how you feel, and a very little observation will show any one interested how you act. I was not at all surprised, therefore, at receiving a letter from you with the envelope indorsed: "If not delivered within ten days return to Senator —," Senator from Rawhide Ranch; and, however much difference of opinion there may be as to the taste or tautology of the sentence, it can leave no doubt in the mind of any one that you are a State Senator. Of course I was prepared to find on opening the letter a representation of Jupiter throwing darts, variously marked "vote," "speech," "record," etc., at certain covering foes deep in a dark valley; and these enemies, it is easy to see, are intended to represent your political opponents in *esse* or in *prose*.

Following this somewhat startling pictorial allegory was this unmistakable typographical announcement: "Rooms of —, Senator from Rawhide District No. —, etc." After these profusely illustrated legends, it was hardly necessary for you to commence your epistle, as you did, with the announcement: "I am elected State Senator," and, after recounting your triumph in three or four short sentences, subscribe your name with the addition, "State Senator."

Now, my young friend, I wish you to distinctly understand that I find no fault with you for these things. It is a fundamental maxim of sociology that every young man is an ass, and his qualities are certain to be developed in one form or another. Neither do I especially object to the fact that you walk and appear as if you had swallowed a yard of lightning-rod; nor that you have spent hours practicing before a pier-glass, in order to acquire the stately *otium cum dignitate* step that is popularly supposed to have distinguished the old Roman Senators. I ask your friends, in advance, not to think it strange if you should take them aside and request them never, under any circumstances, to call you by your Christian name, but always to give you the title of Senator. Of course you have a scrap-book, in which you have affectionately pasted all the newspaper puffs and incidental mention of your name, even to the list of hotel arrivals in which it appears, on arriving at the capital. It would perhaps be cruel to suggest that these biographies of you were written by men who never knew or saw you, in a moment when the office was "short of copy," and sent there to print with the irreverent but not altogether false comment, "This slush will do to fill up with." It is of course foolish for you to buy hundreds of newspapers, and send them to the people of your District "frekurd," but you will do it, and I do not object. If you do the State no greater harm than is involved in these little vanities, the people will have greater cause for congratulation than I have any present reason to hope.

Your public career will be much of the same character as your private acts. You will introduce a bill. This will probably be unconstitutional, which is to be greatly desired, because in such cases its crudities and intrinsic absurdities will do but little harm. You will lose no opportunity to "make a speech." Your name will appear almost daily in the *Record-Union*, and this fact will give you untold satisfaction. You will receive countless letters from your maiden aunts, and the Sunday-school teachers of your district; they will tell you of your shining abilities, and assure you, in evident sincerity and execrable orthography, that you are destined to "make your mark." The public-school teachers in your village will adjure the "young idea" to look upon you and see what great things a youthful American can accomplish. In a word, you will for a season be the sensation in and about Rawhide Ranch. The strangest thing of all is that you will swallow all this soft-soap; I did it, you are doing it, and thousands who will come after you will do it.

But the awakening will come. The Legislature will adjourn. According to a venerable custom, public opinion will denounce it as the worst Legislature the State ever had; and it is a truism that honors are always distributed, while censures invariably centre on individuals. You will be called a fool, a knave, a nincompoop, a peacock, a corruptionist, and a few other of the complimentary terms which are invariably bestowed upon retiring State Solons. All this, however, will not hurt you so much as the fact that you will be entirely unnoticed. When you visit this city you will pass up one street and down another without attracting attention. In vain will you step with the most stately stride you can command. In vain will you register your name with the addition "State Senator." In vain will the few constituents you meet in the city persistently introduce you as "the brilliant young Senator." Next session you will reappear. By that time you will have remarkably diminished ideas of yourself. You will do less corresponding, less printing, and will walk like a common mortal. By the time your term expires you will have learned that you have no monopoly of the brains of the State; and by the time you sink into the respectable obscurity in store for you, you will probably have recovered from the attack of big-head with which you are now so sorely afflicted. If this should not be the case your disease is congenital, and you will die a four-eared ass and a perfect model of a broad-gauge idiot.

In the earnest hope that you may not turn out as great a fool as your present conceited practices presage, I remain yours, in the hope that you may improve,

STEPHEN JOHN CROOK.

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."—Shakespeare.

THAT NOTABLE BOOK.

D. Appleton & Co., of New-York, publish the *Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat*, in paper covers—three volumes. We have read but the first, and it leaves a bad taste in the mouth, as if one had been biting the corpse of Napoleon I. with Madame de Rémusat's teeth. No book recently published has been more talked about, and none is more disappointing. In one respect it is admirably characterized by Chateaubriand, who had read it in manuscript, and whose judgment the editor, with either engaging frankness or amusing stupidity, appends to the work in a foot-note: "The memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, with whom I was acquainted, were full of exceedingly curious details of the private life of the Imperial Court. Their author burned them during the Hundred Days, but afterward rewrote them. They are now but recollections of former recollections; the colors are faded; but Bonaparte is always clearly depicted and impartially judged." We have not the happiness to believe that Bonaparte was impartially judged by this first obsequiously-expected, then disappointedly-caviling, and always conceited and garrulous female dependent. We do not believe her when she relates how this most secretive of all the rulers of men, whose every action was a surprise to even his ministers and marshals, rattled off to her by the half-hour his plans, hopes, fears, policies, aims, means, crimes, and ambitions, in private conversations, which she repeats from memory, page after page, verbatim. We do not believe he confided to her those of his amours which did not specially concern herself; and as to that, we doubt the sincerity of her deprecation in relating the envy with which she was regarded with reference to those which did. This good lady's husband was made Prefect of the Palace, and she, Lady of the Palace. A large part of the book is made up of apologies for the admiration with which the pair of them consented to regard the author of their little greatness while he was in power and they were in favor. At the time of writing the *Memoirs*, however, he was dethroned, and they were trying to make their peace with the Restoration. In this first volume M. de Rémusat is a rather shadowy figure, but sometimes stalks majestically into the narrative with severe brow and folded arms to rebuke his erring master, whose meekness under the rod ought to have secured him immunity from subsequent feats of tongue achieved upon his memory by the wife. The book is edited by the writer's grandson, whose tenderness for the grandmaternal good name has borne fruit in an intolerably long preface, stuffed full of that lady's severe virtues, and exuding apologies between the lines like tar from the seams of a stranded ship. These *Memoirs* have been praised too much, and without discrimination. A just balancing of their merits shows them to be sufficiently indecent, but not sufficiently bright; malicious enough, but the malice not properly disguised with hypocrisy and bedecked with truth. There has been but one Napoleon; the name, when borne by the wretched rout of tricksters, sentimentals, and incapables who, with various kinds of disaster, have had the effrontery to keep or assume it, is not the same thing. We do not object to M. Victor Hugo dignifying the late Louis Bonaparte with books of abuse, but we protest that the fame of his great predecessor shall not be tarnished by this gossiping dependent, scribbling furtively in a corner the obvious falsehoods and petty misconceptions which her grandson thinks good enough to print. On the whole, we prefer to keep the Napoleon we have, and let M. Paul de Rémusat cherish that of his grandmother.

The young women, we observe, are availing themselves of their immemorial privilege by giving "leap-year parties," to which they invite the gentlemen, and where they wait upon them. This whimsical custom, however, is more observed in the country towns than in San Francisco. To justify it the ladies are making use of the following passage, purporting to be from a book entitled *Love, Courtship, and Matrimony*, published in London in 1606. At least we have seen it engraved upon the invitation and programme cards in old English letters in one or two instances:

"Albeit it has now become a part of the common lawe in regarde to social relations of life that, as often as every bissextile year dothe return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they doe, either by words or looks, as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doeth in any way treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

We are sorry to dispel a harmless illusion, but we venture to think the passage spurious and of recent American invention. It carries its own condemnation. Probably no English writer—certainly no English writer of the beginning of the seventeenth century—would have so misused the phrase "without benefit of clergy." Most writers in this country do commonly so misuse it, from the error that it is a denial of the offices of the church to one who has transgressed some particular law. The true history of the expression is something like this: Some centuries ago, the English clergy enjoyed, among their many other privileges, that of traditional immunity from certain penalties—exemption from the action of certain laws. This privilege was, of course, so abused as to become in time the cause of great injustice, and Parliament, in its wisdom, inserted in certain laws liable to the abuse the words "without benefit of the clergy." Its then well understood meaning was to include the clergy in the action of the law. This may not be a point of much importance to the young women who give leap-year parties, but we have thought it of some interest to the gentlemen of letters who relate those events—the society reporter of the *Call*, for example—and the genius who executes the weekly fashion article for the Mud Springs *Lords' Day Scalp-snatcher*.

Mexican robbers are real hidalgos, and always steal and murder like gentlemen, being especially polite to the ladies whose jewels they appropriate. A bandit chief, after shooting a gentleman dead because he refused to give up the keys to his house, addressed the agonized widow thus, with hat in hand: "Madame, we are gentlemen, and never could be guilty of rudeness to the fair. Pray accept this diamond as a memento of the deceased, and believe me your slave to command. My compliments to your distressed orphans. Adieu!"

ADA VEN'S LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 15, 1880.

MY DEAR HELEN:—I have heretofore regarded the editor of the ARGONAUT as a most humane personage, but in a recent copy of his paper he has actually boasted of having by means of his denunciations restrained some of our most cherished beaux from their accustomed privilege of "feeding" at balls, when and where and how they please. Now, if a young man, from prudential motives, is desirous of following the advice of that noted trooper, Capt. Dalgetty, and attempts "to victual himself for at least three days, as there is no knowing when he may come by another meal," I consider any interference as most unkind, even if he does take precedence of a troop of well-fed matrons whose breakfasts for the coming morn are involved in no degree of uncertainty. I have recently experienced quite a disappointment that the act from *La Grande Duchesse*, the performance of which has been so much talked of, has been abandoned for all time. An insatiable curiosity has possessed me to see those nice, refined young gentlemen bending every energy toward the acquirement of a vicious expression. I fear, gentle souls, they will find it difficult to compass; for that inimitable French *diablerie*, conveyed by such trifles as the drooping of an eyelid or the contraction of a muscle, I fear will prove too subtle a task for their innocent faces to perform.

Mrs. Henly Smith goes East next week, I hope not to remain very long, for she can not well be spared. It has been considered remarkable that a lady, so much admired herself, should be so considerate of the pleasure of others. Especially will she be missed by those young ladies who are so fortunate as to secure her services as a chaperon, her popularity rendering it impossible for them to be included in the mural decorations of an apartment. Mrs. Louis Haggin gives a "Tea" to-day. It is pleasant to see one of our youngest and most beautiful matrons preside in so charming a manner. She must inherit the art from her hospitable mother. Does it not seem strange that Colonel Sawyer and Judge McRae should both have died within the last six weeks? Of course you have not forgotten them—their polished manners and strict observance of all the rules of etiquette. Until this winter, I scarcely remember an entertainment at which they were not present—these two old gentlemen, so unlike in every respect save in their fondness for social pleasures. A life-long association with the most refined and cultivated in this country, as well as in Europe, had imparted an unusual degree of ease and courtesy to their bearing; and they have left many friends who will long regret their loss.

Our friend Mr. McCoppin will soon leave us for a protracted stay at the Sandwich Islands. You will agree that a saccharine enterprise will well accord with his proverbially honeyed words. We are in the midst of Teas and rumors of Teas; a German and several weddings are also on the *tapis*. Until your last, I was not aware that descriptions of costumes would interest you. So, in accordance with your wishes, the first perfectly stunning toilet I see I will describe at length.

Affectionately yours, ADA VEN.

A correspondent writes: "While in Sutter County last summer I ran across the enclosed epitaph on a tombstone at Kirkville. The bond of sympathy between poetic souls drew me to it, and I made a copy. The man was killed by a runaway horse while returning home from Marysville:

"'Tis little I thought, when from home I strayed,
That I should be so long delayed
From seeing those who on me smiled.
Adieu, dear wife and only child."

I inquired into the history of this, and found that the man had "strayed" early and often, and that caused trouble in the family. On the morning of the departure for Marysville his wife had "smiled" on him with a broomstick, which leads me to think that he made a mistake in the third line, and meant "those who *with* me smiled." This idea is intensified by the reflection that he had just been in Marysville."

Obscure Intimations.

JUDITH.—We do not know if your pocket-piece has any other value than its congeners of other dates. It would never be declined by us on account of its age; a coin is not in that respect like a woman, who when new is worth her face value, and rather less when old.

J. P. H., Oakland.—No lady named Williams is known at this office.

AUNT JANE.—You must send your name and address if you care to have your MS. considered. We fatigue of repeating this.

MILKY WAY.—It has been sent. We should be unable to use an occasional New York or other suburban letter.

M. B. S., COLUSA.—The Christmas number of the ARGONAUT was, like man's love, "a thing apart." It was not included in the regular subscription.

CHARLES WARREN STODOLARO.—We have a letter for you; to what monastery shall we forward it?

THE REV. J. B. F.—We do not recollect in what local religious paper the alleged speech of Bishop Strossmeyer at the Vatican Council, a portion of which we reprinted, appeared. Doubtless some of our readers will kindly enable us to answer your question.

REN ET JOEN.—We are not willing to inform you who our correspondent "Lel" is, or was; it would be a breach of good faith. If she had wished you to know her name she would probably have signed it to her charming letters. Besides, we do not know, ourselves. She made an incursion into our literary garden, ravaged an apronful of the flowers of compliment, and meanly ran away. Let her try it again, that's all.

CXII.—Sunday, January 18.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Fried Calfish.
Breaded Lamb Chops. Baked Potatoes.
Lima Beans. Asparagus.
Roast Canvas-back Duck. Currant Jelly Sauce.
Oyster-plant Salad.
Spanish Cream. Preserved Cherries.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Bananas, Oranges, and Grapes.

TO MAKE OYSTER-PLANT SALAD.—Scrape and boil the roots in water, slightly salted; when sufficiently cooked, if any of the skin remains, rub it off when cold. Make an ordinary French dressing, pour over, and let it stand about one hour before using.

TO MAKE SPANISH CREAM.—One quart milk, four eggs, half an ounce of gelatine. Four one pint of milk on the gelatine; when sufficiently soaked, add the other pint of milk, and place it over the fire in a *bagin-marie*. Beat the yolks of the eggs with three tablespoons of sugar, and stir into the cream when it boils; when it comes to a boil, take it off; stir into it the cream, beaten to a stiff froth with three tablespoons sugar. Flavour with vanilla. Use the next day. It may be eaten plain or around it.

TO LINDA.

On Receiving the Gift of a Pressed Rosebud.

The bud that you gave me, though partially sere,
Was reft from an exquisite rose;
Through all the mutations of many a year
It weathered the sunshine and snows;
Within a grave volume long time it was pressed,
And secretly lighted the page—
Like some fanciful image illuming the breast
And hid in the thought of a sage.

A tear turned to amber, or sigh in a shell
Once whispered, endureth for aye;
The transient and fleeting transformed by a spell
To that which will never decay.
Such magic duration thy hand hath bestowed
On yon fragile thing of an hour;
And ever, though fainter, 'twill glow as it glowed
When first it sprang forth in the bower.

Embalmed in the guise of that flowery form
What sweetness and verdure remain;
No blight of the mildew, no shock of the storm,
Will perill its beauty again:
Thus memory gives to the joys of the past
A delicate fragrance and bloom,
Whose beauty, un fading, forever shall last,
Above all the wreck of the tomb.

Methinks that the dearest fancy might toem
With visions whose charm never tires;
As it gratefully yielded itself to the theme
Which that eloquent emblem inspires,
Might picture a glowing, perennial youth
Through ages on ages untold
Preserving un sullied its freshness and truth,
Like sweet Arcthusa of old.

If love be the language which rosebuds express—
The perishing love of a day—
How touching the sentiment *this* might confess,
That fades not, nor withers away:
A love whose first fondness shall wane not nor waste
While life, and its sorrows, endure,
But still, undecaying, hold on to the last,
Unchangeably faithful and pure.

Believe me, were mine but the coveted power,
As surely the wish it would be,
To lavish the charms of that radiant flower
In richest profusion on thee;
I'd render thy beauty as lasting, in sooth,
As now it is lustrous and rare,
And cause thee to glow with perpetual youth—
A Hebe, surpassingly fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1880.

JOS. W. WINANS.

JUDGE FIELD.

His Course on the Supreme Bench of California.

In 1863 Judge Field resigned the Chief Justiceship of California to accept his present place on the Supreme Bench of the United States. Judge Joseph G. Baldwin, now deceased, himself distinguished alike for his legal and literary attainments, who had been associated with Judge Field on the Bench for three years, and had become warmly attached to him, gave expression to his estimate of his friend, on that occasion, in the following communication to the Sacramento Union, under date of May 1, 1863. We reproduce it as a contribution to the general discussion of Judge Field's character and public services, which is now going on in the public press, and connecting his name with the Presidential nomination of the Democratic party:

"The resignation by Judge Field of the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, to take effect on the 20th instant, has been announced. By this event the State has been deprived of the ablest jurist who ever presided over her courts. Judge Field came to California from New York in 1849, and settled in Marysville. He immediately commenced the practice of law, and rose at once to a high position at the local bar, and upon the organization of the Supreme Court soon commanded a place in the first class of the counsel practicing in that forum. For many years, and until his promotion to the bench, his practice was as extensive, and probably as remunerative, as that of any lawyer in the State. He served one or two sessions in the Legislature, and the State is indebted to him for very many of the laws which constitute the body of her legislation. In 1857 he was nominated for Judge of the Supreme Court for a full term, and in October of the same year was appointed by Governor Johnson to fill the unexpired term of Justice Heydenfeldt, resigned. He immediately entered upon the office, and has continued ever since to discharge its duties. Recently, as the reader knows, he was appointed, by the unanimous request of our delegation in Congress, to a seat upon the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and was confirmed, without opposition, by the Senate.

"Like most men who have risen to distinction in the United States, Judge Field commenced his career without the advantages of family influence or patronage. He had the advantage, however—which served him better than wealth or family influence—of an accomplished education, and careful study and mental discipline. He brought to the practice of his profession a mind stored with professional learning, and embellished with rare scholarly attainments. He was distinguished at the bar for his fidelity to his clients, for untiring industry, great care and accuracy in the preparation of his cases, uncommon legal acumen, and extraordinary solidity of judgment. As an adviser, no man had more the confidence of his clients, for he trusted nothing to chance or accident when certainty could be attained, and felt his way cautiously to his conclusions, which, once reached, rested upon sure foundations, and to which he clung with remarkable pertinacity. Judges soon learned to repose confidence in his opinions, and he always gave them the strongest proofs of the weight justly due to his conclusions.

"When he came to the bench, from various unavoidable causes the calendar was crowded with cases involving immense interests, the most important questions, and various and peculiar litigation. California was then, as now, in the development of her multifarious physical resources. The judges were as much pioneers of law as the people of settlement. We are sure something had been done, but much had yet to

be accomplished; and something, too, had to be undone of that which had been done in the feverish and anomalous period that had preceded. It is safe to say that, even in the experience of new countries hastily settled by heterogeneous crowds of strangers from all countries, no such example of legal or judicial difficulties was ever before presented as has been illustrated in the history of California. There was no general or common source of jurisprudence. Law was to be administered almost without a standard. There was the civil law, as adulterated or modified by Mexican provincialism, usages, and habitudes, for a great part of the litigation; and there was the common law for another part, but *what* that was to be decided from the conflicting decisions of any number of courts in America and England, and the various and diverse considerations of policy arising from local and other facts. And then, contracts made elsewhere, and some of them in semi-civilized countries, had to be interpreted here. Besides all which may be added that large and important interests peculiar to this State existed—mines, ditches, etc.—for which the courts were compelled to frame the law, and make a system out of what was little better than chaos.

"When, in addition, it is considered that an unprecedented number of contracts, and an amount of business without parallel, had been made and done in hot haste, with the utmost carelessness; that legislation was accomplished in the same way, and presented the crudest and most incongruous materials for construction; that the whole scheme and organization of the government, and the relation of the departments to each other, had to be adjusted by judicial construction—it may well be conceived what task even the ablest jurist would take upon himself when he assumed this office. It is no small compliment to say that Judge Field entered upon the duties of this great trust with his usual zeal and energy, and that he leaves the office not only with greatly increased reputation, but that he has raised the character of the jurisprudence of the State. He has more than any other man given tone, consistency, and system to our judicature, and laid broad and deep the foundation of our civil and criminal law. The land titles of the State—the most important and permanent of the interests of a great commonwealth—have received from his hand their permanent protection, and this alone should entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the bar and the people.

"His opinions, whether for their learning, logic, or diction, will compare favorably, in the judgment of some of our best lawyers, with those of any judge upon the Supreme bench of the Union. It is true what he has accomplished has been done with labor; but this is so much more to his praise, for such work was not to be hastily done, and it was proper that the time spent in perfecting the work should bear some little proportion to the time it should last. We know it has been said of Judge Field that he is too much of a 'case lawyer,' and not sufficiently broad and comprehensive in his views. This criticism is not just. It is true he is reverent of authority, and likes to be sustained by precedent; but an examination of his opinions will show that, so far from being a timid copyist, or the passive slave of authority, his rulings rest upon clearly defined principles and strong common sense.

"He retires from office without a stain upon his ermine. Millions might have been amassed by venality. He retires as poor as when he entered—owing nothing and owning little, except the title to the respect of good men, which malignant mendacity can not wrest from a public officer who has deserved, by a long and useful career, the grateful appreciation of his fellow-citizens. We think that we may safely predict that, in his new place, Justice Field will fulfill the sanguine expectations of his friends."

How well he has fulfilled those expectations is now matter of public history, and is the cause of just pride with those friends.

It will be observed that Judge Baldwin places much stress upon the settlement of land titles by Judge Field. To this we wish to add that he also contributed greatly to the settlement of the law of mortgages. His decisions have made that the rule of law which before was the rule of equity, namely: that a mortgage is not a conveyance, but a pledge only, redeemable by compliance with the condition on which it was given. Herman, the author of a recent and most learned work on mortgages, expresses 'the opinion that: "No one man in this country has done as much in developing sound principles in regard to mortgages—that they are mere hypothecations—as Judge Field. To his labors on the Supreme Bench of California, and in the United States Supreme Court, have been indebted the courts of every State where the doctrine is maintained; and his California opinions are cited as leading and decisive of the true principles."

The obligations of municipal corporations, and the rules of law by which they are bound, were also defined and established by Judge Field, in numerous cases, while on the State Supreme Bench. Judge Dillon, in his recent work on municipal corporations, frequently refers to decisions on these subjects by Judge Field in terms of the highest praise, and recognizes the fact that the views contained in them have been concurred in very generally by the courts of other States, observing that they "are vindicated with characteristic clearness and striking logical force, and able and interesting opinions," by him.

In 1833, *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was begun. It was written in his room at his parents' home, on the Place Royale. This work, with all its fire, wearied Gautier excessively. The poet, then a lion and a fashionable personage, much preferred to rhyme gallant sonnets to fair young damsels, and to promenade the boulevards with his transcendent waistcoats and marvelous pantalons, rather than shut himself up before a lamp to blacken sheets of paper; and besides, being a thorough romanticist, he detested prose and looked upon it as the prime accomplishment of a Philistine. So, when he went into the house, his father would lock him up in his room and lay out his task. "You are not to come out," he would cry through the keyhole, "until you have finished ten pages of *Maupin*!" Sometimes Théophile was resigned; often he crept out through the window; at other times his mother, always fearful that her son would fatigue himself with so much work, came to release him.

In poison there is physic.—*Shakspeare*. And conversely in physic there is often—physic.

THE OPPOSING SEX.

The new Queen of Spain is said to have Spanish, Austrian, Hungarian, and Magyar blood in her veins—enough ingredients to make a first-class boarding-house hash.

The train had just emerged from a tunnel, and a vinegar-faced maiden of thirty-five summers remarked to her gentleman companion: "Tunnels are such bores!"—which nobody can deny. But a young lady of about sweet eighteen, who sat in a seat immediately in front of the ancient party, adjusted her hat, brushed her frizzes back, and said to the perfunctured young man beside her: "I think tunnels are awfully nice!"

Gentlemen ought to understand that a seat in a horse-car is anything but a blessing to a woman wearing an ulster. Those garments are made to walk in, but the woman does not live who can sit down while wearing one of them without looking as if she had on another person's clothes; and, therefore, most women prefer to stand when arrayed in them. We prefer that they should.

Among the Romans the women wore dresses of a kind of stuff so transparent that the body might be seen through it. This stuff was made of silk so extremely fine that it was dyed a purple color before it was made up; when this species of gauze was manufactured it was so delicate that it could not possibly have admitted the dye. The shell-fish which furnished the precious material of this color were found near the island of Cos, whence writers have denominated this stuff the dress of Cos. Narro named these habits "dresses of glass." They continued in vogue till the time of Jerome, who declaims loudly against them. We learn from Isaiah that the women and maidens of Jerusalem wore dresses of similar nature.

How sick Clara Morris will feel when she comes to hear that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is having a villa built at Sainte-Adresse! It is an agglomeration of pavilions and angles of the most coquettish description. The walls of the rooms are to be decorated by some of the master painters, and in the garden there will be the ruins of an ivy-clad temple—dedicated to Vesta, Plutus, Eros, or Apollo the god of the arts.

In Germany betrothed persons exchange rings, and both the man and the girl go about wearing their betrothal rings. This stamps them both as being out of the market and prevents mistakes.

The Empress of Austria is going to Ireland again shortly, and may possibly perish in Mr. Parnell's famine.

He looked over all the papers on the news-stand, and not finding what he wanted, said to the plump, pretty girl-clerk: "I want a *Fireside Companion*." "What, sir?" she blushed. "I want a *Fireside Companion*," he repeated. "Oh, yes, sir; I hear you now," and she chewed the corner of her apron; "well—well—do you think I would do?" It turned out happily.

The mitre, says the London *Court Journal*, about to be presented to a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, and which can be seen in a West End silversmith's shop, is partly the produce of the sale of an enthusiastic young lady's jewelry. The lady recently went over to the Roman Church, and her rings and baubles, when broken up, brought about £500.

A young man who had just returned from a long journey, clasping his adored one in a loving embrace in a dimly-lighted parlor, was seized with a great terror, that for an instant paralyzed all his energies. "Oh, my darling," said he, wildly, "why didn't you write me of this? What is it—spinal disease? or have you dislocated some of your ribs, that you are obliged to wear this broad leather bandage?" "Oh, love," she gently murmured, "this is only my belt; I would have got a broader one, but it would not go under my arms."

The Duchess of Marlborough, says the Boston *Advertiser*, now the first lady in Ireland, likes poplins, but her example is lost upon her sisters. American ladies once drank no tea out of political spite, and the ladies of Lima gave their last golden ring to keep up the fight against Chili a little longer. But no political, patriotic, or national sentiment can induce Irish ladies to wear poplin, or to have their upholstery done with the best and almost only dress material produced in Ireland.

A pious woman was recently before a London police court for "disturbing, vexing, troubling, and disquieting" a clergyman while conducting service in the church which she had devoutly attended for years. Her offense consisted in making "a most shocking noise," which she considered singing, but which was a nuisance to everybody else. It was found to be incurable, and could no longer be endured.

The new Queen of Spain found some gorgeous rooms awaiting her at the Prado. Two parlors—one hung with white satin, embroidered with blue flowers, and furnished with blue satin, and the other hung and furnished with yellow satin; a music-room hung with red and gold, and containing two grand pianos; a study, in white and gold; a bedroom hung with buff silk, brocaded in red and blue, and containing a bed of ebony, ornamented with brass, and having a canopy of embossed brass and silk curtains; a dressing-room hung with buff silk and furnished with silver pine, and a room for the Queen's attendants complete the apartment.

Another American girl is to marry a nobleman. Why is it that our girls refuse to support their own countrymen? There is a lack of patriotism somewhere.

Mrs. Fred. Grant recently appeared in Washington in some quaint Eastern attire, presented to her by her mother-in-law—a dress of some wonderful Oriental fabric, and a number of Hindostanee ornaments, including bangles, which almost concealed her arms from wrist to elbow.

Miss McClellan, the young daughter of the General, is described as tall, slender, and blonde, very fair, and gifted with a charming smile.

General Sherman had the pleasant Christmas gift of a fourth grandchild. His daughter, Mrs. Fitch, has now two sons and two daughters.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT ANIMALS.

There was perhaps a little more than the usual excitement and chatter in the menagerie that afternoon, children, on account of its being Christmas eve; but it was all a good-natured excitement. By and by the elephant left off trying to blow bits of corn cob into the eagles' cage, and said:

"Good news for the menagerie."

And the animals all shouted: "Give it voice! Breathe it audibly!"

The elephant winked one of his wicked, twinkling little eyes and said:

"The parrot says he's going to hang up his talking."

And they all shouted and howled, and the parrot was so mad that it couldn't speak English for ten minutes. It was a Dutch parrot, and had been sold to the menagerie man by a Dutch sailor, but had learned to talk English pretty well when it wasn't very angry. Then the monkey—which was the same monkey that had that kind of a time with the parrot—said to the elephant:

"I know what you're going to get for your Christmas."

"What?" said the elephant.

"Handkerchief box," said the monkey; and the audience applauded again, for the elephant had the longest nose in the menagerie.

"Hullo," the elephant said, "didn't I see you climbing a yellow stick in a shop window this afternoon?"

"They'd have to hollow that handkerchief box out of a gum tree," said the giraffe.

"Look here," said the elephant, "you look like the head of a Noah's ark procession."

When the elephant couldn't think of anything funny, he always tried to say something mean.

"You'd better be careful," he went on, "you've got the awfulest lay-out for a case of croup I ever saw in this tent."

"Yes, but think," said the giraffe, who was a little sensitive to jokes about his neck, "just think, what if you should have a cold in the head?"

And then a Scotch staghound offered the elephant a pinch of snuff, but the elephant changed the subject back to Christmas, and said he hoped somebody would send the white bear a set of furs. The white bear growled that would bruise his health, and then he said he heard the manager say he was going to give the reindeer a nice sled and two strings of bells. The porcupine said he hoped somebody would send him a bunch of quill tooth-picks. Then he said he heard the zebra was going to get a pair of striped stockings. Just then the squirrel came running down the centre pole to ask what they were talking about, and the whole menagerie roared at him in chorus:

"We know what you're goin' to get! We know what you're goin' to get!"

"What?" he asked, with mingled curiosity and incredulity.

And then they just stood up and howled at him in one terrific yell:

"Pair of them climbin' things the telegraph repairers use!"

So you see, children, they have just as much fun on Christmas in the menagerie as they do anywhere else.—*Hawkeye.*

Truth vs. Local Pride.

This is a cause in which the plaintiff has been so frequently unsuited that he files additional complaints with extreme reluctance. As a lawyer he knows by bitter experience that there is very little money in the controversy, and as an advocate of his own suit he not only has a fool for his client—technically speaking—but is conscious that the world knows it. If the average San Franciscan is brought face to face with the proposition that this is not the most thoroughly cultured city on the planet, or even in America, he will probably admit that the proposition is not untenable; but the chances are that he will vote you a prig, and wish that the intrusive lance of your vulgar pessimism might be indicted as a nuisance. And, after all, the pessimist may be wrong, and San Francisco's culture may be as unmistakable as the wealth of its wealthier citizens and the lavish dampness of its summer evenings; but, if this be truly true, will some San Franciscan answer these three plain questions: Why is not the Mercantile Library out of debt? Why have we not a lecture audience capable of listening to, and paying for, something better than skeptical platitudes or literary hasty-pudding? Why have we not a single public art gallery? To say that our best citizens have numerous and extensive private libraries; that we rarely have had lecturers capable of drawing good audiences, and that when we have had them we have always met them half-way; that the private art collections of our millionaires and the semi-public galleries of our local artists and dealers are adequate to the formation of a catholic art taste in our midst—to say these things is to ask us to forget that our statutes were violated to keep the Mercantile alive, that we damned Emerson and Kingsley with faint appreciation, and that the current local understanding of art is the starvation of those of its San Franciscan caterers who do not deserve starvation.

The situation of a pretty girl, fond and foolish, and consequently fragile, standing in the path of a ruthless rake, is as old as the Psalms and more trite in the average telling than the schedule of the Inebriate Asylum. But the piquancy of immorality is perennial, except to the absolute moralist—and the absolute moralist is a myth. The atmosphere of our lives may, for the most part, be blown over clover meadows and Alpine heights and the broad Atlantic; but half the time we do not care to question either its birth-place or its wanderings. It may be safely testified, on information and belief, that a large majority of those super-sensitive persons who sniff contemptuously at the odor of musk and jonquil, sniff with a great deal of genuine satisfaction when their backs are turned. This is not contending that organized society is altogether corrupt. It is merely asserting that we have not outgrown the pruriency which made Adam a sneak and Eve unchaste. A great many women—including our mothers and sisters and dearest friends—we know to be pure and altogether womanly; yet we know scores of women—excellent as conventional excellence goes—who could not have stood the fire of average temptation for a single fortnight, if it had ever come to them in the form of an unscrupulous and magnetic lover. Perhaps this knowledge governs our undeniable enjoyment of

newspaper scandal. But either this knowledge or something else has framed illicit passion with the most palpable halo in all human admiration. Our refinement is measured by our ingenuity in gilding the expression of this idea. Modern refinement culminated with George Eliot's portrayal of the seduction of Hetty Sorrel. The temporary revulsion toward nakedness of expression is seen in the current appreciation of Zola.

During the past eighteen months (says the *Nation*) we have presented a curious spectacle to the world. Some thousands of our people have been digging silver out of the bowels of the earth, which the Government has paid for, put its stamp upon, and consigned immediately to the bowels of the earth again. The silver subjected to this novel treatment is for all practical purposes just where it was before the miners took hold of it. If it should ever be wanted we should know where to find it, but it never will be wanted except to sell at its bullion value. In the direst depression of the iron trade nobody was bold enough to propose that the Government should buy and bury two million dollars' worth of pig-metal per month. That is what we have been doing for the silver-miners, and they can not expect that we shall continue to do so always. A century or two ago the British Parliament was petitioned to buy and store the surplus woollen goods on the market in order to stimulate trade and give employment to labor and capital. The wisdom of the period was engaged upon the subject a long time, and it was finally determined to deny the prayer of the petitioners, but to require that all corpses be buried in woollen shrouds. A similar compromise might be effected with the miners, if they should prove troublesome, by requiring that all coffins be furnished with silver handles. But to do the miners justice we must acknowledge that they had little share in passing the Silver Bill, and have as yet shown no great anxiety to keep it on the statute book. Senator Jones has made a good deal of noise on the subject at one time and another, but his influence has been insignificant compared with that of the Blands and Warners, the Ferrys and Voorheeses, the Medills and Halsteads. The wisest of them must see that in the long run the price of silver will be regulated by the commercial demand for it, and not by an artificial demand like that of the Secretary of the Treasury, who goes into the market as an automaton to buy what he has no use for. If they do not perceive this truth, the public ere long will perceive it and act upon it.

Many Americans, particularly Californians, says a writer in the *Republic*, boast of this place or that as the finest in the world. Not very long ago I read in some paper that the country-house now being built for Flood, the bonanza king, at Menlo Park, California, would be one of the grandest residences in the world. No doubt Mr. Flood's house and grounds will be gorgeous, for the neighborhood is celebrated for its handsome residences. Welbeck Abbey, however, one of the residences of the late Duke of Portland, may be considered as somewhat surpassing even the California residences. A late English paper, the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, in speaking of Welbeck, says that the grounds seem to be literally undermined. "Extending in all directions from the abbey are burrows or passages; not mere borings or excavations, but lofty, spacious passages, brilliantly lighted by costly apparatus for letting in sunlight, and where sunlight can not be admitted, by lights from gas. By an underground passage we come to the celebrated riding-school, the like of which is not to be found in Europe, or in the world. It is entered by a trap-door, opened by means of a curiously-designed crank in the passage. In the days of the Duke of Newcastle it was used as a riding-school; now it is a magnificent museum of art over 180 feet in length. Hundreds of pictures are arranged—not hung—round the gallery, and piled in stacks on the floor are thousands of volumes of books, some modern, and many old, rare, and valuable. The floor of this gallery is of oak, and the ceiling is made to represent a brilliant midsummer sky. Mirrors in profusion are placed about, and light is shed from four chandeliers suspended from the roof, and each weighing a ton. This apartment is lighted up by over 2,000 gas-lights, and when all are illuminated the effect must be extremely brilliant. There are some miles of passages under the grounds. One extends from the abbey half the way to Workshop; another was used only by the Duke of Portland. The passages are all broad enough for three people to walk abreast in them, and pleasant to walk in. The library, like the picture gallery, is underground, and is the work of many years.

It is the London *News* which tells the following: M. Herrmann, the Viennese conjuror, unlike the "mediums" who perform tricks and call them miracles, does miracles and calls them tricks. M. Jules Claretie is responsible for the accuracy of the following tale: Herrmann was engaged in the difficult task of amusing that monarch "who lives the life of a wounded rabbit in a hole"—the Sultan. The scene was a boat moored in the Bosphorus. "Will you oblige me," said Herrmann to the Grand Vizier, "by throwing your watch overboard?" The Vizier looked doubtful, but the Sultan nodded, and the watch sank glittering through the sea. "Now," said Herrmann, "will some one kindly give me a fishing rod?" A rod was brought, a line and a hook, which the conjuror baited before the eyes of the Padishah, as a Pushtoo contemporary calls the Sultan. He soon had a nibble, struck, and, after an exciting interval, had a fine fish in the landing-net. Herrmann opened the fish and took out the Vizier's watch, still keeping capital time. Repressing a strong inclination to refer to the ring of Polycrates, we go on to prove that Herrmann can juggle as well for the wily Muscovite as the gallant Turk. While amusing the leisure of the Autocrat of all the Russias, he broke a large and magnificent mirror. The superstitious potentate winced, for to break a mirror is unlucky, and a curtain was thrown over the glass. Herrmann went on with his tricks for a while, then suddenly exclaimed, "I forgot the glass; look at it." The curtain was removed, and there was the mirror whole and unharmed!

How nearly akin laughter is to tears was shown when Reubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke of the brush—the hairbrush.

THE OTHER POETS.

The Mountain of Gold.

In the region of chartless land that lies
Far off in a dream of Hesperian skies;
By the rivers that, drifting golden lees,
Bear beauty and song to the Mexican seas—
I have sat in the miner's bivouac,

When night with its stars like a psalm unrolled,
And heard, as he leaned on his grumpy pack,
A miner discourse on the Mount of Gold.

And the howl of the wolf was faint and far,
As the moon, like a ship, from star to star
Sailed on; and the plain, with a sea-like sweep,
Lay silent and wide in its mystic sleep;
And the river below in an undertone
Sang sweetly, and, chiming its cymbals, sang
Of a sorrowful land and the wolf alone
Where seas had marched and the old wars rang.

And the glorified peaks stood high and white,
Like kings that were called to the court of Night;
And voices of mystery seemed to swell
On the wind in the pines as it rose and fell;
For thus 'mid the audible throbs of earth
The tale of the miner was fitly told—
With never a sneer or a sound of mirth
For those who had battled and toiled for gold.

But the Mountain of Gold was said to stand
Away in the depths of a solemn land,
Which the rivers explore as they bend afar
On the glimmering track of the evening star;
And ever, like dust of the unhallowed dead,
The sands of the desert do rise in clouds,
And gather and sweep with a ghostly tread
Around it, and rustle like dreary shrouds.

And a skeleton guard of mountains bleak,
Where the vulture dozes and whets his beak,
Defend it and hoard in their grisly arms
The dazzle of splendor and virgin charms
That no one has seen but those priests of the Sun
Who fled from the sword of the Spanish knight,
And whose shadows still, when the day is done,
Kneel there on the steps of their altar bright!

'Twas sought—but the rider and horse were lost;
Their bones are still, and their ashes tossed
With the sands as they drift in eternal unrest,
Where their spirits yet rise in the hopeless quest.
But a glamour of mystery strangely shines
Where the dead have been strewn and the living stray,
And the gorges are rich with exhaustless mines—
Untouched, as our hearts and our hopes decay.

And the robber Apache hovers far
On the thundering chase or the trail of war;
And the shark of the desert, gaunt and gray,
Slips by like a shade to distant prey;
And yet and for aye, on the yellow breast
Of the dead and desolate waste, the prize
Of that Mountain of Gold is said to rest,
Like a star that has dropped from the dreaming skies.

Perhaps it is only a miner's theme,
The glint of some wandering Aztec's dream—
As clouds in the magical sunset shine
Like islands of silver in seas of wine;
But may be not think, when the placer fails,
And poverty lurks on the olden trails,
That treasure barbaric and joy untold
Are shining beyond in a Mountain of Gold?

A Sea Song.

Ever alone by the sea
She sang, and she sang away,
"Oh! bide the waters and bides the sky,
But love is for a day."

Up from its wandering ebb
In its strong flood rushed the main;
"Oh! the waters come back, though far they roam,
But love comes not again."

And the sea sang in its depths,
Far from the troubled shore,
"Though I be not in the time to come,
Love shall live evermore."

Twilight Thoughts.

O winter twilight while the moon
Grows whiter on the deepening blue,
I find some brief-lived thoughts in you,
That rise not in the night or noon.

Of faded loves that once were sweet,
But now are neither sweet nor sad;
Of hopes that, distant, looked so glad,
Yet lie, unnoticed, at our feet;

Of these I think, until the red
Has wasted from the western sky,
And royal reigns the moon on high—
What profits to lament the dead?

Small profit; yet in dreams that hold
One hand to forward, one to past,
We stay the years that fly so fast,
And link our new lives to the old. —F. W. B.

Sunshine and Shadow.

A bank of weeds, of simple weeds,
Of sweet wild thyme and yellow, scented broom,
Of tangled grass and slender, wind-blown reeds,
Of brown notched ferns and tall spoked fox-glove bloom.
A world of beauty gathers there,
Low-tittering birds, soft scents, and colors fair.

A narrow mound, a long, low mound,
Snow-covered, 'neath a wintry, leaden sky,
Unlit by moon or stars; and all around,
Through bare, brown trees the night winds moan and sigh.
A world of love lies buried there,
Passion and pain, bright hopes and dull despair.

Oh, golden bank, where sunbeams glint and play,
Bloom out in fragrance with a hundred flowers!
Oh, narrow mound, keep till the judgment day
The mournful secrets of these hearts of ours!
God's light makes joy and sorrow fade,
For near His brightness both alike are shade.

—Tem'le Bar.

Mrs. Hayes was assisted in receiving her New Year's calls by four young ladies—Miss Matthews, daughter of the Senator; two Misses Jones, of Cincinnati; and Cook, Mrs. Hayes's cousin.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

The February number of THE CALIFORNIAN, issued next Friday morning, Jan. 23d, will present a most appetizing table of contents. Those who anticipate will not be disappointed. Prudes will be particularly interested in the opening sections of an article entitled "On with the Dance." A book of 100 pages, remember, for 25 cents. Order from your news-dealer, or from any news-boy.

The evidence accumulates upon all sides that the possibilities of the nomination of General Grant for the Presidential office are declining. What is known as the political machine has been worked diligently and intelligently for his nomination. It has had the support of sbrewd and able and wealthy men. The movement has been supported largely by those in office, and those who, like a certain corrupt and desperate ring in California, hope to get office. The opposition to General Grant comes from two causes, and represents but one class of citizens, and that class represents the best, most intelligent, and patriotic of the nation. The first cause is the wide-spread conviction that General Grant was not a success in his civil administration. There are many who affect to think his administration a bad one, and himself not free from the corruption that distinguished his second term. In this opinion we do not agree. We have every confidence in the personal integrity of General Grant. There are men who believe that the surroundings of his second term were bad, that there was great demoralization in public affairs at Washington, that the political "careers" of Robeson, Bahcock, Williams, Belknap, and others would be reenacted if Grant were reelected, and that the corrupt rings so prominent in his second term would come again into active life. This class of Republicans is strong, active, and influential. There is another more numerous, and, at the ballot-box, more formidable body of men, who will not consent to the reelection of General Grant, whether he is or is not nominated by the Republican party. The persons who compose this class have a high personal regard for General Grant, hold him in great esteem, admire him for his heroic qualities, and have entire confidence in his personal honor; but there is, in their judgment, a principle involved that forbids them to vote for the third term. They regard the two-term principle as a settled constitutional provision that may not be disturbed—a tradition that may not be violated; and there are no political conditions that will, in their judgment, justify a departure from this established and settled and fixed constitutional and traditional law. The Republican National Convention might afford to ignore the wishes of that class of citizens who were not satisfied with either his first or second Presidential term. The party leaders might say that party discipline will bring this class to the support of a Republican candidate; but a National Convention dares not say, "We will set at defiance the opinions of that large class of American voters who, from love of country and patriotic principle, have resolved not to support a third-term candidate."

The sentiment among the Republicans of California is warmly sympathetic with General Grant. There is for him an admiration and love that no public man has ever called forth. His mistakes of civil administration are seldom alluded to, and then apologetically; but there is an almost universal sentiment that he must not be renominated, and there is an almost unanimous resolve that if he is nominated, he shall not be made President by the electoral vote of this State. It would be party suicide and political madness to give the candidacy to General Grant, as he could not carry the States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Indiana, California, or Oregon. He may be nominated; there is no mode of measuring the probabilities of a political convention manipulated by the most adroit and most unscrupulous politicians of the Republican organization. The men who propose Grant from principle are not politicians, are not

leaders, are powerless in conventions; but they are a great, silent, compact, resolute army, that will march to the ballot-box with a fearless resolve to save this nation from the calamities that are possible if General Grant becomes for the third time President of the United States. There are local causes operating in the State of California that would make it impossible to give the electoral vote of this State to General Grant. It is reasonable to suppose that the men of California who had his ear before would have it again; that the politics of this State would swing back into the old groove; that the same shameless and unprincipled thieves and adventurers who then guarded the Republican throne upon this coast would again rally around it, and again wallow in the mud of its surroundings. The same thieving banditti that ruled in mint and navy-yard; that fattened on contracts and grew rich on the loot and plunder of office; that whispered honest men to death, and stabbed reputations; that rioted and grew fat; that swelled in lobbies, served corporations for hire, and lied and libeled; that turned traitor to party and tail to principle, would all be hack upon us—would be again all lean and hungry and desperate, feeding at the public crib—both feet, all feet in the trough, gorging themselves with the swill of dishonest party plunder. No honest work can give the delegation of this State to General Grant. No human effort can give him its twelve electoral votes.

The disposition of the water question seems to us one of easy solution. We think there is a plan by which the citizens of San Francisco can obtain cheap water without creating a bonded debt, without stealing private property, and without leaving an unequal public burden upon the few water consumers. That the Spring Valley Water Company has the best and only practicable system for supplying the city of San Francisco we do not doubt, never have doubted; that the water is pure and good we know; that it is abundant we believe; that its supply will be sufficient for a million of people when the Calaveras Valley is added we are convinced. The Spring Valley corporation has water; the city of San Francisco wants it. How to get it honestly and cheaply is the question. The city government can not steal it. It can not condemn it without risking the creation of a great debt. The city had better not own it if any other device can be suggested for securing its waters. To own it is, first, to create a bonded debt, and second, to create a political concern that would be expensive to administer. The present condition of things is a flagrant outrage upon the few who are compelled to become purchasers of water. Rates are exorbitant, oppressive, and unjust. Water is an expensive luxury to the few whose necessities compel them to become purchasers of it; while great financial property and business interests reap all the advantages of water without paying anything for it. To illustrate: All owners of unimproved property, all speculators in suburban property, all owners of large commercial buildings, all non-consumers of water, get the benefit of water without paying for it. The speculator who refuses to improve, but lies idly by his lots till the enterprise of others gives them value, pays nothing for the water that protects from fire, or preserves from epidemics, or contributes to comfort. A block of buildings used for merchandise or storage pays almost nothing toward a water system that reduces insurance to a minimum, and, through a fire department, gives protection to uninsured property.

The firm of Murphy, Grant & Co., with a building worth half a million of dollars, and a stock of dry-goods worth a million, pays only for water for its closets and lavation. The Bank of California and the Nevada Bank pay for water-closets and stationary wash-stands. Charles McLaughlin, who lives at the Palace Hotel and drives in the park with his elegant equipage, pays nothing for laying the dust in his drives. Our streets are sprinkled, our sewers are flushed, our public buildings are provided with water, our fires are extinguished, at the cost of seventeen thousand water consumers, while the great body of the people and nearly all the wealth of the city entirely escape taxation. This is an unequal, unreasonable, and unjust burden. The proposition to reduce water rates below a fair interest to the stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Company is a dishonest one. To allow the Board of Supervisors annually to fix water rates is to make it possible for the demagogue or the dishonest politician to curry the favor of voters by stealing the property that does not belong to him, and dividing it among his constituents as a bribe for their support. This is in substance the proposition of Mr. John F. Swift, and is neither honorable, nor practicable, nor honest. To introduce Lake Merced's scant supply of had water in order to work a partial and destructive competition to a more extensive private system is to use it as a stuffed club to so intimidate private owners that they will sell; to so compete with them that they will be compelled to part with their property, is Mr. Andrew J. Bryant's proposition, and it is neither feasible nor decent. When San Francisco extends to the water-shed of Lake Merced, its waters will become poisonous, and there is no device known to engineering, and no protection within the expenditure of millions, that will preserve the waters of this lake from the foul and poisonous drainage of a great city.

To condemn this property by computing as its value what it would cost to-day in the purchase and laying of its mains and distributing pipe and the building of its reservoirs, and take it from its owners by a forced process of law, is to steal it. This is, in substance, the *Bulletin's* plan. It is confiscation, robbery, and dishonest appropriation. The value of the Spring Valley Water Company's works and franchise is what the franchise and works are worth, considering the fact of location and supply, and whether the works could be duplicated at all, and if so at what reasonable cost. The past, the present, and the future are to be regarded in an estimate of value of property of this kind. The *Bulletin* is worth—not what its types and press would bring at auction; it has a capitalized value in accordance with its earnings, its good will, its age, its character. It is worth what it would bring under the circumstances of a fair sale. The Spring Valley Company owns its property as all of us own our estates. It has the same right to the protection of the law as an individual. If an individual went to the mountains of San Mateo and brought away a pail of water, no one would have a right to steal and drink it, even if he were ever so thirsty. The city needs this water for the supply of her citizens, for the extinction of fires, for her public institutions, for flushing her sewers, for sprinkling her streets, for fertilizing her parks, for her public fountains; but it has no right to steal it, nor confiscate it, nor fix rates for its use; and it has no right to place the burdens of water consumption on the class of consumers that is compelled to have it from the company's pipes.

This property is not all owned by Senator Sharon and Charles Webb Howard, and if it were it would not be justifiable to steal it, even from them. It belongs to all sorts of people—to foreigners, non-residents, estates, orphans, and is held in trust for minors. The men who own it know their rights, and the law will protect them; and all this demagoguery on the part of ambitious politicians, and all this affectation of public zeal on the part of the *Bulletin*, *Call*, and other journals that are engaged in making this howl, is a piece of charlatanism as absurd and ridiculous as it is useless and criminal. To attempt or to succeed in stealing the water company's property, or to obtain it for less than its value, or to fix rates for less than a fair compensation, is as immoral as it would be to take Claus Spreckles's sugar refinery, D. O. Mills's dairy, or the merchandise of the White House, because sugar, milk, and dry-goods are among the indispensable necessities of the people. Then, says the reader, how can the people of San Francisco secure this water honestly and justly?—how get it equitably and fairly?—how adjust this matter satisfactorily to the stockholders of Spring Valley and to the citizens?—how so arrange that its burdens shall be removed from the seventeen thousand consumers and shared equally by all? We answer: By fixing fair compensatory water rates, and equitably dividing them between consumers and all property-owners in the City and County of San Francisco. By levying a water-tax, as all other large cities in Europe and America do. Let a commission of disinterested and honorable business men be selected. Let them be intelligent tax-payers, and not broken-down, impecunious political adventurers. Let them fix a value upon the water company's property, and upon this valuation allow a fair rate of interest. Let a fair amount be allowed for the company to administer its affairs. Let an annual sum be set apart for improvements and repairs. Let the consumers pay one-fifth or one-fourth the entire cost. Let the balance, four-fifths or three-fourths, be charged upon the general tax levy and collected as other taxes are collected.

It might be wise to agree upon an amount for which the company would sell its entire plant, and a sinking fund to purchase it by payment upon the installment plan, say within thirty years. Thus would we avoid litigation, endless and expensive, with the company; avoid doing or attempting to do a wrong; avoid a great bonded debt; avoid a complex and costly political machine; secure the property at the expiration of thirty years; reduce the cost of water to consumers, and place the burden equally upon all property, improved or unimproved, of resident or non-resident owners, and make all alike bear the burdens of that article of universal consumption, indispensable to rich and poor, and necessary for the safety, health, and comfort of all the people. Let us suppose the property is worth \$12,000,000. It would not be an exorbitant tax to pay its owners a fair rate of interest for its use, and enough to keep in repair its works, administer its affairs, and extend its area of catchment and distribution as the city expands and increases in wealth and population. If Senator Sharon owned the water company, and Governor Perkins owned the city, and both parties understood their legal rights, and both were disposed to fair and honorable dealing, this matter would be adjusted in a fortnight upon some honest basis. But if Senator Sharon were an idiot and Governor Perkins were an editor—if there were demagoguery, personal malice, ambition to go to Congress, and a desire to please everybody, and make a little money on the sly, and to be reelected Supervisor—there would be the devil to pay, just as there is now.

AFTERMATH.

Two years ago the Legislature made legal provision for a Constitutional Convention, and provided that its members should be paid ten dollars per day while in session, not to exceed one hundred days, and made appropriation therefor; in other words, it was the law, and so understood and accepted by the members of the Constitutional Convention, that for their entire service they should each receive \$1,000. Instead of confining the session to one hundred days, it was extended to one hundred and fifty-seven days. In violation of law and contract, the Constitutional Convention issued scrip to its members for the added days of session—\$570 to each member more than he was entitled to receive—making in the aggregate \$86,640. This scrip was sold at 50 cents on the dollar to money-lenders. In addition to this amount there is a further deficiency of some \$40,000 for expenses. Senator Baker, of Santa Clara, has introduced a concurrent resolution to so amend the Constitution that this amount can never be drawn from the treasury, and this is right. It is honest, and it is not a hardship either to the members who still hold their pay, nor to the pawnbrokers and other Shylocks who have risked their money upon the doubtful security of scrip illegally issued.

To pay this amount creates a large deficiency that will be charged to the extravagance of a Republican Legislature, and make a bad financial showing at the next election. Those members of the Legislature who vote to pay this sum out of the treasury will violate their pledges of retrenchment. There are six gentlemen in the Senate who, having been members of the Constitutional Convention, will, from motives of delicacy affecting their personal honor, be estopped from any endeavor to draw this money from the treasury; they are Messrs. Gorman, Burt, Glasscock, West, Lampson, and Moreland. Mr. McComas and others in the lower house are in the same delicate position. The lobby will say to such of these gentlemen as have parted with their scrip that they ought to see it paid. It will be an easy conscience that, having sold \$587 worth of illegal scrip, will legislate its payment out of the pockets of tax-payers in vindication of their own honor, and in violation of law.

Donations to the Irish Relief Committee were as follows: Mr. Jackson, of the *Post*, \$50; Mr. Fitch, of the *Bulletin*, \$100; Mr. Pickering, of the *Call*, \$200; Mr. De Young, of the *Chronicle*, \$250. The balance of the press to be heard from. The ARGONAUT gives more than anybody; it gives the following good advice to the poor American Irish: Don't give at all. Keep your money. Don't be bled by politicians.

The Free Public Library on Bush Street is a success. The attendance by day is good; at night, numerous. The visitors are quiet, studious, well dressed, and well behaved. The tough septuagenarian seeks knowledge with the same avidity as the tender boy at his side—devours romances. The chairs are comfortable, the tables handy, the lighting and ventilation good. The male librarians are courteous, affable, and competent. But the female assistants—ah! it is here that our powers of description fail us—that our desire to be conscientious is lost in admiration. They are unquestioned queens of the bibliothecal realm. Their familiarity with recondite literature is bewildering, amazing. If you ascend into the heavens of sociology and physics, they are there; if you go down into the bottomless depths of blood-and-thunder novels, lo! they are there also. Their intellectual aim is unerring. They "bring down" their book with the same calm confidence of superiority and power as Carver or Bogardus might a glass ball. You can not stump them. You can but receive your mental *pabulum* reverently at their hands, and, as you hunt up a vacant chair in a subdued manner, wonder how these small beads can carry all they know.

There is but one feature in the library which demands reformation. It is this: to the right of the door, as you enter, stands a table, and on this table lie classified indexes (or indices, if you are hypercritical) of all the books to be found on the shelves, so that visitors may make selection before inquiry. The constant fingering and thumbing of eager digits has worn away the brown-paper coverings which once indicated the nature of their respective contents. True, we can still satisfy ourselves of the character of each catalogue by turning over its leaves, and a simple mental process will convince the inquirer that he need not try to find *The Scalp Hunters* in a list where *Proctor's Astronomy* stares him blankly in the face. But this is not what is wanted; what is wanted is a cast-iron binding, with title stenciled into it. This is the only thing that will stand the wear and tear of a public library—unless it be sand-paper. There is no affinity between finger-ends and sand-paper. It is a substance that deserves and commands respect. Still, it might make thieves of honest smokers, so on the whole we lean to cast-iron; and, with all due deference, submit the suggestion for the consideration of the librarian-in-chief.

If John F. Swift and ex-Mayor Bryant would drown themselves. If Fred MacCrellish would drink nothing but the waters of the Laguna de la Merced. If Maboney and Cobb

and White and Purdy would wait awhile till they got where water would be more refreshing. If the *Post* and *Chronicle* would be as intelligent as they are zealous; and if the *Bulletin* and *Call* would be as honest as they are unreasonable, malicious, and vindictive; and if all parties had as much sense and independence as the ARGONAUT has, this water muddle could be adjusted to everybody's satisfaction, and that in a very short time.

The Legislature—except our friend Judge Tyler, and our member from Jerusalem, Mr. Braunhart—has scarcely got itself into working order: we might say fighting order. A multitude of bills has been introduced, but none passed. There will be as many acts and amendments of acts introduced into this session as there will be into all the Parliaments, Chambers of Deputies, Reichstags, Assemblies, Sanhedrims, and Legislatures of all the world beside. Most of these will be crude, undigested, ill-considered attempts at legislation by ignorant, prejudiced, partisan fools, who think the world stands on four elephants, the elephants on a turtle, the turtle on a rock, and the rock on their broad and brawny shoulders. About six members in the House and three in the Senate will develop into active, talking, bill-introducing prominence. They will gabble upon every occasion. They will strut and blow, and be personally quarrelsome, offensive, and disgusting. We counsel to the more sensible, sedate, and silent members to allow this little hand of garrulous idiots a full swing. In a week or two they will tire out and subside.

The Inaugural Ball was a success, if such a mixed and incongruous thing as a political hall can ever be a success. It is our observation that social and political life do not harmoniously blend. A gentleman in political position does not willingly bring to his support social aid. A lady in society does not cheerfully accept in her saloons the political bummers who are found indispensable to her husband's advancement. An inaugural ball, in either Washington or Sacramento, is necessarily a very mixed affair. Receptions by Presidents or Governors are ditto. The custom of giving them would, we think, be honored in its breach.

Now, then, let the legislators go to business. There are grave measures to consider, and important laws to pass. The new Constitution is an experiment, and its interpretation demands grave and honest thought, patient and careful and intelligent study. There are men in the Senate and in the House to whom the eyes of the community turn with expectation of honest and intelligent legislation. There is no interest and no class whose welfare is not to be advanced or hindered by the acts of this session: wealth and industry alike look to it for healthful laws, society for protection, and governmental order for support. There are honors to be won and reputations to be made in this legislative term; but the men who will make the most speeches and introduce the most bills are not the ones who will carry back to their constituents the best, most honored, and lasting records of serviceable work.

Our poor bicyclists are having a bard time of it. The "powers that be" are about to issue an edict prohibiting them from tooling their tandem buggies in the sacred precincts of Golden Gate Park; cause assigned, that they frighten the horses. "One of them" has button-holed a reporter, into whose sympathizing ears he pours his woes to this effect: that Washington, Boston, Baden, and London have unanimously "indorsed" this new system of locomotion in public places, without accident or detriment to horse or driver; *ergo*, why should San Francisco get her cosmopolitan back up about it? We are inclined to think, however, that the action of the park authorities in this matter must be based on some very good and solid grounds; and, as it would be an unbearable insult to hint, or even imagine, that our horses are more timid and skittish than the horses of the afore-mentioned cities, there is but one reasonable way of getting out of this most awkward dilemma—and that is by supposing that the capers and contortions of our bicyclists are fearfully and wonderfully unique, and consequently overstep the limits of equine endurance; in other words, horse sense.

Bats have bed-bugs under their wings. It is a very good place for the bug, but it is devilish uncomfortable for the bat. George C. Gorham, a small and bad-smelling political bug, is endeavoring to crawl under General Grant's Presidential wing. It would be a good thing for Black-and-Tan, but General Grant would lose the electoral vote of California.

Francis Parkman, in his reply to the critics who played a five-flush against his full hand on the "Woman Question," tells, in the *North American Review*, the following neat story: A gentleman recently visited a school taught by a young woman, and essayed to examine the pupils in grammar. Among other questions he innocently asked the gender of a certain noun. "We don't teach anything about gender in this school," interposed the fair instructor. Mr. Parkman says that his critics have misquoted him, and that their arguments are no arguments, and their facts distorted nothings. Neither Mr. Higginson nor Mrs. Stanton will like either the

tenor or the tone of Mr. Parkman's latest paper, but they can scarcely write more brilliant dogmatism themselves, and their three coadjutors are scarcely in the fight at all.

At the Young Men's Christian Association Hall on Monday evening "Dublin Pete," the young Christian from Ireland, who nearly killed Jack Askew at Virginia City, gave an exhibition in the manly art of muscular Christianity. He illustrated how triumphant the church militant might become if the young Christians who own this hall, and who give in charity over \$500 a year, cash, and three hundred "meal tickets" of the value of ten cents each, would, instead of prayers at noon, afternoon, and evening, instead of street preaching and tract distributing, go out into the by-ways and hedges, and with their well-practiced maulers compel a change of heart to all the ungodly whom they should meet. Mahometism spread by fire and sword, and, under the sign of the crescent, changed the religion of broad and populous empires. We honor Dr. Cox, Lloyd Tevis, and other enthusiastic young Christians for this new departure, commending them for turning their hall into a den of pugilistic short-boys, plug-uglies, shoulder-strikers, and hoodlums. It is one of the most useful purposes to which this Young Men's Christian Association Hall has of late been appropriated.

The Sacramento *Record-Union* suggests the importation of a warden for our State prison, and leads us to hope that Col. Louis D. Pilsbury, of New York, might be induced to immigrate to this State and take charge of our penitentiary at San Quentin. We agree with the *Union-Record* that the management of San Quentin has been unsuccessful and extravagant, but we are not quite prepared to admit that we must go abroad for the capacity and integrity requisite for a penologist to manage our convicts. We have great confidence in our home productions, and think that with diligent search the right man for the position may be found in California.

Says Parsons: "We must have some great Man from abroad to serve the State."
"Twere most unwise," says John McComb,
"To overlook such men at home."

We suppose we ought to feel very grateful to Messrs. Burke, Dewey, Holliday, and Trekane for their very public-spirited and entirely unselfish desire to serve the stockholders of the bonanza mines and the tax-payers of San Francisco. We suppose we ought to recognize the fact that this quartet of superior citizens are generously spending their time and money to reform mine management and to compel the bonanza firm to do its entire duty to the public in payment of its taxes; but somehow there is just the breath of latent suspicion that the attorneys are working for coin, and the clients working out their personal revenge, in a quarrel with which the general public has no especial concern. We do not hint at blackmail, because it is not presumable, from the character of the gentlemen whose names we have mentioned, that any conceivable amount of money would restore the formerly amiable relations that existed between these parties. If there is anything we admire, it is the moral courage, public spirit, and unselfish resolve that prompts individual members of society to sacrifice themselves for the public good.

In Jackson Street, the other day, a painful sight presented itself—a proud Saxon sawing wood for a moon-eyed harbarian, while leprous sons of Asia stood idly by.

Mr. J. C. Duncan informs us that we erred last week in stating that at his first trial the vote of the jury was eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. The vote, he says, at both his first and second trials, was at first seven for conviction, five for acquittal, and finally eight for conviction, four for acquittal. We took our figures from a correspondent of the *Bulletin*, who, we think, professed to have been on the first jury; but whether he was the one for acquittal or the eleven for conviction he did not state.

The portrait of Emperor Norton by Oscar Kunath, which is exhibited in a Montgomery Street window, is almost a masterpiece. Could the artist be persuaded to carry it nearer to completion in a few particulars it would rank above any of our recent similar works. Despite its few evident faults and shortcomings—perhaps partly owing to them—it merits more than a passing approval. Its slight exaggerations add the element of "the artist's personality." A lack of finish has left its excellent modeling and relief undisturbed by the risks of elaboration. Its breath, which verges on temerity, reveals the conviction of knowledge; and, finally, the faithful sympathy which has reflected the appealing dumb-animal look of the kindly, crack-brained old man is the distinctive characteristic of the true artist.

A deputation of young men, each in a claw-hammer coat, visited this office to protest against Ada Vent's nation of that *loga virilis*, in her last week's letter to a large circle of sorrowing friends.

THREE POEMS OF HEINE.

Translated by George Gossman.

WHAT WOULDST THOU MORE?
Thou hast diamonds and pearls, I see,
Of all in richest store,
And thine eyes are so enchanting—
My sweet, what wouldst thou more?

And of those eyes so enchanting
I oft have sung before;
And hosts of songs have I written—
My sweet, what wouldst thou more?

And with those eyes so enchanting
Thou mad'st my heart so sore,
And now that my life is blasted,
My sweet, what wouldst thou more?

THE BENEFACTOR.

Oft much good advice they gave,
And showered me with praise,
And said: "Have plenty of patience,
And wait for better days."

For all that good advice they gave,
I worse and worse did fare,
And would have starved, had not a man
Now taken me in care.

This good man all my wants supplied,
Put food upon my shelf—
I can not kiss him, I regret,
For I'm that man myself.

THE DECLARATION.

All generations are passing,
And the years come and go,
But my love to you, my dearest,
Shall never vanish so.

Once more I should like to see you
And fall upon my knee,
And tenderly declare: "Madame,
I'm yours respectfully."

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1880.

"FLYING SHEETS."

A Christmas Ride by Rail, and its Reward.

There were four of us; a distinguished elocutionist, an extinguished judicial candidate, an unextinguishable Democratic politician, and a nondescript journalist. We had been invited to spend Christmas week at the home of the politician's family, near Duncan's Mills. The elocutionist and the willing-to-have-been judge had paid previous prolonged visits to this favored retreat; the other had never been there.

When we left San Francisco on the 11:40 San Quentin boat, the Frisco atmosphere was as brusque and frigid as the undiluted sympathy of a professional philanthropist. But before the graceful *Sausalito* had reached her moorings the sun was shining through a more responsive atmosphere. The whiff of salty breeze from off the marshes at San Rafael was all unlike the pungent crispness of the domineering norther which came in through the Golden Gate, and swept over the metropolis in rude contempt, to tear itself into complaining tatters upon the Alameda hill-tops.

The ex-candidate, who is a theorist—as dogmatic in his eloquence as the best and worst of the species—had a theory of the origin of these winter northers. It was that they have their beginning in the ice-bound cañons of the high Sierras, whence they wander westward over the rain-drenched forests of Oregon and out to the sea, in search of sunlight and warmth and moisture and sympathy.

"But this isn't the Pacific," interposed the elocutionist, "what are the ice-devils doing here?"

"Home-sick and bound for Nevada," said the politician. At which the others laughed, and the elocutionist, sighing abstractedly, parted his moustache, and looked out of the window.

Beyond San Rafael, Ross Valley and the cañon of Papermill Creek unfolded one by one their countless sylvan charms. At Taylorville we saw the engine tank-house hung with a thousand icicles which glistened in a frosty sunlight imported from the Maine woods direct—per contract with the weather clerk. Pity 'tis that the railroad authorities might not own the belt of Marin County redwoods through which the road passes, for the vandals who sell cord-wood at less than half a dollar per cord profits are fast making the region a wilderness of charred stumps and blighted undergrowth. At Olema we kissed our finger-tips to the last lovely dimple of the fern-flecked cañon, as the panting engine emerged from the fringe of forest into the broadening landscape of Tomales Bay.

Comparatively few San Franciscans have ever seen Tomales Bay. Until the advent of the railroad, less than five years ago, it was as little known as Sahara. For years, however, Italian, Portuguese, and Greek fishermen, and aboriginal clam-diggers, have camped beside its quiet shores, and the blending of the four races has resulted in a dusky progeny, which stares at the passing train with big black eyes, and forms the best possible contrast to the cold, gray shore line, treeless for the most part, and desolate as darkness at the first glance. The western shore at the southern end—the head of the bay—is clad with a sparse growth of pines. A long series of ravines breaks more than half the western shore into lovely coves, in which are pretty looking farm-houses—the homes of a few of the many dairy ranchers on the great Shafter Ranch, which runs north and west, beyond the highest discernible hilltops, to Point Reyes and the Pacific.

The trains run at less than a snail's gallop around the continuous zigzag curves of the bay, and we stood for almost an hour on the rear platform of the last car, looking over the quiet sheet to the rounded hills on the opposite shore, which showed at once the reddish brown of the soil, the vivid green of the young grass, and the dull gray of the withered brakes and faded weeds. The water of the bay had several distinct tints, and all were beautiful. Close inshore, the choppy ripples broke upon the brown rocks and yellow pebbles, taking on the exact hue of the shore

formation on which they fell. A little further out, the broad leaves and slimy trunks of the vast kelp gardens which line the shore gave their dull green hue to the waves which flowed serenely above them. The centre of the bay was the color counterpart of the cloudless arch of blue sky above it, and the broad pathway of the afternoon sun was reflected across the full breadth of the bay, except where the southern shoulders of the opposite bluffs threw their parti-colored shadows upon the miniature bays, and gave the contrasted quiet of perfect tone to the flawless color poem. Glossy cormorants and spangled coots—all the wild fowl of the place and season—with the Bohemian vagrants from a dozen duck farms, paddled about within easy gunshot. The ex-candidate was in despair because he hadn't brought his gun.

From the poetry of Tomales Bay to the prose of Tomales town is only a step. There is little of beauty in the village or its surroundings. It is the market town of an immense dairy region, and the Tomales butter is "about as good as they make."

Beyond Tomales is the longest tunnel of the road—so nearly a mile in length that pretty brides prefer the N. P. C. trip to any other within the State.

The seats in the narrow-gauge coaches are so arranged that half the length of each car has double seats on one side and single ones on the other; for the other half of the length this arrangement is reversed.

We four monopolized three double seats near the front of the rear car. The monopoly was not at all "grinding," however, as the car held less than a dozen passengers after the train left San Rafael. Of these passengers there was one rather pretty girl, with big eyes and a soft, placid, bread-and-butter look about her rosy mouth. Early in the afternoon the politician turned the pulverizing batteries of his gallant glances in this shy maiden's direction, and, under the full fire of his beauty the result was scarcely to be doubted. But the maiden was coy—more coy than eloquence at a Workingman's meeting in the Tenth Ward. However, the politician was not easily discouraged, and meditated a conversational flank movement, which would doubtless have been irresistible had not Providence interfered in shape of the young girl's foster-father. Subsequently it transpired that the f. f. was a quarter millionaire, with a morbid belief in the loveliness of his adopted daughter, and a corresponding disbelief in the harmlessness of handsome young men. He had caught one of the politician's killing glances on the fly, misinterpreted the harmless gallantry, and removed the big-eyed damsel to a "ride backward" seat at the opposite end of the car.

From Freestone, about fourteen miles beyond Tomales, all the way to Duncan's on the north side of the Russian River, the road winds through a region which thirty years ago was unbroken forest. Near Freestone the first private saw-mill operated in California was erected by an old Baltimore seacaptain named Smith, previously to the discovery of gold. Near Freestone, also, Joshua Hendy, Samuel Duncan, Lieutenant Stoneman (now Railroad Commissioner), Thomas Smith, and others, built the mill which supplied the lumber of which was built the town of Sonoma. The best part of this forest has been wasted in riotous lumbering, which has blurred the fair canvas of nature as a thousand generations of savagery could scarcely have done. Yet the region is still a marvelous one, in which the botanist and the artist of landscape glimpses may find nature at its best and brightest, and meet more responsive treatment than in the wilder wilderness of the more northern forests; for, scattered amidst the Sonoma County redwoods are pretty homes and productive dairy farms, where one can bave the freshest of mountain butter, the most piquant of mountain fruit, and the most toothsome of mountain chickens—at starvation prices. All these things said the politician of his native heath as the train rattled down grade from Howard's, along the lovely river, through the curved tunnel, across the big bridge, halting at the little terminal station just as the first stars were struggling for recognition with the cloudless twilight.

There was a misunderstanding at the politician's home concerning our arrival, and no one was there to meet us. Neither was there a team to be had in town for love or lucre. But there was a local entertainment at the village hall, to which we all "repaired," where were a stuttering master of ceremonies, and an ambitious glee club, and half a dozen Frisco wags. One of the latter arose at the instigation of the ex-candidate, and accused the politician of writing a Christmas carol in a queer weekly. At which the politician rose and made a long speech in his own defense, to which some one replied, and some one else added a word, and the chorus chipped in, and the eloquence fairly ran riot. After the entertainment it began to freeze, and nobody dared go to bed, so the remnant of night-time was spent in John Orr's bar-room, where the journalist and the elocutionist sat piously before a roaring fire in a big backwoods fireplace, musing upon the season, and the ex-candidate and the politician sang carols until daylight.

At daylight—before sunrise—we climbed into the most curtailed mud-wagon known to our historical reading. It was computed by the elocutionist that the politician required eleven pulls at the "cough mixture" bottle to keep him alive in the eight-mile ride through the frost-bitten valley. When we came within sight of the ranch, we left the stage and struggled up a steep hillside with our traps; and before long were met by "Steve and his mules," who—and which, and the wagon—bore our burdens "unto Mecca." Three delightful days we lingered at the ranch, looking out upon the Pacific and the long curves of coast line terminating with Point Reyes, eating turkey, and fruit-cake, and mince-pies, and "sich," listening to the mirthful music of a pretty woman, the bright talk of her gracious sister and the wisdom of their mother, gathering ferns and mosses and sprays of frost-bleached pine, telling tame stories and playing inexpensive draw-poker in "the men's room," making artistic analyses of the sunset colors, wishing we might linger forever and a day, and "go out," at last, "with the tide." But all things—except Pinafore music—have an end, and Sunday afternoon we were driven to Duncan's Mills, where we were fêted in princely style by the lord of the manor, his hospitable wife, and his accomplished daughters. Monday we came home—and that is all.

R. S. S.

"Honesty coupled to beauty is to have boney sauce to sugar."—*Shakespeare*.

"SOWN IN CORRUPTION."

One Sunday, old Grabb went to church. Now, this assertion sounds simple and commonplace, but nevertheless is really a big fact; because, not for a quarter of a century, as time is reckoned here on earth, had the celestial recorder been burdened with the duty of jotting down this deed to the credit of John Grabb; because, 'twas a day not calculated to bring up themes for religious meditation—we think—for our ease-loving hearts are more apt to lift starward when warm, bright days drop into each damp, sinful nature, and the newly-heated, expanding flower looks up to the light. We can't associate a nipping cold breeze with the winds that ruffle the lilies in Eden-fields; or, a cloud-veiled sky with the eternal blaze that floods the golden dome. We huddle up close within our individuality, and hear the dreary tunes that hum discordantly over our wretched little world. Yet old Grabb went to church notwithstanding; but there was only one period when he failed to be inconsistent, and that was when the time came to show his avarice—then the exhibition was perfect. John Grabb was every inch a sinner—orthodox standard measurement. The plaster roses on the ceiling above the chandelier had seen him christened after the "Divine," and so far as he was concerned their fragrance was wasted, for, the acquaintance not being kept up, they soon forgot each other. The bells had called dismally that raw day, but whether the hollow cadence touched an answering chord in John's songless soul, or in the brazen clang an audible voice chanted of prayerless mornings, sheaveless eves, or treasure laid not up in heaven, only a Poe could tell. He entered very quietly and passed slowly but steadily down the aisle, so slowly that the people stared curiously, for whenever Grabb went out he acted under the impression that a dollar awaited his arrival at the journey's end; then he moved as do the storm-clouds. But now he came and slipped into his place the embodiment of a prodigious transformation.

"We shall all be changed," appropriately spoke the minister, but the roses knew him, despite the long separation and the paleness of his face, which gave forth no sign of thoughts within. He looked so meek, so unconscious of the strangeness of his position, that we found ourselves half-overlooking the host of contemptible acts which his grasping disposition devised; for John Grabb was "of the earth, earthy"—a mighty mean man—and no amount of charity can brush that stain from his "image." "But we shall all be changed"—then perhaps our natures will be improved, or maybe somewhere down deep in immortality we—John and I—will find in each other hidden "gems of purest ray," yet unseen, yet unknown. The few violets which he held seemed to know that old Grabb hated flowers, and to sbrink closer together as if they expected no sympathy from the hand that bound their broken stems. Little weak, sinless blooms! We know you will "be raised in power" when the grave "is swallowed up in victory." And the wind clamoring around the cornice outside moaned an accompaniment to the Apostle's Corinthian message. So on in perfect time with happy birth-bells roll over the drum-beats of death; and the silver nail-heads on the coffin shone sharply in the frosty air as old John Grabb, carrying the chilled violets, went from the cold church on that dismal day to be "sown in corruption;" there, until this natural shall have put on the spiritual, he and they lie festering. Thus went John Grabb to dust, leaving no void, no record of generous deeds, no tears. More insignificant than the little flowers that perished with him, be passed to the tomb—a valueless trophy. "O grave, where was thy victory?" TOM GREGORY.

U. S. S. "INDEPENDENCE," M. I., January 10, 1880.

A Texas love story begins with separation and ends with union in death. Several years ago a young pair, who had been joined in wedlock, lived unbappily, and finally parted company. The husband became a wandering rake, and remained a sorry dog until two years ago, when he obtained employment on a railroad near Arcola. He mended his ways, wrote to his wife, and induced her to return to him. It was in August of this year that they resumed their domestic life. One day recently, the husband was taken seriously ill, and on the following night the wife manifested the same symptoms. They would take no medicine, although they were rapidly growing worse. One night she fell asleep and never awoke. Her sick husband went to her trunk, took out the few trinkets which she owned, placed them upon her person, lay down on the bed beside her, and, kissing the cold face, dropped into a gentle, peaceful sleep from which he never awoke.

Some sensation has been created in London by the officiating clergyman—the rector of St. Peter's, Kensington—having at the Millais wedding, instead of reading the last portion of the marriage service, substituted a new and improved version, in which it was explained, or rather stated, for no one could explain what was meant, that a husband should be as indulgent to a wife as heaven is to the church.

The *Italie* gives an account of Peter's Pence collections during the past year. According to this statement, France contributed 1,100,000 francs; America, 900,000 francs; Great Britain and Ireland, 750,000 francs; Austria-Hungary, 700,000 francs; Italy, 600,000 francs; Belgium, 300,000 francs; Germany, 150,000 francs; Holland, 60,000 francs, and Switzerland, 30,000 francs.

A friend traveling abroad wrote a postal card in London and committed it, without addressing it, to a post-office box. Upon the card he said: "I am engaged to dine, to-morrow with — at —." With this clue the carrier went the next day to the house where our friend was to dine, and obtained from him the address he had neglected to put upon the postal, which in due time he received. In this country that postal-card would have gone into the Dead-Letter Office.

An ambitious young lady was talking very loud and fast about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered that she cared very little about what she ate compared with knowledge.

EDUCATION.

What it Is and Is Not.

What is education? and what is that branch of it which is termed the higher education? Most people will answer that the ordinary education of the young, such as is supplied by our public schools, consists in teaching the elements of such subjects as experience has shown to be most useful in the practical business of life; that is to say, reading, writing, and arithmetic. The human being who has mastered these formulas is endowed with the capacity of acquiring information other than oral; he can also, if so minded, make others acquainted with his ideas without the necessity of uttering them by word of mouth; and the accomplishment of the third formula—arithmetic—will give him all the mechanical aid that is possible to be given to protect him against rogues and swindlers. But the mere fact of being able to spell, pronounce, and link together words in connected sentences will not necessarily give him the power to memorize, to reflect, to weigh, to appreciate understandingly what he reads; neither will the ability to use the pen fluently and gracefully endow him with the faculty of composition; nor will the power to add up glibly a column of figures necessarily prevent him from paying his grocer two prices for sugar, or from getting ruined in a stock "deal." What is commonly known as "education" will give a human being all the known mechanical aids that can be of service to him in his progress through life, and in his dealings with his fellows; but it can no more supply him with brains than thought can add a cubit to his stature. No amount of education can do this. In fact, the higher you go the worse it gets. We have known Fellows of Colleges who had the Trinomial Theorem, the Differential Calculus, and quantitative and qualitative analysis at their fingers' ends, who, in the material interests of life, could have been "bought and sold" by a bootblack. There are thousands of well-educated, intelligent men knocking about upon the surface of this planet, "sparring" for a living, their chances in life materially injured by the fact that they spent their early years in the aggregation of such knowledge as is not in demand in the communities where their lot is cast. The ability to construe Thucydides or Æschylus, or to appreciate Plato, is not a legal-tender for bread and butter in any country, except where the possessor of such useless scholarship can earn a paltry stipend by "passing it on to the next," or can so "tickle the ears of the groundlings" with it as to furnish a political leverage in lifting him to office. What is called the "higher education" deludes many simple people into the idea that it is the "open, sesame," the "golden key," which will unbar the door guarded by

Those twin jailers of the daring heart,
Low birth and iron fortune;

And so make efforts, and, perhaps, pinch themselves of comforts, to send their progeny to a university, where he probably learns as much lewdness as Latin, and as much gambling as Greek. The chances are that in the end they will succeed in making a poor scholar, and spoiling a good blacksmith. The world is too full of so-called "educated" men. It has come to be another name for a useless, shiftless, unpractical imbecile, whom the world at large pities, because in this abnormal being it recognizes a creature brought to this pass by no fault of its own, but of the social system whose want of progressiveness is continually throwing such white elephants upon its hands, and expecting it to provide for them. We dissent from the theory that this is "education" at all. It is most emphatically *not* education. True education does not consist in cramming the plastic brain of the young human animal with a *farrago* of facts, an *olla-podrida* of every possible branch of knowledge, a jumble of jargon, till an immense white forehead protrudes like an unripe squash over a poor, little, puny frame, apparently threatening it with imminent destruction if by any chance it should get shaken loose from its supporting stem. True education consists in training and exercising the mind—as wrestling, running, or leaping does the body—for the future reception of mental *pabulum* through life. It should not aim to make a man a walking encyclopædia, or a granary of facts; but it should aim to give him the ability to discern true knowledge when he sees it; to discriminate between fact and fancy; to be able to seize the salient points of a book, an oration, or a lecture, at once and without hesitation; to appropriate the wheat and to reject the chaff; and when he requires authorities on points of fact, to be able to put his finger on just the authority that is wanted, and to find the page at once without having ever glanced at the book before; to be able to discourse intelligently on any subject; to entertain with equal ease a Congressman or a coal-heaver; to be, in fine, "all things to all men." If to this he can add the ability to swing a pick-axe or a sabre, to shovel sand, work on a threshing machine, swim, dive, run, tell lies with a serene countenance, and kiss a pretty girl without insulting her, then we should say, and not till then, that he was a tolerably well educated man—that is, for California.

But how shall we arrive at this *acme* of culture? We answer that if the mind is well-trained in *principles*, as distinguished from *facts*, which are the fruit of principles, it will guide itself, and the body with it, to the attainment of the highest good compatible with human nature. The ancient Greeks knew this well, and our planet has never borne a race, nor, probably ever will again, comparable to them in beauty, vigor, and elasticity of body; clearness, acuteness, and depth of mind; nobility and elevation of soul. Yet their facts were few. They had no books to read; no authorities to consult; no ancient languages to study; no mountains of science, honeycombed in every conceivable direction, to pass over or get through. Yet they left us a language more graceful, euphonious, and elegantly and vigorously constructed than can be paralleled by any other tongue, ancient or modern. They left us writings in this language, splendid with the imagination of poets and philosophers, sailing with "the pride and ample pinion" of Pindar "through the azure deeps of air," sounding the depths of metaphysics with Plato and Aristotle, or building up a scheme of geometry with Euclid. They left us temples which for symmetry, and purity of design, stand alone upon our earth; they left us statues, vases, and marbles, singular and unapproachable in beauty. This did a little people whose territory would be lost in the three southern counties of California. They were

first in war as well as peace, withstanding an empire greater in area and more populous than the United States. How did they do all these things? They did them because they had the true ideas of education, the true ideas of life. They taught *principles* and not *facts*. It is useless to say that our civilization is different; that our manners, customs, and habits of life have altered; that the necessities of modern times bind us with bonds and chains stronger than iron; that we cannot if we would. That kind of civilization can never be permanent which elevates mere matter at the expense of soul. This elevation of matter dragged down Assyria, Egypt, Greece itself, and Rome, among ancient nations; has degraded China and Hindostan more recently, and is now degrading the solid Aryan race. Nothing can stop it but a complete and thorough iconoclasm of our existing system of education—a radical revolution of ideas.

A correspondent of the *Graphic* relates the following, which, if not suggested by the story of the Sibylline Books, at least strongly suggests that story. One day about noon Jay Gould made his appearance at Commodore Garrison's office.

"See here," said Gould, "will you take \$1,800,000 cash for your Missouri Pacific Railroad stock?"

"Well," replied the commodore, "I might have done so yesterday, but to-day I ask \$500,000 more than that for it."

"You do, do you? Well, good day, Mr. Garrison." Gould turned to walk out, when the commodore said: "Look here, Gould, it is \$2,300,000 I ask for that stock to-day, to-morrow it will be \$2,800,000, the next day it will be \$3,300,000, and every day it will increase in price just \$500,000."

"All right, Garrison; good day," replied Gould, and out of the office he went.

Sure enough, the next day Gould came again to the commodore's office and asked him what he would take for the stock.

"Two million eight hundred thousand dollars, cash, Mr. Gould; it has gone up \$500,000 since yesterday," replied Garrison.

Gould went out. The next day Gould came again. The price was then \$3,300,000. The next day in came Gould again. From his manner, the commodore thought he meant business. However, the commodore kept quiet. Gould asked: "How much for that stock to-day?" Garrison replied: "Three million eight hundred thousand dollars, cash, Mr. Gould." "I will take it, Garrison; it is a sale. Here is my check for the money. Give me a bill and receipt; pass over the whole business; it's mine," replied Gould.

The commodore looked at Gould, and the two millionaires stared at each other for a moment, when Garrison said: "I don't want your check, Mr. Gould; I want gold, cash." "All right; come over to the sub-treasury." So Gould and Garrison started. At the sub-treasury Gould paid Garrison \$3,800,000 cash, in gold certificates, and the sale was completed. This is the true history of this great sale, which is considered the largest cash sale to any one man ever consummated.

The naked human body (says a writer in the *Contemporary Review*) which the Greeks had trained, studied, and idolized, did not exist in the fifteenth century. In its stead there was only the undressed body, ill-developed, untrained, pinched, and distorted by the garments only just cast off; cramped and bent by sedentary occupations, livid with the plague-spots of the Middle Ages, scarred by the whip-marks of asceticism. This striped body, unseen and unfit to be seen, unaccustomed to the air and to the eyes of others, shivered and cowered for cold and for shame. The Giot-tosques ignored its very existence, conceiving humanity as a bodiless creature, with face and hands to express the emotion, and just enough mal-formed legs and feet to be either standing or moving. Further, beneath the garments there was nothing. The realists of the fifteenth century tore off the clothes and drew the ugly thing beneath, and brought corpses from the lazar-houses, and stole them from the galleys, in order to see how bone fitted into bone, and muscle was stretched over muscle. They learned to perfection the anatomy of the human frame, but they could not learn its beauty. They became even reconciled to the ugliness they were accustomed to see, and, with their minds full of antique examples, Verrocchio, Donatello, Pollaiuolo, and Ghirlandajo, the greatest anatomists of the fifteenth century, imitated their coarse and ill-made living models when they imagined that they were imitating antique marbles.

At the end of 1860, though the municipal district of Berlin had been considerably extended, it did not contain much more than five hundred thousand inhabitants. During the sixteen years that followed, however, its population was almost doubled. This has not been the case with any town of the same size except New York. Since 1877 the population of Berlin has been over one million, and it is now the largest city in Europe after London and Paris.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has "experienced a change of heart," and missionaries can now forward their Bibles and flannel shirts to the heathen in equatorial Africa without fear that he will confiscate the boxes of the Gileads. And yet the conviction must force itself upon the Caucasian brother that the "man and the brother" in Africa is happiest without either Bible or flannel shirt, for he will neither learn from the one nor wear the other, as his time is chiefly taken up in knocking down coconuts or jumping through jungles in search of grasshoppers for his frugal meal.

To carve a turkey (which should always be laid with the breast uppermost) place the fork in the breast and take off the wings and legs without turning the turkey; then cut out the merry-thought, cut slices from the breast, take out the collar-bone, cut off the side pieces, cut the carcass in two, and divide the joints in the legs. The bird is then to be eaten and its bones given to the poor.

Princess Louise is having a clearing made in the woods of Rideau Hall, and a veritable blackwoods shanty constructed upon it. It will be finished by the time she returns to Canada.

LITERATURE.

Of *Octavius Perinchief*, which he describes as "the minute record of the inner life of a man who was gifted, cultivated, and sick," a reviewer says: "Sickness may be the primary cause of one-half of human activity." Certainly it is to the physical lassitude and resulting mental vacuity superinduced by the thawing-out process, to which the world is indebted for the spring crop of poetry. The spring poets are like rattlesnakes under flat rocks; the moment they feel the sun's heat affecting their torpor they begin to untangle and give off their affluents.

In *The Mouth and the Teeth*, Dr. White avers that "twenty million teeth, annually, are sacrificed in the United States." Some of them are found sticking in people's backs, we learn.

M. Flaubert's "philosophical romance" may be expected in the spring, along with the bluebirds and early asparagus.

On a sheet of Egyptian parchment Prof. Blass, of Kiel, is said to have discovered a fragment of a play of Euripides. If it is a fragment of a play we already have, the statement is unimportant; if not, we don't believe it.

The Wives of the Great is the title of a new work announced in London, written by Mr. Barry Compton.

Wives of great men all remind us
We can "shake" our wives in time,
And, departing, leave behind us
Tongues to publish all our crime.

To their Household Edition of Dickens's "Works" Chapman & Hall have now added Foster's "Life" of him. He certainly supplied some of the "materials."

Anticipating the discussion of the subject in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Alexandre Dumas is to the fore with a book on divorce. You can fancy how he treats the matter; though why a man who believes in the divine right (or rite) of wife-killing should want divorce is not easy to understand.

E. C. Stedman, "the poet-broker," is getting rich. He makes more in commissions than he loses on his poetry.

Dr. Holland is sick, but *Scribner's* doesn't show it. Clearly the assistant editor has not been apprised of his chief's inability to work.

Wallace Bruce has written up Yosemite in verse, and the book is illustrated by Smillie. It is reviewed by the eastern journals, but Mr. Bruce does not display the criticisms to his friends. Commendable modesty in Mr. Bruce.

A mousing critic has detected Montaigne stealing from the Koran, and Wilkie Collins stealing from George William Curtis. Montaigne was the sounder thief.

"Clemens," said Artemus Ward sadly to Mark Twain, "I have done too much trifling; I am going to write something that will live." "Well, what for instance?" "A lie."

The *Isis Unveiled* of the Theosophical Hierophantess, Madame Blavatsky, is having a good sale, the title sounds so naughty.

A hiatus in the autobiography of Gavarni, the caricaturist, was caused by his mistress, who, he explains, "profanely twisted two years of his life into curl-papers."

Mr. Isaac N. Arnold, a distant relative of the renowned Benedict of that ilk, is whitewashing the memory of that illustrious man—the foremost West Pointer in our military annals.

Dickens was something of a statesman, "as well." In May, 1863, he wrote: "A German friend, just come home from America, maintains that the conscription will succeed in the North, and that the war will be indefinitely prolonged. I say 'No,' and that however mad and villainous the North is, the war will finish by reason of its not supplying soldiers."

Ariosto "for children" is the latest outrage in the juvenile way, the outrager being a Mr. W. A. Hovey. We begin to respect Brother Owen, of San José, who preaches the pre-natal suppression of children; though no one else ever respected him, that we know of.

"Norse literature," says a reviewer, "has been added to by Prof. Rasmus B. Andersen's translation of the 'Younger Edda.'"

The Younger Edda quoth! Why,
That must be baby verse,
O'er which one sees the leering eye
Of Andersen, its nurse.

Literary people hunt in couples: the wife of M. Alphonse Daudet has published a volume of sensational tales.

An Involuntary Voyage, published by the Harpers, is by Lucien Biart. It is highly Verne-sque.

Twysford & Griffith's recently published *Records of York Castle* contain a curious story of Isabella Billington, who in 1649 was sentenced to death for crucifying her mother, an unfilial action imperfectly condoned by the after sacrifice of a cock and a calf as burnt offerings to the deceased.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the gold medal for science and art on Mlle. Camilla Ruzicka Ostoic, for a new Turkish and German dictionary, which this learned young lady has recently published, with translations of the Turkish words into Roman characters. Ostoic had already distinguished herself in the Oriental languages at the Imperial Orient.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

Since my last writing there have been five more Patti concerts, with no very important change of programme, and—as far as the artists are concerned—nothing to change or modify the opinions expressed last week. Mr. Ketten, whose engagement I understand was at an end, and who—owing to differences with the management—did not care to renew it, has left the company and returns shortly to Paris. His performances of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday had the same popular success as the former ones. They included a number of compositions of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Weber. Of these his rendering of Weber's *Invitation* was by far the most satisfactory; in the introduction there was a strong tendency to overdo, but the *rondo* was beautifully played—neatly, correctly, and with beautiful tone. Mme. Patti, who is recovering from the indisposition against which she struggled at the beginning of the season, is singing delightfully and renewing the triumphs to which she is accustomed.

I scarcely know whether to be more amazed at the mingling of ignorance and impertinence or amused at the stupidity of the *soi-disant* critics of some of our dailies, who—probably no two of them having ever heard Madame Patti before, or knowing anything about the matter if they did—have been assuring their public that her voice is "much impaired," is not "what it formerly was," etc., etc. The fact is—and it is clear to any one who knows the least about it—that Madame Patti has gained both in voice and warmth of style since last she was in this country; she has added volume and quality to her middle voice—naturally somewhat at the expense of the extreme upper register—and has improved in every direction, until her singing—as we hear her at present—is very near perfection. That she has not great warmth of tone is very true; it is a quality that such voices as hers never have. But it is a beautiful voice, handled with the consummate skill of a great artist; and to one who knows what good singing is, her perfect method must always be a source of delight.

Mr. De Munck has added but little that is new to the *répertoire* of his first nights; a *romance* of Saint-Saens and one by Vieuxtemps, besides a *tarentella* of Dunclecker and the *Papillons* of Popper have been the chief novelties. These he has played with the same exquisite tone and perfect execution that made their instantaneous impression on the night of his *début*. Of the entire company, it is Mr. De Munck who has become the prime favorite. Mr. Toedt has been good. He has given us songs of Rubenstein delightfully, as well as "In Native Worth," of Hayden, a charming song of Franz, and plenty of ballads. With his lovely voice and pure artistic style, Mr. Toedt has a great future before him, and in this benighted land may become a messiah of song-singing. Signor Ciampi has also strengthened the impression of his first singing and gained in popular favor at the same time; the songs of Faure he sings especially well.

It never rains but it pours. The nine Patti concerts of these two weeks may, after all, be regarded as only a gentle shower that precedes a perfect deluge of good things in store for public and critics, beginning on Monday night with the first appearance of an artist of world-wide reputation, and a first night of a new opera company in a new opera—new, at least, to this city, and seldom hitherto performed in this country. Of Wilhelmj I fancy there is nothing to be said, excepting only that he is here, and that he will be heard for the first time on Monday evening at the California Theatre. He is one of the greatest violinists in the world, with a reputation second only to that of Joachim, and yet I should not be much surprised if he does not make any very profound impression in San Francisco. We do not generally treat violinists very well in this city; indeed, it seems to me that the better the violinist the less we care for him. Wieniawski (who, I learn from a private letter, is dying in a hospital at Moscow) got the cold shoulder, excepting from a Sunday-night audience. Sauret, who at once on his return was ranked as one of the finest artists in Europe, awakened scarcely any interest here. Camilla Urso was all but snubbed on her return visit; even Remenji, bad as he is, was a losing speculation. That Wilhelmj comes at all, surprises me; I hope he will not regret it.

The opera will be Maillart's *Dragons de Villars*, sung at the Bush Street Theatre by the new company collected by Miss Emilie Melville, which, besides the fair *entrepreneur*, includes Miss Annis Montague, who has an excellent reputation as a soprano; Messrs. Turner and Vernon, tenors; Mr. Peakes, basso, and several other artists of repute. The *Dragons* is full of charming music, and will be a welcome change in the *répertoire* of English opera.

Mr. Henry Ketten—who had determined to leave at once for Paris—has been prevailed upon to remain long enough to give several piano-forte recitals—two at Sacramento during next week, and two in this city the week after—which will undoubtedly prove very interesting. Mr. Ketten has so many attractive qualities as a pianist that I shall be heartily glad to hear him in a programme in which he can follow his own fancy, playing classical as well as lighter compositions—above all in one of those improvisations in which he is said to be very remarkable. The Handel and Haydn Society is also preparing a concert of which Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is to form the *pièce de résistance*. If this could be arranged while Mme. Patti is still with us, with, perhaps, Mme. Zeiss-Dennis as contralto, and Mr. Toedt (whose first success in Boston was made in this work) as tenor, we should assuredly have something fine to look forward to, and probably a great success as well.

About the death of Charles Glover Pond, which occurred in this city on Saturday last, I find it very difficult to write; he himself—one of the most modest of men—would probably have wished that nothing should be said. We were boys together; he one of the most brilliantly talented youths I have ever known, one to whom nothing was difficult, nothing unattainable. What most men slave for cost him little more than the desire to do; technically as well as intellectually his mind seemed to come to him by intuition. He became a true and teacher.

GANYMEDE'S CUP.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 16, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—The first event on the social tapis this week was the

INAUGURAL BALL

in honor of

HON. GEO. C. PERKINS,

Governor,

The Legislature and State Officers.

Free, to all who could muster up ten dollars. Doors open to every refugee from justice. One would think that a great, glorious, and prosperous State like California could afford to give an entertainment to its Representative and State Officers once in four years, and invite people worthy to meet on such an occasion. I was "respectfully invited," and paid my ten dollars regretfully, handed over five dollars to the C. P. R. R., another five to the hackman, and presented the same amount to a Sacramento hotel. I have not the time to do the last-named institution justice; it would take an entire letter for a prelude, even, to that *miserere*. But I struggled through the dirt, determined to be "o'er a'the ills o' life victorious," and reached the much-contended-for Assembly room, where our worthy Governor and his wife received each guest with a gracious word, a pressure of the hand, a bow or a smile, that made all happy. After admiring Mrs. Perkins's toilet of ivory-white satin, beautifully made, and elaborately trimmed with *point appliqué*, looped en panner with crimson flowers, I took a seat in the gallery that I might look down upon the assembled beauty, wit, and wisdom, and contemplated the satin shoulders, tantalizingly visible through the mist of *eau de lys*, powder, and *rouge*; necks over which a superabundance of false curls quivered nervously with endeavors to protect and in some way atone for the lack of other covering. I devoted myself some time to this alluring study, which I found easier and more edifying than dancing; occasionally a deep sigh attracted my attention, which I suppose was attributable to loss of breath, since there had been dancing for an hour or more.

Isn't it amusing to watch the different attitudes assumed by people who dance? So few gentlemen know how to make a lady appear graceful. They hug their fair partners like grizzly bears. Others hold them uncomfortably tumbling out of their arms, as though they were afraid of them. Others hop round their partners. Then there are men who kick, men who work the arms like a walking-beam, men who knock knees, men who jump, and men who stumble, all looking as solemn and stupid as an old owl at midday. I wonder that the dancing fraternity do not learn the gavot, the minuet, or some of those old artistic dances that have something to recommend them, and cease this rushing and tearing through rooms like decapitated hens. Possess your soul in patience, and I will tell you about some of our friends.

Mme. —, with the historic diamonds, wore a velvet gown. She looked very grand. From time to time, as she conversed with her friends, she brought waves of fresh air to her face with a large fan. Mrs. H. A. Weaver, one of Sacramento's most popular ladies, wore an *écru* satin, artistically and becomingly made. Mrs. Henry Scott was much admired, and no one more deservedly so, for she is affable and kind to all. Her toilet was elegant, and her diamonds, in gold crescents, very becoming. You remember pretty, graceful Mrs. Foye, who went over to Europe three years ago, with our thoroughly elegant Mrs. Burrage, and returned jabbering French like a native. Well, she displayed to the very best advantage one of Worth's wonderful compositions of blue satin and point lace. Mrs. Chas. McCreary, of Sacramento, wore another Parisian toilet, and received the attention that her winning manners are sure to secure to her. Mrs. Arnold did not dance, but was surrounded by a bevy of friends, old and new, vieing with each other in paying court to her charms. It was a pleasure to see Mrs. Asbel Upson in society again, for she was always a universal favorite.

Among the other pretty dresses, I observed Mrs. John Carroll's black velvet, embroidered in oriental beads; Mrs. James Carolan's black velvet, covered with some kind of most effective trimming, very becoming to her beautiful complexion; Mrs. Dr. Harvey, of Galt, was dreamy and spiritual, as usual; Mrs. Judge Caldwell was in cream-colored satin autumn leaves, one of the most admired toilets of the evening; Mrs. Rutherford was radiant in a maze of blue; Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Johnson, and bright, pretty Mrs. Birdsell were all beautifully dressed. Among the young ladies, Miss Jennie Lindley, Miss Jennie McKune, and Miss Phelps, of San Francisco, were the most admired—all young, modest and charming; "who could help but love them well?" Miss Cotter charmed all who met her; Miss Durden was her same natural self, sans all artificial adornment. I noticed particularly Miss Georgia Wyburn, Miss Sadie Dorrance of Stockton, Miss Ada Johnson of San Francisco, Mrs. Gallatin (very stylish), Mrs. Volney Spalding (dressed in her usual good taste), Miss Gee, the Misses Bonte, and Miss Jennie Dunphy. Some of these ladies' costumes were things to be seen in order to be appreciated; life is too short to describe such elaborate toilets.

Among the gentlemen there were young attachés, secretaries, expectant auditors, future statesmen—who appeared to be consumed by the flame of intellect—would-be orators, still beardless officers who have never seen and never want to experience a campaign, and an innumerable number of bald heads, shining like billiard-balls under the light of chandeliers, or concealed beneath wigs either too red or too black. And this is about all I know of the "Inaugural Ball." For further particulars see Tuesday's *Call*, that makes a mistake in saying the Misses Mathews are to marry "English noblemen." Mr. Stafford, who is to make Miss Clara happy, occupies a position relative to a militia officer in our little country, and Miss Daisey's *fiancé* no longer fights for his Queen, in uniform.

A quiet wedding took place on Thursday evening last in Oakland, the contracting parties being Mr. Walter Beck, son of D. L. Beck, of this city, and Miss N. Simpson, an accomplished young lady, well known in Oakland society. Cards are to be sent. Ada Ven appears to know all about our distinguished young English visitor. Does she speak as one whose information is authentic? I recall a line sung to the

air of an old college song, "and things are not what they seem." Young ladies, beware. A bridge of sighs is not wanted in this "dry" city. The "silver wedding reception" given by Mr. and Mrs. Traylor last evening, at their new and elegant home on Broadway, was enjoyable. I have not time to tell you about it this morning. GANYMEDE.

Wants More Light.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—That sweet savage, Ada Ven, declares it a social sin to make New Year's Day calls in an evening coat. Having committed this crime a few days ago, together with a multitude of other offenders, I am naturally indisposed tamely to endure this censure from a critic who never wore a coat of any kind—except a petticoat. I hold that she is altogether wrong, but it is not my purpose—"unaccustomed as I am to public speaking"—to argue it out with her; I leave the dangerous task to those better qualified. I'll wear whatever the ARGONAUT, after a calm and statesmanlike review of the whole controversy which I expect to ensue, may pronounce "the thing." Except in calling on Ada Ven—which, if I am not mistaken, I have the honor frequently to do—her prejudices shall be respected at any cost, and I will wish her a happy new year next time in a shooting-jacket, an overwhelming ulster, or a linen duster, as she may prefer. Just now I should like to ask her a few questions: What is the custom in Paris? What in London? New York? Jackass Gap? If the custom in these great centres of fashion is dead against us, must we have a new deal in our own? Shall we not permit ourselves the luxury of free will in matters of this kind, letting our habits of good society—including the steel-pen coat—be the independent outgrowth of our own preferences, tastes, and conditions—of indigenous and spontaneous origin—"racy of the soil"?

I am a Pre-native Son of the Supergolden West, imperfectly informed as to what is done east of the Sierra, and perhaps not adequately reverent of foreign precedent; but I am amenable to instruction. Only show me that I am different from the wise men of the East, and ought to be like them, and I shall take pleasure in conforming to the better standard, even to the length of paying my respects to Ada Ven with snow-shoes on my feet and my head in a grain sack. But the instruction must come from men. No woman shall decide for me the cut of the clothes in which I am to pay my devotions to other women. I won't have it.

A. B. C.

The theatres have done very little worthy of special mention during the past week. Benefits have held the reins at the Bush Street, and the various excellencies and deficiencies of the Folly Troupe have been re-repeated to average houses. Hermann and his over-advertised cannon act have been making much ado about very little at the Standard. As the great magician said, last Monday night: "The house is too small for the full effect of this great act." Monday night the "cannon was fired"—that is, the regular explosion took place, but the "human projectile" remained in the cannon until the smoke had cleared away. Then the spring consented to work, and pretty Miss Pixley was tossed out upon a blanket, suspended by a netting from the upper stage boxes, and was greeted with a good deal of applause and some politely suppressed merriment. The Colville Company at the "Bric-à-Brac Theatre," will give place next week to the Melville English Opera Company. The first performance will be Maillart's romantic opera, *Friquet*. At the California, Mr. Samuel Colville will introduce Wilhelmj to the San Francisco public on Monday evening. The "world's greatest violinist" will appear on Wednesday and Friday evenings also, and at the Saturday matinée. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings the Folly Troupe will appear in burlesque, appearing, probably, in Oakland, on the "off" nights.

Clara Morris will begin her third California engagement at the Baldwin next Monday night. There has never been an actress on our boards who has received more spontaneous and unqualified approval, and she will doubtless draw full houses during her stay.

Our State Central Committee might have been engaged in better business than in the endeavor to defeat the son of the late Senator Morton for an appointment in California. Could honorable, non-office seeking Republicans be polled upon this question, nine out of ten would vote to give to the son of the great War Governor of Indiana any office for which he is competent. Drawing State lines in appointments to office against a son of Governor Morton is small business, and altogether unworthy of our Delegation in Congress and our State Central Committee, every mother's son of whom wants a place for himself.

The United States District Court at Philadelphia has decided that an article copyrighted in America does not protect it from reprint in this country after it has been authoritatively used in England. The case comes up on a printed edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by J. M. Stodart, of Philadelphia. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, are authorized to reprint this valuable work by the Edinburgh publishers, who are its owners.

The Emperor William of Germany says: "If we do not change the direction of our policy, if we do not think seriously of giving sound instruction to youth, if we do not give the first place to religion, if we only pretend to govern by expedients from day to day, our thrones will be overturned and society will become a prey to the most terrible events. We have no more time to lose, and it will be a great misfortune if all the governments do not come to an accord in this salutary work of repression." The New York *Star* adds: "This talk about repression shows how completely the two Emperors, misled by stern and arbitrary advisers, have failed to realize the true significance of these events. To remove the symptoms, they must attack the causes. To try to make all little boys good at the outset by giving them a religious education is well enough in its way; but to bestow a larger measure of political freedom upon grown-up citizens, who have been driven by repression into discontent, and from discontent into reckless rebellion, would be more to the immediate purpose." And there is wisdom in the language of each; but the senior authority lacks the compelling dogmatism of his American adviser.

There is but one remedy that cures all diseases of the blood, stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, nerves, and urinary organs, and that is Hop Bitters. Ask your pastor or physician.

One peculiar characteristic of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is its power of decomposing the food in the stomach, rendering digestion and assimilation more perfect. This partly accounts for the rapidity with which patients take on flesh while using the article.

The best managed street railway company in San Francisco is the California Street cable line. It is doubtful if management or comfort could be more perfect. The route is so popular that ladies frequently walk from the hotels to California Street, and ride by this line to the hill, rather than by the nearer lines, which run with so much less smoothness and regularity.

The "LITALEFF EDITION" of classic and modern music is unrivaled for cheapness, correctness, and beauty. Holbrook & Lewis, agents, 23 Dupont Street.

Some of the new evening gowns have sleeves that are perceptible at a considerable distance, and the change from the very narrow strap worn last year is a blessing to nervous women who suffered tortures while seeing their friends dance in gowns that seemed likely to drop on the floor at any minute.

Train a dress in the way it should go, and it will never get under the feet of the wearer.

Rev. Mr. Dingwell preaches at Danielsonville, Conn. He ought to be heard all over the village without the aid of a church bell.

English ladies have recently become interested in the game of foot-ball. This settles the narrow skirt business.

Gail Hamilton has armed herself with a rolling-pin and a tin boiler-cover, and invites the Garcelon hosts to come and see her if they are at all anxious to find a common grave.

The sweetest and softest of current stories is that of the lady who cured her husband of losing handkerchiefs by embroidering his initial upon them with her own hair, thus making them so precious to him that he carefully guarded them and never lost another.

An old maid of seventy-eight years was married recently in Arkansas. While there is life there is hope for any girl.

The half-high silk hats, worn for driving, are now being used in the street with both carriage and walking costume.

Princess Alexandria, wife of the Prince of Wales, is somewhat deaf, and has ordered an American audiophone.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.—Scott.

"Slippers come but once a year," is the thankful ejaculation of the popular clergyman.

A gentleman was about to pour the last thimbleful of wine into his glass, when his wife, who is superstitious, exclaimed: "Don't, darling, don't! If you drink the last drop of that wine, you'll be married again within a year, and I love you too well for that." And then she emptied the wine into her own glass and swallowed it eagerly.

The death is announced, at the age of eighty-seven, of Mr. Granville Vernon Harcourt, a former M. P. He was the son of Archbishop Harcourt, and an uncle of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, M. P. He was for fifty years Chancellor of the Diocese of York, and in the course of his duty pronounced judgment in the celebrated Voysey case.

Mr. Ramsey, the new Secretary of War, is described by a writer in the *Times*, of Chicago, as tall and very heavy, with gray hair and short side whiskers, large blue eyes, and broad, good-humored face. He has a bluff and kindly way of talking, and receives the callers at his new office as if he were glad to see them.

"Edison's mind," says the *Chicago Times*, "appears to be duplex, or even quadruplex, like his system of telegraphy; he can not invent one thing without inventing two or three others simultaneously."

Don Piatt calls Fernando Wood the "well-chalked billiard cue of the Democracy."

Poet: "Do you want any of my black verse?"
"No, we don't want any of your — verse," said the editor.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

MORSE'S PALACE OF ART, 417 Montgomery St.

The only city Edison can light—Electricity.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

MELVILLE

ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

Monday evening, January 19th, every evening, Saturday matinee, the first time in San Francisco of the romantic Opera, in three acts, by A. Maillart, entitled

FRIQUET:

....OR....

DRAGONS DE VILLARS!

Reserved seats may now be secured at the Box Office. Prices as usual.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF.....MR. SAM'L COLVILLE.

WILHELMJ CONCERTS.

GRAND REOPENING

Monday evening, January 10, 1880, and first appearance in California of the World's Greatest Violinist,

AUGUST WILHELMJ,

Assisted by the Eminent Dramatic Prima Donna,

MARIE SALVOTTI,

The celebrated young Hungarian Pianist,

MAX VOGRICH,

And a Select Orchestra, under the personal direction of Mr. Rudolph Herold.

Box Office of the Theatre now open for the sale of seats in advance.

SCALE OF POPULAR PRICES.—Orchestra and Dress Circle, including Reserved Seats, \$1.50; Balcony, including Reserved Seats, \$1; General Admission, \$1; Balcony, 50 cents. Wilhelmj's Second Concert Wednesday, January 21st; Wilhelmj's Third Concert Friday, January 23d. Grand Wilhelmj Matinee Saturday at the usual matinee prices.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, January 20th, 22d, and 24th.

COLVILLE OPERA PURLESQUE COMPANY.

NOTICE.

THE DELINQUENT POLL TAX

Roll for 1879 is now being made up. All who are liable and have not paid, and who do not desire to have their names appear in that list and subject themselves to the legal penalties attached, will please call immediately and obtain their receipts.

A. BADLAM, Assessor.

December 29, 1879.

JOHN DANIEL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Italian and Scotch Granite MONUMENTS.

All styles Marble Mantels and Eastern Grates on hand and made to order at the lowest rates. Warerooms, No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

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OCULIST, 313 BUSH STREET.

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J. A. HUNTER, M. D.,

No. 321 Sutter Street, devotes Special Attention to

Catarrh, Deafness,

Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and all ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Heart.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Jan. 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 51) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on TUESDAY, January 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

P. JACOBUS, Ass't Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE

INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 80.—The monthly dividend for Dec., 1879, will be paid on Jan. 10, 1880, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

San Francisco, January 5, 1880.

OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CON-

solidated Mining Company, San Francisco, January 14, 1880.—First Annual Meeting.—The first annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company for the election of seven Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, February 2, 1880 (first Monday in February), at one o'clock P. M., on that day, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on Tuesday, January 20, 1880, at three o'clock P. M., and will remain closed until after the annual meeting.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING.—THE AN-

ual meeting of the stockholders of the Belcher Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room No. 12, No. 221 Bush Street, San Francisco, California, on TUESDAY, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1880, at the hour of two P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, January 17, 1880, at twelve o'clock noon, and remain closed until after the meeting.

San Francisco, January 12, 1880.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—AT A MEET-

ing of the Board of Trustees of the Ophir Silver Mining Company, held on the sixth day of January, 1880, a dividend (No. 24) of One Dollar per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, January 12, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 13th.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 11, of fifty cents (50) per share, was declared, payable on MONDAY, January 12, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. W. M. WILLIS, Secretary. Office, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRAN-

CISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with December 31, 1879, a dividend has been declared at the rate of six and six-tenths (6 6-10) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and five and one-half (5 1-2) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after Thursday, January 15, 1880. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

Of Fine Goods at Cost Prices, to make room for the incoming Spring Styles, at

MADAME SKIDMORE'S,

No. 1114 Market Street, between Mason and Taylor.

DANIEL GIOVANNINI,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Wood, Coal, Charcoal, and Coke, 816 Pacific Street, between Stockton and Powell. Charcoal Depot.—Charcoal for sale in lots to suit, from 1 to 10,000 sacks.

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FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

MME. B. ZEITSKA'S

FRENCH, GERMAN & ENGLISH

INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN

922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin.

This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term on MONDAY, January 5, 1880. MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.



SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

MRS. AURELIA BURRAE, LATE

Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms \$50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 2001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

EUREKA STONE MFG CO.

EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE & A Specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.

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FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

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for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. Entrance south side of Court

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Invite the attention of the public to their elegant assortment of Illustrated and Presentation

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COAL DEALERS.

Office and Yard, 14 Post Street.

Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street.

BRANCH OFFICE.

J. Middleton & Son, 419 Pine Street,

Opposite California Market.

All kinds of coal at lowest rates. Orders may be sent by telephone through any of the company's offices free.

C. O. DEAN, J. D. S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,

DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 136

Kearny Street, San Francisco

Office hours from 8 A. M. until

THE GAME OF DRAW.

Gambling is wicked. There are few things more reprehensible than to lose at gambling. One of those few things is to "squeal." A man who "squeals" is regarded among gamblers as the man who turns State's evidence is regarded among criminals. But it may be necessary to explain that "squealing" means to complain of your losses and demand their return. The law provides that money lost at gaming may be recovered by suit on proving the fact. Dick Wiechel, a well-known sport, entered suit against Joe Meyer and John Miller to recover about two hundred dollars, which he alleged they had jointly won from him at various times within the past six weeks. The suit was dismissed in one or two courts, but finally came up for trial before a jury in Squire Roberts's court. M. C. Baum appeared for Wiechel, and John Brownlee for Meyer and Miller. Wiechel was sworn and put on the stand, and began to explain to the court, jury, and counsel, not to speak of a curious audience, the mystery of the game of draw poker:

"Well, you see," said he, "the players sit around a table, and the man next to the dealer puts up his ante—"

"Hold on," exclaimed Mr. Brownlee. "If your Honor please, I don't understand—"

"Nor do I," said the Court warmly. "I can scarcely believe that even men sinful enough to play at cards for money would put their own female relations upon a table for sport."

The jury groans aloud.

"I don't mean that," said the witness. "When a man puts up his ante he puts up a certain amount of money as an earnest of play. Then the cards are dealt. Those who want to come in—"

"Oh, I see," said the Court, with a bland smile; "it resembles the old game of 'smitten,' where the young men are kept out of the room—"

"No," snapped the witness, "it ain't that. When a man 'comes in' he puts up twice the amount of the ante, and is entitled to a draw."

"It is something like a lottery, and this money purchases tickets?" suggested Mr. Brownlee, with a look of profound curiosity.

"No; a draw means that if you have 'come in' on a pair, you have a right to another deal of the cards. We were playing jack-pots, and there was a good-sized pot on the table."

"Who placed that pot on the table?" inquired Mr. Brownlee, sternly.

"Why, all of 'em," answered the witness.

"Who were all of 'em?" persisted the counsel, with a grim determination. The Court was leaning anxiously over the table.

"All that were playing," said the witness.

"Give the names of all playing," shouted the counsel, while the excitement in court went up to fever pitch. The Court was leaning on both elbows, with his spectacles on; the jury pricked up their ears; while one professional, who was getting a little incapable, adjusted his open hand to his ear.

"Must I give the names?" pleaded the witness.

"Yes!" thundered the counsel.

"Well, there was ———, and ———, and ———, and ———, besides Meyer and Miller and myself." The names having been ejected, the Court slid back into his chair, the jury sank back on their spinal points, counsel stopped to rest, and the audience sighed as if greatly refreshed. We would give the names, but they are in so many morocco-covered autograph albums and on so many tailors' bills that we think it unnecessary.

"You see in playing jack-pots you must bold as high as jacks to—"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Brownlee, smiling to the Court, whose lips smiled back while the jury grinned responsively. "This game is a harmless one. This comparison of 'as high as jacks' doubtless refers to Jack the Giant Killer and the Bean Stalk."

"Jack and the ———!" cried the witness. Holding jacks means that you must hold cards as high in denomination as two jacks in order to open the pot."

"That is, take off the lid of the pot," explained Mr. Brownlee, patronizingly, to the Court.

"Take off a monkey's mother!" cried the witness, with profound contempt. "There's no pot on the table—the money up is called the pot, and the man who holds jacks can require the others to bet him or to drop out."

"Drop out of the window or out into the next room?" asked the counsel, blandly.

"Are you a givin' me taffy?" asked the witness.

"Taffy?" wonderingly.

"Yes, taffy, and don't you forget it—I don't take it on a stick."

Counsel argued with the Court that the plaintiff charged Meyer and Miller with having jointly won his money, and yet here were three or four other persons admitted to have been in the game. He demanded that Wiechel prove the particular dollars and cents lost at specified times. This could not be done, and, at defendants' demand, the jury gave a finding for the defendants.

Over by the Museum of Antiquities, not many years since, sojourned a lady of English birth and some beauty. She has a residence in the shady groves of the Evangelist, commonly called St. John's Wood, London, and she has a shady chateau with the high title of "Beauregard" in a more southern section of France, and though her name is Miss E. Howard she is called the "Countess E. H. de Beauregard." This lady was the first, fast, *i. e.*, early and sterling friend of the late Emperor Napoleon. When Louis Napoleon contemplated the *coup d'état*, this lady pledged her fortune in his favor and for his success. In 1851 he was financially crooked, and this lady straightened him out by paying his protested bills at Montant's, the money-changer of the Palais Royal. On the 25th of March, 1853, Louis Napoleon, who never forgot a friend, remitted to Miss Howard, in London, his first obligation of 1,000,000 francs. The English receipt for this I remember to have seen a copy of, and it says: "Received of his Majesty Napoleon III. the sum of 1,000,000 francs, in full acquittance and discharge of all my rights and interests in the domain of Civita-Nova, on the frontier of Ancona." The signature, E. H. de B. Again, in 1854, Miss

Howard receipts in the same way to M. Mocquard, the honest and simple-minded private secretary of the Emperor, for 50,000 francs, being the third of similar payments since the 1,000,000 mentioned, or since the 1st of June, 1853. Altogether, from March 25, 1853, to January, 1855, Miss Howard received the neat little sum of 5,449,000 francs from the Emperor of France. Was this the returned "loan" of a lady in England, known but little in France, and knowing less herself of the French, who desired to help the success of the *coup d'état*? In Rouen you hear many rumors, and strange to say, in New York at this moment, you could learn the entire story of this fast and first friend of Napoleon. From Gore House, Jermyn Street, London, to the now doomed Tuileries, in Paris, there is a mysterious number of chapters in the life of Louis Napoleon yet to be perused by the public. Perhaps this one, of the financial ventures of Miss Howard, would be as interesting as any modern story extant. The daughter of an English squire rejected the hand of Louis Napoleon on one occasion, and perhaps Miss Howard rejoiced thereat. But when the fair Eugénie accepted it, the "Countess de Beauregard" demanded millions of francs before the marriage bond was signed.

It was unexpectedly announced in a little German town that the Emperor was coming that way, and would stop a few minutes at the station. When the hour came the train stopped, and the Emperor was welcomed with all the customary demonstrations. The burgomaster suddenly remembered that he had seen a splendid bouquet in a vase upon the buffet of the waiting-room, and was inspired by a genial thought. He rushed to the buffet, seized hold of the bouquet, in spite of the eager protests of the head waiter, and presented it, with a neat and brief speech, to the beloved ruler of the German people. The whole episode was the work of a few seconds. When the train again started, the Emperor looked more closely at his gift, and while admiring the fresh flowers he came upon an ornamental card in the centre of his nosegay, on which was written the mysterious inscription: "*Petzold sinem Chef*" (Petzold to his Chief). The Kaiser knew that he, the receiver of the magnificent bouquet, was the *chef*, or chief, of the German Empire, and of all its citizens; but who in the world was "Petzold"? Was it the surname of the busy burgomaster? Had he so high a conception of the dignity of a mayor that he thought he might fitly omit his Christian name and official title when offering a gift to his fellow in public office, the Emperor? The solution came from the King of Saxony. The Emperor, says a Dresden paper, told the latter of the mysterious riddle which had puzzled him on his journey—"Who is Petzold?" The King made inquiries, and it turned out that Petzold was the surname of the head waiter of the station; that the day on which the Emperor stayed was the birthday of Petzold's employer; and that the bouquet was a birthday present which the head waiter proposed giving him.

It is only within the last twenty years that the true uses of fashion plates have become familiar to the American people. At the present day it is estimated that every American woman consumes an average quantity of five fashion plates and seventeen paper patterns per annum. The latter are as Greek to the unlearned man, and foolishness to the wisest of his sex. They are, in appearance, large sheets of thin brown paper, covered with scores of intricate and interlacing curves, and full of straight lines and angles intersecting one another in the most confusing and maddening way. But in these mysterious hieroglyphics lie hidden the secrets of skirts and the promise and potency of waists and talmas and gussets of the utmost magnificence. Women can read them with an ease that would put Champollion and his ablest disciples to the blush. She can translate them into silk and poplin and calico without making a single error of scissorial syntax, and without the slightest hesitation in that intricate system of punctuation in which "gathers" and "yokes" and "tucks" take the place of commas and periods. With the help of these patterns the Oshkosh woman clothes herself in a style materially different from that prevailing among the lilies of the field, but much more satisfactory to her personal wishes. Shallow philosophers have often wondered how it is that a new bonnet which breaks out in New York on a given day will be found in St. Louis three days later, and will speed over the whole country with a rapidity that leaves the best time made by a cholera epidemic far in the rear. It is the enormous circulation of paper patterns which works this seeming miracle, and to it alone is due the uniformity of dress which characterizes our twenty millions of women.

A good story is told about Farmer Treadwell, of Carson, and Sharon, in the Carson *Appeal*. The writer has never seen the story in print, but it is so good that it ought to have been, and may have been years ago for all he knows. Sharon once built a saw-mill on some Government land, and ran it three years on Government timber. This was in early times, and wood-sawyers were not always particular to secure a proper title. After sawing up all the wood in sight Sharon abandoned the mill, and immediately old Farmer Treadway, who had an eye on the property, entered the land in the regular way and came down on it like a thousand of brick with a United States patent. Presently Sharon began to move the machinery of the mill, when Treadway served him with a notice to keep his hands off. Sharon paid no attention to the old farmer, and the next thing he knew he was sued for \$8,000. Treadway showed his documents all correct, and the jury awarded damages in full. After the suit Treadway walked up to Sharon and remarked: "Bill, you may be pretty good at minin', but you're a ——— shiftless land sharp. I ain't mucb on quartz ledges, but when it comes to realities I'm a terror. No hard feelin', Bill? No hard feelin', I hope?" The crowd roared, and Sharon good-naturedly set up the drinks.

Worth is favoring the introduction of purple, and has sent out some elegant costumes of that color with fur trimmings. Bonnets of light purple velvet or satin are recommended by the milliners to accompany black satin gowns. American women as a class can not wear this color at all, and if they be wise they will avoid it. Worth finds his own profit in sending out gowns that will be bought because they are his, but which will be thrown aside after a short time as unbecoming.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Billigoat.

Tell me, sweet goat, with eyes so fierce and red,
Before whose wrath strong men in terror flee,
And when they see thee lower thy awful head,
Make haste to mount a post or climb a tree,
Why does it fill thy soul with rapture sweet,
To butt a man or chase him through the street?

And tell me, gentle goat, if ask I may—

For 'tis an awful mystery to man—
Oh, how dost thou contrive to get away
With an old stove-pipe or an oyster-can?
And when thou swallowest whole an old hoop-skirt,
Does it not tangle up in thee and hurt?

O, goat, thou ever art alert for prey!

Turn but thy noble head and thou wilt see

A son of China walking o'er the way.

He would look lovely swarming up a tree.

Go, glorious goat, and with him have some fun,

And meanwhile I'll get off this fence and run.

Rejected his Suet.

A butcher loved a tender maid,
To woo her were his designs,
And he sent her copies of gushing verse,
In fact, real tenderloins.

The girl, alas! he could not gain,
She would love him as a brother,
But when implored to marry, said,
"Tripe, please, and find another."

He knew then that his hopes were vain,

But as he left her, said:

"Since you have caused me such distress

I'll haunch you when I'm dead."

He tried in drink to drown his cares,

And there found no relief,

But daily grew more woe-begone,

You never sausage grief.

At last his weary soul found rest,

His sorrows now are o'er;

No fickle maid now troubles him,

Pork reacher he's no more.

Backslid Again.

He bowed his head when the preacher bestowed

The benediction on all

Then walked from the hall to the vestibule,

As his mind did the sermon extol;

But a moment later his piety fled!

As he cursed the condemnable feller

Who'd left him a rag-covered skeleton

In place of his new umbrella!

Up, Boys, and At 'Em.

Outlooking from the pantry shelves,

Row after row, in trim platoons,

A silent wall of jelly jars

Awaits the dip of vandal spoons.

What man of us but, looking back,

From present duty often swerves,

To glory in the subtle raids

He made to lick the sweet preserves?

To a Slippery Sidewalk.

From praising you all men refrain;

None sing of you as fair, divine,

Although like smoothest porcelain

You shine.

What hosts of women, boys, and men

Along your surface lightly skip,

With smiles of peace and joy, and then

They slip.

The polish of your breast is bland

As smiles that o'er a maiden flit;

On you all men would rather stand

Than sit.

The halt and lame you e'er appall,

For you they hardly thank the fates;

Upon your breast the happy small

Boys skates.

Only a Can.

Only a can, an oyster can,

Emptied of fruit by the grocery-man—

Battered and rusty beside the street,

To be kicked and stamped by the passers' feet.

Only a dog, a mongrel cur,

With a head that looked like a chestnut burr,

Asleep between the hitching stones,

With dreams of "valleys of dry bones."

Only a boy with wrapping twine,

With a face that showed a deep design;

And when that deep design was done,

The can and mongrel cur were one.

Hard Lines.

Limping along on Christmas morn

A tramp his thoughts expressed:

"Oh, if I were a turkey now,

I might be better dressed,

"And once in all my sad career

Be sagely stuffed; alas!

These people never give me sauce

Who freely give me 'sass.'"

Silence.

Over the breath of the snow,

Silence is stretched in deep;

The winds are faint and low;

Still are the Heavens deep.

On the beach the billows hush,

Dreaming of shores of spice;

And the small-boy makes but a muffled splash

And he falls through a hole in the ice.

I'm called "Little bucket-shop,"

"D— little bucket-shop,"

Though I could never tell why;

But still I'm called "bucket-shop,"

"Crooked old bucket-shop,"

"Dad blamed old bucket-shop," I

—Attributed to B. Landy.

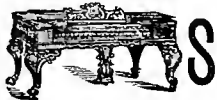
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MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of Two Dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 4th day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

EXCHEQUER MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Mining District, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 15) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the ninth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the sixth (6th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 6) of Three Dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the third (3d) day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.
Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER-

MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of six and nine-tenths (6 9/10) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of five and three-fourths (5 3/4) per cent. per annum, free of all taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of January, 1880. By order, GEO. LEITE, Secretary.
San Francisco, December 31, 1879.

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There will be something for society people to ponder over, especially those who read **THE DANCE OF DEATH**. Prudes in general will also find the article interesting.

A splendid character sketch by Margaret Collier Graham, entitled "The Clerical Tramp."

"How Gardens Grow in California," by Mrs. Josephine Clifford. A charming out-door chat.

"The Solid South" and "The Bloody Shirt;" a plain statement of facts by a young Southerner.

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Nos. 1 (March 25), 2 (April 1), 3 (April 8), 4 (April 15), 5 (April 22), 6 (April 28), 7 (May 5), 8 (May 12), 9 (May 19), and 33 (Nov. 3) of Vol. I of the **ARGONAUT** for 1877.

Twenty-five cents will be paid for each of the above numbers at the **ARGONAUT** office, 522 California Street.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 9) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth (26th) day of February, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OFFICE SIERRA NEVADA SILVER

Mining Company, San Francisco, December 31, 1879.—Annual Meeting.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, Room 61, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on WEDNESDAY, January 21, 1880, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees, to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 10th to January 22, 1880.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING.—THE AN-

NUAL meeting of the stockholders of the California Mining Company will be held at the office of the company, Room 23, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, January 21, 1880, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 10 to January 22, 1880.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT AND

Insurance Company.—The regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the above named company, for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the company, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of JANUARY, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 24, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

Wonder if the times are hard? Every body says so. Never a day, nor half a day, passes that some great, stalwart, broad-chested, able-bodied fellow does not come to the ARGONAUT office wanting work, wanting money, wanting charity, wanting something, and tells us a heart-rending and piteous tale of unavailing efforts to secure work. If we have had one we have had a hundred applications for our "influence" to secure a position in the Street Department, on the wharves under the new administration, on the police, anywhere. Some have wives and children—we think they get wives and children on purpose to make a more effective argument, a more unanswerable appeal. We demand: What right has a poor devil to have a wife, and then go into the manufacturing of children in order to arouse our sympathies for their deplorable condition? We do not feel like saying to anybody: "What in the devil did you get a wife for unless you had an assurance that you could support her? What right had you to get children unless you knew where the bread was coming from to feed them?" This seems cruel and inhuman, but there is sense in it, after all. We do not like to see women suffer and children starve; but we do not think any the better of a man that will go forth to increase and multiply at our expense. Children are not necessities, they are luxuries; matrimony is not indispensable; and we resent the pretense that every poor, impecunious loafer should indulge himself in the superfluity of a wife and babies at our cost. It would be a brazen beggar who should walk in and say: "I demand alms to support a horse and carriage. My horses have not had a feed of oats for a week, and there is not a pound of hay in the barn; and I have not driven in the park for a month." We should say to him: "Go to the devil! Sell your horses, and go on foot." You can not say to a man, "Divorce your wife and drown your children"—that would be brutal and cruel. But after all, we ask, what excuse has a day-laborer to marry a Biddy, and, while getting a house full of babies, demand of us money to maintain them? We did not ask him to marry; we do not want any more children; we are not in haste to populate the country. This class multiply like rabbits, and we believe the clergy encourage them to do so. It makes more Catholics, more Democrats; but as we think there are Catholics and Democrats enough in all conscience, we protest against the whole business. The more especially do we protest against this up-coming generation of pauper-begotten and pauper-reared class because it won't work—it won't carry the hod any more, it won't wash any more. It votes and plays the piano; it demands office; it agitates; it strikes; it forms ward clubs; it drinks whisky; it hangs around corner groceries; it manages primaries and ward elections; and its increasing numbers, increasing idleness, and political profligacy menace the stability of republican government, the permanence of free institutions, and the existence of society. Perhaps we have no right to complain that these people will be Democrats, and will agitate, and will get married, and will get children; but we have a right to protest against their right to beg of us, and harrow up our sensibilities by tales of want and suffering, starvation and poverty, that we have done nothing to bring about. This condition of things is the more annoying when they demand that their children shall be educated at our expense in music, drawing, mathematics, and languages, to the end that they may be more worthless, more incompetent, more upraised above their condition than their very objectionable parents.

Nor do we see any good reason for immigration societies. We can understand why speculators in city lots and owners of unimproved lands might desire to see a large wave of people infloing upon this coast; we can understand why it is for the interest of the Central Pacific Railroad, and for the gas company, and the *Morning Call* to bring from Europe its starving millions, to ride in their cars, consume their products, and contribute small advertisements; but we ask, What is the necessity for any more people of this kind? If farmers with money would come from England, Ireland, or Germany, it might do; but to invite the immigration of a pauper class to come and occupy our free lands, which in a short time will be demanded by the natural descendants of our fifty millions of people, seems altogether absurd. We do not need any more paupers, nor politicians, nor traders, nor idle, unproductive people. We do not want any more idlers in our cities, nor tramps upon our country roads. Our prisons and asylums are filling up too rapidly, and nearly all our criminals and paupers are the result of an unnatural and unhealthy foreign immigration. Yet we are forming immigration societies, sending out documents and pamphlets, inviting Scandinavians, Dutch, Germans, and Irish to come and eat us up, to come and overrun us at the polls, to make laws for us. We never heard of any other people doing this thing. France endeavored to colonize in Algeria and elsewhere; the Dutch have sent colonies abroad; the English relieve themselves of their own redundant population by inducing them to emigrate to Canada or Australia; but it is alone left to the United States of America to invite criminals, paupers, idlers, and unskilled laborers from all over the world, to come to our country; and when they come here we are guilty of the unparalleled folly of making them citizens. We have experienced the doubtful benefits of the famine immigration from Ireland following the year 1830,

and now we are endeavoring to repeat ourselves, just as though the time would never come when our lands would be exhausted and overrun, and just as though America need never herself fear famine. This business is being overdone, and the time is not far distant when we will reap a harvest of tares from the foul foreign seed that we are now sowing broadcast over the land. It is this excessive and abnormal immigration that is causing hard times; and it is from this foreign class that all—we say *all*—of our political disturbances arise. It is by this class, and this class alone, that the safety of our republican government is menaced. If we could arrest foreign immigration for one generation—thirty years—at the end of that period we should have solved all of the social and political problems that are now agitating us. We should put off to the distant future any possibility of agrarianism, and all danger of class conflicts. That these dangers do now threaten us no thinking man dares deny. It is our misfortune, and the fault of our republican form of government, that our public men not only dare not attempt to legislate in this direction, but, as a rule, dare not even give utterance to a sentiment that is universal, and expression to a fear that is entertained by every rational and reflecting mind. The man who would go to Congress or to a State Legislature, who is ambitious to fill an office, does not even whisper the suggestion that we have enough and too many foreigners among us, because it at once arouses against him this class prejudice, and every impudent and ignorant naturalized citizen at once marks him for political vengeance. The press, so boastfully independent and so garrulous of its fearless and manly attitude, is upon this question an arrant coward. To this foreign tyranny it is an abject and cowering slave. It dares not give utterance, it never has given utterance, and it never will give utterance to one bold, manly, American sentiment. There is not a leading daily commercial journal in America that has the boldness to utter opinions at variance with the sentiment of any alien class. The Catholic, Irish, German, and Jewish interests are so great that no newspaper has the courage to express opinions at variance with theirs. The press in San Francisco is simply pitiable in its abject and cowardly servility. Noticeably prominent in this direction are the *Examiner* and the *Call*—the one for political, the other for financial considerations. The *Chronicle* and *Call* have illustrated the depth of degradation that may be attained in rivalry for the support of the meanest and vilest class of foreign vagabonds. These two journals have depreciated the property values of San Francisco to the extent of millions by their encouragement of the sand-lot mutiny, and all for the mercenary desire of increased circulation and advertising patronage.

And now, while we are on the subject of newspapers, let us consider the proposition involved in Senate Bill No. 1, introduced by Mr. Johnson, of Sacramento, entitled, "An act to compel the retraction of false and defamatory articles in newspapers." It provides that upon the publication of any false or defamatory statement, the person offended may compel the retraction by a proceeding in the courts—before a jury, if demanded—inquiring into its truth or falsity. The burden of proof is upon the publisher, to maintain its truth. If the court finds against the journalist he must print his retraction and pay the costs and counsel fees of the injured party. It is a summary proceeding. An appeal may be had to the Supreme Court. The press of the State, by an almost unanimous voice, has placed itself in opposition to this bill. Some have treated it facetiously; some with that loud and blatant indignation that is characteristic of disreputable journalism; some have heaped personal abuse upon its author, assailing him and his motives with most vile calumnies. Only here and there throughout the State has any newspaper treated the question with dignity, or its author with respect. As for ourselves, while we see some things to criticize, we find but little to condemn in the proposed law. If a journalist maliciously publishes defamatory accusation against an individual, he ought to be compelled by law promptly to maintain its truth, or be compelled to retract it, and he ought to pay the costs and counsel fees necessarily expended in compelling him to do that which any gentleman would do willingly. If, as is quite possible, a defamatory article finds its way into a newspaper by mistake or accident, or the editor has been imposed upon by some designing person in his employ, he should have enough of self-respect, and enough of honest pride, and enough of manliness, justice, and generosity, to print the retraction when convinced that he has done a wrong. The first section of the act confines the process to "original" articles—*i. e.*, articles originating in the journal, and not copied from some other. This is a proper restriction. We are not quite certain that the act might not be abused, and that supersensitive persons might not collude with unscrupulous attorneys to annoy newspapers. It might be well to demand of impecunious persons, those against whom a judgment for "costs and counsel fees" would be of no value, that they give bonds. It might be that actors and musical persons would deem just and severe criticism "false and defamatory," and that they would resort to legal process to advertise themselves to the public notice. It might perhaps limit the editorial writer in the use of those adjectives and strong superlatives of expression in which he sometimes delights; but this would improve the ordinary newspaper style, and it might bring dignity, decency, and modesty of expression where we now find vitu-

peration and scandalous language. It seems to put a censor over the press, and subject it, as an institution, to the supervision of the courts. We are not altogether certain that the character of journalism would not improve under a healthy and intelligent censorship. We are of the opinion that the liberty of the press would not be seriously jeopardized; but it is possible that its licentiousness and license might be restrained. Section 10 of the law we would amend by withholding from the injured person any other than the remedy of retraction. If he sought that remedy he should be content with it, and not be allowed also to proceed by indictment and civil action. The person deeming himself defamed might use the "retraction" remedy as a feeler to prospect the strength of his enemy's position. It would not be at all proper that he should bring a criminal action, a civil action for personal damages, and also a process to compel a printed retraction. We commend this to Mr. Johnson, and suggest that section 10 be amended. There may be other amendments that a more careful reading would suggest; there may be objections to this law that have not presented themselves to our mind; but that the present most vicious and diabolical system of journalism should be allowed to continue is altogether inadmissible. The newspaper business is bad and rotten. As an institution it is mercenary and insolent. It is a reckless, audacious, malignant, and lying thing, that delights in intimidating the cowardly, threatening the weak, blackmailing the rich, and with abject humility bowing down to the strong. It assails private reputation, it attacks the virtue of women; and while there are journals of high and honorable character, the indulgence and delays of the present laws make dishonorable and indecent journalism possible. It gives to the exceptional blackguard who has type and ink the power to injure honest men, and before the long delays and the great expense attending proceedings in court enable the injured person to vindicate his character, the wrong and the injury may become irreparable. What the citizen demands, and has a right to demand, when falsely accused and unjustly defamed, is a prompt and speedily published vindication in the sheet that has wronged him. It stamps the lie promptly in the very mint of its coinage, and chokes the utterance back down the cowardly throat that uttered it. We think well of Senator Johnson's proposed law.

On Monday last a mechanic was at work gilding the tips and ornaments of the iron fence that encloses the very elegant residence of Mr. Dan Cook, on Nob Hill. "Shoddy!" exclaimed an individual on the dummy of the rail-car. The writer turned his face, and saw a man with a clean shirt, an intelligent face, a paste diamond on his breast, and a cheap but gaudy amethyst ring upon a hand that gave no evidence of toil. "An envious and shallow-pated fool!" said the writer to himself. Why should not Mr. Dan Cook give employment to gold-beaters, and gilders, and painters, to adorn and make beautiful his residence, if it pleases him? It affords labor to working men, and pleases those who think an iron fence with gilded ornaments more beautiful than the wooden and paintless abominations that enclose unoccupied and unsightly lots. There is something to be said in favor of men who build fine residences, drive fine equipages, and spend money liberally, that can not be urged in favor of usurers, misers, and money-sweaters who live only to accumulate, and toil only to hoard.

Olla-Podrida visited the Golden Gate Park on Saturday afternoon. It was a gorgeous day, and the Park was alive with all sorts of equipages—the tailor's apprentice, with hired nag from the livery stable; the grocer's family, with staid horse and strong wagon; solid old Paterfamilias, Mrs. Familias, and ever so many little Familiasses, stowed away in the family carryall; fast men, sending their spankers along at a flying pace, in defiance of the ten-mile-an-hour rule; aristocrats, in gorgeous turnouts, with servants in livery—all going it, gulping down great draughts of ozone, inflating their lungs with ocean air, enjoying the broad Pacific view, and bringing up at the Seal Rock House, where Foster dispenses cordials and other restoratives, a little wine for the stomach's sake, and a fragrant weed to tone down the nervous excitations that come from a scamper through the Park or a gallop by the sea. This is better than to mope at home, growing cross, growing fat, growing mean, as one grows old.

The Ohio idea in current politics is expressed by the formula: "To be brilliant is to be unorthodox." Secretary Sherman is not exactly brilliant—though he certainly is magnetic—and so it is perhaps requisite that he be orthodox. But Mr. Garfield is a man apart from the regnant scheme of Ohio statesmanship. He is at once brilliant and orthodox, and when it becomes necessary to merge the latter in the former quality, he can fortify his position with more logic, mixed with less sophistry, than can any other man in the President's happy family.

A Southern Congressman has recently said: "The South is rapidly beginning to appreciate 'the old flag and an appropriation,' to forget old memories, to sedulously seek the advancement of her material interests, and to regard one word of the present and future as worth a hundred pages of the past."

IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

The sad winds, the cold winds, are sighing,
Where, weary and panting for breath,
The old years, the dim years, are lying
With silence, and darkness, and death.

"With wild war, and red war, and weeping,
With carnage and trumpets we came;
And swift steeds, and dread steeds, went leaping
Mid slaughter, and famine, and flame."

So sing they, so moan they, as, roaring
Through tempest, and thunder, and night,
The great waves, the storm waves, come pouring
Earth's barriers of granite to smite.

Who hears them? Who fears them? They perished
Their glory and greatness have fled;
The mad hate, the hot hate, they cherished,
On poisons and sorrows was fed.

The keen swords, the sharp swords, hang idle;
The ramparts are grassy and still;
And rich loves, and pure loves, now bride
Man's stubborn, fierce longing to kill.

By hard toil, and strong toil, and striving,
Through dangers, and vengeance, and gloom,
The bright lands, the wide lands, are thriving,
And growing in gladness and bloom.

With sweet clang, and loud clang, the chiming
Of knowledge and peoples sweep by;
And vast thoughts, and high thoughts, are climbing
The shining blue splendors of sky.

Oh, weak hearts! oh, faint hearts! your shrinking,
Your mourning and slander must cease;
For long days, and clear days, are drinking
Bright vintage of wisdom and peace.

The grand earth, the fair earth, is pregnant
With promise, and purpose, and might,
And brave souls, and true souls, are regnant
By daring, and battle, and right.

NEW LONDON, Conn., January, 1880, THOS. S. COLLIER.

MY FRIEND'S FRIEND.

An Incursion into the Unknowable.

CHAPTER I.

I was sitting in the Tivoli—not in ancient Tibur, nor by the rocks of Mount Catillo, but in the Eddy Street Tivoli of San Francisco, beside the pasteboard grotto in the northeast angle of the big hall. I was sitting in the Tivoli, listening with closely shut eyes to the ebb and flow of an orchestral *fugue*, when a woman's voice pierced the subtle meshes of the music and spoke my name. It was a strange voice, and as I turned quickly I saw that the face also was strange.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"There is no need," replied the woman, who by this time had seated herself at the table in front of me, "I knew you from your photograph. You are Harry Kipp, are you not?"

"Yes, I am Harry Kipp, but where did you see my photograph—if it's a fair question?"

"In Mr. Hale's rooms, in New York. You remember Laurence Hale? He went to school with you in Oakland."

I did remember Laurence Hale; he had been my classmate, chum, and correspondent; he had gone to the dogs in New York, "they said," and I had lost trace of him for half a dozen years. But I tried not to express any especial surprise, and said: "Yes, I remember Laurence; is he well?"

"Well?" said the woman, passionately; and then she added, quietly, "He is dead."

"Dead—you don't say so!" I said; and I could have choked myself for the trite callousness the instant it was spoken.

"Yes, he is dead," and after a moment's pause, in which her eyes wandered toward the ceiling, she repeated with a smothered sigh—"Dead," and there passed over her face a shadow of infinite sadness, almost despair.

"Was it very recent? When?" I asked.

"Last September," she replied; and as she turned her face toward mine again, I noticed that the momentary gloom had vanished—only two tears lingered tremblingly on her long lashes.

"Pardon me," I asked, "but what caused his death?" She raised her eyes to mine with a quick, sharp look.

"It was—heart disease—I believe," she answered slowly, hesitatingly; not with the hesitation of embarrassment, but rather as one studies the effect of an announcement of which the speaker alone knows the true significance.

I looked at the woman from under my mask of anxious inquiry. Was she my dead friend's wife, his mistress, or merely a platonic friend? What was she doing in this place alone? Yet her language and her features were unmistakably those of a cultured lady; her dress was of some plain black stuff, and she wore delicate white ruching around her shapely throat and about her wrists.

It was the strange something in her eyes which mystified me. She had large hazel eyes, glorious in repose, with just a suggestion of how fascinating they might be if lighted at the torch of love. Yet they had once or twice flashed with a hard, steel-like glitter that repelled, yet magnetized, and left me wondering with a curious, uncomfortable feeling if there were not behind them a troubled, even distracted, mind, and a conscience ill at ease. Perhaps I looked what I thought, for she said, after a few moments of silence:

"I know you are thinking it strange that I am here alone, that I should speak to you as I have spoken, that I should have known Laurence so well, and more than all you are wondering what relation I bore to him; but—life is so full of changes—and I do love music; do you not?"

She asked the question with a slightly perplexed smile, such as women often unconsciously use to confuse our questioning, and lead us into other by-paths of converse.

"Listen to that strain," she continued, "is it not lovely? It sounds like one of Beethoven's sonatas. It has been well said that the passionate chords, the soothing notes, the dramatic intensity and kaleidoscopic changes of a sonata are not unlike many lives; but then all lives do not end in peaceful cadence as—"

A tall, pleasant-faced, light-haired man had touched her arm.

"Where have I seen this man before?" I thought.

She rose with a strange look in her eyes, the strangest I ever saw, and without introducing the intruder bade me good evening.

CHAPTER II.

A few evenings after, I went alone to see *Diplomacy*. It was the "Keene-Piercy Revival" at the Standard.

"Love her! I hate her!"

As I walked away from the theatre door the leopard-tones of the "Countess Zicka" were ringing—literally ringing—in my ears, and there was a cooling sense of freedom in the foggy outside air: freedom from the spell of those wonderful, wicked eyes, and that intense, vibrating voice.

"Love her! I hate her!"

Unconsciously I was repeating the sentence to myself. I turned from Bush into Stockton. A woman was standing under the gas-lamp. I almost brushed against her as I turned the corner.

Surprised at seeing a woman alone at such a place and time, I paused for a moment. To my astonishment she spoke my name, and said: "We meet curiously, do we not?"

I started at the sound of the voice; it was my strange acquaintance of the Tivoli.

"Yes," I replied, stupidly; and then recklessly: "May I not take you home?"

"Do you mean *your* home?" she said in a surprised tone, stepping to my side, "for," pathetically, "I haven't any of my own."

"I will take you to a hotel," I said, as coldly as possible, for I was thinking of my widowed landlady, and my widowed landlady's widowed daughter, and the widow who boarded with them, and the possible misconception of my good Samaritanism should I march up to the front steps only a few minutes before midnight with a lady on my arm.

Her reply was rather startling: "Can't you take me home, and go to a hotel yourself?"

"I will take her home," I thought, and I did.

I knocked at my landlady's door, with the assurance of a favored lodger, and said: "I have a lady in my charge who is too timid to go to a hotel. Won't you take care of her for me to-night, please?"

"What did you say her name was, Mr. Kipp?"

I was leaning awkwardly against the circular hallway baluster, just in front of my landlady's door. That expeditionary lady had robed herself in one of her charmingest, most *spirituelle* wrappers, and her slippered feet had passed her portal without my notice. My friend was sitting under a gas-jet directly in front of her. I stared stupidly from face to face. The lady came to my rescue. "I am Mrs. P-a-i-g-e—Page with an *i*, madam. I am a little timid, and when Mr. Kipp told me how very good you were, I felt as though it would be nicer here than at a hotel."

My landlady's breakfasts are always delightful. I may have all the cream I wish for my coffee, and never a smile the less from the opposite end of the table. In the morning following my midnight adventure our breakfast was especially nice. I debated with myself for half an hour whether I should go down stairs or "down town" for breakfast. Somehow I dreaded facing my landlady's candid eyes, and the sidelong glances of my landlady's daughter.

The pretty four-year-old baby of the household decided me. She climbed upon my shoulder from the perilous haluster-rail of the hall stairway, as I passed, and ordered me to carry her to the breakfast table. I obeyed, and—exceeding my instructions—remained for my cup of coffee. My friend of the midnight meeting was already at the table. She was talking animatedly to her hostess. I listened, and with cumulative attention. It was a subject in which my landlady was less specially interested than I—they were talking about the suffrage rights of women. My landlady's political creed was a variable formula, adaptable to the shifting conditions of the atmosphere, and the virtue, wickedness, and indifference of servants. She believed, in a general way, that the halloo is about as dangerous a missile as the bullet in the power of the vicious and the ignorant. And I took no little credit to myself for my apt tuition.

I had listened to a great many earnest women, to their private conversations and their public protests, but I had never before listened to one who made rant as picturesque and twaddle as poetic as did Mrs. Paige—not even my dear, good landlady could quite do that. There was nothing novel in my strange friend's theories, but everything novel in the way she treated them. I became strangely interested—so much so that my untouched muffin froze to death on the untouched plate, and the amber translucence of the fragrant Java at my elbow grew filmy with clotting cream.

To quote from the profoundest of modern observers: "Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous." I had said to myself, even after I was seated at the breakfast table, "I will be discreet, I will avoid entanglements, I will see my strange friend no more than is strictly necessary." But the children, having said all the "cute" things they knew, had vanished from the scene; and my landlady's widowed daughter had, shaken the folds of her ravishing wrapper about her tiny feet, and had rustled heavenward to the nursery and her daily stint of pinafore making and *billet-doux* answering; and the landlady was looking just a trifle anxious and hored under her stereotyped smile—which it is scant justice to say was stereotyped—it was engraved in the highest style of the art; and the servant had cleared the table down to the edge of my frigid breakfast, before I noticed that it was nine o'clock.

A moment after there came a quick ring—one of those unmistakably impatient jingles—and just then I caught my strange friend's eyes. There was in them the startled, pathetic wonderment of a hunted hind. The next moment the door opened, and admitted the same man whom she had followed out of the Tivoli.

Without a word he walked into the little parlor, whose half-open folding doors offered a full view of the cosy dining-room where we were seated. He bowed to us, yet his eyes never moved from the white face of our guest, who, half risen from her chair, was watching, with blanched lips and dilated eyes, his every movement. The silence was momentary, yet of that overpowering, stifling character which seems to oppress one's very soul; that comes not oftener than once or twice within the experience of a lifetime.

Without averting his gaze he howed again and stepped lightly backward toward the door.

"Where have I known this man?" I thought.

My strange friend followed, step by step, as if some invisible power controlled her mind and dictated her every motion. Her hat and cloak were lying on a parlor chair. She put them on in silence. A moment later they passed down the steps, and in another instant the door of a waiting carriage closed behind them. As it drove down the street we caught a brief glimpse of her face. The light and vivacity had gone. What we saw was a tremulous, troubled picture, full of passionate longing and the infinite pathos of repressed tears.

CHAPTER III.

It was Carnival week, and I was sitting in the southwest gallery of the Mechanics' Pavilion, watching through an enormous pair of glasses the alternate tableaux in the Goethe and Schiller and Egyptian booths. Being the fortunate possessor of a seat, I was enjoying the selfish ecstasy of full possession. The curtain had just fallen for the third time on one of the most realistic scenes within the Egyptian canvas.

A lady at my elbow touched my arm with her fan: "Some friend of yours handed me this, and pointed to you as she passed. She is lost now, in the crowd moving toward the refreshment hoth."

I looked in the direction indicated, but the visible hacks in the motley stream of jostling humanity lacked individuality.

"This" was the following fragment of rhyme, penciled without signature on the torn margin of a Carnival programme:

"If the daughter of ancient Pharaoh
Could wake from her long, long sleep,
And into the booth Egyptian
For a moment pause and peep,
She would turn to her endless slumber,
And her dreams would be far more fair,
For the sight of the lovely princess
Who represents her there."

The handwriting was altogether strange. I wondered, fruitlessly, in a bewildered sort of way, who could have written it. For a moment I thought of returning it to my lady neighbor, but I enjoyed the luxury of possessing a little secret, even if it were a secret which I did not understand.

"It must be some friend of mine who is also a friend of the Egyptians," I thought; "at least she is a person of discrimination," for I was an enthusiast in the same direction.

It was very warm in the gallery that night, and the patriotic nostrils of the æsthetic Oaklanders quivered with mingled emotions amidst the jostling odors of Arah the occidental. I was neither a patrician nor an Oaklander—I was only a reporter; but even my educated sense rebelled, and, resigning my chair in favor of an adipose matron, I descended to the main floor. It lacked about an hour of closing time. The gorgeous drop-curtain of the Egyptian hoth had been drawn up after the last of the evening's tableaux. Pharaoh's daughter and her lovely handmaidens were clustered in graceful, unconscious groupings. A few of them were near the front of the stage, chatting and laughing with friends and acquaintances upon the crowded floor. I elbowed my way to the railing in front of the hoth, but the special Egyptian whom I sought was not present. I turned to thread my way back to the Italian hoth, in the west gallery, where I was sure I should find her. In the midst of the throng the diagonal convergence of two heavy-weights from Petaluma caused me to pause a moment in my meandering plunge.

"Do you approve of my verses?" The voice sounded close at my side. I turned. It was my mysterious acquaintance of the Tivoli, my strange midnight guest, the fair, fascinating autocrat of my landlady's breakfast table—"Mrs. Page, with an *i*."

The inscrutable light in her eyes, the peculiar smile that flitted about her mouth, thrilled me like a faint touch from a Leyden jar. As she laid her hand on my arm and said, "Let us walk about," I had no power to resist.

Walking about resembled some of those intricate games of skill which the old Hindoos elaborated into abstruse mathematical puzzles. At first there was neither opportunity nor need of speech on my part. We went where my companion listed—that is, we struggled toward various objective points, and reached them by labyrinthine paths. All around us were men and women outwardly very like ourselves. Women as fair as the one whose arm was linked with mine, men wearing countenances as imperturbable as I flattered myself mine was, were passing, jostling, elbowing us at every turn. I wondered vaguely if they were passing through an experience at all like mine. I began to ask myself why I was doing this—why I followed even the glance of an eye, when at heart I longed to be away from the heat, the dust, and the turmoil of the crowd. The effect I felt, and it startled me, but the cause I could not divine. Was it that, through the mesmerism of this woman's nervous organism, her mind communicated directly with mine, controlling my actions by an indefinable, but none the less certain, subjection of my mind to hers? I had never believed that such an abnormal state of the nervous system could exist, and yet I could not but believe that I was practically demonstrating the theory of Reichenbach's "od force," and was but a passive agent of some impalpable energy, allied to electricity, magnetism, or what not, which through the fairest of mediums was making me the variable shuttlecock of her fancy.

Suddenly she turned and said, swiftly, with an odd look in her eyes as she spoke: "Mr. Kipp, do you believe in the doctrine of Quesne?"

"I—I—don't know," I answered, confusedly; and then, "why do you ask?"

"Oh, I hardly know," she answered, with a slight laugh, that somehow jarred strangely; "but it does seem queer, doesn't it, that a universal fluid should be equally diffused through all animated life, and owe its force to that very physical being?"

"How so?" I asked, groping for a clue to the startling accuracy of her sudden insight.

"Why, don't you understand that then the stronger would always irresistibly control the weaker, and we poor women would then have no will of our own?"

"Passing strange," I thought, "if this woman, whom I have scarcely met before, can actually read my thoughts. Who is she, what is she, that can so unaccountably control my masculine volition through the sorcery of her glances—the magic of her intonations? Does she merely play a part, exulting in her power, that she should taunt me with the platitudes of Quesne? Is she quite sane?"

Like a gleam of lightning from out a murky sky, the

MATTERS PERUVIAN.

As Reported by a Lady of San Francisco.

LIMA, Peru, Nov. 10, 1879.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In my last letter I wrote about the ladies chiefly. But of course I had a good deal to do with men. Negotiations with the gentlemen of Peru for any business purpose are exceedingly difficult. They are proud, and always tacitly assume that they can do just what they never intend to do. They evade a decision by saying, "Come tomorrow." A man often says that he has an estate of one million coffee-trees away up somewhere in the interior, when in reality he has nothing but the suit he wears and the cane he flourishes.

The Peruvian Government having committed the unparalleled folly of going to war not only with an enormous national debt, but with a bankrupt treasury, hundreds of families are now suffering in Lima, without any means of earning a living, or any possibility of leaving the country. The English Government provides for her subjects, and sends those who are in destitute circumstances back to England. The United States makes no such provision for her citizens. In the towns that have been bombarded, property has been destroyed, and families escaping with their lives have found, neither assistance, homes, nor protection anywhere. Men from the United States who hold government positions have not received a dollar of their salaries for months, having to keep their families on what they had laid up, and at the same time to keep up the semblance of wealth which is so essential in the eyes of the Peruvians. Some of these officials have for some months been pawning their watches and other articles of value. Every one holding property or doing business in Peru is heavily taxed for the war. Of the American residents in Peru, Mr. J. K. Backus, Superintendent of the Callao, Lima, and Oroya Railway, seems to hold the most secure position, and I can say of Mr. Backus what can not be said of all the Americans in Lima—that he is a gentleman. Mr. Backus lives in a *palacio*—a grand Spanish dwelling, with marble-tiled corridors and courts, and marble stairways, while spacious halls and drawing-rooms are furnished and embellished in princely style.

The Convent of San Francisco has a history, of which the following is an incident: The grounds of the convent now enclose a large space in the city, which, with an additional square, was obtained from Pizarro, who was then King of Peru. The monks asked him for some ground for their convent. He replied that they might have all that they could fence in during that night. In the morning the walls were found inclosing not only the open space that they had asked for, but including many of the houses and streets of the city. The citizens appealed to Pizarro for redress, but he said that he could not revoke his word. To satisfy them, however, he bought their houses and gardens, and gave them to the convent. No city in the world—not even Rome—contains so many or such large convents as Lima. One may walk for blocks in the city along the walls of convents. As one ends another begins.

It is a fact that these buildings abound in immense treasures. A history of the convents of Lima, and a description of the wealth they contain, would fill many volumes. The churches with their beautiful domes and fronts, with exquisite ornamental carvings, constitute the chief ornamental work of the city. The images that they display on *fiête* days, with their gorgeous robes and sparkling gems, the carvings, paintings, statues, and frescoes, baffle description.

The girls of Lima are generally educated in the convents. They excel in making artificial flowers and worsted work. A normal school was recently opened, for girls, by the Government, and is now prosperous. Women are allowed to take a degree for midwifery on completing a three years' course of study and passing the examinations.

Every day in the year is dedicated to some saint in the Roman Catholic calendar of Peru. On about three days out of every seven, the ringing of the bells announce some grand *fiesta*. At midnight rockets are fired from the dome of the cathedral where the saint is to be adored. In carnival time, instead of the streets being filled with a fun-loving populace, the houses are closed, the street-cars stop running, and the streets are deserted, except by those who go out for rude sports. For weeks before the *Carnisima*, baskets of eggshells are kept for sale all through the city, a small hole having been made in the end of each shell, and the inside drawn out. At the time of the carnival, men and boys think it high fun to carry their pockets full of these shells, which they have filled with water, and throw at every one that passes. Boys increase the mischief by squirting dirty water from syringes on the people in the streets. Women and children often conceal themselves in the balconies and engage in the sport. Sometimes they pour buckets of water upon the passers-by, thoroughly drenching them. The carnival lasts three days, and the churches open on Ash Wednesday.

The night before last Easter Sunday a destructive fire broke out in Lima, consuming the grand monumental arch which was erected by the Spaniards in 1752. The clock which was set in the arch cost 15,000 soles in silver. This was completely destroyed. Beneath the clock, in letters of gold, were the words, "*Dios y la Patria*" (God and the Country).

Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror, laid out the city of Lima, in 1535, and founded it in the name of the City of the Kings. At the same time he laid the first stone of the Grand Cathedral, which was to serve the double purpose of a church and of his own mausoleum. The original building was nearly destroyed by the earthquake of 1746. It was restored and has been completed at a cost of half a million dollars, making the most magnificent church in South America.

When we visited the tomb of Pizarro we were conducted by a sacristan, carrying a lighted candle. He led the way down into the gloomy vault, and, in the further corner, raised a dusty curtain, exposing, in an open niche, a skeleton, covered with an old cloak. "Francisco Pizarro!" he exclaimed, and snatched off a few fragments of the cloak, which he banded around as relics of the hero. The teeth, fingers, and some of the bones of the skeleton have also been carried away as relics, and it is said that different skeletons have performed the same office from time to time.

THE OPPOSING SEX.

An art note says Cabenal is painting Jephtha's daughter. That's because she's dead. A live girl paints herself.

Pretty girls are very thick in Morocco. The Moors don't consider a girl pretty until she weighs over two hundred.

The latest fashion is for young ladies to carry small daggers in their stockings, as a Texan carries pistols in his boot-legs.

A timid Rochester girl, who was robbed by a pickpocket on the street, took the purse away from him and kicked him clear around the corner.

Silver jewelry is now fashionable, and many a trade dollar will be melted to adorn some pretty girl's ears or throat. Ugly girls will not wear silver jewelry.

In most cities ladies have pet dogs, but Baltimore ladies seem to be specially fond of cats. It is estimated that there are over nine hundred pet grimalkins in Baltimore.

A young woman in West Baltimore, after suffering from severe pain in the region of the heart, coughed violently and released from her left lung an oyster pearl as big as a pea.

Olive Logan says, in one of her letters, that if it wasn't for her modesty, she would inform the public that she has engaged herself to translate Bret Harte's writings into French for the *Paris Figaro*.

A woman at Ulysses, Neb., wrapped her baby in a sheet and left it in the warm ashes by the fireplace while she went to visit a neighbor, and when she returned the infant was burned to a crisp.

Coeducation of the sexes has its disadvantages at Ann Arbor. Lately a young lady there married a boy student several years younger than herself, and who had been placed in her care to bring up in the way he should go.

A lady who has had her period of celebrity in Paris—Mme. Louise Lucène—has just attained her hundredth year. Under the First Empire her *salon* was as brilliant as that of Mme. Récamier, whose intimate friend and rival in beauty she was.

When Mme. Emile de Girardin wrote her *Lady Sartefte*, some one said to her: "What imagination you must have had to have found the *résumé* of all the vices that you incarnate in your sad heroine." "My imagination had nothing to do with it," replied quietly Mme. de Girardin. "I simply summed up all my best and most intimate lady friends."

The Queen of England is now the greatest Mohammedan sovereign in the world, in respect of baying more Mohammedan subjects than any other power. These are found chiefly in India, over which the Queen rules. There are not so many Mohammedans in Turkey as there are in the East Indian dominions of her Majesty.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with their three daughters, are staying at Pegli, on the Gulf of Genoa. The Princess, who is an excellent artist, finds plenty of subjects for her pencil in the immediate neighborhood, and a plethora of ragged and hungry but picturesque beggars adds to the artistic attractions of the place.

Poor Christine! Apparently royal women of Spain have a copyright secured to that adjective. Poor Carlotta! Poor Mercedes! And now this rude interruption of a honeymoon by attempted assassination. One wonders, when the Spanish bullet sang a solo past her frightened ear, if she did not for an instant wish herself out of feverish Spain, with its dastardly pastry cooks.

Some of the most enthusiastic flirtations of this century are between women themselves. Not a few of the sex are gay, witty, sparkling, and even sometimes profound in their conversations with each other, and nobody frowns or rebukes them; but if they should chance to be as charming to gentlemen, public criticism might seek for the springs of the woman's gayety in a far less noble aspiration than that which actually moves her.

A ballet girl, writing to London *Truth*, says that she is aware that actresses never get beyond the outskirts of fashionable society, and that if they are invited to parties and balls it is only that they may be stared at and make a reputation for eccentricity for their hostesses. But she adds that actresses can from the stage see into theatre boxes when the audience can not, and that the ladies and their "spoons" frequently conduct themselves in a very remarkable manner.

The fans carried this season are so pretty that their owners do not need to practice Mr. Addison's fan drill to be attractive. Who could resist the beckoning of a fan made from the plumage of the dove's breast and flecked with the little sapphire feathers from the peacock's head? Who would not be the lucky fellow whose hair is treasured under the glass set in one of the sticks, back of the little mirror in which his lady's face is reflected in the pauses of the music at the opera?

Lady Rosebery is of imposing, almost imperial, presence, and her face, distinctly Eastern in type, shows good health, good sense, and good feeling. The earl and countess were married in 1878, and their daughter, only two months old, is none the less "Lady" Sybil Myra Carolina Primrose, and at the reception given to Mr. Gladstone was greatly petted and kissed, till a solemn footman announced that "Lady Sybil is wanted." This recalls an anecdote of the time when commissions in the British army were sold to women and children. "What noise is that?" some one asked. "Oh, it's just the major crying for his porridge."

Swinburne says: "The very crown and flower of all her father's daughters—I do not speak here of her human father, but her divine—the woman above all Shakespeare's women, 'Imogen.' As in Cleopatra we find the incarnate sex, the woman everlasting, so in 'Imogen' we find half glorified already the immortal god-head of womanhood. I would fain have some honey in my words at parting—with Shakespeare never, but forever with these notes on Shakespeare; and I am therefore something more fain to close my book upon the name of the woman best beloved in all the world of song and all the tide of time—upon the name of Shakespeare's 'Imogen.'"

slumbering doubt flashed into formulated thought. Strange, was it not, that the thought brought with it a certain sense of relief? We had drifted, without concert of impulse, into the "Little Trianon." "Is she quite sane?" As if in answer to my thinking, she turned her face to mine, and our eyes met. In mine she doubtless read mingled perplexity and relief. In hers I saw frank honesty and pleading winemess. Almost as plainly as words, they said: "Do you really believe it?" and the momentary suspicion, and its selfish solace, vanished like one of the swift changes of a dream.

But the strangest part of the experience was yet to come. She was the first to speak:

"I can tell by your eyes, Mr. Kipp, that you are not a psychologist. I believe I am. I can not explain just why I think so—I hardly know whether I rightly understand or interpret the word—but I *know*," with bitter emphasis, "that some organisms—that is the word, is it not?—are so sensitive that their minds—or souls, if you will—are controlled, overmastered, *owned* almost, by other and stronger organisms. I know—Oh, Mr. Kipp, let us go out: I am almost suffocating."

The change in her voice was so startling that instinctively I followed the direction of her eyes. She was looking toward the "Castle of Holyrood"—the Walter Scott booth—which was almost directly opposite. The red curtains of the booth were drawn back, leaving the stage in full view. Upon the lowest step of the platform stood a tall, light-haired, pleasant-featured man, gazing with the calm scrutiny of studied carelessness upon the passing throng. It was Mrs. Paige's mysterious guardian. She half rose from her chair. I touched her arm, and by a supreme effort of will compelled her to resume her seat. An overmastering conviction was slowly gathering substance and semblance and form, as I gazed across the shifting breadth of human eddies to the calm, careless, magnetic face of the stranger in the "Castle of Holyrood." "Where have I known him? Who is he? My God! I know she is insane, or I am. It is Laurence Hale!"

Again she bad half risen. This time I grasped her wrist, unmindful of the eyes around us, unmindful of everything except the one controlling impulse to learn all, then and there. Involuntarily, I spoke the last words aloud—"It is Laurence Hale!"

With a suppressed cry, she tore herself loose from my tight grasp, and stood before me with dilating eyes and quivering lips. Her voice was a whisper, but her tones had the thrilling distinctness of a full-toned bell at midnight, as she said:

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no!—it is his wraith!"

Yes, it was "suffocating." I put her trembling arm within my own, and together we stole like felons from the hall. A score of half-formed schemes made for the fair unfortunate a woof of protecting shelter, ere we gained the street. I had friends—rich, influential, chivalrous friends—who for my sake would place a barrier of perfect concealment between this woman and her persecutor. But *who* should I ask, and how? A carriage, with the door open and the steps down, was drawn up just ahead.

"This way, sir," said a voice at my elbow.

I thought I recognized the driver, and in another moment had placed my companion in the carriage. I was about to enter myself, when some one pulled me violently aside. Before I could free myself, a tall, light-haired, pleasant-faced man, wearing for the nonce the mocking smile of the tempter of Faust, sprang into the carriage and closed the door with a bang. The driver was already in his seat. The carriage was turned sharply eastward, and I heard the rumble of the wheels for an instant, and then that was merged in the rumble of a hundred other wheels—and that was all.

CHAPTER IV.

For a week after the Carnival I was in a state of continuous mental bubble. There was little or nothing to be done at the office, so I spent most of my days and nights prowling about the streets and visiting the hotels, hoping I might meet either the mysterious Mrs. Paige or her still more mysterious guardian, and determined to "have it out" with each or both. My training as a reporter made me anxious to probe the mystery surrounding these two persons, and discover at least the superficial relations between them. But the week wore itself out, and my quest had been altogether fruitless. I spent Sunday with some pleasant acquaintances at one of the hotels. One of these acquaintances was going East on the following morning, and I promised to be at the boat to say "God speed."

In the morning I went over the ferry with the rest of the good-bye party. I left the car with the others only just as the train was moving away.

At an open window, in the car behind the one I had just vacated, sat Mrs. Paige. Our eyes and our glances met simultaneously. I shall never forget the look she gave me. She was leaning slightly forward and held a handkerchief to her lips. As her eyes met mine, her face twinged with a suppressed spasm. She coughed slightly, and with a sudden gesture threw the tiny handkerchief out of the window. I caught it as it fell. But the face at the window was no longer visible. A wild scheme flashed into thought, and I caught at the guard-rail of the passing car. As I sprang forward, my foot struck some irregularity in the wharf. I hesitated for an instant, and the next moment the last car had passed.

Strangely enough, I had forgotten the handkerchief. I opened it and looked at the monogram. The letters, in scarlet silk, were the initials "V. P. L." and beneath them was a crimson stain, still fresh and unmistakable. I wonder—yes, I wonder.

RICHARD RULE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1880.

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen "Crabbe's Tales." "Why no," she answered, "I didn't know that crabs had tails." "I beg your pardon," he said, "I mean, have you read 'Crabbe's Tales'?" "And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other kind, had tails."

When we see a pretty female foot we naturally conclude that it belongs to a pretty girl—on the principle that all is well that ends well.

LES BOISSONS AMERICAINES.

By gar, zese cocktails brak' me 'cart,
Zey gife me moche ze bloos;
I wiss I sall rattun to France,
I feel so eendispose.
I go to dine my soizial frenz,
I gife zem one "blow-wout,"
Mon Dieu! ze wine it cost so dear
Zat mak's me moche poot out.

Vrai Cognac, zat ees not so had;
Beeg thing ees brandy strait.
Boot zen ze price, zat mak's me sad—
Zat is not vair first-rate.
Zen in ze one-horse groggarriz
Zey concoc emmentations:
I sink zey most 'ave vinyards zere
Of all ze foraigne nations.

Zay mak' you 'erry, port, or aile,
Ze vary bes' champagne;
Gredin! zat's mad' of goazbarriz
And gifes me stomach pain.
I roon s'trough all zey gifes to drink,
But more eet rooms me s'trough.
Lak one dam knife! I'm off for France,
And beeds zis land adieu.

MARYSVILLE, January, 1880.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

GANYMEDE'S CUP OF COLD NECTAR.

"Lucent Sirops tinct with Cinnamon."

DEAR ARGONAUT:—After hearing Ada Ven say that "all our fashionable people" were attending the Patti concerts, Antony and I economized in the use of candy and cigars sufficiently to enable us to secure choice seats, but were disappointed, as we hit upon Patti's off night, and after paying our Saturday's bills, including club fees, etc., there was not money enough left to go in style. So I took in a seventy-five cent seat at the matinee, groped my way through the dark corridors, and finally stumbled into one of those blue instruments of torture invented by the builders of the Grand Opera House, and there I poised a full hour "in the dark," but not "alone" (having several hundred companions in misery), waiting for Signors Toedt and Ciampi to entrance us with their wonderful soul-stirring notes, Ketten to mystify, De Munk to amuse, and Patti to disappoint, for none of us were "young singers" in pursuit of "valuable hints." If this smacks of criticism, "pluck it out;" I have no aspirations. What I really want to say is a word about the discomforts of our matinees. Goethe-like, we want "more light;" we want the entertainment to begin somewhere near the time advertised; we want the Talking Fiend put to death upon the stage in the sight of all present, as a gentle warning to those with similar inclinations. We want a special police stationed within calling distance, to whom the Talking Fiend can be reported, and handed over to justice at once, that those who love music may be allowed to enjoy it in quiet.

More than one of Herold's delightful concerts have been marred by one or more of these petrous-hearted fiends. We now have a promise of a continuation of these concerts next month, and wish to enjoy them to the extent of our capacity; and if the execution of the fiend is not allowed, and no other way suggests itself, we shall "spot" him and publish his name. I will no longer have my soul harrowed and my angelic temper ruffled. Last Saturday's fiend was short in stature, blackly dressed, with moon-shaped face upon which sat a big nose, under which waggled a long tongue. She carried a little black bag. If she torments me again you shall have her name, or I'll pin this little anecdote on her black bag.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop. "Oh no; I mean the musicians, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can not hear your conversation."

The silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Traylor was just the sort of affair Antony and I most enjoy; just what one might expect in the home of two such genial, mirth-loving people as mine host and his good wife. Rev. W. H. Scott, D. D., who first joined their hands in matrimony twenty-five years ago in the old Bassett House, repeated the ceremony, and a gentleman present made a few happy remarks appropriate to the occasion. Singing, dancing, story-telling, and jokes were indulged in *ad libitum*. A most inviting supper, which we managed to enjoy without a *menu* to guide, much to my comfort. A *menu* has such a smack of hotel and restaurant odor, is so suggestive of waiters' fees and visions of unpaid checks. I have heard C. W. S., and other slipper-gatherers, say they kept *menus* as souvenirs of happy hours.

Would it not be better to lavish the money on the programme of dances?—have them on satin, embellished with flowers, lace, what you please? It seems to me the association would be more pleasing, lasting, and agreeable than that of a *menu* which "no fellow can find out." I'm led to this conclusion by the fact that at one of our late entertainments there were present several French officers. The hostess looked among her guests for ladies who could speak French, and out of the three hundred assembled, not six could be found who understood the language sufficiently for even a ball-room chit-chat. But the *menu* was in French all the same, which neither hosts, guests, nor servants understood. But all appreciated the delicate little *boulonnais* which Mrs. Traylor presented to each gentleman.

The Bohemian Club was well represented by H. I. Tbornton, Paul Neumann, F. M. Somers, and many others. The hostess appeared in an elegant robe of black velvet; Mrs. Joseph Austin looked the invalid in her becoming white toilet, but none the less interesting. By her side was one of San Francisco's greatest beauties, Mrs. Joseph Marks; and gifted little Miss Lizzie Strong accepted the homage paid to her talents with the retiring modesty that indicates the true artist. She goes to Europe in the spring to devote a year or more to hard study. Miss Mary Van Reynegom was becomingly attired in grenadine, and never looked prettier. Mrs. David McClure, wife of one of our prominent lawyers, was much admired; so was lovely, bright Bessie Sedgwick, who was accompanied by her father and mother. Charming Mrs. Homer King was becomingly dressed, as usual. Mr. and

Mrs. MacCrellish were accompanied by their niece, Miss Mamie Woodard, a pretty blonde, who charms all she meets with her pleasing natural manners. As I passed through the rooms I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Irving Scott, Mr. George Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderslice, with their daughter, Mrs. Johnson—whose dress of *écru* striped satin was greatly admired—Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ladd. Some of Mrs. Traylor's most intimate friends disregarded the "no presents," and brought choice remembrances; the most artistic and noticeable was a set of china plates, painted and embellished by the donor, Mrs. Frank Unger, who was present in a white crape dress trimmed with violets.

Mrs. Dr. Sawyer's musicale last Monday evening was not unlike the play of *Hamlet* with the "melancholy prince" left out. For Miss Jennie was not able to sing, being troubled with that indescribable something that affects the throat and voice of all who attempt to sing in this climate. Mrs. Sawyer's sister, Madame Burton, gave us some very fine music. Miss Marsden and brother played duets, and later in the evening Ketten flashed in and electrified us all with his remarkable playing. Altogether the evening was a pleasant one, the invited guests numbering about forty, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Miss Kate Bishop, Mrs. Grattan with her charming daughter, Miss Bessie, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Harold, and a sprinkling of French officers.

San Francisco "teas" are assuming the proportions of everything else on this coast, just a little larger and more "swell" than anything ever heard or read of before. Think of one hundred and fifty ladies smiling over that draught *par excellence* for talkers. Gautier says: "There is nothing which sooner shakes off the weight of humanity or predisposes one for that clearer vision of things invisible to the vulgar eye" than tea, green tea. But my experience is that at such entertainments the "conversation's rather flat." We want the men to brisk us up. But I was not at Mrs. C. G. Hooker's. Ada Ven was, and will doubtless tell you all about it.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 19, 1880.

The New Magazine.

Like a covetous bee coming out of a flower, its legs overloaded with golden pollen, the *Californian* for February has made its appearance. Even a hurried examination is sufficient to show that in the disposition and economy of its materials the editor has acted, with judicious foresight, on the truth that, while the first number of a periodical is bought from curiosity, the succeeding ones are increasingly dependent on their merit; for this second one is distinctly superior to the first, in variety, character, and literary grace. There is less of mere story-telling; typically it is of sounder and wider interest; the poems are fewer, their poetry better. The services of "the mob of gentlemen"—and ladies—"who write with ease" what is read with difficulty and discomfort—whose equipment is a loaded pen and a light mind; who, with regard to the laws of literary art, respect nothing because they know nothing—have in this number been more sparingly accepted; and in place of their free-handed outgivings are several papers validly conceived, abundantly enriched with learning and the fruits of learning, strong with the strength of restraint, and copiously embellished with the ornaments and graces of style.

One rather regrets the noticeable absence of the amateur, because it confers upon him a prominence which he will mistake for distinction and misrepresent as notoriety. Among the names in the table of contents, there is not one that we recognize as that of a person inexperienced in the art of writing. There are but two articles in the body of the magazine unsigned by the writers' real names, and in these the touch of the practiced pen is sufficiently obvious. Of the absolute merit of the book as a whole, as of the relative excellence of its parts as compared one with another, we do not choose to speak; but as matched with its predecessor the February number must be affirmed to have forged a clear length ahead. If the next shall mark as distinct an advance we do not know what is to become of the editor's modest but altogether uncalled-for explanation that he intended making, not a "literary" magazine, but a "popular" one. He is doubtless the best judge of the sense in which he preferred to use those terms, and of the difference he meant that they should imply. There may be another and better road to popular success than the literary one, but no monthly unillustrated periodical, we believe, has as yet discovered it.

Two stock-brokers, Messrs. Noble and Sherwood, have a "misunderstanding" which appears to turn upon a question of veracity. The Board has declined to decide between them, but Dick Wheeler, of the *Alta*, is less daunted by the difficulties of the situation, and declares without hesitation in favor of the disputant who brought the matter before the public through the newspapers. That is characteristic of Richard, certainly, and to that extent his decision is valuable and instructive. But we really do not think it will hurt Mr. Noble, and are convinced that it will not remove the presumption against the justice of that side of a private quarrel which seeks alliance of the public press.

It is very suspicious, this sudden attachment to Roland Reed displayed by the Bohemian Club. I don't believe it is appreciation of art so much as its accessories; and the accessories in the case of the Colville Company are unusually pretty. Reed is a very clever young comedian, a genial companion, and altogether a worthy object of Bohemian regard. But when those whole-souled Bohemians find themselves in the theatre night after night, thoroughly enjoying the fun of *Robinson Crusoe* or *Piff-Paff* (always very close to the stage), I never see them looking so much at Reed as at—well, somebody else. They are liberal with their comments—and they all love *cats*. Go to the owl, Bohemians! consider his glare and be wise, if you can!

The recent installation exercises of the Caledonian Club were altogether creditable to the management of that flourishing society. Many of the chieftains appeared in plaid and tartans, and the average of manly symmetry and vigor and wit was in ample evidence, both upon the dancing floor and around the banquet table.

SOCIAL SACRAMENTO.

DEAR EDITOR:—More punch! more pleasure! more wine! more women!—and all because a tall darkey rang our door-bell one bright morning, and, with an excruciating bow, handed us a little square piece of pasteboard bearing these magic words:

"MRS. JAMES I. FELTER requests your presence at the fiftieth birthday anniversary of her husband, Thursday evening, January 15, 1880, 619 Tenth Street, Sacramento, California. R. S. V. P."

Which opened the door for us to all this loveliness! If any one in the city has the knack of entertainment to perfection it is this same Mrs. Felter. She smiles so pleasantly, and welcomes you to all her beautiful home affords in such a charming manner, as to put you at once at your ease. And then there are five young editions (I suppose I am at liberty to say editionesses) who play the hospitable hostess fully as well as their lady mother. There is also one hopeful son, named Will, who does not find Sacramento sufficiently seducing to take up his permanent abode here, and so wanders to a colder clime, viz: San Francisco, but who does find his mother's parties, and the ladies who frequent them, sufficiently seducing to show his blonde head here when his mother gives one of her delightful *soirées*. The house was beautifully decorated with smilax and flowers and all those pretty green things that make you wonder of what they are made and what ingenious hands contrived them. The conservatory was a perfect bower of verdure, of choice plants, birds, and aquaria. The supper was delicious, and Peterson in his happiest mood. We ate in English (thank Heaven!), as follows:

Oyster Patties.	Raw Oysters.	Roast and Boned Turkey.
Wine and Champagne Jelly.		
Eastern Ham.	Smoked Tongue.	Beloucr.
Chicken Salad.	Orange Ice.	Assorted Relishes.
Bavaria Cream.	Charlotte Russe.	Assorted Fancy Cakes.
Et c.	Et c.	Et c.

And after we had exhausted the "programme," we felt very much like the small boy at the orphans' Christmas tree, who, after having eaten all that was possible, besides filling his pockets and apron, cried because he could not hold any more! The most amusing event of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Felter of a silver medal, on one side of which was engraved "J. J. Felter, 50th Birthday, January 15, 1880, Sacramento, Cal." And on the reverse side, "New York, January 15, 1830." John Carroll made the presentation speech in the following manner: "Ladies and gentlemen—I am to present this young boy with this medal, and Judge Denson will make the speech." And the poor Judge, in spite of all his entreaties, was dragged into the room, and compelled to make it.

Mrs. Felter received us in an elegant combination dress of old gold silk and brown velvet, and diamonds. Miss Felter and Miss Clara Felter were charming in pink crepe; Miss Alice in blue, and Miss Belle in rose-colored silk; Mrs. Hamilton (*née* Felter) black silk court train, embroidered in chenille. From San Francisco we noticed Mrs. B. B. Redding, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Spalding, Miss Wilkins, Miss Pearson, and Mrs. Grubenberg. Galt was represented by Mrs. Dr. Harvey, Elk Grove by Miss Laura Graham, and Stockton by Mrs. Reed, and several other ladies whose names we did not learn. As there were some three hundred invitations issued, of course it is impossible to give a complete list, and we will only say that we noticed Mrs. ex-Governor Irwin (beautiful, as she always appears), Mrs. Geo. Cadwalader, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. John McNeill, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. John F. Sheean, Mrs. I. M. Hubbard, Mrs. Judge Denson, Mrs. Birdsall, Mrs. W. B. C. Brown, Mrs. G. W. Chesley, Mrs. Gallatin, Mrs. Foye, and Mrs. J. F. Glover. You will notice by the number of madames that this was a party given to the married people, but we understand the Misses Felter are to give a young people's party in about two weeks, and we are confident it will be quite as *comme il faut* as that of the older folks.

On Saturday evening we had the pleasure of attending one of Mrs. J. D. Carroll's happy dinner parties, given in honor of the San Francisco ladies whom we had already met at the Felter party.

BETSY AND I.

Reception to the Greek Bishop.

The greatest ecclesiastical establishment in the world is that of the Greek Church, counting sixty-five millions of members through the whole East. The Patriarchs of Constantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, Moscow, etc., each rule over hundreds of bishops and dioceses. The split with the Western church took place in the eighth century, and since then the Greek Church has had no affiliation with the Church of Rome. It has, however, intimate intercourse with the Church of England, and of course with the Episcopal Church in this country. Previously to the transfer of Alaska the Greek Church in Russia had sent out to that country a bishop to provide for the spiritual wants of their members on this coast. He was "Johannes, Bishop of Alaska," but made his headquarters in this city, whence he visited the different section of the country. Two years since he was recalled, and a few months ago the present incumbent was sent out. He seems to adopt no territorial title, but styles himself "Nestor, Bishop of the Russian Orthodox Church." He is a Russian nobleman, formerly in their navy, which he left to take orders, entering a monastery, from which he was taken to make him a bishop. When in full dress he wears a number of decorations and orders received from the Emperor of Russia.

He has lately returned from a visit to Alaska. There are, we understand, about two hundred and fifty members of his church in this city, and many more scattered through the country. Their chapel is in Greenwich Street, near Stockton. Last week the Right Rev. Bishop Kip held a reception at his house in honor of Bishop Nestor, to which all the Episcopal clergy of this city and Oakland were invited. About twenty-five were present. The reception was from three to five P. M. Besides the bishop's family, the clergy only were present. A couple of hours were spent in social intercourse, which gave Bishop Kip an opportunity of presenting the clergy individually to Bishop Nestor. Just before they separated the clergy collected in the library, where the doxology was chanted by them, and then, at the request of the Bishop of California, Bishop Nestor gave the apostolic benediction, in the form of the Greek Church. Thus ended a social gathering as enjoyable in itself as it was marked by its singularity in this country.

THE DECLINE OF HIS "BOOM."

Evidence on Evidence's Head Accumulates.

If there remains among our readers any sensible person whose mind is open to conviction as to the policy of Gen. Grant's third-term nomination, we beg of him to patiently continue reading, from week to week, such items as we gather from Eastern journals. We use the term "policy" advisedly, and we declare that it is our conviction that the leaders of the Republican party, the office-holders, the jobbers, the ring thieves—all of whom are now for Grant—will not dare to press his nomination before the next Republican Convention. When all the officials *in esse* and *in posse*, all the camp-followers, and all who are looking to the loot and plunder of the political battle-field, all the national bank and great corporation people, and all those timid souls who fear the people and demand strong government, shall be fully advised of the fact as it exists, viz.: that a majority of the unselfish, non-office-holding, intelligent, moral middle class of Republicans do not want him for President, and won't have him, and won't be frightened by the clamor of the "whoop-up," nor driven by the "boom," nor hoodwinked by entertainments given in his honor and fulsome speeches made in his praise, they will subside. We venture the prophecy that Gen. Grant will not be a candidate when the convention meets at Chicago, and that all the black-and-tan party pups that are now circling around him with their mellifluous yaws, will be barking in unison over some other man in the moon. All that these mangy and morally diseased party curs desire is the chance to steal in office. They want Grant—not because he is an honest man, not because he served his country, not because he is great and pure and modest and honest—but because they think the chance to steal is better under him than any other Republican.

Charles Nordhoff telegraphs from Washington to the New York Herald:

"The political significance of Senator Cameron's position as Chairman of the Central Republican Committee has been so persistently misunderstood that it is worth while to make the truth plain. Mr. Cameron is not a Grant man, but a Cameron man. The Pennsylvania delegation to Chicago, if Mr. Cameron can control it, will be a Cameron delegation, to be swung into line for that candidate, be he Blaine, Sherman, or the ex-President, who appears to have success on his side. What Mr. Cameron hopes for is that he shall hold a cabinet position under the next administration, and his relations with the three prominent candidates are such as to make him confident that either is nominated and elected his desire will be gratified. He is a personal friend of the ex-President, he is related by marriage and on very friendly terms with Secretary Sherman, and as he has taken care long ago to reconcile his differences with Mr. Blaine, he is on extremely cordial and intimate terms with that gentleman, and spent two or three weeks last summer in Mr. Blaine's house in Augusta. Mr. Cameron is a man of the world. It does not matter to him who is President if he can secure his own place. But it is easy to see that, having his own end in view, he will not make the mistake of committing himself unseasonably to any one candidate. Mr. Cameron would prefer a third-term nomination if he were satisfied it could win in November, but he has no notion of nominating a candidate who would be beaten. Whatever personal preferences he may have among the candidates, he will sink them rather than hazard the party's or his own success. His first object is the selection of such a ticket as will carry the country in November. If he should see that the renomination of the ex-President for a third term is likely to damage the party—that it would weaken it in some of the doubtful States, and that another candidate would be a stronger and safer man at the head of the ticket—Mr. Cameron would certainly cut adrift from the third-term movement and support the strongest candidate. He is in a good position to do so, for he is as sure of his place in the cabinet under Sherman or Blaine as under a third-term."

The Utica Herald is an influential Republican organ which does not worship Senator Conkling as the party idol. Its editor is ex-Congressman Roberts, and this is how he views the tokens concerning the Presidency:

"The signs are unmistakable that Gen. Grant can never receive another Presidential nomination at the hands of a Republican Convention without first encountering an organized and determined opposition which would be fatal to his cordial and united support by the masses of the party in 1880. Two classes of people are still clamorous for Grant. One class includes the traders in politics, who hope to see in his return to the White House a return of their day of harvest, so rudely interrupted; the other and larger class includes the army of moral cowards, the timid folk who are still oppressed by the nightmare of the civil war, and think that Grant is needed at Washington to repel some new imaginary attack upon the Capital, which only he can conquer. It will be a sad day for the United States when a combination of these two classes can boast that it has dictated the Government of the nation."

Says the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial:

"The departure of Gen. Grant for the South, joined to Philadelphia developments, can have but one interpretation: He is a candidate for the Presidency—precisely as much so as John Sherman or James G. Blaine. The boomers throughout the country have been duly notified. The silence of Gen. Grant is no longer mystery. It simply gives consent. There are many sincerely friendly to Gen. Grant who regret this, believing that his glory must now fade, especially as it is evident that he is in the hands of the most cunning and unscrupulous of our politicians, and that his nomination would make the Republican party a mere personal concern. The Southern trip amounts to a public advertisement that Gen. Grant's longing for home scenes and friends, of which so much was said while he was abroad, was of singularly brief duration, and that a week of the repose—said to be so essential—at Galena was quite enough. The truth is, Gen. Grant goes South on an electioneering tour, and to be out of the way for a few months while the boom booms. After he satisfies his deep curiosity about Cuba and Mexico, he will return to find an organized series of booms from New Orleans to New York. It does not seem to have occurred to the managers of this expedition that the public interest may depart and the whole thing become ridiculous on their hands."

Mary Clemmer, the well-known correspondent, writes as follows:

"The claims of Ulysses Grant to be made a third-term President of the United States are preposterous and fictitious. The country has paid him, ten times over, for all that he ever was or did as a soldier. Had it not, his last civil administration would have annulled the last lingering fraction of a debt. Are the crowds adoring the 'great soldier' now? Not at all. They are running after the man who, for two years and seven months, has made a public spectacle of himself around the globe, for the glutting of his own vanity and for a political end. The world has had cause to grow weary at the sight of Sarah Bernhardt's name, at the tales of her reputed coffin and skeleton, of her fatherless children, of her fabulous dresses, her much-vaunted 'art'; but that is but a drop in the bucket compared with two years and seven months of solid Grant, 'to be continued' till relenting fortune lifts before the eyes of the people a new fetiche. So monstrous a greed for self-adulation—when has the world seen it before? It must have been in a prehistoric age. If he would subside in Galena long enough to give the human race a rest, and slight relief from the sight of his name, it might, at least, be grateful; but no, having squeezed Europe and Asia of their last 'ovation,' now Mexico and Cuba must be seized. They

will do better than nothing till the moment of his triumphant reappearing after the meeting of the two National Conventions next June. No matter which one, if it will only subvert the Constitution and make Ulysses Grant for the third time President of the United States. At the beginning of the war he was indifferent in which army he fought, whether Union or Confederate; and now either party will be satisfactory if it will only make him President. Nothing could suggest with a keener odor the old Grant régime than the names of the men who sit down to dinner with him in Philadelphia to-day, the first day of the Grant 'ovation,'—viz.: Borie, Boutwell, Pierrepont, Cameron, Roberson, etc.—every man sure of Grant's reelection and of his own lost fleshpots. What is the matter with the people? Only this: the majority don't think. They feel. They live less in facts than in persons; less in principles than in pagents. They want not the man of truth, but the man who will please their fancy, fill their imaginations. The man who would serve their country best, who would place its Government on the surest basis, is not a 'magnetic' man, nor a fictitious man, nor 'the greatest soldier of the age'; therefore they will have naught of him. They must hug a hero—at least, in their minds; and as they live in an inglorious age when heroes are not, they seize a fetiche, and, wooden though it be, hug that."

The lies that are told concerning the certainty of Gen. Grant's nomination would make Ananias and Sapphira blush. Only the other day a correspondent of the *Chronicle* asserted the possibility of Blaine's taking the second position on the ticket with Grant. Blaine might take a hot stove, or a cold, or a sheep, but he will never play Vice-President to Gen. Grant. "Gatby," writing to a Cincinnati journal, says:

"His friends go so far as to resent as an impertinence the candidacy of others. A story was put out last week that Sherman had given in his adhesion to Gen. Grant. It was started with the view of impressing him that it was high time he was out of the way of the Chariot. Sherman promptly said he was a candidate; would stick to the last, and was on principle opposed to the third term. Another member of the Cabinet opposed to the third term is the Secretary of the Navy; and it is noticed that, while Gen. Grant called on Evarts (who is a boomer), he did not call upon Sherman or Thompson."

Gen. Grant was not received with uniform cordiality by the Southern people. Notwithstanding the fulsome reports of his progress, files of the Southern papers, which have since arrived, contain numerous protests against lionizing the whom they call their "former oppressor." The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*, for instance, says:

"During the passage of Gen. Grant through the South, while we would have him treated with all due courtesy and respect, it ill becomes our people to lionize their former oppressor. We are glad to record, therefore, that the General's progress through Dixie has by no means been like that of a conquering hero. Straws show how the wind blows, and the fact that the only point thought worthy of a special visit in Georgia or Carolina was Beaufort is not devoid of significance."

The Hartford *Courant* says:

"People might be advised to keep cool, and not to lose their heads over the notion that their only escape from Grant is to take Blaine, or that their only escape from Blaine is to take Grant; keep cool and look over the ground for themselves, and be ready to make their conclusions felt in the State Conventions that nominate delegates to the National Convention. It would not be a bad plan if each State should present in Convention a different name to choose from—one of its own citizens if it have a man strong enough and well-known. It is not seemly that we should all be scared in advance like a flock of sheep. We might as well be provided with a number of good candidates, for even the most prominent men are mortal, and Grant is about to trust himself on the Southern railroads, and Blaine may be disabled again on the very eve of the contest. Nobody is impervious to accident except Tilden; the Republicans have no such man."

The New York *Star*, speaking of the formidable anti-Grant organization in the State of New York, says it is a strong, concerted, and thoroughly organized movement, extending throughout the city and State, embracing the old Blaine-Bristow friends, numbering among its active workers leading men and influential journals. The anti-Conkling element will of course be the active movers. An anti-third-term Republican meeting will shortly be convened in the city of New York, and prominent Republican politicians will take part in it. The *Star* mentions the names of ex-Judge Dittenboefer, Col. George Bliss, ex-Assemblyman Andrew J. Campbell, William Haw, Jr., Henry C. Robinson, ex-Judge Fithian, Christopher Pullman, George W. Rose, ex-Admiral Cooper and Billings, ex-Mayor Vance, and other Republicans representing the different Assembly Districts in which they have influence with their party. A correspondent of the same journal says:

"I have talked with many Republican merchants, brokers, lawyers, and small business men in regard to this matter, and I find that they are almost unanimously opposed to the third-term scheme. They uniformly declare that they see a danger in it that threatens disaster to business interests, as well as to the material prosperity and integrity of the republican system of government. I have no doubt that as soon as the anti-Grant clubs, or whatever they may be called, are formed, you'll find thousands of such men—men who never before identified themselves with political organizations—uniting with them."

A telegram to the S. F. *Call* contains the following from Chicago. After summarizing the general drift of political probabilities, it says:

"By far the greater number of Republicans express a preference for Blaine, who is especially strong in Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska. The next strongest candidate is Sherman, who even in Iowa crowds Blaine pretty close, and in Wisconsin and in parts of Illinois. In Indiana and Ohio, and in a number of Western and Southern States, Sherman has a following that is silently working with much more effect than noise. A surprising number also express a preference for Hayes, despite his declaration that he would not be a candidate; these are understood to be all for Sherman for the second choice. Grant takes the third place in nearly every return. His strength seems to have been greatly over-rated by his friends and among the people at large, who have been misled by the honors paid him as a general and a distinguished traveler into believing the people were rising in a spontaneous demand that he be their President. In the West he seems to be destined to secure only a moderate support. Washburne has been named as a second choice for the Grant men, and undeniably has some elements of strength, but much less than his political adherents could wish."

Some New Yorker, who spent a recent season in San Francisco, has been doing some excellent gush in the New York papers anent the superiority of our lacteal advantages. He suggests that New York, being a big city, ought to have as pure milk as any other fellow. The writer admits that the immense consumption of milk in Gotham is a temptation to eke out an insufficient supply; but he contends that judicious legislative interference might compel conformity to a standard of excellence indicated by the lactometer. The New York editors reply in chorus: "It is a good scheme, but then legislators and water are both so cheap."

In New Orleans, just now, the dailies are in crying need of young men who can gush. The Crescent City is about to undergo an authors' carnival.

TWO TEAS.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 23, 1880.

MY DEAR HELEN:—You will doubtless remark that our social transitions are indeed sudden; the brilliant festivities of the evening seem almost entirely superseded by a species of entertainment injurious to neither health nor morals. I allude to "teas," which are now the order of the day. I have recently attended two, with a view to selecting such items as I thought would most interest you. Mrs. Louis Haggin was politic enough to have her "tea" on Saturday, thereby insuring the attendance of a number of young gentlemen. I met your old acquaintances, Mrs. T. B. Haggin, Mrs. Tevis, and Mrs. Carroll McAfee; also, Mrs. Moses and daughter, for the first time since their return from Europe, where they were so long absent. Mrs. William Howard has also returned from Europe, and was present. Miss Poett, Mrs. de Guigné and her sister Miss Parrott, though the latter may possess all the sweet attributes of the lovely flower whose name she bears, cannot pass unnoticed. Mrs. Lake was accompanied by Misses Helen and Annie, whose literary proclivities are so well known. Mr. and Mrs. May presented a singularly handsome appearance. General McDowell was accompanied by his daughter, a young lady who has hosts of friends, and possesses that rare gift, a beautiful and exquisitely cultivated voice. Mrs. and Miss Fall, the Misses Selby, and Mrs. Sillem complete my list of acquaintances among the ladies present. Mr. Marye, though he disclaims attending fashionable gatherings, was as usual one of the first gentlemen I saw. What an unconscionable swell he is! Mr. Balfour and Mr. John Parrott Jr. were also there. I almost forgot that perennial beau, Mr. Godeffroy, with whom time has dealt so leniently. I verily believe, from present indications, that he will, like the gods, "immortal and unchangeable remain."

Mrs. Hooker's "tea" followed on Tuesday with another brilliant assemblage. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker had their respective admirers, and I heard regrets expressed that the connubial happiness of the former should be so apparent. The light of day was excluded, and the gay strains of music rose above the hum of conversation and merry laughter. Who could help enjoying a cup of tea, or any other beverage, when received from the hands of such charming ladies as Mrs. Sillem, Miss Crockett, and Miss Van Clief? Among the guests during my stay were Mr. and Mrs. Fore, Col. and Mrs. Eyre, and Mr. and Mrs. Goad. This last named lady wore a superb costume of black embossed velvet and black satin trimmed with exquisite embroideries. I observed also Mrs. Crocker and daughter, Mrs. Barolihet and sister—fortunate in possessing the gifts which have distinguished Mrs. B.—and Mrs. and Miss Flood. Were I a young man, how gladly would I assume all those bonds of both church and state.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to fortune."

Mrs. and Miss Fall, accompanied by Miss Taylor (a brilliant brunette from the "Old Dominion"), were present. Many inquiries were made as to who she was and whence she came; Mrs. McMullin and two daughters, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Martin and Miss Matthews (niece of Mrs. Floyd) are the only names I can recall at this moment. The gentlemen present were ex-Senator Stewart, ex-Senator Sargent, Lieuts. Brown and Metcalf, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Sheldou, Mr. Balfour (he must have a penchant for "teas"—I have seen him at three), Mr. Field, nephew of Judge Field, and Mr. Carter Tevis and brother—as usual, the former was most assiduous to several of the ladies present. His devotion, however, can scarcely awaken hopes in the hearts of the most confiding, as he has ever displayed the instinct of the butterfly—boving around first one and then another of our loveliest flowers, and just as we expect him to alight he takes his flight and returns no more.

Rumor says that a well-known young lady has now the credit of having checked his roving fancies for a longer time than any of her predecessors. Hoping this mild refection will sustain you until I can furnish something more stimulating, I am yours affectionately, ADA VEN.

"My dear sir," said Mr. John Bright to Mr. John Welsh, "do you honestly believe that Protection protects?" "Pray don't talk so earnestly, Mr. Bright," replied the recent minister; "you might be beard in Ohio. Protection has certainly protected John Welsh, and our church has done manfully in the Bible and hymn-book line for the down-trodden in Timbuctoo—in whom you and yours are equally interested, you know, Mr. Bright. And then I never believed in Jingo Dizzy, you know."

Obscure Intimations.

REMINISCENCES, Berkeley.—We shall consider it in due season.

Dies irae, dies illa
Non solvet scriptum in favilla.

STATION B.—We shall have the pleasure of replying by mail.

BIBLIOPHILE.—How are we to know where these lines are to be found?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

Perhaps they are in the "Burial of Moses." If not, some of the gentlemen who favored us with copies of that poem will probably supply us with the remaining stanzas of the one in which these lines occur. We don't think much of them, anyhow.

CXIII.—Sunday, January 25.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Pepper Pot.
Baked Rock Cod. Mashed Potatoes.
Beefsteak à la Française.
Green Peas. Parsnip Fritters.
Baked Pigeons.
Vegetable Salad. Mince Pie.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Oranges, and Bananas.

TO COOK BEEFSTEAK A LA FRANÇAISE.—Take a sirloin steak, pour over it two large spoonfuls best sweet oil, and let it remain overnight. Then, in the morning, pour the oil into a frying-pan with some finely chopped parsley; pepper it, and until the gravy dries up and the steak becomes rather brown. Then, take the pan over the steak as sauce. Garnish with slices of lemon. As butter is not known in the southern states of Europe, oil is used in lieu of it, and this Parisian practice of using oil is borrowed from countries.

THE REFORM OF CRIMINALS.

If there be any question upon which even presumed authorities on the matter are more at variance than upon any other, it is how to reform convicted criminals. At present, this subject is "agitating the public mind" for the hundredth time, and, to judge from the contrariety of opinions expressed, the question is as far from settlement as ever. It is no new information to be told that the management of San Quentin is not a success, either as reformatory of the inmates or to remove the burden of their support from the taxpayers. We refer to this subject in order to lay before our readers some of the conclusions reached by a royal commission, appointed not long ago to inquire into the working of the penal institutions of Great Britain. The report by that body states that the methods hitherto in vogue for reforming convicts have proved an absolute failure. That fact has long been patent to all readers of criminal statistics and trials. The former are more carefully prepared on the other side of the Atlantic than in this country; and, as a rule, an indictment against a prisoner records the number of his previous convictions, with mention of the crimes and sentences. It is this circumstance which frequently leads to unjust comment by the American press on the apparent severity of the punishment inflicted in Great Britain for trifling offenses. For example, a laundress was recently condemned to seven years' penal servitude for stealing a shirt, and a railway porter to a like incarceration for pilfering a common sweeping broom which he used at the station. In both cases previous convictions were charged and proved against the condemned; hence the severity meted to them. It is this very repetition of crime which proves the fallacy of attempting to reform convicts by any existing system in practice for that purpose. If prison life were conducive to the reform of those who undergo it, there would be a steady decrease of criminals. But, instead of that being the case, statistics show that that pestiferous class are constantly increasing in a greater ratio than the augmentation of the general population. Instead of jails and State prisons being generally depopulated, as would naturally be the case if convicts were reformed therein, old prisons and penitentiaries have to be continually enlarged, and new ones erected for the vastly increased accommodation demanded.

What the report alluded to recommends as the first and paramount requisite, before any reform can be effectually attempted, is the classification of convicts. This should not be based so much on the character of the crimes and length of the sentences of prisoners as on their age, education, and former habits and *status*. The man who, in a fit of rage, for some real or imaginary affront or injury, fires at and wounds another, and receives a seven years' sentence, may be an infinitely better person at heart than the burglar who is condemned to only three years' incarceration. So the cashier who, under extraordinary temptation, embezzles his employer's money, should not be associated with murderers and highwaymen. It is true that the dishonest clerk, if outwardly less repulsive than the low, cowardly burglar, may at heart be as bad a man; but that is the exception, not the rule. Where novices in crime, and those of previously good habits and character, and men whose whole lives have been dishonest and a war against the rights of society, are huddled together indiscriminately, the result can not be doubtful; the whole becomes a mass of leavened guilt, and is literally unreformable. The only objection made to the classification of convicts is the additional expense it would entail. This is a question for the consideration of the representatives of the people. To incur such extra expense at the outset might prove wise economy in the end. There are no statistics which show how much a community loses by theft and embezzlement; but, if the figures could be arrived at, they would probably prove that a saving would be effected by reforming, at almost any cost, a considerable portion of the criminal class, rather than to turn them loose, unreformed.

There is another matter—which the report notices—which should not be lost sight of in connection with any efforts made for the reformation of convicts. It should never be forgotten that even a condemned malefactor is a human being, and he ought to be treated as such. Treat a man as a brute, and you make him a brute if he is not one already. A good reformatory system should contain other factors besides that of severity. No doubt a State prison is, and ought to be, a place of punishment for those who violate the laws of the commonwealth. Society demands that they shall be punished, but not that they shall be treated with cruelty and barbarity. The punishment ought not to overstep the privation of liberty, ignominious raiment, labor for ten hours a day, coarse food, and a hard bed. To maintain what is termed the discipline of a penitentiary many petty annoyances are practiced, which tend only to vex and irritate the prisoners, and is antagonistic to reformation. Thus, they are not permitted to speak even in a low tone of voice; they are forbidden to look to the right, or the left, or over their shoulders, or even to raise their eyes from their work. These and all other purely vexatious rules should be abrogated; so likewise should the lash and whipping-post, and similar remnants from barbarous ages, while small indulgences should be allowed for meritorious conduct. Education—to be given in evening school after the manual labor of the day is over—should be part of the reformatory system, as ignorance is admittedly one of the parents of vice, if idleness be the other. An evening school would keep the prisoners' minds better employed than in lonely brooding in their cells during the long hours before retiring to rest. In some English prisons enforced idleness is the punishment for breach of the rules; to be permitted to labor is considered an indulgence. Mere brutal, unreasoning severity has been tried long enough, and it has proved a signal failure. A more humane treatment, which would not utterly destroy all self-respect and hope in a man, is demanded. What is the outcome of the privation of hope? Despair. And despair is a terrible feeling to create. The keepers, as a rule, are ignorant, stony-hearted, brutal men, who rejoice in acting as petty tyrants. Such keepers are totally unfit for their positions. For this class, civility, mildness, complete self-possession, good temper, and firmness are the chief requisites. It will thus be seen that the whole punitive system and general prison arrangement and management require to be reformed before the prisoners can be reformed. The subject is a serious one, and merits the consideration of our legislators.

BALD-HEADED MEN.

TO MY SISTER READERS OF THE ARGONAUT:—I never yet have seen the woman who has not the strongest faith in first impressions. No rule is without its exceptions. This is not to be relied upon in the case of a bald man. The first Bible lesson I recall is that tale of two she-bears devouring an immense number of children—fifty, I think, for telling an old bald-headed man to "go up." We are told he afterward did this; but the children's advice was premature, hence their fate.

During my childhood my acquaintance with specimens of this genus was confined to my observations in church. Every Sunday found me in my corner of the pew, apparently intent on the services, actually watching the several bald men in the congregation. Each shining pate was a study; and, although they were guilty of various idiosyncrasies, invariably dropping to sleep, I regarded them as the special *protégés* of Divine Providence. Well, then I was a child, and "saw through a glass darkly." Judge my astonishment, when I began attending the theatre, at beholding a conspicuous number of these embryo archangels, as my childish imagination had designated them, ranged close up to the footlights. With what intense avidity they followed the play! How their cheeks glowed over the pretty faces and forms on the stage! No more idea of going to sleep than of parting their hair! Then, when brother John told me that those "old duffers with the skating-rinks on their heads" were the principal patrons of the ballet, the scales fell from my eyes. I began to fear Divine Providence would not take all the bald under its protecting wing. Now, after years of experience, let me whisper in the ears of my fellow-women a few words of advice:

This style of hair-dressing seems peculiarly adapted to deceive woman in regard to the real character of the man. You will find them bald from twenty-five upward. It gives a dignified, benign appearance. Back of dignity we expect solid intellect. Mark my words, you'll find him a superficial, conceited fellow when young, and stupid and stubborn when older. Then you will imagine him possessed of all the cardinal virtues. I weep while I write it. Your imaginings are vain; never was man so ill-supplied. First impressions are become a delusion and a snare, for there is naught that is good in a bald-headed man.

SAN RAFAEL, January 13, 1880.

AUNT JANE.

Mr. Tilden's Mastiff.

The New York *Star* tells this story: Mr. Tilden, along with all his other fendish habits, owns a dog. It is the most resonant, tireless yowler of its kind. The kind is mastiff. It was brought from Mr. Tilden's home at Yonkers to enliven things at Gramercy Park. The unperturbed condition of Gramercy Park seems to have been a thorn in the side of Mr. Tilden. He had the power of making things lively everywhere else, but the aristocratic placidity of Gramercy Park defied him. So he brought down this dog. The very first night of the experiment Gramercy Park enjoyed a new sensation. Nearly all the ladies in the vicinity of Mr. Tilden's residence are nervous, middle-aged ladies, who had never heard anything more dreadful than the lamb-like yap of a Bedlington terrier which wanted its warm bath. When, therefore, Mr. Tilden's dog opened in the back yard, and proceeded, as Milton puts it, to disembowel the night with outrageous noise, the sacred retreats of Gramercy Park shook with horror and amazement. Private accounts say that nothing exactly like the linked hellishness of that dog's demoniac performance was ever heard anywhere, and it was calculated that in less than two hours of effective work every old lady and gentleman within two hundred feet of the dog focus was up and in slippers. Sashes went up; light and entirely innocuous bootjacks rattled down into Mr. Tilden's back yard; policemen were called; protests were hurled from night-capped taxpayers at back windows, and light and airy anathemas, entirely appropriate to the Gramercy Park lips, fell like dew upon the owner of the dog. It does not appear that Mr. Tilden was among those disturbed. It is even intimated that he went to Yonkers and slept, and gave orders not to feed the dog. But this sounds very much like partisan malice. The upshot of it all was, that on Monday morning Mr. C. C. Starkweather made a complaint to the Board of Health, and then ran for his life before the reporters could catch him. Diligent inquiry and much ringing of bells in Gramercy Park resulted only in stately and frigid denials of all knowledge of this or any other dog, coupled with warm deprecation of any desire to complain of Mr. Tilden. From all of which the intelligent reporter concluded that either Mr. Tilden's dog had been poisoned, or that the annoyed neighbors desired to suppress Mr. Tilden and his animal without having it known.

The publication of a dying sailor's story in a New York journal has aroused a new interest in the fate of the ship *Patriot*, lost ever so long ago, with the daughter of Aaron Burr on board. Mr. Joseph P. Bull, of that city, has given a version of the matter founded on the confession of one of the murderers of the *Patriot's* crew and passengers: "The *Patriot* sailed from Charleston, South Carolina, for New York on December 30th, 1812. Before he sailed, three men called upon Capt. Overstocks, saying that they wished to come to New York, but were too poor to pay their passage. They begged to be allowed to work their way on board the *Patriot*. Capt. Overstocks not only took the men on board and set them to work, but put them under pay. One was made cook, and the other two were put before the mast. All went well until the third or fourth night out, when the *Patriot* was off the New Jersey coast. Mrs. Alston was anxious to reach New York, and asked the captain when he thought the vessel would arrive. The captain told the lady that, if the weather continued favorable, they would arrive at the Sandy Hook light before morning. The night was clear and the stars shone brightly. The captain and most of the crew went below. The men who had been befriended by Capt. Overstocks were on deck. The mate was on watch. Soon the men on deck were joined by the cook and one or two of the ship's original crew. About midnight a plot that had been matured among the trio from Charleston and part of the regular crew was put into effect. The mate was knocked senseless upon the deck and thrown

overboard. The hatches were then battened down, and all below were imprisoned. The pirates then secured all the silver and valuables on board, and scuttled the vessel. She went down with colors flying. The pirates, with their booty, pulled ashore in the long-boat, and secreted the valuables in the woods. The next day there came on a heavy snow-storm, and the pirates having neglected to mark the place where they had hidden their spoils, were never able to find them. The loss of the *Patriot* was for a long time a complete mystery. Aaron Burr fitted out an expedition in search of the vessel on which his daughter had sailed, and the coast between New York and Boston was scoured, but no trace of the missing vessel could be found. The first indication of her fate was the recognition of two of the Charleston pirates in New Orleans. Suspicion was fastened upon them, and they were arrested. One of them confessed the story told above, but neither said anything of making the passengers and crew of the vessel walk the plank. Both were convicted of piracy and hanged."

The London *Globe* undertakes to point out the distinction between "good breeding" and "good form," the latter expression being comparatively little heard in this country. What is known as "good form" may be taken to consist of that strict observance of every monstrous mandate of fashion which is the chief work of loyalty to the social lawgiver, while the secondary and probably unintentional effect is to show what a wholly artificial and preposterous system "society's" code of good manners is. "Good form" is not to be confounded with good breeding or wholesome etiquette. It is a spurious ideal set up by the idolaters of mode. Good breeding indicates a due regard for the unalterable laws of the entire human family; "good form" is the slavish reflex of the caprice of the hour. Good breeding has no concern with the arts of dissembling; "good form" bristles with flagrant hypocrisy. Good breeding does not incite cynicism or habitual distrust of mankind; "good form" only reaches perfection in the person of the hollow man of the world. Good breeding needs no infusion of scandal to assist its development; "good form" shows to great advantage in the assassin of character. It is so common and mischievous an error among those who gaze upon the puppets of fashion from a distance, and are dazzled by the reflected graces of society to mistake the one for the other, that it is necessary to disentangle the deftly woven threads. Imitators notoriously pounce upon the faulty aspects of their model, no doubt because vices are more obtrusive than virtues, and those who prostrate themselves before the splendors of the upper ten seize upon and emulate the glitter of "good form" in the fond belief that they are adorning their manners.

The ways of social self-culture in New York are manifold and easily practicable. Take music, for instance. To be able to talk about it, it is by no means indispensable to read works on music, still less to listen to much of it. All that is needed is the acquaintance of some versatile *impresario*, or some good musician. This class of men have lately grown to be very pleasant companions. Most of them are quite willing to play a game of whist or poker—especially poker. Association with them is thus freed of all tediousness, while its utility is incontestable. The other day an Irishman of social aspirations and sentimental impulses came accidentally across a first-class pianist, and was induced to accompany him to Joseffy's concert. He never knew nor cared anything about music before; but to-day he can be heard talking of B-flats, Chopin's preludes, broken cadences, and Liszt's rhapsodies, as if he had been dealing in them all his life long.

Mr. Stanford has done the State a graceful and patriotic service in bringing to this coast the nucleus of an arboretum, which promises to be, in the best sense, both comprehensive and valuable. Palo Alto, Mr. Stanford's Santa Clara estate, is believed to be admirably located for such an experiment. Soil and climate and facilities for irrigation are extremely favorable; and the experiment of growing foreign and domestic trees will be pursued under exceptionally favorable circumstances. After the arboretum is fairly established, it will be thrown open to the general public—say the daily papers—and the example of Mr. Stanford is almost sure to influence others. California has greater need of an intelligent forest system than any other State in the Union; and perhaps this experiment may open the eyes of those most interested.

From Prof. Goode's "Natural and Economical History of the American Menhaden" we learn that this excellent and thoroughly respectable fish is variously known under the following aliases: Pogy, poggie, bony fish, hard head, moss-bunker, white fish, old wife, bug fish, bug head, chebog, ale wife, green tail, yellow tail, and fat back. By a singular oversight—which illustrates the poverty of current topic literature in the mental regimen of the applied scientist—Prof. Goode neglects to inform his readers that the Pacific coast Menhaden is locally known as Ike Kalloch.

Poker-players who are going South for the winter will be pleased to hear that, according to a late decision of the courts of Tennessee, white and colored gentlemen may join each other in that fascinating but expensive amusement. The courts held that the "result of the war" had made all men free, and that an old statute which subjected to fine and imprisonment whites and blacks who gambled together, must be considered repealed. So that our genial African fellow-citizen now enjoys all the privileges of the "Heathen Chinee."

To the editor of the *Hour*, a lady suggests a needed social improvement—"A Card Exchange and Clearing-House! As it is impossible for a person to manage social etiquette now without immense loss of time, why not have Johnson take all the names on the list, and, referring to those who wish it, make a red mark against those who have called and wish to call, and a black one against those who cut or are cut, and thus finish it all?"

A London lady has ordered a Watteau enameled snuff-box set in diamonds, to be added to her muff, thus reviving the modes of a hundred years ago.

HOW TO BE COMFORTABLE.

A writer in *La Vie Parisienne* relates how a Parisian belle keeps warm in the winter season, and he warms the reader a trifle too, perhaps:

"An hour before you get up your maid will light your fire, and then screen it with a silver framework lined with rose silk, which will temper the heat and give to the whole room a sort of rosy morning light, that warms while it illumines. Then she will bring you on a silver plate-warmer your cup of chocolate, hot and foaming, which you will drink from the warmer itself, munching the while your rusks, served on a little gold toast-rack, kept hot in its turn by a little live charcoal, sprinkled with vanilla to perfume the air. After you have taken your chocolate you will snooze again for a couple of hours. Then you will put on a *déshabillé* of pink satin lined with swansdown, enveloping the whole body from head to foot. The waistband and the fastening of the neck of this garment must be in velvet, so as to be warm to the touch. You may now pass into the bath-room, the atmosphere of which will be kept at an agreeable temperature by little gusts of rose-scented vapor pumped through an aperture in the wall. The next part of our subject is a delicate one; but *honi soit qui mal y pense*. It is now time to draw on the stockings, lined with warm flossy silk, long and perfumed, and gartered with Russian sables clasped with cat's-eye stones set in diamonds. The boots are to be lined with swansdown, and trimmed with Russian sables as well.

"Our precious product of high civilization is now in her dressing-room. This is to be made comfortable by means of an immense foot-warmer, some two metres square, which is to form a kind of second flooring all about the dressing table. The blinds may be colored to represent 'the ardent rays of the sun,' and the padding to keep out the draught is to be trimmed with natural flowers. This will make the place look and feel like a summer bower in the depth of winter. The maid may now 'fumigate the nape of the neck' with a little burnt benzoin, to make it supple—a most characteristic provision, for without a supple neck how could a French person possibly get through the duties of politeness for the day? We must not forget the hands. These may be kept warm by holding in them two little vessels of enamel filled with warm water, and shaped like apples—rather in bad taste in this direction, as tending to remind our Parisienne of the frivolity of taste by which her sex first came to grief. The promised advantage of this arrangement is, that it gives the hands that attractive rosininess which warmth alone can impart. For the middle of the day the Parisienne simply continues all these precautions by avoiding, as though it were laden with the breath of pestilence, every touch of cold air. The rusks that form her morning meal might be baked in her drawing-room, and the carriage in which she takes her drive is hermetically closed. She may realize winter by seeing the street-sweepers blowing on their fingers—through the windows.

"It is bedtime, and we are once more in the hands of our guide: he, however, stands discreetly in the background, until his interesting patroness has assumed the *vêtement ordinaire*. He then comes forward to recommend a second garment—a sort of ulster of white plush, trimmed with ostrich feathers at the neck and wrists—which is to be worn as an overall. The nightcap, of white satin, should be trimmed with feathers of the same bird, and, for additional warmth, a little turtle dove may be fastened above the left ear. The very hands are to have their nightcap—gloves of pink kid, lined with plush, and fastened by elastic (in pink chenille), so as not to check the circulation. The bed is to be heated by the fumes of burnt lime, flowers, and violets. These agreeable and calming emanations replace advantageously the old-fashioned warming-pan. *Enfin*, you will drink, just before going to sleep, a light *crème de Sabailon*, nice and hot, made with two fresh eggs and a small glass of Madeira. By carefully following these directions one may hope not to suffer too much in the winter time."

The glamour of romance which has enshrouded poets for generations is being rapidly dissipated. Mr. W. W. Story has a poem in the last *Atlantic* which gives him away completely. It is all about a sleigh-ride that he had with a girl some years since. Passing over the highfalutin part of the effort, which relates to the walls being "o'ersurfed with snow," we extract the business portion of the idyll, which reads as follows, and shows that, although a poet, Mr. Story was also one of the boys:

As closely you nestle against me,
While around your waist my arm
I have slipped—'tis so bitter, bitter cold—
It is only to keep us warm.

We talk, and then we are silent;
And suddenly—you know why—
I stooped—could I help it?—you lifted your face,
We kissed—there was nobody nigh.

Many an old man, as he reads these verses this morning, will feel as if he were a boy again—and then take measures to prevent his daughter's going sleigh-riding with any young fellows.

Perhaps the Old Year did a kindly and well-considered act in taking with him, as he went, George, the Count Johannes. New York, and the whole country as well, will miss one of her picturesque celebrities, but it was a pitiful sort of celebrity, a fantastic caricature that provoked laughter, which the world is just as well off without. The well-known figure, with its crushed tragedian airs, with the drooping moustache, the wig of suspicious blackness, the lock of hair carefully astray over the brow, and the insignia of his title conspicuously worn on what the *Sun* accurately describes as a "dark black" scarf—all this was laid away at last in a coffin almost as good as Mr. Stewart's. We go back to try and find something genuine in the man's life. "I was a real turtle once," said the Mock Turtle to Alice, in *Wonderland*. And the Count Johannes was a real actor once. You will find him in the Dictionary of Actors, and also of Authors, which is more distinction that will befall most of us.

If it is a settled fact that a woman must always have the last word, about when may a squabble between two women be expected to end?

NOTABLES.

Some of Whom are Likewise Nobodies.

Perhaps the most comfortable cabinet council upon record is that which Walpole describes as having been held in Pitt's bedroom when Pitt had the gout. The great Minister at such times used to have the bedclothes piled upon him, but to have no fire in the room. One day he summoned the Duke of Newcastle, and read him a lecture. The Duke was, "as usual," Walpole says, "afraid of catching cold." He "first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it as he got colder. The lecture, unluckily, continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bedclothes. A person from whom I had the story, suddenly going in, saw the two Ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room; while Pitt's long nose, and black beard, unshaved for some time, added to the grotesque nature of the scene."

The following New Year's story was told about Don Cameron when he was Secretary of War. Four of the most reputable newspaper correspondents had hired a swell carriage, and when they were making up their list one of them, a Philadelphian, insisted on putting down the name of the Secretary of War. "No matter if you don't know him," said he to his associates, "I am well acquainted with him. He'll be glad to see us, I know; and his daughter will undoubtedly have some pretty girls to receive with her." So they all went to Cameron's, where they were shown into the drawing-room, faultlessly arrayed, with immaculate white kids and exquisite button-hole bouquets. The Secretary advanced to receive them, and shook hands with his acquaintance, who introduced his three friends; but the Secretary did not escort the party across the room to where his daughter, with a bevy of belles, stood in full dress. A pause ensued, and then said Cameron: "You newspaper fellows must find it rather muddy to-day running round getting items." The "newspaper fellers" beat a hasty retreat.

General Sam Houston, then a member of Congress from Tennessee, and General White, of Nashville, agreed that on "September 23, 1826," they would "fight a duel on the Tennessee line; time, sunrise; distance, fifteen feet; weapons, holster pistols." Houston got out of bed at 3:40 A. M. on the 23d, and, sitting in his night-clothes, moulded two bullets. As the first fell from the mould a dog named "General Jackson" raised a triumphant howl under the window. When the second bullet dropped, a game-cock crowed long and loud from a neighboring tree. Houston, who was superstitious, cut the figure of a dog on one bullet, and that of a cock on the other. The principals stood at their posts on the second and to the inch. White's lead cut a whistle through the sharp air, but Houston stood unhurt. At the same instant the bullet with the dog mark passed clean through White's body, so that a silk handkerchief was drawn from one side to the other. After the duel Houston selected as his coat-of-arms the famous "chicken cock and dog."

Caleb Morris, a famous London preacher, was often robbed of his sermons. In company with a clerical friend, he attended a chapel at a watering place, and the pastor, a young man, preached. At the conclusion the friend said to Morris, "Extraordinary sermon, quite wonderful." "Think so?" was the reply; "you know whose it is, of course?" "His own, I hope." "No; mine." "Dreadful! but he is young; let us warn and save him." To the vestry they went. The young man was penitent—everybody "found out" is penitent—and confessed. When Morris claimed the sermon the preacher was indignant, and broke out: "I knew you were coming here this morning and I determined to give you something good, so I preached a sermon by the president of our college, Dr. —." The sermon was Morris's, and the preacher had robbed a thief.

At a dinner party one night I sat next to the late Mr. Charles Landseer, who told us, among other things, that his brother, Sir Edwin, was once looking at his own pictures in the South Kensington Museum, and, seeing some dust on one of them, leaned over the barrier and wiped it off with his handkerchief. Instantly the policeman on duty was upon him. "What are you a-doing of?" said the force, "a-touching that there picture?" "Why," answered Sir Edwin, smiling, "I've often touched it before!" "Have you, though?" cried the indignant peeler; "then more shame for yer!—you come along wi' me!" And he walked off the unresisting painter to the officers of the Museum, who of course recognized the culprit and condoned his offense.

Baron Gustave de Rothschild of Paris has a splendid mansion on the west side of Avenue Marigny, opposite the Elysée. The baron's next-door neighbor was Debrousse, the wealthy railway contractor. Upon Debrousse's death his mansion was put up to be sold. The upset price was \$400,000. It was a new house and cost a great deal more than \$400,000, for the architect was ordered to make it comfortable, without regard to cost. Baron Rothschild gave \$400,000 for it, and instantly had it pulled down to give his mansion a larger lawn.

The Prince of Wales's income will probably be diminished some \$100,000 by the hard times, while they make no difference to his mother, whose \$5,000 a day comes in quarterly in hard cash. This does not include large revenues from other sources.

An English paper tells the following anecdote of Prince Bismarck: The German chancellor once said, in one of his familiar discourses: "In politics I act as I do out duck-shooting—I put my foot on one boulder, and do not take it off till I see my way to another. When I do, I step on the new boulder and leave the old one behind; and so on until I am out of the marsh."

Of the discoverers and conquerors of the New World, Columbus died broken-hearted, Roldin and Bobadilla were drowned, Balboa was beheaded, Cortez was dishonored, and Pizarro was murdered.

Tennyson and Carlyle are very fond of pipes, and seem bound to end their days in smoke.

THE OTHER POETS.

Winter Snow.

I.

The cold, cold snow! the snow that lies so white!
The moon and stars are hidden, there's neither warmth nor light:
I wonder, wife—I wonder, wife—where Jeanie lies this night?

II.

'Tis cold, cold, cold, since Jeanie went away;
The world has changed, I sit and wait, and listen night and day;
The house is silent, silent, and my hair has grown so gray;
'Tis cold, cold, cold, wife, since Jeanie went away.

III.

And tick! tick! tick! the clock goes evermore,
It chills me, wife—it seems to keep our child beyond the door;
I watch the firelight shadows as they float upon the floor,
And tick! tick! tick! wife, the clock goes evermore!

IV.

'Tis cold, cold, cold!—twere better she were dead,
Not that I heed the minister, and the bitter things he said—
But to think my lassie can not find a place to lay her head.
'Tis cold, cold, cold, wife—twere better she were dead.

V.

The cold, cold snow! the snow that lies so white!
Beneath the snow her little one is hidden out of sight.
But up above, the wind blows keen, there's neither warmth nor light,
I wonder, wife—I wonder, wife—where Jeanie lies this night?

—Robert Buchanan.

A "Godly Ballant."

Ane was a woman whose hert was gret;
Her love was sae dumb it was maist a grief;
She brak the box—it's tellt o' her yet—
The bonnie box for her hert's relief.

Ane was there whase tale's but brief,
Yet was ower lang, the gait he cawed;
He luikit a man, and was but a thief,
Michty the gear to grip and haud.

"What guid," he cried, "sic a boxfu' to blaud?
Willfu' waste I canna beir;
It micht haen been sellt for ten poun', I wad—
Sellt for ten poun', an' gien to the puir!"

Savin' he was, but for love o' the gear;
Carefu' he was, but a' for bimself;
He carried the bag to his hert sae near,
What fell, i' the ane i' the ither fell.

And the strings o' bis hert bang doon to hell—
They war pu'd sae tight aboot the moo;
And hence it comes that I hae to tell
The warst ill tale that ever was true.

The hert that's greedy maun mischief brew,
And the deil's pu'd the strings doon yon'er in bell;
And he sauld, er' the agein' mune was new,
For thirty shillin' the Maister himsel'.

Gear i' the hert it's a canker fell—
Brithers, letna the siller ben;
Troth, gien ye du, I warn ye, ye'll sell
The verra Maister er' ever ye ken.

—George MacDonald.

New Year's Eve.

All nights are New Year's Eves for those who see
Time but a picture of Eternity.
For them there is no old, there is no new;
End and beginning undivided flee
As in a flowing stream to human view.

Time would not be, but for the well-known flight
Of days and hours—of morning, noon, and night—
Of springs, of summers, and of winters cold.
Time is the stenograph that man must write,
A symbol faint of mystic speech half told.

—C. P. Cranch.

Better Luck Another Year.

Oh, never sink 'neath Fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer,
And front her fairly—face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear!
Here's "Better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile instead of sneer—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year!

The damsel Fortune still denies
The plea that yet delights her ear;
'Tis but our manhood that she tries—
She's coy to those who doubt and fear—
She'll grant the suit another year!
Another year!

Here's "Better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize;
But, spite of frown and scorn and sneer,
Be firm, and we will win and wear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
In better luck another year!
Another year! Another year!
—The late W. Gilmore Simms.

The Troika.

Hear ye the troika-bell a-ringing,
And see the peasant driver there;
Hear ye the mournful song he's singing,
Like distant tolling through the air?

"O eyes, blue eyes, to me so lonely,
O eyes—alas!—ye give me pain,
O eyes, that once looked at me only,
I ne'er shall see your like again.

"Farewell, my darling, now in heaven,
And still the heaven of my soul;
Farewell, thou father town, O Moscow!
Where I have left my life, my all."

And ever at the rein still straining,
One backward glance the driver takes
Sees but once more a green low hill
Sees but once more his loved one's face.

—Fitz

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1880.

The capital stock of the Central Pacific Railroad Company is one hundred millions of dollars, of which only fifty-four millions have been issued. Mr. C. P. Huntington is negotiating the sale of ten millions of this stock at eighty cents, to net eight millions, to a syndicate of Eastern bankers and railroad men. This sale indicates no present change of policy or management. It broadens the ownership, and for the first time places the Central Pacific Railroad stock upon the general market. Other sales may follow. It is within the possibilities of the future that enough stock may be given out to result in the withdrawal of the present managers, and to give the control to Eastern men. This, if it happens, will be a calamity to this coast and its business interests, which will not be fully realized until it occurs. Then the grumblers and malcontents will realize the difference in advantage to San Francisco between an ownership that is interested in the growth and welfare of our city and State, and an ownership that will discriminate in favor of the East.

Mr. Strowbridge, constructor for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, has during the week taken his departure, with a strong force of railroad builders, for Arizona. At Casa Grande, the present terminus of the southern road, there is material for one hundred and fifty miles of road; other material will be pushed rapidly to the front. Mr. Strowbridge is under orders to build at the rate of one and a half miles a day. The objective point is the Rio Grande. The road will be pushed on to New Orleans, unless it meets some road westward bound with which it can make terms of union. It might not be an unbappy result if the great railroad kings should take control of the northern road, and leave to our Californian magnates and Mr. Huntington the management of a competing and independent line. So far as we are advised, the southern road has had no subsidy of money or lands, and has as yet no bonded debt. If Messrs. Stanford, Crocker, and Huntington can build and pay for a transcontinental railroad, holding the same without incumbrance and free from Government interference, it ought to be of incalculable advantage to the city and State where these gentlemen live and where all their interests concentrate.

We would call Judge Tyler's attention to the fact that the law which called the Convention provided in express terms that no compensation should be allowed after one hundred days. If Judge Tyler did not know the law, we now inform him of it; if he did, we demand of him by what authority he proposes to vote money out of the treasury to pay an illegal debt. If Judge Tyler proposes to be generous with his own money we have no objection, but we ask him to keep his hands out of our pockets. We are afraid that some of our legislators think demagogism the surest way to future political honors. We do not think so. Senator Baker's effort to save the treasury from spoliation will be remembered when the money-lenders who got their money through Judge Tyler will have forgotten that Judge Tyler ever lived. The "ignorant rabble," which pays no taxes, and which now rejoices in a temporary triumph, is not a permanent factor in American politics. It is a disease which will yield to treatment, and those shallow pates who think to prosper by pandering to the W. P. C. organization are simply idiots. Senator Baker has been criticised because he referred in debate to Senators who pay little or nothing. We will not consider the question of good taste and parliamentary propriety involved, but we will indulge ourselves in the luxury of remarking that Mr. C. C. Conger pays no taxes, Thomas Kane \$1000; J. K. Willson nothing, J. C. Gorman nothing, M. H. King, John S. Enos \$13.97, Robert Desty nothing; regard it as a burning shame that the men who make laws, and who appropriate property, and appropriations based upon taxes, should not themselves have some interest in affairs which they legislate. We can anticipate the

sophomoric declamation that the utterance of these sentiments may provoke, and we are not ignorant of all the rant and fustian that may be got up over the "poor man" and the "honest man;" but we are not convinced that poverty is the evidence of integrity. Poverty is sometimes presumptive evidence of idleness, vice, extravagance, and folly. It is sometimes a temptation to crime, and not unfrequently an excuse for its commission.

The general tone of the debate in the Senate concerning the repeal of the Rogers Act and the acquisition of Lake Merced was a healthy one. Senators Traylor and Pardee struck the key-note of the whole business: Pardee when he gave his testimony as to the quality of the water, and Traylor when he truthfully said it would not command from any banking house a loan for one-sixth of the amount demanded for it. Honest public opinion in San Francisco undoubtedly demanded a repeal of the Rogers Act. We are not sufficiently acquainted with Senator Zuck, of Santa Clara, to know whether his character raises him above the suspicion of having been "retained by the snake." His argument is so supremely absurd that we are in doubt whether his mental and moral condition demands our censure or our sympathy. Our admiration of Senator Kane increases when we contemplate that heroic personal valor that enables him to defy "a million of men," and that sublime integrity that enables him to shut his mouth when money "was almost thrown into his teeth." If money should ever be actually thrown between his teeth, we wonder whether he would close the facial gap before the coin was corralled in his capacious jaws. We are very suspicious of the kind of bravery that brags, and the quality of integrity that boasts. The repealing act passed the Senate, twenty-seven to twelve.

The Democracy have had dreadful luck in their attempt to steal Maine. It has proved one of those political mistakes that are worse than crimes. The effort was a hold one that prompted Dr. Garcelon, a village apothecary, to endeavor to get away with a State Government. Will the Democratic party never learn wisdom from experience? One would think that its efforts in Louisiana, Florida, North Carolina, and Oregon—its submission to a court of arbitration, and its cipher dispatches—had taught it some lessons of prudence, but it seems not, and the Democracy goes into the Presidential fight groggy on its pins.

The abolition of harbor tolls by the vote of Messrs. McCoppin and Bruce Lee—the two outgoing commissioners—was a wise act, done just at the only time and by the only persons who could turn forty-four persons out of office without a great howl. Those affected are Democrats, going out by change of administration; the disappointment is divided among the hundreds who hoped to succeed. The amount of tolls collected by twenty wharfingers and twenty-four collectors was \$123,582, at an annual cost of \$58,800. The abolition of tolls will reduce the net receipts of the harbor fund but little. This fund is now ample for all contemplated improvements, and will be increased from the growing commerce of the port; and, as Mr. McCoppin says in his explanation of the motive, if the revenue derivable from dockage is insufficient the Legislature may impose a small tonnage tax. This abolition of harbor tolls is a relief to car-men, teamsters, and merchants, and takes from our water-front the humiliating spectacle of forty-four municipal palms extended for dimes from men who drive drays and do business with shipping. We are informed by those who profess to know that the charges imposed upon ships seeking our harbor are extravagant and burdensome. The true policy is to make this a cheap port for ships, by the abolition of all unnecessary dues. Our Chamber of Commerce could not do the city and State a better service than to suggest intelligent legislation in the direction of a free port.

Of course there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth among those expectant politicians who hoped that some of these crumbs might have fallen to their lot—those patriots who love their country as the penitent squaw loved her Redeemer, because of the wine in the communion cup. Some forty of these faithful party servants will be left out in the cold, and some super-serviceable partisan at Sacramento will undoubtedly be called upon to introduce a little bill to restore to the Republican party this bit of patronage that has been so meanly and so ruthlessly snatched from it. In the meantime it will be remembered that merchants and draymen have votes, and that it takes a majority of the elect of both Houses, after printing and three times reading a bill, to impose added burdens on commerce for the relief of impetuous Republican politicians.

In reply to the inquiry of several citizens who have asked, "What is the real inwardness of this contest over the Pueblo survey?" we frankly answer: "We do not know." We read the communication of the City and County Attorney, and it looks well upon its face. We read the accusations through in the Chronicle, and they suggest the possibility of some hidden scheme. When we pronounce the names of the lawyers employed on either side, those of Messrs. Taylor, Jarboe &

Pringle do seem to become the mouth as well as that of Mr. Greathouse. The fact that Mr. Greathouse favors one line of survey does not carry with it the absolute conviction that it is right. There is a great deal of smoke over this business, and there is never a smoke where fire is not. We will endeavor to write more intelligently upon this subject next week.

We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with that reverend and godly Baptist divine who is acting as Mayor of San Francisco. We have no intimate knowledge of the colored citizen from Africa who has been good enough to minister to his personal comforts and to act as his body-servant—we refer to the gentleman whose name is Ransom. But we have been accustomed for many years to the pleasant face of Mr. John Kerrigan, late of Ireland, who has for three administrations enjoyed the highly lucrative and honorable position of porter in the Mayor's office. We are sorry that this reverend Mayor in God should throw off the Irish Democrat for the darkey of the sand-lot, and are the more sorry that this most reverend and devout of Baptist pastors should treat our amiable friend John of Ireland with indignity by shutting the door in his rubicund face. We commend this matter to the sand-lot for its consideration. It involves a grave question. Ireland has been insulted and the sand-lot has been wounded by the two holy Kallochs who pray in the tabernacle and prey in the City Hall.

James Russell Lowell has been nominated for the English Mission. There are three objections to this appointment. First, Dr. Lowell is a gentleman; second, he is a "dam literary feller;" third, he can not play draw poker, and will have to settle international disputes with the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by the primitive and uncertain method of throwing round for the first jack. We need at the Court of St. James a trained and skillful diplomatist, like Schenck, who will resolutely stake the interests of his country and rake in the pot with five aces.

We have so much respect for the Hon. William Sharon, United States Senator from Nevada, that we are pained to confess that he has drawn some thirteen thousand dollars from the treasury as salary, and other moneys as mileage, to which he is neither legally nor morally entitled. There was a very good reason for Mr. Sharon's absence from his first session. He could not well have been spared from California and from San Francisco during the period of financial difficulties arising from the failure of the Bank of California and the death of Ralston. Those reasons did not continue, and we know of no others why Mr. Sharon should neglect to perform the duties of an office to which he has been elected, or draw money for labors he does not perform. When millionaires can purchase senatorial positions, and recoup from the Federal Treasury without devoting their time to their duties, there is something wrong.

We are glad of it. It serves Mr. ex-Secretary of State Beck right. He conspired to put William F. White on the Bank Commission to conciliate the sand-lot. It was a mistake. Now the sand-lot, on Sunday, repudiates Beck as Secretary of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, in favor of one Alva Udell. We would rather be a Democratic dog out of office and bay the moon, than an ex-secretary of state hegging the sand-lot for permission to burrow in its dirt.

The bill introduced by Mr. York into the Assembly "to enable female citizens to vote upon all matters relating to the public schools" is both stupid and absurd. It is in defiance of the Constitution, and it would be a mistake and a crime to pass it, if that little difficulty could be overcome. The practical result would be to turn the whole common-school system over to the Catholic priesthood. Simply that and nothing more. No further extension of the elective franchise, if you please, Mr. York, unless under the limitation of a property and intelligence qualification.

That benign Providence which is popularly supposed to watch over drunken men and sailors is being put to a severe test just now upon the city front. Anyone who takes a ramble in the vicinity of the Vallejo Street Wharf, and looks critically at the condition of the planking, will be convinced of this. There are not a few holes, at irregular intervals, through which the black, slopping waters of the bay are visible at a depth of six or eight feet below. These holes vary in size from those in which you could comfortably break a leg to such as would neatly engulf a well-grown child. There is nothing conventional about them. They are good go-as-you-please holes. Perhaps they have existed from time immemorial, and, for all we know, may be one of the sacred traditions of the neighborhood. Nevertheless a stranger may be pardoned for eyeing them askance and giving them a wide berth, and also for hoping that if, in the wise dispensation of Providence and wharves, there must needs be a hole, none but a Street or Wharf Commissioner may "put his foot in it."

The Grant "boom" is on the decline. General Grant will not be nominated. The nation affirms the principle that no man shall be three times President of the United States.

AFTERMATH.

Street preaching is not what it used to be. As the world gets more and more ungodly, those peripatetic vendors of theology, those ecclesiastical free-lances, so to speak, who were wont to tickle the ears of a gaping and unwashed constituency in front of the What Cheer House of a Sunday morning, or at Meiggs's Wharf of a Sunday afternoon, have turned sadly from the venture, and are beginning to admit that the quest is vain. Material interests have, alas! engrossed their attention, and their friends and admirers must grope for the beautiful gates unguided, as heretofore, by their brotherly sympathy. It is a sad commentary upon the gifted creatures who at one time put their hands to the plow and their shoulders to the wheel in so good a cause, that, of the greater lights, Old Crisis now runs a matrimonial agency, and engages in the business of marrying and giving in marriage, while the reverend doctor whose commanding presence, stentorian tones, and apt repartee made him the delight and idol of Sacramento Street and Meiggs's Wharf, has preached his last sermon, to the text of "I have married a wife, and therefore I can not come."

"God," however, says an old adage, "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and that the lambs of Meiggs's Wharf, at least, are having the unholy breezes well tempered to them, a cursory visit of a Sunday afternoon will satisfy. Those venerable planks, consecrated by the whilom tread of the august doctor, and odorous of unswept garbage from the animals there exhibited, now afford a vantage ground for the vagaries of a gentleman of color, who indulges his auditors with sacred melodies and homilies, *ad nauseam*. It has been unkindly remarked that he is the missing link between the monkey on the shed and the "hoodlum" on the ground, and that the menagerie has gained by his acquisition. This delicate question ought to be referred to the cockatoos, who grace the opposite side of the "house," as natural umpires, in that they possess more brains than the monkeys, more "cheek" than the hoodlums, and more "gas" than the nigger preacher.

To wile away the dragging weeks of his imprisonment Mr. J. C. Duncan is writing a history of San Francisco, in which this unhappy town is represented with great *verisemblance* as having fallen under the domination of the Chinese, and the whites must go. It is acridly "personal," but the only sufferers are Mr. Duncan's enemies, each of whom in his turn has to "get up and get." As a sample of the work, which is to be illustrated, we present the following lines appended to a cut representing a juggler with cards, cups-and-halls, and other appliances of his profession:

"The tricky Gorham kissed the Mongol rod,
And sought Ah Sin to aid his patent plan—
A new halloon, the Fatherhood of God,
To whirl around the Brotherhood of Man.

"The keen-eyed card-sharp could not make believe:
'You' name not Gorham—say you name Jim Slick.
You sell 'em patents? Maybe up um sleeve
You hold the dehhle, who will take the trick."

"So Slippery Jim—like that old Guillotine
Whose own invention was the last he faced—
Drawn to the Plaza in his own machine,
The chain-gang brotherhood alone embraced."

The Rev. W. J. Smith preached the other evening from the text, "Depart from our coast"—a petition that a multitude of people once addressed to Jesus. The reverend gentleman's "idea" seems to be that the people of San Francisco would like to have Jesus leave California; that "Jesus must go" would be a popular "watchword." It is not so; we would like to have him not go, hut come. He is needed to flog the money-changers out of Pine and California streets, and to dispute with the clergy in the Temple. Our Magdalen need him to forgive them ere they go and sin some more, and our thieves would be glad of his company when they are crucified by the other thieves.

The head of Pinkerton's Detective Bureau was in town, *en route* to Oregon on business. There is a good deal of business for detectives in Oregon; where criminals do not confess, and go voluntarily into the Legislature, as they do here, they must be hunted out and commissioned as post-masters.

Sheriff Tunstead, of Marin, who hangs a man tenderly, "as if he loved him," has had to perform that kindly service for no fewer than four men during his two terms of office. Altogether there have been a good many Marin people hanged at one time and another, and if the county has not always been as well represented in the Legislature as some other counties, that accounts for it. Mendocino, where sixty-one murders have been committed, and only one man—and he from another county—has been made to swing for the whole sixty-one, can of course have her pick of suitable Assemblies. But the nominating conventions that glean the field after the Sheriff of Marin have struck a streak of hard luck.

Speaking of hanging, we observe with pleasure that more persons enjoyed that advantage in 1879 than in any previous year of the record—one hundred and one gentlemen and no

ladies having been legally dispatched, and seventy-four—all gentlemen—lynched. With regard to the last-named unfortunates, it is rather mortifying to our State pride to confess that more of them came to their death in Colorado, and also in Kentucky, than in California. The deceased were mostly hanged, but some were shot, the laws of Utah and Texas permitting the person sentenced to choose the manner in which it will be the more agreeable for him to die. On the whole, the year 1879 takes high rank as a period of good, honest putting to death, of which there can never be too much. Still it is always sad to think what a little education and religion might have done for the remains.

The Legislature appears to be not altogether clear as to whether the Constitution requires that bills shall be read before passage. We are not altogether clear ourselves, but we hope not. It takes a good deal of time to read bills, and the time for speech-making must be correspondingly abridged. The Courts interpret obscure or ambiguous laws by reference to the debates on them, and it seems right that these should be as voluble and prolix as possible, in order to the evolution of more light. Moreover, the bills drawn by most of the honorable members can not be read, and most of the clerks and secretaries can not read.

A correspondent, however, who seems to have given this matter of bill-reading a good deal more thought than we, proposes to help the Legislature "out of the wilderness" by a less simple but more ingenious method. We append his suggestion:

"Let an appropriation be made for the purchase of half a dozen, at least, of Edison's phonographs, which shall be placed in a room provided specially for them. Then, before any bill is introduced, require its author to read it aloud into the 'hopper' of the phonograph. This will prepare the sheets, from which any number of readings can afterward be made in the two houses. Let these sheets be filed with the bills, and then, when a reading is ordered, all the clerk will have to do will be to put in the prepared sheets, and grind away. By this process the thorax of the reading clerk will be preserved intact, and the members will be treated to a reading of all bills in the voices of their authors, brogue and all. See?"

It is interesting to know that "all the great Paris clubs have their own theatres, where the members assume the male characters of the plays produced, while the ladies are drawn from the regular stage." This arrangement is said to give "a charming spice to the representations, especially to the young fellows who do the lovers." It is further "alleged" that "these youths do not always drop their characters when the theatre is out." It is not suggested, however, that possibly they have no characters to drop.

While hunting on the other side of the Bay last Sunday, Mr. Goss, a gentleman unaccustomed to the society of ladies, mistook two girls for one wildcat. Had Mr. Goss been a good shot this would have been of trifling importance, for he would have fired between them; as it was, he put a huckshot through the head of each. As he expresses considerable regret for the misadventure, and was disappointed of his wildcat, we are indisposed to be too hard on him; we would only stretch the neck of him till it should pull away from his body, leaving a stove-pipe hole. We are not naturally cruel, but we love girls, and hate the man of imperfect observation who can mistake any conceivable number of them for a wildcat.

A lady writing for the New Orleans *Times* is spoken of by *Progress* as "The George Eliot of the South." There are infinite reasons for terming each of several lady writers of this city "The George Eliot of the West." But the resemblances are more spiritual than literary.

The *Plumber and Sanitary Engineer* says: "What the poor need above all things is enlightenment. They must be shown that it is suicide to sleep in dark, close rooms. They must learn the value of sunlight, the danger of exposure to damp, the need of proper clothing, and the necessity of moderation in eating and drinking." The high authority might have added, in the language of Mr. William Wellock, that next to good advice the poor need cash.

A Mr. Foster, of Belfast, offers to give fifteen thousand pounds sterling to assist emigration from Ireland to the United States. He writes that he feels sure the Americans will heartily cooperate in his plan for relieving the Irish distress. We will cooperate with Mr. Foster in giving away as much money as he may wish to; hut to his emigration scheme we should prefer an amendment to our Constitution, enabling the recipients of his bounty to vote where they are, transmitting the ballots by steamer.

Philanthropist Foster says: "Here is the money—Depart for the land of corn, wine, milk, and honey."

Says Mick: "If pertaties and whisky don't grow there, 'Fwat good will it do me when shtarvin' to go there?"

The Democrats answer his random suggestion: "What good 'twill do us, my gosssoon, is the question."

It takes an Oakland woman, after all, to exterminate an offending person of the same species. A brace of these ducks engaged in hostilities the other day on the ferry-boat, using their "concealed weapons" with deadly effect. Finally one uncovered her vital parts by making this unfortunate

lunge: "Everybody knows that you have a false tongue!" "And that you, my dear," said the other, with a surer thrust, "have false teeth." The inquest elicited no new facts.

There is a class of contributors with whom it is always pleasant for editors to meet. This class combines the excellences of half a dozen classes. It is not voluble and it is cleanly. Its writing is legible and its members do not fawn. What it says is generally worth saying. Its sentences do not require frequent alterations. Its punctuation tends toward conformity with common sense. The class is not large, and all who write for the ARGONAUT do not come within its narrow fold. But of such is the Kingdom of Approval.

The Sacramento *Record-Union* rightly observes "that it is far more important to California that the Chinese question should be satisfactorily settled than that this or that individual should be elected President." This is our one great, absorbing question, upon which there is no division of opinion. Native and foreign-born, Catholic and Protestant, the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the good and the criminal, the toilers and the idlers, unite in agreeing that Chinese immigration must be discouraged. In this respect the sand-lot only echoes the opinion of the most intellectual and cultured class. All politicians agree that the electoral vote of California, Oregon, and Nevada will be given to that Presidential candidate who will promise most in this direction, and who is most likely to keep his promise.

Observing that a resolution had been introduced in the State Senate concerning the payment of his creditors, the late contractor of the Branch Prison at Folsom publishes a card, saying that he has no creditors. We beg his pardon—that is not the question; the object of the resolution is to create some. If they are to be paid by the State under the provisions of a relief act, we presume he will not have the impertinent effrontery to interfere by refusing to audit their bills. What interest has he in this business, anyhow?

Say the Indian Board managers, known to themselves as Christians: "We will nothing have to do with poker-playing soldiers."

Say the men who do the fighting: "Go to, ye nasal broad-brims."

The question of uniting the Mercantile with the Mechanics' Library has been submitted for consideration to a committee of the former. We distinctly favor the proposition. The San Franciscanese lettered male is interested in neither the one institution nor the other, except in so far as it is a nice place to see the young does of his species, who affect the place in quantity, making a mellow scholastic atmosphere of murmurs and eyes and banged hair. The Mechanics' Library must be opulent of these gentle creatures, though doubtless the young mechanichess is of somewhat coarser texture than the young merchantess. But all are nice, and any proposition looking to a consolidation of their charms is eminently worthy of a hearing.

"If I send you a manuscript," writes an imperfectly civil correspondent who thoughtfully describes himself as a theological student, and has the independence to spell "leisure" with an *a*, "and it does not suit you, will you return it like gentlemen, or simply put it in your waste-basket?" We shall simply put it in our waste-basket.

On dit that the De Youngs, anticipating the passage of Mr. Grove Johnson's retraction bill, are negotiating for the purchase of a newspaper in Nevada. The bill does not apply to articles copied from other journals; so they will first publish their libels in the Nevada concern, then reprint them in the *Chronicle*, and tranquilly contemplate the serpentine convolutions of the victim—who will commonly be "a party by the name of Johnson."

New Orleans society ladies are thus written at by a generous sister in her description of a recent fancy-dress ball: "There was every sort of war paint, figurative and real—from the rouge ruhned on with a bit of chamois skin, to the hlush which faded and deepened in the rounded cheeks of young girls receiving their first heaux."

The audiphone is an immense success. It has enabled so many demi-deaf people to hear what is said, that the consequent kicking has awakened the community to a sense of its responsibility. Mr. Shinn says—very wisely, for a poet: "No man ought to whisper what may be overheard." We trust the tomcats and other hoodlums will hearken to the words of Mr. Shinn, for in keeping of silence there is great reward—if virtue be its own reward.

The audiphone is of special interest to distant lovers. The young man in Oregon and the maiden in San Luis Obispo may hereafter exchange sigs at less than the rates which are now charged for the telegraphic kiss.

A correspondent desires to know what is the best term of endearment known to modern love-making. The correspondent neglected to furnish us with her name, so it is possible to answer the question satisfactorily. It has been, however, forwarded to Mr. Pickers.

LA CRÈME DES CHRONIQUES.

They were talking over the effects of the severe weather. "Few people can have any idea of the sufferings of the poor and those who have to be out in such frosts," says one; "an unfortunate coachman, I see, was frozen to death yesterday on the box."

"That was rough," says another; "perhaps the fare was in a hurry to go somewhere."

Advice to amateurs of history natural:
It is completely useless at this moment to visit the Garden of Plants.

Naturally the lions, the tigers, and the monkeys hide themselves. But the bears, the llamas, and all the animals to fur avoid to display themselves.

They have remarked that the public were flinging on their skins the regards of a covetousness disquieting!

The Prefect of a department in the East has had devolve upon him the duty of presenting to a sapper-pumper, who had distinguished himself at a fire, a splendid gold medal.

"I am happy," said the eloquent magistrate, "to have to present you with this testimonial to your courage and good behavior. I hope that other holocausts may happen, so that you may again be able to display your bravery and devotion."

A lady was "passing round the bat" in a salon for the benefit of the poor.

"This is for your beautiful eyes," says gallantly a beau of the old school, dropping a louis in the collection box.

"Oh, thanks!" says the fair one with a profound courtesy, "and now I want something for the poor," holding out the box again.

M. Barthélemy Saint Marc Girardin has published a French prose translation of the "*Chanson de la Chemise*," by Thomas Hood, which we take the liberty of translating back into English, with scrupulous, or to speak more correctly, unscrupulous fidelity:

"A woman is seated, covered with tatters. Her eyelids are red and swollen, her fingers are weary and worn. With a feverish baste she pushes her needle, she draws her thread. Stitch, stitch, stitch, in poverty, in hunger, in dirt! And without intermission, in a voice sharp and sighing, she sings the *chanson de la chemise*. 'Stitch, stitch, stitch, when the cock sings in the distance! And stitch, stitch, stitch again, when the stars shine through the disjointed roof. Stitch, stitch, stitch, until that thy brain floats in the vertigo; and stitch, stitch, stitch, until that thine eyes are burning and troubled. Stitch, stitch, stitch! the seam, the gusset, the band. The band, the gusset, the seam, until that thou fall asleep upon the buttons, and that thou concludest to sew them in a dream!'"

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la chanson de la chemise.

X, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, had been cited before the police tribunal for complicity in some financial transactions that were not of a particularly honorable character. He presented himself wearing the insignia of the order.

"Behold, your honors," bellows the public prosecutor, "behold to what a pitch this shameless wretch carries his impudent defiance of healthy public opinion. He actually dares to present himself here before you, a criminal, about to receive condign punishment, with the decoration of which he is so unworthy."

X is found guilty, but takes an appeal, and, warned by his previous experience, puts in an appearance before the superior tribunal with an undecorated button-hole.

"Behold, your honors," bellows the same public prosecutor, "this guilty and slinking wretch, who, recognizing in the depths of his sinful soul that he is unworthy to be associated with honorable men, does not dare to put on the decoration which he thus tacitly confesses himself unfit to wear!"

Aurelien Scholl, the well-known Parisian *chroniqueur*, is making war upon certain familiar phrases of the dramatic repertory. The following have been placed under the ban: My poor father!—keep it from him!

Ruined—aye, ruined! The rich banker at London to whom I had intrusted all my fortune has fled!

Who am I? Thou wouldst know my name? My name is Vengeance!

Your father is innocent, I tell you, and here are the papers which will prove it.

Lost, my child, lost—and all through me!

But say that you are innocent; tell me that it is false! Do you not see that I am going mad? Nothing! Not a word! She is silent! Oh, heaven! then it is true!

And through all the weary wanderings of my exile, your image, Amelia, has ever been present to my mind.

There are those, you know, who are born to love—and to suffer.

Here is the maddening joy of the ball and the festival, but yonder are mourning, suffering, death!

Something tells me that this casket contains the secret of my birth.

Ha! mister the Count, think you then that there are two kinds of honor—one for people of your class, another for humble workmen?

An insurmountable barrier lifts itself between you and me. I am the daughter of a convict.

You should say the daughter of a martyr.

The wisdom of Dumas:
Brunettes deceive—blondes betray.

Give money, but never lend it. Giving it only makes a man ungrateful, lending it makes him an enemy.

If men would spend in doing good to others a quarter of the sum they spend in doing harm to themselves, misery would vanish from the earth.

Man was created to utilize everything—even sorrow.

A woman's venality is the punishment of the man who buys her.

The only thing I am astonished at is that people are astonished at anything.

WHAT THEY KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did!—*Byron*.

Life's but a short chase; our game—content.—*Cibber*.

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.—*Lord Lytton*.

Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder that they hold no intelligence.—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

Thought is the slave of Life, and Life is Time's fool.—*Shakspeare*.

Brain, not blood, is proof of noble birth.—*Mrs. Hale*.

The world's all title page; there's no contents.
The world's all face; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned!—*Young*.

Genius is the gold in the mine; talent is the miner who works and brings it out.—*Lady Blessington*.

Our first and last love is—self-love.—*Bovee*.

The over-curious are not over-wise.—*Massinger*.

The wisest men are glad to die; no fear
Of death can touch a true philosopher.—*May*.

Three may keep a secret if two are dead.—*Ben. Franklin*.

No passions burn fiercer, no courage flames higher, no hearts ache more wearily, than in the lives that look so passionless, so tranquil, so cynical, and so selfish.—*Ouida*.

Good morals depend on good taste, and good taste on good morals.—*Chateaubriand*.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembrance of happier things.—*Tennyson*.

The press is the foe of rhetoric, but the friend of reason.—*Colton*.

They may be false who languish and complain,
But they who sigh for money never feign.—*Lady Montague*.

Ambition hath one heel nailed in hell, though she stretch her fingers to touch the heavens.—*Lilly*.

Love is a celestial respiration of the air of paradise.—*Victor Hugo*.

Every natural action is graceful.—*Emerson*.

To love something more than ourselves, this is the secret of all that is grand. To know how to live outside of self, this is the aim of all generous impulses.—*Souvestre*.

Rash enthusiasm in good society,
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.—*Byron*.

Women find it very difficult to be grateful to those whom they do not love.—*Spielhagen*.

SACRAMENTO, January 19, 1880. N. B. S.

Dickens's Letter to a Boy.

The following letter from Dickens to a little boy, who, it seems, had written him about Dotheboys Hall, will interest the readers of *Nicholas Nickleby*:

RESPECTED SIR:—I have given Squeers one cut on the neck and two on the head, at which he seemed much surprised and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is just what I should have expected from him—shouldn't you? I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two "sheeps" for the little boys. They have also had some good ale and porter, and some wine. I am sorry you did not say what wine you would like them to have. I gave them some sherry, which they liked very much, except one boy, who was a little sick, and choked a good deal. He was rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so too. Nicholas had his roast lamb, as you said he was to; but he could not eat it all, and says, if you do not mind his doing so, he would like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I. He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoiled the flavor, so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it. I thought he never would have left off. I also gave him three pounds in money, all in sixpences, to make it seem more; and he said directly that he should give half to his mamma and sister, and divide the rest with poor Snike. And I say he is a good fellow for saying so; and if anybody says he isn't I am ready to fight him whenever they like—there! Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty, disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it; and what I say is that I hope it may. You will say the same, I know—at least I think you will. I meant to have written you a long letter, but I can not write very fast when I like the person I am writing to, because that makes me think about them; and I like you, and so I tell you. Besides, it is just eight o'clock at night, and I always go to bed at eight o'clock except on my birthday, and then I sit up to supper. So I will not say anything more besides this, and that is my love to you and Neptune; and if you will drink my health every Christmas Day I will drink yours—come. I am, respected sir,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

P. S.—I don't write my name very plain, but you know what it is, you know, so never mind.

New York's new society journal, the *Hour*, says: "In New York, fashion and culture have been divorced. It looks, even, as if they had never been married. We read of the days when Washington Irving, Julian Verplanck, and J. K. Paulding were young men of fashion. We learn, too, that William B. Astor sought the illustrious friendship of Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier, and the tutorship of Baron Bunsen, before accepting the life-long duty of nursing a great fortune. Nowadays, however, but few of our young men of fashion care for culture or literature. The word 'culture' is to them simply a slang expression, and a pretext to laugh at Boston. The great realm of art, of learning, of thought, is to the majority of New Yorkers of less importance than Delmonico's café or the *foyer* at the opera."

There are in France, according to the *Gazette de France*, 2,150 female authors and journalists and about 700 female artists. The provinces contribute most of the writers—about two-thirds; while Paris is represented in the same proportion among the artists. Among the writers, 1,000 are novelists, 200 are poets, 150 educational writers, and the rest writers of various kinds. The artists comprise 107 sculptors; the others are painters ranging over all branches of the pictorial art.

MINOR FAVORITES.

Genius.

Far out at sea the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail;
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale—
Far out at sea.

The little stranger who had lost
His way, of peril nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue—
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean shewn;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene—
Far out at sea.

Away he sped, with skimming glee,
Dim, indistinct, now seen, now gone;
Night comes, with wind and rain, and he
No more shall dance before the sun—
Far out at sea.

He was unlike his mates, I ween;
Perhaps not sooner nor worse crossed;
But he hath felt and known and seen
A larger life and hope, though lost—
Far out at sea. —R. H. Horne.

The Thorn.

And close beside this aged thorn
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colors there you see,
All colors that were ever seen;
And mossy network, too, is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been;
And cups the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me! what lovely tints are there
Of olive-green and scarlet bright,
In spikes and branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white.
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss
Which by the thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be:
But never, never, anywhere,
An infant's grave was half so fair! —Wordsworth.

Wed.

White-robed she comes, my love, my own,
Yet purer than the robe she wears;
White flowers she holds, the fairest known,
Yet sweeter than the flowers she bears:
So white, so sweet, yet I could seek
And find, beneath that white veil bid,
Love's hue upon that gentle cheek,
Love's light beneath that long-fringed lid.

Clash out, brave bells! King far and wide,
And laugh the piping birds to scorn.
Fair kinsmen, kiss the bonnie bride,
She wanders far with me this morn;
And if her eyes are dim with tears,
I grudge them not their tender rain,
My love can chase the misty fears,
And kiss the sunbeam back again. —Hugh Conway.

The Nettle.

It thrives in meadows where the daisies grow,
In woodland depths, where slanting sunbeams fall,
In the grand, lordly park, and paddock small;
'Neath hawthorns where the children maying go,
On sunny slopes where summer flowerets blow.
It flaunts itself upon the garden wall,
By quiet footpaths, in old hedgerows tall,
And ways where busy feet pass to and fro.
Evil and good mingle mysteriously;
There is a taint upon all mortal joy;
Sunshine and shadow, gold with base alloy.
It must be so, 'tis Heaven's high decree.
Unguarded good: oh, aspiration vain!
Where pleasure blooms, there grows the nettle pain. —John Ashkam.

Cupid.

Within a forest, as I strayed,
Far down a summer autumn glade,
I found the God of Love;
His bow and arrows cast aside,
His lovely arms extended wide,
A depth of leaves above;
Beneath o'erarching boughs he made
A place for sleep in russet shade.
His lips, more red than any rose,
Were like a flower that overflows
With honey, pure and sweet;
And clustering round that holy mouth
The golden bees, in eager drouth,
Plied busy wings and feet.
They know, as every lover knows,
There's no such honeybloom that blows. —Edmund W. Gosse.

The Hero.

For what can balk a man who tries
The lists of Life with lance in rest,
The flame of courage in his eyes,
The strength of honor in his breast?
The crowd makes way for such a knight,
It cheers him as he charges past,
It helps him storm the grandest height,
And builds him—well—a tomb at last! —Maurice Thompson.

The Singer.

While with ambition's steadfast flame
He wastes the midnight oil,
And dreams high-throned on heights of fame
To rest him from his toil,
Death's Angel, like a vast
Above him spreads her wings,
And fans the embers of his
To ashes as he sings.



The Mistress of Tears is with us once again, and Baldwin's is dedicated for the next three weeks to sobs and sighs. I like to study the audience when Clara Morris is playing. The dress circle is filled with fashionables who have come to have "a good cry." Every face as it comes in takes on, in a greater or less degree, a look of anticipatory woe. Ladies even forget to look at one another's bonnets, sobered by the knowledge that behind the awful curtain Clara Morris is carefully making up her expressive face till it shall look as if internal agony had burned out of it every sign of color. The family circle has an air of spectators at a funeral, and the gallery restrains its levity and only hesitatingly whistles for the weeping to begin. Handkerchiefs are displayed with preliminary flourishes ostentatiously frequent, to cover the continuous applications to the eyes to follow in the course of the evening. Men, more hypocritical than women, begin before the curtain rises to show symptoms of a bad cold, so that when the tears well up to their eyes their neighbors may believe that it is the mucous membrane and not the lachrymal gland that is affected. The music falls into a quieter strain, that tells the play is about to begin. There is a movement of the curtain. The ladies give a final preliminary wipe to their eyes, the men pretend to put their handkerchiefs in their pockets, but don't. A burst of applause, and the Mistress of Tears, with five acts of misery in her mind, stands bowing before us. The actress who can, unaided by stage effect or circumstance of situation, completely control the emotion of an audience, must have reached the highest point of her art. I do not think it matters much what Clara Morris plays in San Francisco. She is the only star who rises so far above her story and its surroundings that all save herself is forgotten; consequently, we may comment on her version of *Man and Wife* quite apart from her performance of "Anne Sylvester." I think a much better play might be made of Wilkie Collins's novel, if Clara Morris is to play the leading part. No arrangement can possibly be put on the boards that suppresses "Geoffrey Delamayn." He is the character, and "Anne" is but a subjective figure. The whole misery of the woman arises from the brutal character of the man. But "Geoffrey Delamayn" may be subordinated and made use of merely as an instrument to produce situations for the heroine, though such treatment would render the novel only suggestive; otherwise the man must be the leading figure, in spite of Clara Morris. In the present version, carefully advertised as her own, "Anne Sylvester" is from first to last entirely subjective. She offers no chance for any display of the actress's highest power. Indeed, the strong situation of the piece is in the first act, the opening of the play, where she has the explanation with "Geoffrey." Even then, the view taken of the character is too purely pathetic, and leaves out the "temper" which frightened "Delamayn" into a marriage. After that she falls to a plane of subjective quiet misery, from which she never rises, even at the fall of the curtain. True, once, in dealing with the widow, she seems roused to a display which serves but to show the possibilities. But one waits after each scene for the occasion which is to bring forth the suppressed spirit in fury, only to find that a lucky stroke of paralysis kills the brute of a husband at the critical time, and frees the woman from what was apparently hopeless misery.

Clara Morris is capable of something infinitely greater than this. The charm of natural acting is even more prominent in her performance now than it ever was. Her pathos is as telling as ever. The voice that bears in every tone an agony that average people can only feel and not express, has all its old effect. Her eyes speak volumes, as they have always done. But if she is to select a story which goes beyond the bounds of probability, as all Wilkie Collins's do, we look for the situations to be equally strained, and the pathos equally exaggerated. Her "Anne Sylvester" is a perfectly natural woman. But "Geoffrey Delamayn" is an unnatural man, and the two characters do not harmonize. I admit that when an actress like Clara Morris is playing, I want to see her in a part which monopolizes the interest. Because, without disparagement to James O'Neill, the number of male actors who can support such a star in such a play is very limited. I do not think James O'Neill would ever play "Geoffrey Delamayn" from choice. It is nothing detrimental to his general excellence that he cannot act it. Physical attributes are necessary, of a kind so thoroughly unsuited to the generality of parts that it is well for him he does not possess them. And if he could act the part, it is just sufficiently emasculated to make it detrimental to the interest of a play specially arranged for the prominence of the heroine. If I except Mr. Bradley's "Sir Patrick Lundy" and Miss Carey's "Blanche," it may be said that the support was poor. Mr. Bradley's pompous and stiff politeness comes in somewhat appropriately in the Scotch lawyer, and it is unfortunately not always that it does. Miss Carey plays "Blanche" prettily, even if she does throw her arms around "dear Anne" as if the star's special trouble were forgotten on the stage. I wonder—and the surmise had many adherents in the house on Monday night—if the three gentleman companions of "Geoffrey Delamayn," who undertook to discuss the muscular theory with "Sir Patrick," were picked out of the Pedestrian League, or if they were the Lorettes who growed from the Standard and disguised anew. I never felt more comfortable when I see Lewis Morrison playing the role of the bashfulness, and I could never have told in the trial scene that it was solely as to whether he was married to "Anne" or "Blanche," had I judged from his behavior during the inquiry.

The Emelie Melville Opera Company opened at Bush Street Theatre on Monday night, in Maillart's three-act romantic opera of *Les Dragons de Villars*, renamed *Friquet*. They have not played anything else; but I should say this was the weakest piece in their repertoire. I suppose a company always requires some shaking down before a perfect performance can be expected. But I fancy that the admirable and energetic efforts Mr. Locke is making to establish his theatre on a high plane are being seriously interfered with by the want of a practiced and clever stage manager. The new company did not strike me as weak; it only struck me as improperly organized. It is, as we see it now, top-heavy. Mr. Peakes and Miss Melville struggle gallantly with the musical elements, and Mr. Barrows is comic all by himself. Miss Melville is too well known to require introduction. Mr. Peakes has been a favorite with us long ago, and will doubtless be again. The tenor is strange—a strange tenor all ways. He has an unfortunate stage-presence, more especially from the knees down. He is very tall, and excessively wooden. From under a hat which hides his face considerably, he scowls down on poor "Rose Friquet," in a very pretty costume, somewhat unsuggestive of the "Fanchon" part. His voice is evidently in a climatic fog at present, and I will not judge what it may be when his violent efforts bring out something definite. I should imagine he was new to the stage. I sat in some alarm, the other night, during the terrible scene in which he discards "Rose," lest some wag in the gallery should let off the "side-wheel steamer" gag at the interesting point of the pathetic. Miss Lily Post is an amateur, with all her success to be achieved. Mr. Barrows struggles in, at present, unfamiliar surroundings; and the chorus people have something to learn yet in the matter of stage business. Surely Miss Melville should have known that, although *Friquet* has not been played here before anybody to speak of—it was played, I think, somewhere on one occasion—it is not striking enough as an opera to cover the deficiencies of a new and comparatively amateur company. A perfectly strange company might put it forward as not being their strongest piece. But this is, to all intents and purposes, a local company. I believe that although *Friquet* is not a success, *Les Cloches de Corneville* will be, since the charms of the opera are not easily destroyed. *Friquet* is one of the prettiest works ever written. Maillart's music is throughout charming and finished; but it has no striking or popular melodies in it, and, delivered by any but trained singers and good actors, it loses its great merit—an even, light, sparkling beauty. It is not an ambitious work, aiming at grand and telling musical effects. So far as Miss Melville's performance goes, musically, it is as all know it must be, perfectly satisfactory. But she is not "Friquet" in dress or manner. Mr. Peakes has not yet got rid of grand opera recollections, and finds it difficult to fit himself to the light dragoon. I think he sings better than ever. There is enough evidence of talent in the organization, as it stands, to raise expectations of greater things when a little experience brings the component parts into harmony. And we have yet to hear the other tenor and Miss Montague, who is said to have a better voice than even the *prima donna assoluta*. But a stage manager seems to be most wanted.

Who would have believed five years ago that the California would have been given over to a *mélange* of high-class concerts and burlesque performances? I do not know what arrangement Mr. Colville has made with Wilhelmj; but it looks as if his speculation in taking the house at two hundred and fifty dollars a week was a lucky hit. I should not be astonished if Lawrence Barrett really did put in an appearance about the first of June. One thing is certain, that he has been negotiating in the East with parties, looking to a lease of the California Theatre. But, on the other hand, I know that when he was here last he found San Francisco and his favorite theatre much changed in all ways; and he had himself fears as to health in case of his attempting to rebuild its fallen prestige. Barrett is a great disciplinarian, a thoroughly admirable manager, but discipline has not always made him popular. There will be no question as to standard if he takes it; and I think he can get it if he wants it.

I hope when Herrmann revisits us he will have got beyond the parlor magic in his tricks. His inexhaustible bottle, and his second sight, are rather thin for the leading magician of 1880, especially when two mere Australians come and do the bird-cage trick. The cannon act will, I hope, be dropped from his bill. The other night the powder burned two holes in the handkerchief the human projectile wore to protect his face; as the two holes were exactly over his eyes, the result may be imagined had they not been protected. The spring was somewhat livelier than usual, and had Miss Pixley been the projectile, would have shot her clear into the gallery. This is too much of danger and too little of enjoyment. If Herrmann must do the "act," let him at least know how first.

Mr. Maguire will have a strong enough company by and by. He has added to it in the last week Mr. Max Freeman, a popular and strong German actor; and Miss Louise Beaudet, who came out a short time ago under engagement to support stars at the California, but who found herself left to support herself. I am afraid Mr. Freeman's accent is yet as strong as his acting. And it is inexplicable why Mr. Maguire should go to the expense of engaging him to support Miss Morris in *Alize*, when he had Mr. Bradley and Mr. Jennings to select from.

The Colville Company opened at the California on Tuesday night in *Robinson Crusoe*, playing three nights. On Monday night they commence a two weeks' engagement with *Ill-treated Il Trovatore*, a burlesque I remember some years ago in England as one of the most amusing I ever saw. Burlesque is the money-making article in amusements now. It is only beginning to be understood in this country, in its full force.

MOURZOUK.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

Mr. Wilhelmj is a very great violinist, and a singularly modest man. Mr. Wilhelmj, who has the same perfect command of type and printer's ink that he has of his bow and left hand (it can be had by any one who pays his bills), announces himself simply as "the greatest living violinist," which, when he might as well have put it, "the greatest who has ever lived," or "the one who will in all future ages be unapproachable," will surely be regarded—by his colleagues at least—as remarkably reserved and unpretentious. They—his colleagues—will naturally recognize in such a trumpeting of himself one of the usual characteristics of great artists; one that we miss in such lesser lights as Joachim, Sarasate, Rubenstein, Von Bulow, and the others of the second rank; but which is inseparable from true greatness, and goes far to prove in Mr. Wilhelmj's case a noble ambition to enlighten the world in art matters by informing it, through an authority that is beyond question, who is really the greatest of living violinists. I have not heard that Mr. Wilhelmj's opinion of the other violinists has been thus publicly pronounced in Germany or England—probably those benighted countries were not yet prepared to be told the whole truth. But I have no doubt that when told—by Mr. Wilhelmj—they will receive the statement as gospel, modifying the title of "greatest violinist" only by adding "and most modest."

Mr. Wilhelmj plays the violin superbly. He has a tone that for mere volume I have never heard equalled, that is generally pure and noble in quality, but that, without being at all cold, is very rarely sympathetic. His technique is so great that one does not think of it at all; he does everything with ease and certainty. He is seldom graceful; he impresses, but does not please. I have never heard a really fine violinist from whose playing I derived less pleasure. The sensuous quality he lacks entirely, and this element missed out of the compositions of Paganini and Ernst leaves them very uninteresting. In Bach it is not required, and the *air* (his own transcription) from the *suite* in D he plays nobly, even grandly. It is in this that we hear him at his best; in the *nocturnes* of Chopin at his worst. If they are to be played at all on the violin it is not with immensity of tone volume, but rather with warmth and delicacy of treatment that they must be made attractive. I, for my part, would prefer to have them as Chopin wrote them, for the piano. *Au reste*, Wilhelmj is a great violinist, whom to hear is to gain a new experience.

To me, Mr. Vogrich is the attractive element of the Wilhelmj Concerts. Not that he has made any impression whatever by his solo playing; his selections (*Sonnambula* and *Wedding March* of Liszt and *Roberto Fantaia* of his own) have been so manifestly concessions to the crowd, and what he neither cares much to do nor does well, that somehow I do not associate them with the *artist* whom I hear in the accompaniments and recognize in the beautiful composition played by Wilhelmj in the first concert. I think the playing of the operatic *fantasies* a mistake on Mr. Vogrich's part; there must be many other things that he would play better. The composition of the one on *Roberto* is certainly a mistake for the man who could write the "Bridal Songs." This is a really lovely composition, of beautiful form and warm, poetic color; the orchestral accompaniment was hardly more than suggested by the scrub band of Monday night, but even this suggestion was of something fresh and of beautiful quality. Mr. Vogrich seems to me to be a young man of great talent, who might be doing something better for art and himself than tagging about at the heels of a *virtuoso* filling up at the piano the orchestral accompaniments for a skeleton band, and playing the *role* of my man Friday. I hope we shall hear more of his compositions. To the musical portion of the audience they will always be of great interest.

Signora Marie Salvotti is a portly, uninteresting lady, who has the air of being placed on the programme as a concession to the sand-lot. She has several fine notes in her upper voice, but nothing to speak of in the lower, and seems to be blissfully unconscious of such trifles as phrasing or proper style. She sings in three languages, and can pronounce her vowels in none of them. She sings music of the German, Italian, and English schools, alike without any school. In short, Signora Salvotti is a singer who might go to any one of a half dozen local artists whom I could name, and learn many things about singing of which she does not seem to have the first idea.

The programme for the Piano-forte Recitals of Mr. Henry Ketten, to be given on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of next week, is announced, and contains many numbers of extraordinary interest. Besides a number of his own compositions, one of which—the *Sérénade Espagnole*—when played at one of the Patti concerts impressed me as quite exquisite, Mr. Ketten will play two of Beethoven's grandest sonatas, the great one in C major—called the *Waldstein*, and the "Appassionata" (Op. 57), which is one of the master's finest works, and which has not been heard in this city since it was played by Miss Muhlig. Of Schumann it is particularly the "Carneval" (Op. 9) that will attract students of piano-forte music; this composition—one of the most thoroughly *Schumannesque* of his earlier period—is rarely played in its entirety, and will be quite new here. It was first played in public by Liszt (I believe it was the first work of Schumann to find place on any concert programme), and afterward a great deal by Mme. Schumann, from whom I first heard it. Chopin, Liszt, Handel, Schubert, and Weber are also represented by larger and lesser works, and Mr. Ketten will have a fine opportunity of showing us exactly what he can do in a wide and varied range of piano-forte literature.

O. W.

Miss Morris's bids fair to be an expensive engagement. She plays three weeks now; then the stock comes in in *Forget-me-not* and *A Fool and His Money*, a play written by Byron for Toole in London. After that Miss Morris plays three weeks more, and it may be extended to ten weeks altogether. Terms, two thousand dollars a week, and her own and her husband's expenses from and to New York.

There is quite an atmosphere of romance enveloping the recent encounter between Russian and German officers at Kalish. In outline, the story is as follows: Three colonels of the Russian army and two attachés of the court of St. Petersburg were dining with some officers of the Uhlans. During dinner politics were discussed over some rather heavy red wine, and one of the Germans made a disparaging allusion to Russia's behavior during the recent intestine disturbances in that unhappy country. One of the Russian colonels felt called upon to reply, and did so with such uncalculated bitterness that swords were in the hands of all present before any one was well aware what the trouble was all about. At this critical moment the door was flung open and a young girl sprang betwixt the flashing blades, and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, before you bring upon sleeping Europe the horrors of a needless war, I pray you drink with me these bottles of *Pomeroy* and *Greno*—the most kindly of modern champagnes." The swords were sheathed, and the two rather shame-faced brawlers "returned them to their muttons." The trial of the new wine was an instant success. The cup which gladdens went round and round, and amidst them the fair young peace-maker sat smiling through her tears. There can be no reasonable doubt that the exclusive use of "Pomeroy and Greno" would end in a few months most of our serious political differences. This delicious wine, which is now the favorite of the bloods in Europe, has lately been introduced into our market, and can be had of all first-class grocers and dealers.

There can be no more varied and no more beautiful panorama than is unfolded when one looks northward from the Presidio hill. Until recently comparatively few of our citizens had seen this panorama at its best. The completion of the California Street Hill Railroad, however, opened this splendid outlook to all our citizens. It is a walk of but a very few minutes from the western terminus of this road to some eminence where the Golden Gate, the Sausalito hills, and the shining throat of the bay lie unfolded in all their beauty almost at one's feet. The backward glance at the city, too, is always fine; especially so when the afternoon sun has painted all the western windows with flame, and untied the pallid skyline of the Alameda hills with purple. One secret of the success which attends the management of this popular road may be found in the respectful attentiveness of its employees. And perhaps the neat, distinctive uniform they wear has something to do with this also. Of course if the road had and rolling stock were less satisfactorily put together, and if the scenery along the ride and immediately beyond it were less picturesque, the road would be less popular. But when all these good qualities are united with almost perfect management there is little left to be asked for it.

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The Condign.

When the angry passions gathering in my mother's face I see
And she leads me to the bedroom—gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches.
As I listen to the patter of the shingle on my breeches.
Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring.
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat-tail seem to swarm
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm!

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Emelie Melville as "Serpolette" (her original character);
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Seats on sale six days in advance.

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NOTICE.

THE DELINQUENT POLL TAX
Roll for 1879 is now being made up. All who are liable and have not paid, and who do not desire to have their names appear in that list and subject themselves to the legal penalties attached, will please call immediately and obtain their receipts.

A. BADLAM, Assessor.

December 29, 1879.

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Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 9) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth (26th) day of February, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of Jan., 1880, an assessment (No. 40) of Fifty Cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OFFICE OF THE BODIE CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

dated Mining Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, San Francisco, January 17, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a dividend (No. 7) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the Company, payable Monday, February 2, 1880, at the office of Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., New York, only on stock issued from the transfer agency in that city, and at the San Francisco office only on stock issued here. Transfer books will close on Tuesday, January 20, 1880, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. H. LENT, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

solidated Mining Company, San Francisco, January 14, 1880.—First Annual Meeting.—The first annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company for the election of seven Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, February 2, 1880 (first Monday in February), at one o'clock P. M., on that day, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on Tuesday, January 20, 1880, at three o'clock P. M., and will remain closed until after the annual meeting.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING.—THE ANNUAL meeting of the stockholders of the Belcher Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California, on TUESDAY, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1880, at the hour of two P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, January 17, 1880, at twelve o'clock noon, and remain closed until after the meeting.

San Francisco, January 12, 1880.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

Of Fine Goods at Cost Prices, to make room for the incoming Spring Styles, at

MADAME SKIDMORE'S,

No. 1114 Market Street, between Mason and Taylor.

DANIEL GIOVANNINI,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
dealer in Wood, Coal, Charcoal, and Coke, 876 Pacific Street, between Stockton and Powell.
Charcoal Depot.—Charcoal for sale in lots to suit, from 1 to 10,000 sacks.

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Office hours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

J. A. HUNTER, M. D.,

No. 321 Sutter Street, devotes Special Attention to
Catarrh, Deafness,
Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and all ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Heart.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Jan. 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 51) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on TUESDAY, January 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

P. JACOBUS, Ass't Secretary.

MME. B. ZEITSKA'S FRENCH, GERMAN & ENGLISH INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN. 922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin. This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term on MONDAY, January 5, 1880.
MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.



SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE
Principal of the School at 350 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms \$50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.

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COAL DEALERS.

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Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street.
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Opposite California Market.

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C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,
DENTISTS, Lath
Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Office hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

THE WÜRLINGEN CHAPEL.

From the German of Lenau.

Airy as a light canoe
On a green wave's rounded line,
Poses, outlined in the blue,
On a hill, a chapel shrine.

Once, at twilight waning dim,
Through its vacant aisles I stole.
Sacred song and vesper hymn
Whispered, dream-like, to my soul.

And the Mother's picture there,
On the altar, seemed to gaze—
Seemed, in sorrow faintly fair,
Pondering o'er the ancient days.

Redly comes the morning sun,
Fondly falls the evening ray,
On the pictured sorrowing one,
Human feet here seldom stray.

Gently here a secret power
Held my thoughts in magic thrall;
'Twas as if at that lone hour
Benediction fell o'er all.

Warmly bright the sunlight laves
Chancel, wall, and time-worn floor,
And the hosts of grass-grown graves
Silent lie forever more.

Peace of autumn dwells in love
Where those graves forgotten lie;
Yonder, in the blue above,
Summer wild birds southward fly.

Slumber, silence evermore,
Many a mound is sunken deep;
And the crosses topple o'er,
Nameless graves long lost in sleep.

And the trees at evening mild
Scatter leaves upon them all,
As a tired, sleep-worn child
Softly lets its loved toys fall.

Here is all my earthly pain,
As a mist-cloud, swept away;
Here sweet Death, in summbrous chain,
Holds the souls beneath its sway.

BERKELEY, January, 1880.

JANE PENN.

WOMAN'S ART.

How Kate Managed a Little Love Affair.

The long anticipated evening had come at last—the grand gala night of the "Brunswick House Hop." From the windows of a certain stately mansion fronting on Montague Street, in the City of Churches, the lights were gleaming and flashing from casement to casement with that marvelous rapidity which I have never known those particular gas-burners to indulge in save when their fair occupants were personally interested in some such festive event. In the second-story front chambers, on this particular night, were, gracefully and variously grouped, three of the most beautiful women in Brooklyn, all busied in the bewildering ecstasies of a woman's *grande toilette de bal*.

Before the mirror stood the half-undraped figure of a fairy-like blonde, a lovely being, of a noble old French family—the beautiful Eugenie de Longueville. Ah! blood will tell, meet it where you may! This transplanted scion of an ancient house bore evidence incontrovertible of her noble descent in her every feature, in her slightest gesture. What wears the beautiful little queen to-night? Ah! I see the snowy drapery beside her—pearls and pale azure—clouded with its overfall of graceful, dreamlike illusion. Had she ransacked the wardrobe of Titania she could not have made a more becoming choice. In a large easy-chair by the window, half-veiled by a cloud of natural, wavy, ebony hair, completely at the mercy of those graceful fingers of her French maid, and intently pouring over the last new novel, sat the mirth-loving figure of Kate Dalton. What is there in that fated cognomen, I wonder, that makes all Kates such perfect torments to the female portion of their friends—such maddening, perfectly irresistible, loving, teasing, torturing, killing, electrifying, mischievous, fun-adoring, defying, lawless, unconscionable little witches to the male portion of humanity? Now, I'll leave it to any judge of human nature and its frailties to decide, if Kates, as a *genus*, are not the most uncircumnavigable torments in creation. Well, Kate Dalton, specifically, was no exception to the general rule. If Kate had a forte more than another, it was making up love-matches—that is, if her celerity in breaking them up (when she made up her wilful little mind that the couple were unsuited to each other) was not fully equal to it. Kate was a great genius, I'll admit, and did everything well that she undertook; but the marvelous ease and rapidity with which she kindled the torch of Hymen in securing hopeless cases, and snuffed it out in others, was truly astonishing. One would have thought she had taken Love's quiver on commission, and went about the world drumming up customers for Cupid, she was so thoroughly in earnest about it. Those most incurable cases, even engagements of some seven years' standing, yielded to the violence of Kate's remedies.

The third occupant of the apartment was a New Orleans belle, a cousin and visitor of Kate's—a charming little semi-brunette, and one scarcely excelled in coquetry even by Kate herself. A spicy little belle was Georgina Clayton, and countless were the broken hearts which had thrown themselves under the wheels of her juggernaut car of Vanity. Not only at the North either, but the Southern soil was red with the blood of her victims. One whose heart had again and again been pierced with the barbed arrow of loving disappointment—one cousin and lover—Charles L'Estrange, a wealthy Louisianaian, had followed his charmed and charming syren mistress to the North, some three weeks since, and proposed following her even to "The Brunswick House Hop;" but the little lady had other views of an escort for the evening. Kate Dalton, Kate's eldest brother—or Lieut. Dalton, as he knew him—had petitioned for that overwhelming and it was upon his arm—the handsomest fellow in

the navy, as every one acknowledged—that Miss Clayton intended to lean as she entered the ball-room. Ah, me! the two cousins were terrible rivals! Well, to continue my story: I had concluded to call over and see how the girls were getting along with their arrangements upon this certain evening, after my duties at the institute had closed. I was a sort of cousin, also, of Kate's, and knew the beautiful trio intimately. I came upon them in the position I have just described.

"Well, girls, how are you? All going to the hop?" was my salutation, as I entered their magical bed-room.

"Well, I rather reckon so," was Kate's characteristic reply. "Don't you see the various chrysalises, child, scattered round about the floor, and so forth?" pointing to the figure before the mirror.

The carpet was one parterre of rejected flowers, feathers, jewelry, and miscellaneous articles of wearing apparel.

"Oh, that's Eugenie's doings; she never can dress herself like any ordinary Christian," resumed Kate, carelessly. "When she finally resigns the mirror to some of us unrobbed competitors, we have to have a call of the house, as they say in Washington, to clear away the rejected finery."

Eugenie laughed sweetly, as she said:

"Why, Kate, do stop your nonsense. I'm sure there's room for both of us; but I didn't know you'd got your hair arranged yet. Now I am ready, if some one will only lace my dress for me."

So saying, she moved gracefully away, a swaying mass of beauty.

I volunteered to perform that service, and was instantly engaged in my evolutions with that silken cord over those ivory shoulders, down to that taper waist.

We were startled, just at this stage of the proceedings, by a loud ring of the front-door bell. It was repeated twice before it was answered, and then Kate hurriedly exclaimed:

"Oh, Lily, would you mind? I've sent Loue over to New York, and all the rest of the servants have leave to go to a wake. I don't suppose there's one of them heard the bell; and it must be somebody that wants to come in. I am expecting the houquets from Reid's and that may be them. Marie might go, but she is just in the midst of this Artesian braid, and if she lets one strand fall she will spoil a whole hour's work. There it goes again! If you would go, Lily, like a good girl, I'd be so much obliged to you."

"Certainly, Kate, if Eugenie can spare me," I replied; and, receiving an assenting nod, I hurried down stairs. It was a damp, foggy evening—indeed, though I was not aware of it, it had commenced to rain. I opened the door suddenly, and saw a shrouded figure standing on the steps before me. In his hand he held a bouquet.

"Oh! the flowers!" I exclaimed. "By Lieut. Dalton's order, I, guess?"—at the same time confidently grasping those in his hand, "Where are the others?"

To my surprise they were forcibly retained, and a damp, gloved hand was laid upon mine, as he added to them a little note, and said, in a quick, impatient tone, between his set teeth:

"This is one bouquet only—for Miss Georgiana Clayton, with the compliments of Mr. Charles L'Estrange."

He put them in my hand, and sprang down the steps. The moment he had spoken, I knew the tones of his voice. We had met before, under far different circumstances, but where and when, it matters little, reader, now, to tell you. I hurried up stairs, but before I had reached the bedroom door a second ring warned me to descend. This proved to be the basket of bouquets from Reid's, and, overburdened with floral emblems, I again began the ascent. My return was greeted with shouts of joy.

"Who was the first ring?" they all queried.

"A bouquet and a man," was my answer.

Kate happened to be standing by me, and before I answered more at length I whispered, holding up the first bouquet for her to see:

"Isn't it a shame that such an exquisite bouquet as this should go a-hegging, for of course Georgie can't carry both emblems—wear the honors of the houses of Dalton and L'Estrange—both in one evening? That would, indeed, be equal to the old-time 'Wars of the Roses.'"

"What?" echoed Kate, in a sharp whisper. "Did Charles L'Estrange come out this rainy night to bring these flowers andillet-doux to Georgie, knowing that she was going with Frank? Come, now, I like that. Charles is cut out for a self-denying husband, and he worships that little flirt of a cousin of mine. I've had my eye on him, and I just love Charlie. She shan't quite kill him. Let's see. What do you say, Lily, to getting up a counter-irritation? Physicians approve of that in extremely obstinate cases, and she is—well, in short, as Mr. Micawber says, I've long had Georgie on my list of incurables. Jealousy is a powerful awakener of love, or prober of its depth. I've hit it—let me alone for expedients. She hasn't seen it yet, you say? Well, then, give me Frank's bouquet, and I'll just pin this absurd littleillet-doux to the one he chose; and all I'll require of you is, my darling Lily, just to keep dark, and watch the result."

In an instant the metamorphosis was effected, and the white-winged love-note of Charles L'Estrange fluttered by its satin ribbon from the crimson-hued bouquet of Lieut. Dalton. Not till then did Kate allow me to answer their clamorous questions, which I did by suddenly throwing lightly into the lap of Georgie Clayton the bouquet and letter, as arranged. Georgie blushed nearly crimson (for a practiced brunette that was a bad sign, as Kate whispered); and when I had repeated the message—"For Miss Georgiana Clayton, with the compliments of Mr. Charles L'Estrange"—as agreed, she crumpled up the note in her hand, and threw it, with the flowers, on the bed.

"I shan't wear it at all. I prefer the one Frank has chosen," said she—unconscious innocent!—taking up the identical flowers which he had sent, and smelling them rapturously, to hide her confusion. "Don't you, Kate and Lily?" she added, turning toward the place in which we stood. "Just see this exquisite circle of orange huds! None of yours have that!" she added, triumphantly—which was, indeed, the fact; they had not.

Kate could scarcely keep her face; but she urged, hypocritically:

"Won't Charles feel hurt at your refusal?"

"I don't know, indeed; nor do I care," returned Georgie haughtily, as she moved off with the bouquet.

"Ah! my lady, I'll fix you nicely for that falsehood!" Kate whispered mischievously; and so it passed unheeded.

I heard from Kate that she had suggested her plan to Charles, in the course of the evening, and had obtained his grateful concurrence. The potent spell of jealousy proved all-sufficient, as Kate had foreseen; and by means of an unseen rival—a certain "Nellie," an old flame of Charles, and Frank's, too, for that matter, as Kate wickedly added, who was described as one of the handsomest creatures and most fascinating that she (Kate) had ever seen—in the course of the winter, it came about that Georgie reacted the *qui vive* of tortured love; and it was not until last summer, at Saratoga, that Kate, thinking her sufficiently punished, permitted her to make the acquaintance of the far-famed "Nellie," who proved to be one of the very handsomest arrangements in the world—a moustached Creole—a boyhood's friend of both Charles and Frank, at Yale College, of the name of Mr. Nelson St. Clare, but always among his friends, "Nellie St. Clare."

So ended this fearful campaign of eight months. It was the last one Georgie ever waged, for the following winter saw her the bride of Charles L'Estrange, while "Nellie St. Clare" contented himself with me. L. M. STANLEY.

An "Argonaut" Lie Nailed.

We cut the following report of an interview with Mrs. Scott-Siddons from the Indianapolis *Sentinel*:

Mrs. Scott-Siddons left this morning for Louisville. A *Sentinel* reporter said to her: "An article appeared recently in the San Francisco ARGONAUT, charging that you gave your husband a large sum of money to rid yourself of him, knowing that the money would eventually send him to a drunkard's grave, and adding that he was a confirmed inebriate. Is it true?"

Mrs. S.—"It is a delicate matter, and one that I would prefer not to touch upon; but the reason I am compelled to work on, year after year, without stopping, I attribute to my unfortunate husband's gross mismanagement of my business affairs. I have been receiving, for the past eleven years, upon an average of \$250 per night, for six nights in each week, and during seven months in the year; and of all this vast sum of money that I have earned there is scarcely anything left at all. It is utterly incomprehensible to all what has become of this large sum of money, and I do not know, never having had the handling of a pound, all the time placing utter confidence in my husband, not knowing his habits of intoxication. Upon my arrival in England, in May last, we separated by mutual consent, I giving him a valuable piece of property, worth probably thirty thousand pounds, located in New Zealand, which was the net profits of my three years' engagement in Australia. It is not true that I gave him money which he could use to the destruction of his life in purchasing the beverage. I gave him only enough money to bear his expenses back to that country, and no more. The article in the ARGONAUT was unjust, and this statement is the first I have made in contradiction of it."

This amuses. We do not happen to remember the article it "answers"—the relations between Mrs. Scott-Siddons and her husband may have been important enough to write a paragraph about; they are certainly not important enough to fix it in the writer's memory. But if there is anything "unjust" in stating that the lady gave her husband money to be off, when in fact she only gave him valuable property in New Zealand, we hasten to apologize. A lady who can live six years with a drunken husband, who is all the time consuming every penny of her "vast" earnings, and not be aware of his habits of intoxication, can not, of course, be supposed to know that a man can drink up a ranch as easily as he can swill twenty-dollar pieces.

Which Was the Nobler?

It is hoped that the following fact will find its way into the columns of the religious press, and that credit will not be withheld from the ARGONAUT for its earnest desire to recognize the best which is in humanity, no matter where it may turn up, no matter how it may be overgrown with the weeds of folly and the moss of neglect: Two journalists, both generous, brave, brilliant, and industrious, were pacing Kearny Street together after their frugal dinner. Each had a family, neither had a wife. Both were economical, both were poor, both were philosophical. Their after-dinner chat was chiefly about doing. The junior was a *bon-vivant*; his fellow was a humble citizen of Gourmandie. Their joint repast had cost six bits. 'Neath the shadow of a gas-lamp lurked a lean pedestrian, who accosted them in piteous tones, and prayed that he might break his three days' fast at their expense. Said the *bon-vivant*: "My heart aches for you, hear-eyed man of the people, and I would cheerfully aid you but for one compelling reason: it would be wrong. The world is over-populated, my poor man. Malthus said so, at some length, several years ago; and various clever people, including Mistress Annie Besant, have said so at some more length very recently. It is plainly to be seen that unless we help you, you will perish ere to-morrow morn, and he laid 'neath bleak Lone Mountain's sterile sand at public expense—just three dollars and six bits. Thus will the world be the gainer, and ourselves nothing out. It is hard, poor man, but philosophy knows not any weakness. Good night." The friends passed on, but ere they left the lank pedestrian in his niche of shade, the elder slipped a coin within the poor man's clammy palm. A muffled "bless you" fell about their ears. "Is it possible," said the *bon-vivant* sternly, "that you gave that fellow anything?" "It was my 'queer' pocket-piece," said the other calmly.

New York is to have a "Children's Carnival" on the 9th of next month, of which the *Telegram* says: "It promises to be an interesting display. After the reception of Prince Carnival and suite by the Goddess of Liberty, will follow several national dances. Then the 'Four Seasons,' the 'Twelve Months,' a 'Harvest Festival,' and a grand tableau. The ball for adults will open at ten with a dance, entitled 'La Madrilaine,' composed by Professor Marwig, in which the ladies and gentlemen participating will appear in Spanish court costume. The proceeds of the Children's Carnival will go to the aid of the 'Building Fund of the Western Dispensary.' Where is Charlie to come in?"

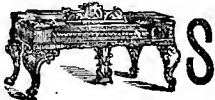
An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes, but would not believe it. Said one, "Gang into the gallery and see." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said, "But I will not enlarge." The old woman called out from her lofty position, "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give out."

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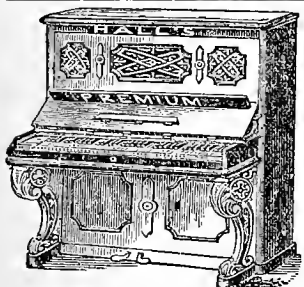
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Twenty-five cents will be paid for each of the above numbers at the ARGONAUT office, 522 California Street.

EXCHEQUER MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Mining District, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 15) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the ninth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors, CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the sixth (6th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 61) of Three Dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the third (3d) day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.
Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GER-

MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of six and nine-tenths (6 9-10) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of five and three-fourths (5 3-4) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of January, 1880. By order, GEO. LETTE, Secretary.
San Francisco, December 31, 1879.

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— THE —

NEW WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY NUMBER NOW READY.

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Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of Two Dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 4th day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—AT A MEET-

ing of the Board of Trustees of the Ophir Silver Mining Company, held on the sixth day of January, 1880, a dividend (No. 24) of One Dollar per share was declared payable on MONDAY, January 12, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 13th.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 31, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

During the last year 78,811 books were taken from the Mercantile Library. Of this number, 55,305 were books of romance—novels; 4,584 were juvenile works; of travels, biography, belles-lettres, and poetry, 8,297; of science and history, 5,589. From the Mechanics' Institute Library and the Odd Fellows' Library about the same proportion of novel-reading and about the same of science and history. And yet, in the face of this record, we have established a free library, where books and reading-rooms and lights are to be gratuitously supplied to the reading public at the cost of the tax-payers, and the cost is enormous. We presume there are people who think novels, juvenile tales, and poetry are indispensable; that their perusal elevates the tone of society, improves the morals of the people, and contributes to their welfare and progress. There are some people, perhaps a small number, who are not altogether convinced that novel-reading is either a great moral lever or that it elevates the readers to that higher plane. But how many of our substantial tax-payers are there who think the good accomplished compensates for the money expended? The same class of persons that has gone crazy upon the question of educating the masses, that favors cosmopolitan schools, that thinks the languages, "accomplishments," and higher branches of education should be taught in free common schools, is firmly convinced that free libraries are indispensable to the moral welfare and social elevation of the masses. We do not happen to agree with these people, and take the liberty of suggesting that there is or ought to be a limit to municipal robbery in this direction. We take the liberty of suggesting whether, instead of economy in the direction of the hard-worked, conscientious, and useful female primary teachers, who toil in the most laborious and vexatious department of education, and whose salaries do not afford them more money than is necessary to live well, dress well, and behave well, it would not be better to let the axe fall upon educational extravagances. We recognize as one of the highest duties of organized society that it should contribute, and that generously, to assist in the education of the poor. It should provide for the poor every facility for acquiring the rudiments of an English education. We would give them school-houses, teachers, and books till the last child should be provided for. In addition to this we would provide, as a reward for diligence and as a prize to the ambitious boy or girl, a scholarship in the University of California. We would aid toiling scholars along the hard, unroyal road of learning, and enable them to reach the highest position to which their genius or their talent might enable them to climb. But will any one inform the writer, who is able to educate his own children, why his neighbors should be taxed for their education? Why should not property be taxed to feed and clothe and furnish medicine and doctors and soap for his children, as well as to furnish them knowledge? Health, cleanliness, and clothes are as necessary and as indispensable as education. The sensible people of San Francisco are making a serious effort to relieve themselves from some of their almost insupportable burdens. The extravagances that have grown to become a part of our educational system are unendurable. We are paying more than a million of dollars annually, and the community is not reaping an adequate return for the expenditure. And just now our Board of Education is making an earnest effort at retrenchment. We think it has begun at the wrong end. We think it the height of absurdity and folly to reduce the salary of any primary female teacher so long as there is a cosmopolitan school where French, German, music, and drawing are being taught. It is a crime, it is cowardly, to do the one thing without doing the other. No school director shall make us think he is either honest or intelligent while he is hammering away at schoolmasters, who can not vote, and refusing to attack male teachers, carpenters, janitors, and German professors, who can vote. It is saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung. We remember when once the cosmopolitan schools were in danger of being abolished, that a public meeting was held by Germans, who, in the German language, protested against the abolition of German schools. We remember the Germans and demagogues and politicians and schoolmasters who got up to the meeting. And while we were indignant that this foreign voting population had the audacity and the cheek to make so outrageous a demand, we were more indignant at the cowardice and political pusillanimity of the Americans who submitted to it. There is a shameful lack of American sentiment and pride and courage shown by Americans in submitting to the exactions of our foreign-born citizens in more respects than one. There is an argument in favor of teaching religion in the public schools. From the religious standpoint of the Roman Catholic it is a very strong argument; and if we accept the predicate upon which the Catholic clergy and the Catholic parent make that argument, it is unanswerable. But there is no argument that can be honestly and intelligently made in favor of teaching French children French, or German children German, or any body's children music and drawing. The Irish number nearly one-third of our population; they pay large taxes; they have innumerable children; and should they demand that the Celtic, or old Irish language, be taught in our schools, it would be as reasonable as to demand French or German. Only two classes desire either of these languages taught: Germans or French, because it is their mother tongue, and rich Americans, because it is not theirs. It is a crime against patriot-

ism. It is robbing the tax-payer. It is treason and grand larceny. It is upheld by schoolmasters who make a living in the pursuit, and by an appeal to the sentimental side of those who pay no taxes. A free public library in some quiet, out-of-the-way corner, from which sensible and instructive books might be distributed to those who desired to read there, might be not out of place. But an expensive, central hall, where luxurious desks and chairs are provided for empty-headed men and women to read romance, and money expended for the purchase of trashy novels, are good for nobody, unless for the landlord who draws the rent, the librarians, secretaries, assistant librarians and assistant secretaries and janitors who draw salaries, and for the gas company that has its lightning calculator in the cellar figuring up gas bills.

Mrs. Clara Foltz, the lady lawyer, called at our office and gave us a vicarious lashing because we think, and thinking said, that to permit women to vote in school matters would turn our common schools over to the Roman Catholic clergy and transform them from a secular to a clerical institution. Such a law would, in ten years, make every free school of all our great commercial cities a nursery of sucking priests, and in a generation our school books would be, like those of France, interspersed with *Ave Marias* and *Pater noster*. And this is a very good place for us to say that we would as willingly see our schools Roman Catholicized as Protestantized. We would not say an unkind word—willfully—to hurt the feelings of any conscientious man or woman, Roman or Protestant, or endeavor to shake their religious belief or make sport of the dogmas of their faith. We do not mean to ever question the right of any religious denomination or class to enjoy the utmost freedom of conscience. We concede to them the privilege of educating their children as they please; but when it comes to taxing us and our property to make a Catholic or a Protestant, we declare it a robbery, and will fight against it as we would fight any other political swindle. When the German or French peasant claims the right to tax us and our property to teach his children French or German we say he steals, and when any American parent votes money from the public treasury to educate his children in the ornamental branches we say he is a knave and is feloniously taking that which does not belong to him.

If we should make any exception concerning woman suffrage it would be in the direction of allowing them to vote upon the local option law. All women would be sound in this respect. Intemperance is the great calamity of the world. The manufacturing and selling of alcoholic drinks is the great crime of the age. If women could be permitted to vote, public sentiment would in a single decade so shape itself that penal laws would put an end to alcoholic traffic. Could this be done (and it could be), the world would enter upon a new era; nearly all the crime, the poverty, and the cruelty would disappear, and we should enter upon a practical millennium. The writer attended St. Bridget's Church on Van Ness Avenue on Sunday evening, and heard the Rev. Father Rooney, an eloquent and earnest Dominican priest of the Roman Catholic Church, deliver a most excellent sermon upon temperance. It has rarely been our privilege to hear the subject better treated, and we have no recollection of a more fervid, earnest, and exhaustive presentation of argument and fact than was given on this occasion. The Catholic Church is taking the lead of all other churches in this reformation. It is, we believe, doing a great deal of good. It might, we think, be imitated by our Protestant preachers to great advantage. Sermons upon doctrinal faith might, we think, be oftener dispensed with, and in their place such exhortation made as Father Rooney gave his people on Sunday night at St. Bridget's on the avenue. Six hundred million dollars annually expended in the United States of America for alcoholic drink; fifteen dollars a year to every man, woman, and child; six hundred thousand drunkards in a population of forty millions; sixty thousand men and women dying annually from the effects of intoxicating drink! A whisky-mill on every corner of our streets, producing poverty, crime, disease, and death, mostly kept by foreigners; great beer factories in every town, mostly kept by Germans; great distilleries in every State, mostly owned by politicians! And then the crowning shame and disgrace lies in the fact that an intelligent, civilized, and Christian government derives a great part of its revenue from the manufacture of liquor, and every city and township a large part of their revenue from its sale at retail! Thus government and organized society live upon the business that makes criminals and paupers. To license the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, by means of which six hundred million dollars of money is annually expended and sixty thousand lives annually are sacrificed, is one of those strange anomalies that are unaccountable in a republican government except upon the hypothesis that a majority of the males are brutes, or knaves, or fools, or a mixture of all these things. If women could vote whether Messrs. Oulton & Shultz should make alcohol out of potatoes and Mr. Dix should retail it to the poor in the writer's neighborhood, Oulton, Shultz, and Dix would soon be driven to some more honorable and humane pursuit. There is not a sober and virtuous woman in San Francisco who would not vote, under a local option law, to close all the distilleries, breweries, jobbing liquor stores, retail grogeries, and deadfalls throughout the city. A temperance reformation will never be brought about by temperance societies, nor by moral suasion, nor in any other way than by the passage and enforcement against the manufact-

urer and trader in alcoholic drinks of penal laws. We should be glad to have the Constitution so amended that women might vote upon this question, and we suggest its introduction by some honest representative from the country who does not stand in awe of the gang of criminals who live by robbing and murdering their fellow-mortals.

In this, our lecture on temperance and woman's rights, we have intentionally omitted any allusion to wine-producing or wine-drinking, because we believe that the vine crop of California is destined to be the great reformer in this respect. We look forward to the time when the consumption of pure wine by the people of California will wean them from the beastly habit of drinking alcoholic liquors and the less brutalizing custom of swilling beer. We look forward to the time when this great and profitable industry will array itself with the temperance movement; or perhaps we might better express ourselves by saying that we look forward to the time when temperance people will divest themselves of that narrow prejudice that looks upon pure wine as the enemy and not the ally of a temperance movement. It is our observation from travel in foreign lands that there is less drunkenness in the vine-growing districts of Europe than in any other part of that country; and when we contrast what we have observed among the vineyards of France, Spain, and Germany with the alcohol-drinking people of Scotland, Belgium, and Sweden, and the beer-drinkers of England, Hungary, and North Germany, we can not doubt that pure wine is the real temperance apostle of the world. If every drinking man in this city of San Francisco would furnish himself with a bottle of pure wine, would accustom his palate to its taste and his stomach to its use, and, instead of drinking it at the bar-room or corner grocery, would take it home and consume it with his dinner and with his wife and children, we should have a condition of things such as prevails in no city that we have ever visited. We should become a temperance people in that broad, liberal sense that authorizes a temperate indulgence in that which is good for our use.

Mr. Yates, one of whose pen-and-ink sketches will be remembered by visitors to the rooms of the Art Association, is working intelligently at his studio in the Mercantile Library at etching, in which noble art he is the pioneer on this coast. The difficulties to be overcome are very great: Mr. Yates has not only to improvise his mechanical appliances and instruct himself in their use, but must, in a manner, create the demand he aims to supply. He has an added obstacle in his own inexperience, but he is young, full of enthusiasm, and full of hope. He is now engaged on a portrait of Dr. Stebbins, which promises exceedingly well. A small portion of the money wasted in charity if devoted to the encouragement of such endeavor as this would do a deal of good. In connection with this subject we are reminded of some very creditable pen-and-ink sketches shown to us the other day by a young man named Gerberding—a dozen little panel pictures, two of which were really very creditable. It is hardly worth while to make pen-and-ink sketches; Mr. Gerberding should learn etching, an art which is the lineal descendant of pen-and-ink, with finer capacities and the supreme advantage of multiplication. The infancy of etching in this city is threatened with this peril: artists who have failed on canvas are pretty sure to dabble in acid, with the mistaken notion that success is thus more easily achieved. Their work will, of course, be worse than that which they did before, and they will do this at an injury that they failed to inflict upon the other. It is the toss of a copper whether our people will have etching at all, and a little execrable work may be just sufficient to give them a pig-headed obstinacy of aversion which it may require years of good work by good men to remove.

The death of Edmond L. Gould carries regret to all who knew him. He was learned in his profession of the law, genial in his social intercourse, one of those against whose name we write the word gentleman, giving to it that full, broad sense that expresses birth, education, deportment, and an honorable and useful life. Mr. Gould was, some forty years ago, a resident of the city of New Orleans, contemporaneous with those exceptionally bright minds, distinguished lawyers, and politicians for whom New Orleans was so celebrated. In daily intercourse with the class to which we refer, Mr. Gould, then young and impressionable, brought away with him personal recollections of Sargent S. Prentiss, Pierre Soulé, Judah P. Benjamin, the elder Janin, and others, that had proved invaluable had he written them as he was fond of telling them, in order that they might have been preserved. The fund of story, anecdote, and incident concerning the forensic efforts, the deeds, the political entanglements of these men, was inexhaustible and to the last degree interesting, presenting a phase of life and Southern society that has now passed away, and so far as we know, is not historically recorded. Mr. Gould was under promise of a series of papers upon this topic to the ARGONAUT. His death was from paralysis, sudden and altogether unexpected.

A young gentleman of this city was advised to bury his bad habits. He did so: he procured a bottle of aqua ammonia and a box of cigars, put them in a small coffin, and buried them deep in the earth. He felt so bad that he was obliged to be drunk, dug up the remains, drank the whisky, and now looks upon himself as a reformed man.

TWO SONGS.

From the German of Heine.

Thou seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and kind;
But, watching thee, a sadness
Deep in my heart I find.

It is to me like a whisper,
It cometh I know not from where:
A prayer that God will hold thee
So pure and kind and fair.

In the wonderful month of May,
While buds and flowers are springing,
There is down deep within my heart
A little love song singing.

In the wonderful month of May,
While birds are homeward turning,
There groweth up within my heart
A longing and a yearning.

OAKLAND, January, 1880.

R. B.

A MONTEREY TEACHER.

Near the coast of Monterey there is a deserted hut on a barren hillside, gray with sagebrush and yellow with long, rain-washed furrows. Year after year the tireless ocean wears nearer, and after a while the black and splintered timbers will slip out of sight, hiding their memories and their grief. Although the immediate vicinity is so desolate, yet the shore-lines, extending north and south, sweep in placid, mellow curves, growing fairer and more ethereal, until they poise on the very verge of disappearance—great clusters of mingling color melting sweetly into the sea and rising gently into the sky. As for the ocean, no fairer waters ever gleamed across the Vesuvian bay; no more perfect sunsets ever shone for Turner.

This weather-beaten hut was, twenty years ago, the home of old Gilbert Mayne, and if you will examine the southern slope of the adjacent ravine you will doubtless discover traces of the former garden, where cabbages and tomatoes, long ago run wild, are struggling to hold their own with fernbrake and blackberry vines. Gilbert fished occasionally, in a curiously dingy boat, and his brown-fisted lad Wilbur pried abalones off the rocks at low-tide, or stood on the outer points of rock to fish in the surf, throwing his heavily-weighted line far beyond the white crest of the advancing wave, and sometimes catching fish as fast as he could draw them in. It was a free, hearty boyhood, which influenced his whole after life. He knew the rocks and the waves, the forms of the clouds, the signs of the weather, the plants which cling to barren places, the flowers of the deep and moist ravines, the bright-hued shells, and the strange sea creatures. All this was, in its way, education, and a fit preparing for the world's work. Then, too, he studied at night, under his father's direction; for this brown and grizzled old man was no common, coarse fisherman, but one whose proud life had been full of romance, mystery, and adventure, and who, sad for the loss of the one woman he had loved, had hidden himself in this lonely place, and covered his warm heart with an affected cynicism. People often do that; but they are seldom brave enough to go apart and fight it out. Living by one's self is not to be recommended, but it is an eminently respectable business.

Wilbur Mayne grew up a simple, kindly, thoughtful, imaginative youth, loving his father with a wordless devotion, and looking forward with hope and desire to the gifts and battles of the world. Sooner than any one guessed, his boyhood's life came to a sudden end. There were no more long rambles with his father over the brown and golden hills and up the gray, distant peaks in search of specimens or collecting plants for the herbarium; no more sailing upon the purple sea, and out through the soft twilight, and home again under the twinkling stars; no more long, wise talks of life and of the complex world—for old Gilbert Mayne was dead, and his boy had the battle to fight alone.

Well, never mind exactly how it was done. In California, and particularly in the Salinas Valley, at that time, a dozen or more years ago, there were ways enough. When Wilbur was twenty-five he could herd sheep and mix drugs, ride a bronco and draw up a legal document, carpenter a little, teach school to some extent, handle machinery, edit a paper—in fine, put his available self in many directions. But since by that time he stood on his own acres, some of these methods of earning a living had become superfluous. He had gathered a library and built a laboratory, for part of his success came from one or two timely inventions. And so Wilbur Mayne had won his place in the world.

One summer afternoon he took "Black Prince," his pet Morgan, and drove into Salinas. There had been a stage robbery on the Nacimiento, and the passengers had just arrived. It was whispered around that one young lady, who was heavily veiled, had lost her little all, and hardly knew what course to take.

The bustling landlord called Wilbur into the office. "Haden't we better draw up a paper an' start it up the street, so's ter raise what she lost? She's an orphan—wears black—only lady aboard—low-down business to rob a lady, anyway—wish I'd been there. What d'ye say?"

Wilbur waited a moment. He had noticed the quiet, reliant figure.

"We must first find out what she can do," he said, incisively. "She don't want charity. I am sure of that." At this stage of affairs the little negro office-boy hurried in, saying: "De lady what done gone got stage rob want ter see de lan'lord, immediate, sar!"

The result of this interview was the statement that she wanted to teach school, or to take a music class, which latter plan was considered most desirable. So Wilbur helped the brisk landlord to drum up a remarkably good class for her, and then he went back to his haying without any particular impression concerning the stranger, except that she had asked him earnestly, and he hoped she would get along with her new work.

"What that girl's look," said Wilbur to himself. "Miss Leigh is a very lady-like young woman." When his thoughts turned toward farm work and the plans for the next day, and the events of the afternoon were put

aside. He was not a sentimental young man; he had even been called cold-blooded at times, and he knew a hundred times as many men as women. His memory of his own mother was very faint, for she died when he was the merest child; he remembered a low voice singing in the twilight—soft lace about the throat, deep, loving eyes, an atmosphere of gentle womanhood. He knew, afterward, that his father always spoke of her with perfect respect and affection; and still there was a mystery about her death. Gilbert Mayne, and after him his son Wilbur, always wore, attached to the chain of his old-fashioned English watch, a Grecian coin of gold—on one side of which there was engraved, with marvelous skill, a broken link and an unsheathed dagger, in the two halves of a letter B. Old Gilbert had always promised to tell his son the history of the coin, but he died so suddenly that he only said, clasping Wilbur's hand:

"It holds friendship broken, treachery unspeakable, revenge unfulfilled. There is but one other coin like that in the world, and it is not quite the same. The letter is there, but the links are united, and the dagger is sheathed. I had mine reengraved after"—Gilbert lifted his clenched hands—"Tom Belden," he cried, "I hope you have repented your evil deed;" and, so saying, he died with the tale unfinished. This was, year after year, the mystery of Wilbur's life.

The warm summer days came, full of color and delight. Wilbur's little farm, in the heart of the wide Salinas, was a wave of golden wheat which melted into other waves, and swept in wider and yet wider circles until it was one sea of grain from the rugged Gavilan peaks to the wooded bases of the Santa Lucia, and from the hills of San Miguel, past Gonzales and Chualar, to the sands of Soledad and the old Spanish houses near the river. Wilbur Mayne found that Miss Leigh's success as a music teacher was assured, for every one liked her cultured ways and graceful self-reliance.

"Sech singin' and playin' was never heard afore," said old man Northup, after Miss Leigh's first concert, in which her pupils from Hilltown, Santa Rita, Natividad, Alisal, and surrounding districts took part. And that was the general opinion wherever she was known.

It came to pass one afternoon, when the failing sun lit the Santa Lucia peaks, that Wilbur harnessed his horse, with much attention to the straps and buggy, and drove to Miss Leigh's boarding place. The supposition is that it was premeditated. A little while later he had tucked her in with much robe and attention, and they drove along the highway toward the rounded Fremont's Peak and the passes of the hills beyond. It was not what might strictly be termed love-making. Both of them were sensible young people, a little shy in that direction. Still it is probable that they enjoyed each other's company.

"Now, Miss Leigh," said Wilbur, as they were passing an old adobe house beside a silver lagoon, "what are you reminded of when you see the funny shadows in the fence-corners?"

"I hardly know," she replied; "let me watch a minute. Oh, it is as if there were little gnomes peeping out and resting their sooty arms on the moss-grown panels of the fence!" "Perhaps like Irving's Dutch farmers," said he; "the chaps who leaned half out of the ancient doorways to smoke the evening pipe and gossip with their cronies."

"But that is too large a comparison," was the laughing answer. "The Knickerbocker people were honest—though rather stupid—giants of the lowland type; and so we have gone from dwarfs to giants in almost a breath. Now that is worse than Hassan's enchanted carpet."

"Which carpet, I maintain," said Wilbur, "must have added much to human happiness. Just imagine how delicately a quack could leave his irate patient, a few his swindled customer, a modern dandy his washerwoman's bill!"

"Or a music-teacher visit her country scholars. Do think of some good use for the carpet!" she retorted.

"But," he continued, "magic carpets being unattainable, I prefer the present state of affairs."

Monterey County is full of picturesque bits of scenery, and winding, rocky passes, wherever you leave the valley to enter the hills. Sometimes, too, art has helped nature, and the road they followed led past sloping vineyards, and bits of orchard through which moon-lit and peaceful roofs showed clearly. It was while they paused by the crossing of a silver brook, to let the horse drink, that Miss Leigh looked forward to a row of eucalyptus which gleamed against the sky, and said:

"I think it is wonderful how the very essence of all that is best about a tree is so clearly revealed in the twilight. The willow's weeping folds are saddest then; the mountain live-oak wears its sternest grandeur; even the twilight beauties of a garden of roses, or of clinging vines above a balcony, are full of delight."

"And that," he answered, entering into the mystic mood, "is because only the suggestion is given, in a few mellow lines, relieved by vast shadows, and by a deeper sense of distance, until the dusty fields and common trees are almost visions of another world, and make us feel their message and faithfulness. Then notice, too, how the clouds are lying over the mounds of sand by the ocean—unutterably white, translucent as walls of pearl."

He drew rein, looking across the valley with a sense of solemn delight, and she, looking also, repeated quietly:

The softly singing night
Gently her veil of love and beauty throws
Over the trembling land. The river flows
By willow isles, and far off, strangely white,
As battlemented snow, the cloudy height
Touches dim heaven."

"Yes," he said, "that is the way it seems. As if the endless universe were endlessly glad."

"And I am glad," she answered, "that there is no end to anything. No novelist can ever come to a real stopping place; no poem is ever more than a glimpse; even the music of Mendelssohn is an unfinished rapture."

Then the conversation took a merry turn, and afterward drifted off upon authors and miscellanea. They rallied each other in absurd speeches, and repeated nonsense-verses from "Alice's Adventures," the "Hunting of the Snark," and the "Bab Ballads," in which last Wilbur took a healthy interest. He also believed in rollicking Hood, and quaint, sympathetic Elia.

There was silence again for a little time, then Wilbur drew rein on the summit of the Mesa, billowy, and full of strange pulses and sounds; they saw the moonlight flood

the world, till as an ocean it seemed to foam at their feet; they turned homeward, and began to sing. They sang battle-songs of the republic, border-ballads of Scotland, fragments of Provençal minstrelsy, songs of the open sea and summer wildwood. And their voices chorded like bird and waterfall.

Half an hour later they reached her home. "I wonder what time it is?" said Wilbur Mayne; "my watch is left for repairs."

She drew out her own tiny watch, and put it in his hands. "You had better strike a match and look," she said, for the moon was hid behind a cloud.

Wilbur lit the match and held it over the watch, but what the time was he never knew, for on the chain he saw a Grecian coin of gold, like that which he himself carried. A puff of wind blew out the fateful match. He felt cold and dull, and wanted to be by himself to think it all over. He handed Miss Leigh out, hoped she had had a good time, shook hands with her, climbed in the buggy, and drove rapidly away. Five minutes later he halted in the road, and half turned around.

"I was a fool," he said; "I ought to have asked about it. Perhaps it is the most innocent of heirlooms. I might have been mistaken. The light was very shabby. I am not sure about the links and the dagger."

When he reached home he took a candle, and went into the workshop. There stood an old chest, and, unlocking this, he peered within. The books his father had loved most, the clothes he wore, his cane, his long-barreled pistols, and some of the simple treasures of his own boyhood were here. Here, too, were his mother's wedding-ring and Bible.

Wilbur Mayne's eyes grew bright with tears. "Yes, father," he said, as if he were speaking to some one who stood very near, "I shall find out all about it, no matter what happens."

Business called Wilbur away the next morning, and several weeks passed before he saw Miss Leigh again. He thought of writing to ask her about the coin, but multitudinous letters were begun anxiously and torn up in despair. Sometimes he almost thought that silence and forgetfulness were best.

"It must be," he said to himself, "a story of shame and wickedness. Some wrong uncondoned, some irreparable injury lies between her ancestors and mine."

But at last he went to Miss Leigh, earnestly, manfully, putting the coin he had carried so long into her hands, and saying, with terse directness:

"It is a part of my life; tell me its story."

Miss Leigh sprang to her feet with swift excitement. "I never expected to see that," she cried, and laid hers beside it. It was like his in every line, except that the dagger was sheathed and the link unbroken.

"It is like a leaf out of an old romance, blown into this prosaic nineteenth century," she said. "Yes, I must tell you." My father's name was Belden, but he died when I was an infant, and, my mother marrying again, her husband stipulated that I should take his name. So I am Helen Leigh to the end of the chapter. When my father was a young man he had a very dear friend who was in the same class at college, and traveled with him in Europe. The strange part of it is that my father in later years never mentioned his name, and even erased it from the books they owned in common, so that I had no way of knowing it. He left, however, a package on which was written, 'For my little girl when she grows up.' This contained the coin I have shown you, and a letter which said: 'When my friend and I were young men together, we lived a year with the Arabs, and twice he saved my life. I had two rare coins which had been in our family for years, the tradition being that if one were given away it took a blessing, and came back with a blessing also. I had these coins engraved alike, and I gave my friend one. Years after, an enemy of ours sowed dissension between us, so that, for awhile, we hated each other, and drifted apart. My friend's name was Gilbert—' and there the record stopped."

Wilbur Mayne smiled. "I am glad it was no worse," he said, "and I wish my father might have lived to know the truth. See how he broke the links, and unsheathed the sharp steel. There was no common wrath under this."

"It was the bitterest treachery on the part of a man they both trusted, which made them believe horrible things of each other for a while," said Miss Leigh. "It was Iago over again."

"Our fathers were friends," said Wilbur, holding out his hand, as he rose to go, "and, if they can see us, they must be glad that we have known each other. Do you know, Miss Leigh, I have been much troubled about this matter? I thought there might be some difficulty"—He stopped, and flushed; then he looked her in the face—"Now, may I not come and see you sometimes?"

"Yes, at proper intervals," said quiet Miss Leigh.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 15, 1880.

The young Queen of Spain, Marie Christine, is said to be able to speak and write fluently Latin and five living languages, to have a marked talent for drawing and painting, to be a good amateur wood-carver, and an excellent pianist.

One of the few sorrows of her life was the decree, made when she was entering upon her seventeenth year, conferring upon her the title of Abbess of Teradshin. She burst into tears at the announcement, which she believed to be sure evidence of a determination to compel her to take the veil, declaring that she had no inclination toward a severely religious life, and it required many assurances and positive proof to satisfy her that the honor conferred was merely intended to secure a rich revenue without requiring a performance of any austere duties. She is unusually gay and vivacious.

In these hard times (says London *Truth*) the following ingeniously-economical method of giving a dance will recommend itself to lady readers: The intending hostess hires a public ball-room for a certain night, and proceeds to issue invitations to her friends. On each card are clearly marked the prices of admission: "Ladies, seven and sixpence; gentlemen, ten shillings each." The above idea was last week carried out at Canterbury with considerable success. *Fiat experimentum.*

FROM BOSTON.

A Stroll Through the Art Museum.

At the corner of Dartmouth Street and St. James Avenue, in the new portion of the city known as the "back bay," stands the Boston Art Museum—home of the soul to every painter, sculptor, and art-lover in the New England States. The land on which it stands was given to the city in 1870 by the "Water Power Company," to be used as a park, or as a site for an art museum. With the traditional Bostonian love of "culture," and trusting to the Common and public gardens to furnish breathing places, the committee wisely decided to erect a Museum of Fine Arts on the land. The building was begun in 1871. At present it is only half done, the portion now occupied being a wing of the intended building. It is built of red brick, with facings of terra-cotta in darker red and buff. These copings and ornamentations were made in England. I think I have somewhere read that this is the first instance of terra-cotta being used in large quantity for such a purpose. The effect is certainly fine, the material beautiful, and not at all costly. On the façade of the museum wing are two bas-reliefs, also in terra-cotta. One represents "Universal Art"—America, the only female figure, holds in her hand Powers' "Greek Slave." The other bas-relief shows "The Union of Art and Industry." Among the ornamentations are heads in terra-cotta of some of the great painters.

In a large rectangular space in front of the Museum is a scrap of land owned by an unenterprising citizen who must be utterly devoid of public spirit. Else would he pull away his rickety picket fence, mow down his thistle crop, and plant grass and make seats for the benefit of the bas-relief gazers. One can not stand long in the windy street with one's head tipped back, eyes strained, and neck stretched; neither can one sit on the old fence, as the urchins do on the free days of the Museum, and so the beautiful figures go unobserved by thousands. Alas!—say I—that physical discomforts and bodily aches make us lose so many of the good things of life.

The entrance to the building is beautiful. After one has mounted three or four granite steps, and pushed aside the ugly storm door, one enters an artistic vestibule. The steps leading into the building are of white marble. The pillars at the sides of the inner door are of different colored granites, highly polished, and with capitals of terra-cotta. About the vestibule is something which, while it interests, suggests forcibly the beauties beyond.

Let us first wander about the entrance-hall beyond the vestibule. In the galleries the works are classified and chronologically arranged, but here they are displayed in sweet disorder, so far as age, nationality, and style are concerned. The walls of the hall and lower floor have recently been frescoed in a dull, deep shade of maroon, making thereby the lovely statuary seem ten times more lovely. The first thing which attracts the attention on entering is an "Orpheus" in marble, by T. G. Crawford. It is a fine thing, full of power. In common with many other marbles and casts it belongs to the old Athenæum, but is permanently loaned—not given—to the Museum. Next the "Orpheus" is a "Hebe and Ganymede;" the "Hebe" is the better of the two figures. Then comes a copy in marble of the "Venus di Medici." Near her is a figure by a Genoese sculptor of "Young Columbus" sitting with his feet crossed in boyish fashion, and gazing seaward from the end of a pier. Often as I have seen the thoughtful, hopeful figure, I find myself at each new view of it wondering if in the rise and fall of the waves he watched so intently he saw any hint of the future which was in store for him, and whether the restlessness of the water told him any tale of the unrest that was to be his share.

Near the "Columbus" is a head of "St. Stephen, the Martyr," by Dr. William Rimmer, done in dark gray granite. Some years ago Rimmer sent to the Paris Exhibition a figure of a falling man! The judges whose criticism it had to brave before gaining admittance to the exhibition, at first refused to believe it the work of a living man, and that man an American! They said no man then living had such knowledge of the muscles of the human body as to so truthfully and grandly represent it under such conditions. Dr. Rimmer had for some years been at the head of the art school which meets in the basement of the Museum; and his death last summer was a loss not only to Boston but to the entire country. His men are superb; his women and children faulty—very. The latter he makes abnormally fat, while his women are all old, and each looks as though she were the mother of a baker's dozen of children.

Passing by some cases containing old Japanese armor and Indian relics, let us enter the Egyptian room, and make the tour of the building in chronological order. In the Egyptian room one may expect to note the birth and infancy of all art. Not all of this is beautiful to the casual observer. In fact, curiosity, not love, leads the feet of the ordinary visitor into the Egyptian room. But then *we* are not ordinary visitors. So, while we are crossing the hall, let me tell you that the collection was given to the Museum by one Charles Granville May, a sea captain, and although not collected by him is called the "May Collection." The room is lined with glass cases, which hold cats, hawks, goats, dogs, etc.; scraps of the human body, preserved by some process now unknown—notably, a slender woman's delicate hand, on whose third finger is a flat band of gold, tarnished and disfigured, but still recognizable as a ring. Here, too, is a valuable series of collections of coins, rings, amulets, bracelets, earrings, and odd bits of highly-colored glass. Here, too, are preserved beetles and flies, and also various specimens of the *scarabæus*, the sacred beetle.

The Egyptians worshipped this beetle in life, and embalmed it when dead. They imagined that it symbolized the creative power of the sun, and that the male of the species reproduced in itself the race. The *scarab* laid its eggs in a bit of dung, which it then rolled and shaped with its thirty legs into a ball, and, pushing it backward into some sunny corner, left it till the sun should bring the eggs to maturity. The Egyptians regarded the movements of this beetle at the time of depositing its eggs as having direct influence on the moon, and the creature's thirty legs to be in some way connected with the number of days in the month. The *scarabæi* are found on the bodies of mummies, never next the skin, but between some of the folds of the bandages which encase the body.

Moral reflection: What a change is here, my countrymen! To-day women faint and scream at the very sight of a beetle; but then, in those far-off ages, it was worshipped, courted, propitiated, and loved—even buried and embalmed with kings and princesses.

What a melancholy creature the beetle of our time must be, knowing that its best days are over, the glory of its race past, and that, unlike its fair tormentors, it has no future bliss to which to look forward.

And now, "Take the shoes from off your feet, the place whereon ye stand is holy ground," for before us lies embalmed royalty in all the dignity of its three thousand years. Here are spiced kings and princesses, wrapped in cotton cloth, pitched, painted, time-worn, and travel-stained. I often think, as I look at them, how dreadfully disconcerted they would be if they could suddenly awake, and find themselves in such a place and plight. Here are their vitals in funeral jars on one side of the room, their bracelets and other ornaments in cases on the other; their pet mummied dog and goat separated from them; their stone image set up by itself for curious eyes to gaze upon; and the wooden and stone coffins set up on end, in a grinning row, at the farthest end of the room. What a time they would have getting themselves together! If some one could only soak her out, as young "Renault" did poor "Fougas," in the *Man with the Broken Ear*, what a tale, for instance, could this poor princess unfold! What a tale could she tell of life and love three thousand years ago; of political strifes and Egyptian "Garcelons"; of the things she did, and said, and wore, and thought; of the state of civilization in her own and other countries! Perhaps unravel the mysteries of Cheops. Yet hardly, poor thing, for she never went to Joe Cook's Monday morning lectures, "to have her mind improved."

Next to the mummies, in all the stupid stolidity and ugliness of black granite, sits the lion-headed goddess "Pasht," one of the most ancient of Egyptian deities. Beyond her is a cast in plaster of Amenophis III., who was Egypt's king about 1500 B. C.—so says the catalogue. The legs are somewhat scratched and scarred, and the face seems roughened by age. Once when standing near this cast I saw two women enter the room, greenness, ignorance, and wonder depicted in every look and movement. They slowly walked around, "oh-ing" at what they could comprehend, and turning up their noses at what they could not. When they came to the seated figure of the king they turned to the catalogue and slowly read the little it says there of him, and finally one of them cautiously put her hand on the battered shin, and with an anxious look into the calm face of the statue, said sympathetically: "How it must have hurt, poor man! Did it in some way, I suppose."

There are many representations of Osiris in this room. One sees pictures of him, so to speak, on everything connected with death and burial. He was the god who tried the soul before its entry into immortality, and consequently was to be adored and propitiated in every conceivable way. Tradition says that when King of Egypt, wishing to subdue other nations, he left his kingdom in charge of Isis. All went smoothly until one Typhon took it into his scheming head that he would like to occupy Osiris's place, and this is how he tried to accomplish his purpose: First, he tried to dethrone Isis. Not succeeding in this, upon the return of Osiris he gave the king an elegant banquet. At the festivities he produced a curiously-wrought box, carved, and inlaid with gold and gems, which, he declared, should be given to the one who should exactly fit into it. Typhon had previously obtained Osiris's measure, and as soon as the king lay down in it Typhon and his confederates quickly shut down the cover, fastened it with molten lead, and hurled it into the Nile. Down the river it miraculously floated until its course was stopped by a growing tree. Here the box stayed until the tamarisk had surrounded it, and Osiris was deeply buried in the tree's heart. The tree was finally cut down, by order of the king in whose country it was, and placed as a pillar in the temple. In the meantime Isis had been long grieving for her lost monarch, and in mourning garments traveled from place to place in search of his body. Exactly how she came at last to know where Osiris rested I can not tell—perhaps her instinct told her, perhaps Osiris's spirit led her—but at all events she one day learned where he was to be found. She went to the king in whose domain the temple was, and at her request he engaged her as a sort of barber to the queen and young princes, so that she spent her time in anointing their royal heads with sweet-smelling oils and powders. At last she placed one of the princes under enchantment, and at the same time turned herself into a swallow, that she might escape the queen's wrath, and also be able to fly around Osiris's pillar. The queen, however, becoming alarmed at her son's condition, pardoned Isis, and not only pardoned, but bribed her with a promise of having whatever she most wished. Of course Isis asked for and obtained the long-sought body of Osiris, and went on her way rejoicing, to tell Osiris's son of her success. She left the body in the box which Typhon had made, in an unfrequented portion of the wood, while she went to tell the happy news. During her absence Typhon, guided by a moonbeam, found Osiris's body, broke the box in many pieces, and scattered it to the four winds of heaven. Osiris, of course, went immediately to heaven, and Typhon ruled till Osiris's son wrested the throne from him.

But here I am entertaining myself with retelling old legends, instead of writing of the objects of interest to be seen in the May collection, the palettes and brushes of the scribes, the papyrus which grows in a prosaic wooden tub in one of the windows, the Rosetta stone which is the key to all Egyptian hieroglyphics, the queer dolls and images, the lamps and pottery, the implements of war, etc.

"But what is writ is writ—would it were worthier."

BOSTON, January 5, 1880.

MELLIE.

Woven petticoats, that now come for little girls as well as women in attractive patterns and bright colors, are fast taking the place of flannels. They are not so likely to shrink in washing, and, while light in weight, they cling to the figure and make a very warm garment.

The girls of the New York Normal College had a good time playing a farce for the benefit of a gallery filled with visitors, and teasing their teachers by imitation of their manners with their pupils.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

The chimney is on fire at Mme. D.'s.

"Don't be afraid, madame; don't be afraid," says the footman, calmly, to his alarmed mistress: "there is no danger." "But you don't know anything about it, John, and so why do you tell me there is no danger?" "I know I don't, madame, but it is to reassure you."

Litré and Robin, who were associated in the preparation of a famous *Dictionary of Medicine*, were two very absent-minded men.

One day when they were seated side by side at the same table at their work, one, feeling his leg itch, laid down his pen to scratch it.

Unhappily, in his absent-mindedness, he began scratching his companion's leg.

His companion, perceiving that his leg was being scratched, inferred that he was scratching it himself, and laid down his pen so as to be able to devote himself exclusively to the operation.

A scene of the street—literal translation:

Before the display of a confectioner a girling (*fillette*) of twelve years is arrested herself, sucking of the eyes the fairs sugars of barley. The gourmandess flattens her little nose upon the glass. He seems her that she is more near of all these delicacies.

At two steps of her a boy of the same age squints alternately the good-goods and the chit, with a preference marked for this here.

Then, when she has quitted her post of admiration, he approaches himself of the glass where subsists yet a little cloud of moisture, chooses well the place, and puts therein one kiss!

Oh, the youth! Oh, the love!

An anecdote is told at the expense of the late Violet-le-Duc, who, after having been an attaché of the Imperial Court, became a Republican municipal councillor—which has been told of other people before him.

One of the amusements at Compiègne was writing a lot of questions on cards, which were then shuffled together and drawn one at a time to tax the wits of the company in provoking off-hand witty answers.

The Emperor happened, while playing at this game, to draw the question, "How would you distinguish between truth and falsehood?"

"Make them go through the same door," said Napoleon; "the lie would be first through."

At that moment the door opened, and in came M. Violet-le-Duc, followed by Napoleon's faithful friend, Dr. Conneau.

One day when a review was about to take place in a certain northern city a band of patriots went to the General commanding, clamoring to have the band play the "Marseillaise."

"Children of your country," said the General coldly, "do you behold elevated on any side the bloody standard of tyranny?"

"N-no."

"Do you hear my ferocious soldiers roaring in the country?"

"N-no."

"Do they manifest any intention of coming even in your arms your wives and little ones to slay, eh?"

"N-no."

"And, finally, have your furrows any urgent necessity for being watered with an impure blood?"

"N-no."

"Well, if all this is so, what in thunder do you want the 'Marseillaise' played for?"

When Heinrich Heine was traveling with his wife in the south of France, the violinist Ernst intrusted to his care a superb Lyons sausage, to be presented to a common friend, a homœopathic doctor at Paris.

The way was long and the travelers became hungry. No provisions were obtainable, and finally Madame Heine, being tempted of the devil appetite, took of the sausage a wee, wee piece and did eat. Heine tasted it, too, and lo! it was very good.

The unhappy sausage proved a delightful but constantly diminishing companion, and when they reached Paris there was very little of it left. Heine seized his razor, sliced off a fragment rather thinner than a postage stamp, and inclosed it in a letter, thus conceived:

"Your learned demonstrations, my dear doctor, have convinced us of the wonderful efficacy of thousandth and millionth parts. Inclosed please find the millionth of a Lyons sausage which our friend Ernst requested me to convey to you with his compliments. If homœopathy is true, it will produce upon you the same effect as the whole sausage."

"Sainted Hahnemann!" exclaimed the doctor: "I wish Heine was sick, and I was his doctor, and an allopath!"

In 1832 a melodrama bearing the title of *Jenny Durand* was produced at a theatre in Paris. Jules Janin, then critic of the *Journal des Debats*, reviewed it as follows:

"Jenny loves M. Alfred; M. Alfred loves Jenny. When M. Alfred said to Jenny 'I love thee, Jenny!' Jenny said to M. Alfred, 'You are engaged to Mlle. Louise, Alfred.' To which Alfred replied, 'That makes no difference, Jenny.' But Jenny said to Alfred, 'Oh, yes, it does, Alfred.' Then the ma of Alfred came in and said, 'It makes a great deal of difference, Alfred.' Then Alfred said, 'Adieu, Jenny.' Then Jenny goes to find Alfred at the house of the pa of Alfred to urge upon him (Alfred) to forget her (Jenny). And Alfred goes to the house of Jenny and says, 'I can not forget you, Jenny.' To which she replies, 'Forget me, Alfred.' Then he says, 'I want to carry you off, Jenny,' and she replies, 'If you want to, carry me off, Alfred.' Then Alfred was about to carry off Jenny, when in came the pa of Jenny, who said to Alfred, 'Don't carry her off, Alfred,' and the ma of Jenny, who said to Jenny, 'Don't go with Alfred, Jenny,' everybody hissed Alfred. Then everybody hissed Jenny."

Conservatism is not always wrong. A clock goes at all is right twice in the twenty-four hours.

GANYMEDE'S CUP.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—"Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing," I sit down to write because I feel an inclination to do so, without any hopes of amusing or great probability of pleasing you; but I want you to know where I have been the past week, whom and what I have seen and enjoyed. If you expect an inundation of ribbons and brocades, satins, laces, and diamonds, disappointment awaits you.

"The Young Ladies of Mme. Zeitska's Institute,
AT HOME
Friday Evening, eight o'clock, twenty-third Jan.
Reading, Music, and Dancing."

This was the key-note to a most artistic and cultured entertainment. Mme. Zeitska is an accomplished lady, as was made evident to us by the talented young ladies who have graduated from her institute, among whom are Mrs. Senator J. P. Jones, *née* Sullivan; Mrs. Van Sicklan, *née* Davis; Mrs. Lewis, *née* Woods, wife of Dr. Lewis, U. S. N.; and charming Marquise Montchoix, *née* Berton, of Paris, with many other California ladies.

One of the most noticeable features of the evening was a duet for harp and piano, played by Mrs. Hall Pettinos and Miss Hall. Mrs. Pettinos, besides being a fine musician, has a thorough command of the English, German, and Italian languages. The singing and playing of Miss Belle Toplitz was good. Miss Lolita Rodriguez sang "*L'Arditi*" so unaffectedly that one felt she must always sing. Miss Lizzie Ferral played a difficult *nocturne*, and played it well. The piano playing of the Misses Sampson, who have just returned from Europe, gave evidence of having been taught by the best of masters. Miss Nelly Coleman read and acted "The Vision of Queen Catherine" in a manner reflecting credit upon her teacher, Miss Bradley. The Misses Rising, daughters of Judge Rising of Virginia City, recited, in German, Schiller's "Maria Stuart," and Miss Heyneman's French selection was applauded. Miss Lillie DeLong reads well, a rare accomplishment. Mrs. J. McDonald gave us a recitation of "The Signal Man Asleep."

Madam Z's school rooms are so arranged that they can be thrown together, making a pleasant dancing-hall, which was filled with some of our most delightful people. Among them were Mr. Lakse and his daughter Miss Lizzie, Miss Emma Ephsam, Dr. and Mrs. Bucknall, Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Miss Julia Sterling of Napa, Miss Florence Godley, the "Marie Stuart" at the "Carnival," Mrs. Judge Sullivan, Miss Maibell Brest of Oakland, Mr. Darje (journalist), Mrs. Best, with her brother, Charles Reed; Mrs. Edgerton, with her brother, Dana Brown; Miss Maggie Hutchinson, with her brother; Miss Kate Bishop, who has given us sweet songs in the February number of the *California*; Miss Chalmers, Major John Egan, U. S. A., Miss Nonie Smith, Mr. Lucian Burling, Mr. Edward Le Breton, Mr. George Hall, Mr. Charles Smith, Mr. Eli Hutchinson; then the French frigate *Lamoth-Piquet* was represented by several officers, who said Mme. Zeitska's home was one of the few in San Francisco where they had the pleasure of hearing their native language correctly spoken. The little frigate has dispensed unbounded hospitality during her sojourn in our port, and Commander Bienaimé's gig has been kept busy carrying parties to and from the ship.

These courteous officers have added much to the brilliancy of our entertainments. Last Saturday Mme. Zeitska and party were entertained by Ensign Aubry, Dr. Mestadier, and Ensign Sauvage. On this occasion the ship was thoroughly inspected, and pronounced fortunate in being commanded by such gallant officers. The *Lamoth-Piquet* will sail in a few days for Tahiti, taking with her the newly-appointed Governor, M. Henri de Chessé; and then—why, brush up your French, girls, the *Victoria* will soon be here.

Invitations are out for a "kettle-drum" to be given by Mrs. R. N. Graves, January 31st; three to six.

We are all a little daft over August Wilhelmj. Who could help it? He is young, handsome, of noble birth, rich, unmarried (I'm told), thoroughly graceful, and one of the greatest of musicians. I sometimes feel, while listening to him, that I have never heard music before. The *soirée musicale* given at the Baldwin Hotel, "under the auspices" of Mme. Ponton D'Arcé and her sister, Mme. Durand, was another delightful social event. How thick and fast they come! I'm sure Lent will be a welcome season to us all this year.

GANYMEDE.

Operatic Reminiscence—Jenny Lind.

I have been wondering whether I could write anything interesting to Californians of celebrities, chiefly musical and theatrical, who flourished about a quarter of a century ago. Birth and residence in New York city gave me good opportunities of observation, and the year 1853, spent in Europe, added to those opportunities. But so many stars have risen since then, that were it not for the recollection of a few whose brilliancy time has not dimmed, I should hesitate.

It was in the times of which I am writing that the phenomenal Jenny Lind appeared, and we owed her visit to the man who has amused and humbugged three or four generations—Barnum. She was to sing for the first time in Castle Garden, New York city, and I was fortunate enough to obtain a ticket without absolutely wrecking the pecuniary prospects of my boyhood. The seats were, of course, sold at auction. The first seat was sold at a fabulous price, to an obscure hatter by the name of Genin. Everybody laughed at Genin, and hugged himself with the belief that he could not be as idiotic as Genin. But the fact ultimately dawned upon the public that there might be greater fools than Genin, who had taken this method of advertising himself, and thereafter sold his hats so fast that he made a speedy fortune.

The singer who had captivated Europe tripped upon the boards, and her first song was "Casta Diva." How many goddesses we had listened to, from the most inexperienced to the graduates of the Normal School, but of Jenny Lind's superiority I can give no adequate impression. It was not merely that she sang so critically well, but there was

a delicious bird-like quality of voice, and a marvelous power of sustaining her notes. There was a herdsman's song, in which she held a certain note till the hearer's breath was drawn in almost painful sympathy. Then the exquisitely natural manner in which she sang such simple ballads as "Home, Sweet Home," and the security one felt that she could not fail in anything, and her pure and womanly appearance, all these ensured a perfect satisfaction. The common people enjoyed it as much as the learned in music; the critics were disarmed for once; even the Quakers forgot themselves, and declared that it was good to pass an hour with Jane Lind. I saw her off the stage, and surely she was not beautiful, but she had what Charles Lamb said of some one, a "divine plain face." There was the reflection of a noble nature in it. Conscientious scruples kept her from the operatic stage, after appearing, I think, but once, in England, as "Amina." Notwithstanding the position she had reached—for the world was in love with the woman as well as the singer, and titles and wealth were offered—she characteristically gave her hand with her heart, and no one hears now of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, unless an enterprising correspondent penetrates her secluded London home. Occasionally there have been rumors of a daughter with her mother's voice; but we who heard the mother shake our heads in absolute doubt. I shall write anon of others.

BERKELEY, January 22, 1880.

JOHN MURRAY.

It is pleasant to see how, in these days of prominent prudery, great men, and powerful men who are not great, show the world an example in abhorrence of conventionality. Gen. Garibaldi, who is generally considered as belonging to the former class, has, it seems, just married a Francesca somebody, and "acknowledged" two children. This is very nice of the General—the more so considering his advanced age, which might naturally be supposed conducive to a certain coolness between Mars and Venus. But what may be excused, and even commended, in a popular leader and warrior, needs not necessarily be condoned in an unpopular figure-head who is neither. The white-headed Czar of Russia, emulating a not uncommon practice among white-heads and bald-heads, has been, and is now, indulging in a *liaison* with the Princess Dolzouki, who is young and beautiful; while the spiteful old Czarina, who has not been young since her husband was, and, report says, never *was* beautiful, goes off in high dudgeon, and hibernates at Cannes. There is a boy in the case, too, whom the frosty-ated sovereign desires to "acknowledge."

And here in America, while the "big-bugs" of Europe are doing much as they please with the sacramental and civil forms of matrimony, we are making a hullabaloo and raising a hue and cry against our poor little polygamists, the Mormons. We certainly sustain our reputation in being "ahead" in this business; for a country which can produce and sustain a Brigham Young has no reason to vail its *en avant* plume to another country or two that occasionally winks at morganatic marriages and *liaisons*—no, nor even to the Grand Turk himself. Still there seems to be something wrong, not to say unjust, in the matter; and, unless some exchange can be effected, some basis of equalization arrived at—unless our divorce courts in some prestidigital manner can be "rung in" upon the difficulty, though we confess we don't see how—we shall be out and injured, and the goose will get all the sauce and leave none for the gander.

The casual examination we have been able to give the "Mining Bill" introduced in the Assembly by the Hon. Charles Felton, of San Mateo, impresses us favorably. It seems to us to steer intelligently between extremes. It is not conceived in narrow jealousy of all who are successful, nor in suspicion of all who deal in stocks as a business, and it keeps prominently in view the rights of small stockholders: it demands honest books, open management, and square dealing all around. Mr. Felton is an exceptionally successful business man, is a millionaire, we are informed, but in all his feelings a thorough Democrat, and thoroughly in sympathy with the honest efforts of honest men to do what he has done, viz., to work their way from poverty to competence by honest labor. We have a right to expect intelligent legislation from Mr. Felton on all matters involving business propositions.

The *Territorial Enterprise* propounds the following political conundrums for solution by the Democracy:

"Is it not true that if intoxicating liquors were destroyed in a moment the Democratic party would not survive a month? Is it not true that if all men whom self-respecting people would not permit to enter their houses were denied the franchise the Democratic party would be in a hopeless minority? Suppose the men who hold their citizenship simply as a means to make a piece on election day or about election times were disfranchised, where is there a city in the whole North that the Democracy could carry?"

And while Democrats have their guessing caps on, it might perhaps interest them to answer one of our propounding. Suppose all the unworthy and uneducated and criminal and propertyless foreigners that Europe has precipitated upon us within the last thirty years should go back to their native lands, how many native-born Democratic mourners would be left to weep over their departure?

Cardinal Manning opens the *North American Review* for February with an article on the "Relations of the Roman Catholic Church to Modern Society." Timothy O. Howe summarizes the machine arguments for a third term in a broad—and shallow—special plea. "Now and Then in America" is an entertaining sketch by Sala. Rear-Admiral Ammen has a long, critical article on the American Inter-oceanic Canal, which is in effect a reply to a previous article by M. de Lesseps. There are two or three other papers in the number which we have not read, but which are probably worth reading. Altogether the number is quite up to the average of this popularized magazine.

Some wise-head has put a bill before the State Senate "declaring eight hours a legal day's work;" but he omits to declare what is far more interesting to the ordinary mortal, viz., what is a legal day's pay?

ITS VERITABLE IN'ARDS.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 28, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—You say in last week's issue that you don't know the true inwardness of the contest over the Pueblo line. You ought to. I can not see how any disinterested person can have any doubt upon the subject; that is to say, upon the right of the matter.

The decree of the United States Circuit Court makes the "ordinary high-water mark" the boundary line: "embracing so much of the extreme upper portion of the peninsula above ordinary high-water mark." This is the decree, and the title to this land is by the decree vested in the city in trust for those deriving title from her. There is no ambiguity as to the terms of the decree; neither is there any uncertainty as to the position of the boundary line. Every surveyor, and every one else that knows anything about it, knows that the *outer* edge of this salt marsh is coincident with "ordinary high water." It is equally certain that Mr. Stratton's survey does not follow that line, but follows the *inner* edge of the salt marsh, thus *excluding* them, instead of *including* them, as it should. Therefore the survey does not follow this decree, and consequently it is plainly wrong. *Q. E. D.*: that the boundary of land finally confirmed under a Mexican grant bounding on the bay *ought* to include the salt marsh has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States—U. S. *vs.* Pacheco, 2 Wallace, 587, and many other cases.

That the city is in duty bound to maintain the title of those deriving their titles from her seems equally clear. Section 14 of the Act creating the Board of Land Commissioners prohibits owners of lots in towns from prosecuting their claims, but required that one claim for the whole should be presented and prosecuted by the municipality; and the performance of this duty has been provided for in every charter. The city entered upon the performance of this duty by presenting her claim, in 1852, to the Board for four leagues, "bounded on the north and east by the Bay of San Francisco." In 1855, the city passed the Van Ness Ordinance, granting all the lands within the city limits to the actual possessors, and by section 11 provided for continuing to prosecute her claim before the Board "for the several use and behoof of the said possessors," etc.; and section 3 provided that the patent should pass the title immediately to them. The ordinance provided for soliciting the ratification and confirmation by the State, and this was obtained in 1858.

The duty of the city to prosecute the claim to its final result in a patent seems to me clear; and any intentional neglect of this duty, or affirmative disclaimer or abandonment, would probably impose a liability upon the city. Certainly it would upon an individual occupying a similar position. This ought to close the inquiry, but the discussion seems to have gone rather upon expediency. Mr. Tripp, for instance, publishes a document signed by State officials, which goes entirely upon that ground. They do not pretend to say that the city title does *not* extend to ordinary high-water mark, nor that the present survey does; but to make a survey in accordance with the decree would disturb titles which State officials have attempted to make there. I believe it is always expedient to do right, and that a matter settled in disregard of right will not stay settled, but will be productive of endless litigation. Still I do not believe it expedient, looking at it in the aspect of immediate interest.

If you will look at any map of the city you will see that the southern line of the pueblo runs across two ranches, "San Miguel" and "Potrero Viejo." Three-fourths of the line runs across these grants, and only one-fourth across ungranted land. So that on this line the city only gets one-fourth of the land included; so that for the three hundred acres thrown out in the heart of the city she gets only seventy-five acres of land on the extreme southern border. In the second place, the land thrown out is worth probably ten times as much per acre as that taken in. B. S. B.

Innocent men have suffered by millions in this world. As many guilty wretches have escaped, and seem to triumph. But the vengeance which follows upon evil acts does not sleep because individuals are wronged. The penalty is exacted to the last farthing from the community which permits injustice to be done.—*Froude*.

Obscure Intimations.

COMPANION SHIPS.—Your suggestion has been discussed, *pro* and *con*, interminably. In our judgment the plan would multiply rather than diminish the perils of navigation.

M. MCC., ELDORADO.—We will gladly consider anything you may be pleased to send; if good enough we will even print it. That is the only kind of criticism of the manuscripts sent us which we will permit ourselves to make—acceptance or rejection. No one should be dissatisfied at the failure of a first effort; our editor may be dyspeptic or out of humor, or his judgment may be "off." Remember the spider in the prison of Robert Bruce.

J. W. A., TUCSON.—If you send us the MS. we shall be glad to place you on our "authors' free list," if we use it. Character sketches, personal incidents, early reminiscences, local legends—there are scores of kinds of nice things with which our friends might favor us. The Pacific Coast, from Alaska to the Mexican border, is yet to be written up.

AN AMERICAN WORKINGMAN.—Thanks for your letter, which we are, however, unable to print.

CXIV.—Sunday, February 1.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Amber Soup.
Boiled Turbot.
Broiled Teal Ducks. Potato Soufflé.
Lima Beans, Mushrooms.
Roast Beef, New Potatoes.
French Artichokes. Lemon Pudding.
California Raisins and Almonds—Apples and Oranges.

TO MAKE POTATO SOUFFLÉ.—Boil and mash five or six potatoes; for a pint of potato use half a teaspoon of broken butter, and a heaping teaspoonful of salt, stirred in hot. Keep the potato covered in a hot place. Half a cup full of cream, or rich milk, set on to warm; two eggs, whites and yolks separate; a large, thickly-buttered baking dish. Beat the yolks of the eggs, then the whites, then both together. Turn the cream into the potato, and beat up quickly. Give a little fresh beat to the eggs, and then beat them thoroughly and lightly into the whole. Add white pepper to taste. Put all into the baking-dish, and bake quickly until a delicate brown; allow about twenty minutes.

TO MAKE LEMON PUDDING.—One quart of milk, one cupful of fine cracker crumbs, two to three and strained juice of two lemons, one heaping cupful of sugar, half a cupful of solid butter, and five eggs. Boil the milk in a custard-kettle, turn it upon the cracker crumbs; when well mixed return it to the kettle, and boil and stir until fully swelled; this will take but a few minutes. Stir in the butter, a little salt, and the lemon rind. Beat the yolks of the eggs thoroughly, then the whites; beat the yolks to the pudding, then the whites; last of all, quickly add lemon juice. Turn into a buttered baking-dish and bake. Orange pudding may be made the same.

WHO SHALL HE BE?

Of the Democratic possibilities and candidates everything is in the region of speculation. New York is the pivotal centre upon which the result of the Presidential election is most likely to turn. We do not see how it is possible for a success without the electoral vote of that State. We know that, admitting a solid Democratic South, figures may be made showing a Republican success without New York; but these figures are too close to give us any encouragement. Hence it seems to us that as goes New York so goes the Union. If we are correct in this, then the question narrows itself down to this State. We could wish that Senator Bayard could be the candidate. His great moral worth, his high integrity, his unspotted political career, his birth, his financial attitude, and the position he took during the civil war, all mark him as a statesman, and would make his candidacy a strong one. As a California journal, and having a just pride in the learning and judicial ability of Mr. Justice Field, reposing entire confidence in his patriotism and knowing that his whole life has been identified with California and its interests, we should most willingly see him bear off the honors of a Presidential nomination, and it would be very hard if we did not give him our aid to obtain the electoral vote of California. But, prominent and deserving as are these gentlemen, we are convinced that no Democrat can carry the electoral vote of New York except Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, and we are inclined to think that he could carry that State. We recall no struggle within the past ten years, when Mr. Tilden put his money and his brains into a political contest in New York, that he did not succeed; we know of no Democratic victory in New York when he had abstained from active participation. The Tammany quarrel may be reconciled; and, if not, Tammany would not if it could, and dare not if it would, so antagonize Mr. Tilden's candidacy as (in the event of his nomination) to defeat the Democracy in a Presidential campaign. If we were a Democrat, we should think Mr. Tilden entitled to the nomination, and think him the strongest candidate that our party could possibly name. The electoral vote of California will depend upon the attitude of the Workingmen's Party. If it coalesce with the Democracy, the combination will carry the State. If it unite with the Republicans, the Republican party will win. If it maintain an independent attitude, the Republicans will carry the State. The delegates to the National Convention will be anti-Grant, but pledged to no particular candidate. All the Republicans of California demand is that the candidate be sound on the Chinese question. Blaine and Washburne both fill this requirement.

Slaughter of the Innocents.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I am hostile—I've got on my war-paint—and here I go for a row. Parry this thrust first: Why don't you have a correct Central Pacific Railroad timetable? I had an engagement Sunday night in Sacramento; looked at your time-table; time-table said, as plain as pollywogs in Lake Merced, "4:30 P. M. Daily Local Train for Sacramento." I took that as correct—ARGONAUT said so, that was enough; so I bade good bye to a very pleasant companion and started for the ferry. I think it was god darn mean, too, for pa and ma were both out, servant had gone to church, and four bits to a little brother had closed a very cheap bargain for me—as a boy never waits to be told to "git" when candy money is held up as an inducement to "dust;" he "dusted." And thus with the coast all clear, a dimly-lighted parlor, two chairs (one would soon have been enough) close by the fire—and all in my favor, with glorious leap-year for a love-wedge to open the matrimonial saw-log—I had to abandon all, just because your time-table said "4:30 Daily." I held on as long as I could, and then dashed for the ferry; gobbled up a Market Street car by the tail end, and swung myself on board and against the stomach of a three-hundred pound Jewish lady who was anxious to get off at the next crossing.

"Vy don't you look a leetle oud vonst?" she gasped, and leaned against the conductor for more wind.

"Excuse me, madam, 4:30 P. M. is the time, and I must be in Sacramento," I replied, starting to take a vacant seat; and was stooping to do so when the sudden halt of the car swayed me three seats further ahead, and I sat down on a four-inch dog and in the lap of a bang-haired woman, whose escort smoked cigarettes and let the smoke pass through his nose, mouth, and ears. He had on a red necktie, low-cut collar, bell-bottomed pants, three brass studs, and a snide cluster pin with a chain attached. He looked daggers at me; and the dog, woman, and man were mad. But before I could apologize and get cleverly to an upright position the car started, and I sat down four seats away, onto a bouquet and parasol, mashed both, and paid for both before the astonished lady owner could growl. In due course of time the car reached the ferry. I hastened to buy my ticket to Sacramento, and was told that there was no 4:30 P. M. train on Sundays, and then I swore—ask the agent if I didn't—and for the first time since reading No. 1 Volume I. of the ARGONAUT did I kick and swear at it. When I reached my eight-by-ten room I took down the paper that caused all this misery, and commenced to look for other mistakes. Heretofore I had sworn by the ARGONAUT, and never thought it could err in anything; but now, since my experience, I find that the last issue, of Saturday, January 24th, don't suit me at all; and here goes for a growl.

Why do you leave out the "Pard's Epistles"? They suit a large class of readers—common people like myself; old-time boys, young in years yet old in the world. The writer of them is a pert rooster, and *sabes* human nature, whoever he may be. Give them to us some more. That story by Dick Rule is N. G., and too thin. He uses your columns to let the young lady who represented the "Princess" in the Egyptian booth at the Authors' Carnival know that he was "mashed" on her. "Woe is she" if she is in like manner on him. He says in the story that he is neither a "patrician nor an Oaklander, but a reporter." Heaven save the mark! If he is a reporter, where does Bull Run Russell come in?

Your paper contains too much about Grant and the third term. Very few honestly care to see him President; very few honestly want him to be. Furthermore, as a clincher, he don't want it himself. I will tell what I know, that a Pal-

ace Hotel chambermaid said. The maid overheard Mr. Grant tell Mrs. Grant that people were making a great fuss over something they knew nothing about; that he (Grant) would not accept the third-term nomination even if the people offered it to him. And Mrs. Grant answered, "Thank God for that." So please let up on Grant, and give us a '49 yarn about dear old Tuolumne County.

In the article about "Two Teas," Ada Ven gets off that old gag about "There's a tide," etc., "which, if taken at the Flood," etc. Eastern papers have worn it out, and now Ada chips in and makes me tired. Furthermore, she says if she were a young man (thank God, she ain't!) she would try and win the two million and a half in Government bonds, and those of the church also. Were she a young man she would do nothing of the kind. A man never marries for support nor for financial gain. A man marries for love. Fools, weak-brained snobs, evil-disposed persons, and foreign nobility marry for money. But a man never does. A man would marry the party, if he loved her, if she did not have a dollar in the world; but a fool and a count would not. Ada Ven is neither, so I guess she fibbed. *Sabe?*

In speaking of the drama, you say that, beyond a certain few, the support of Clara Morris was bad. Now, don't you think that dear old Jennings did a neat little bit of character acting? And the lady that acted the Scotch landlady did it well in tone and manner, did she not? Possibly your critic was never in Scotland.

You also speak of the awkwardness and the horrid legs of the new tenor in the Melville Opera Company, but never once mention that Miss Melville herself walks like she was on the deck of a tempest-tossed ship. She can double discount the tenor in the awkward handling of her feet. She trips along as though her shoes were too short and she was crossing an open railroad bridge on the ties. She sings and acts fairly enough, but her poising and walk would make a Piute squaw laugh.

In your "Preludes," you praise the Wilhelm with a big "J" attached on the tail end—as useless as Nast's pictures of B. Gratz Brown on Greeley's coat-tail. You also praise the piano-banger, Vogrich, and give the lady the cold shoulder. She sings well enough. It is a stand-off to the playing of both the men; for you know in your heart of hearts that you would, ten to one, sooner hear our old-timer, John Kelly, play the fiddle in Murphy's Long Tom Saloon, in dear old Sonora, than either of the men you praise. We miners do not take kindly to what we don't understand; I wish the rest were as honest, and own up.

"Ganymede" also gets off an old pun and worn-out josh in her letter about the talking of the young snob in front of her. "The music made so much noise, she could not hear the fop talk," etc. Give us something fresh, Cany, dear.

GROWLER.

RECENT SOCIAL HAPPENINGS.

From Ada's Standpoint.

MY DEAR HELEN:—I may truly say, circumstances over which I have no control will prevent my fulfilling the promise I made to write you something more stimulating; so you must bear with me a while, and wait until the rage for afternoon entertainments has somewhat subsided. On Wednesday, at twelve o'clock, Mrs. Shillaber gave a breakfast to Miss Taylor, at which Misses Gordon, McDougal, Randolph, Fall, Mattheus, Mee, and Crocker were present. An agreeable feature was the arrival of several young gentlemen who had been invited to pay their devoirs to the young ladies. A number of ladies also called, and tea was served in an elaborate manner.

From four o'clock last Wednesday afternoon, it was evident, from the continued roll of vehicles in the direction of one of our fashionable centres, that there was some unusual commotion; soon the objective point was defined, and the carriages emptied their precious contents at the residence of Mrs. William Sillem. The *coup d'ail*, upon entering, was brilliant in the extreme, the house beautifully decorated with smilax, flowers, and *bric-à-brac*. Mrs. Sillem, with her distinguished guest Wilhelm, stood near the door that she might more easily receive the greetings of her numerous friends, all of whom were presented to the great violinist. At five, the crowd was at its greatest, but each new-comer, instead of the usual inconvenience attendant upon the congregation of such large numbers, seemed only to add to the general pleasure. I believe it is customary to remain only a half hour, but the attractions were so great that the dowagers seemed as loth to leave the scene as were the young ladies.

The following are those present with whom I was directly thrown: Mrs. Baroiller and sister, Mrs. Mezes and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Breckenridge, Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Floyd and her niece, Mrs. Low and her daughter, Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Boardman, Mrs. William Howard, Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. and Miss Flood, Mrs. and Miss Crocker, Mrs. McMullin and her daughters, Captain and Mrs. Field, Mrs. Sam. Martin, Mrs. Albert Dibblee of San Rafael, Mrs. Camillo Martin and Miss Hyde, Mrs. and Miss Fall and Miss Taylor, Misses McDougal, Selby, and Crockett. The gentlemen who came under my observation were Gen. Keyes, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Foreman, Mr. Glenny, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. Browne, Mr. Greenway, Dr. Lyman, Major Rathbone, Mr. Friedlander.

This was a "kettledrum," and what constitutes the difference between that and a "tea" I can hardly tell—it strikes me as a distinction without a difference—though I believe dancing is admissible at the "kettledrum," where the numbers are not so great as to interfere. The near approach of Lent seems to give additional zest to the gayety so soon to close. I have heard of two forthcoming entertainments that promise much pleasure—a "Tea" at Mrs. Floyd's on Tuesday evening, and a "German" on Thursday at Mrs. McMullin's. Your friend, ADA VEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 30, 1880.

It is the business of government to shape itself to the actual and not the ideal or millennial condition of mankind. * * * Since the nation began we have been free, and our liberty is in danger from nothing but its own excesses.—Francis Parkman.

THE DECLINE OF HIS "BOOM."

Mr. George William Curtis, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, says:

"If he were President for the third time, and the tradition of the two terms were once overthrown, why might it not be said in 1883 still more cogently, that he had greatly served the country and ought to be again elected? Would not such apparently logical and reasonable action, to which the Constitution offers no bar, necessarily familiarize the public mind with a perpetual Presidency? Would not the impatience and disgust already felt by many with the increasing turmoil and excitement attendant upon the quadrennial election generate a disposition, under the circumstances we suppose, to dispense with such an election? Again, would not the same circumstances necessarily foster confidence in personal government, and encourage the feeling that this or that man is necessary to the peaceful continuance and administration of the Government? And can any idea be more preposterous and dangerous? Once more, when the two-term tradition is gone, and some President of uncertain uprightness and patriotism, in full command of the patronage, should come to the end of the second term, would not a powerful restraint upon his ambition and resolution have been removed?"

The Philadelphia *Press* of the 13th presents a summary of the Pennsylvania opinions on the Presidential question, reaching almost all the counties of the State:

"It makes clear," says the *Press* "that among the influential leaders of Republican thought, the expression against the third-term movement is conspicuously general."

The *New Era*, Lancaster (Republican) says:

"The Republican sentiment of this county is overwhelmingly against a third term. The masses are for Blaine as their first choice, with a growing sentiment for Washburne as the best man to compromise upon."

Nevada *Territorial Enterprise*:

"Some of our miners have it put up that when Gen. Grant gets down into Mexico, the people there will invite him to become emperor, and that he will place the crown upon his head and climb up into the throne. As soon as he is seated the 'boys' will then go down and run the mines for him, and the old '49ers' will flock to his standard and be made dukes, lords, and counts, and things, and they say it would never do to throw off on an old pioneer like Grant."

Pittsburg *Post*:

"Grant's old letter to Harry White is again re-vamped, to prove that he felt sore over the resolution of the second State in the Union against a third term and hinting at Caesarism. But he says he don't want the third term any more than he wanted the first, but, like Barkis, he is willing, if Don Cameron and others will buckle fortune on his back, to accept the responsibilities. He is like the Irishman who was asked to take a drink: he said he was a poor hand at refusing."

Detroit *Free Press*:

"When, in sight of the audience and reporters, a man turns his glass down at a public banquet, tells the Methodist clergymen that the Methodist Church was always on the right side during the war, that Sherman's burned chimneys can be seen along the railways he has just ridden upon, while his can't, you may be sure that man is not thinking about the presidency of the Nicaragua ship canal. The symptoms are getting strong."

The Hon. William Heilman, Republican Congressman from the Evansville (Ind.) District, and a power among the Germans, says he does not believe Grant can carry Indiana. The German vote will not support him. They do not like the idea of a third term, or anything looking toward a one-man power:

"My parents left Germany because they did not want their sons to be soldiers," said Mr. Heilman. "They were tired of a strong paternal government, and I have no doubt thousands, yes, the majority of the Germans left the old country for the same reason. Now they will vote against any tendency in that direction in this country."

From the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*—Republican:

"Our correspondent knows that the so-called ovation of the people in this city, which never rose above the dignity of the most apparent machine work and curbstone excitement, was manufactured by the Cameron clansmen to order, at a vast outlay of time and money and labor; that it had no spontaneity in it whatever; and that the moment the machinery ceased to work, the 'boom' died into silence or opposition. It is comparatively but a few days since Gen. Grant left Philadelphia, and yet he is apparently as nearly forgotten as if he had never been here."

A Washington special to the Philadelphia *Press* says:

"A Philadelphia politician is in town. He reports that the Grant enthusiasm in both that city and the State had rapidly subsided since the ex-President's great reception, and that the 'boom' is now fast ebbing away. So much opposition to the third-term idea is developing that he does not believe it will be possible to instruct the delegates to Chicago, chosen at the February convention, for Grant."

We shall for the present close these extracts. We consider the game won. We will conclude with an extract from the N. Y. *Nation*, the conclusion of an able article denouncing and opposing the nomination of Gen. Grant for a third term:

"As to the real facts of his prospects just now, we think, without exaggeration or distortion, it may be said that they are these: The persons who push him most actively still largely deny that they themselves wish to see him nominated, and represent that they are simply preparing to carry out an irresistible popular decree. The enthusiastic popular support of a third term is very apt not to be visible in the place where we hear of it, but in some other State or section. A canvass in any particular locality of prominent or representative persons usually fails to show that Grant is the strongest candidate in the field, and brings out a great deal of doubt about the propriety of putting him forward. His failure to come to New York, and his retirement—or so it may be considered—to the South, indicate a fear that the enthusiasm inspired by his presence may not, now that it has begun to wear the look of electioneering, last until next summer, and that 'the boom' was begun a little too soon. The discussion of the objections to his nomination becomes every day more outspoken, and proves that there is no general acceptance of the doctrine that a third term is not a third term unless it follows the other two in succession. The reluctance to admit that the United States needs a 'strong man,' or that the Constitution will not work without a soldier in the background, grows with deliberation and debate, and with the gradual subsidence of the alarm about the 'Solid South.' In certain States—Ohio, Wisconsin, and New York, for instance—there is a German and independent vote which probably can not be induced to accept him, whether nominated or not, and without which these States can not be carried by the Republicans. It is safe to predict, finally, that between now and June all these difficulties in the way of Gen. Grant's nomination will increase rather than diminish, and that the boom will end, as it ended in 1876, in a kind of collapse."

The ugliest of all ugly new designs is a walking dress which has an apron front, and a back composed of a single breadth of goods shirred just below the belt, and falling absolutely straight.

Many public men consider themselves the pillars of the State, who are more properly the State's caterpillars, in their high positions by crawling.

MARK TWAIN AND DAN DE QUILLE.

The Carson *Appeal* prints the following:

It was nearly twenty years ago when Dan De Quille and Mark Twain attempted to start a paper in Mendocino County. They took the type and material of their recently defunct newspaper establishment in San Francisco, and, loading the stuff on a big wagon, struck out into the country to retrieve their fortune. They packed their type just as it stood in the forms, tied up the articles with stout cords by a process well known to printers, and, packing them closely in boxes, vowed to establish a newspaper somewhere which would be the leading exponent of politics and history for the Pacific Coast. Had not an unfortunate circumstance taken place it is evident that the newspaper which they contemplated founding would have been alive to-day. Their journey over the mountains was utterly uneventful until they reached Simpson's Station, a spot well known to old travelers on that route. Here they met a party of emigrants making for Lower California, and the latter had with them a small mountain howitzer which they had brought with them across the plains.

Twain took a great fancy to this gun, and offered fifty dollars for it, with two kegs of powder. The emigrants were glad enough to part with it, as they concluded the time for its use had passed. Dan thought the purchase of the artillery and military supplies was a reckless piece of extravagance, and said as much, but Mark replied:

"When we start our paper we must fire a salute. A newspaper office with artillery has a big bulge on the business. No well-regulated office in California should be without a howitzer. If a man comes in for a retraction we can blow him into the next county. The howitzer goes."

This silenced argument, and the next day the two journalists took the road with their printing outfit and artillery.

The next night they camped in a mountain ravine, fifteen miles from Simpson's, and after building the usual camp-fire, fell asleep. About eleven o'clock the horses awakened them by prancing about, and the two journalists were led to the conclusion that a party of Indians was making arrangements for a night attack. In the clear moonlight human forms could be distinguished about half a mile away at the foot of the ravine. The idea of encountering Indians had never entered the heads of the two fortune-seekers, and they had no arms. Suddenly Twain brightened up, remarking:

"The howitzer?"

"We've got nothing but powder," said Dan.

"Well, powder'll scare 'em; and we'll load her up."

The piece was immediately loaded with a good big charge, and the two men felt quite certain that the Indians, hearing the roar of the gun, would beat an unconditional retreat. The piece was hardly loaded and placed in position when about forty of the red-skins came charging up the ravine.

Twain seized a brand from the camp-fire and was about to lay it on the touch-hole, when Dan yelled "Hold on!" as he rammed something into the mouth of the piece and remarked:

"Turn'er loose."

The roar of the howitzer echoed through the lonely forest, and the savages, with frantic cries of pain, reeled down the ravine in wild confusion.

"What in h— did you put in?" asked Mark.

"A column of solid nonpareil and a couple of sticks of your spring poetry."

"The poetry did the business, Dan. Get one of your geological articles ready for the next charge, and I guess it'll let the red devils out for the present campaign."

The savages again advanced. Mark attended to the powder, and Dan assorted the shot, so to speak.

"Jeems Pipes's song, 'My Mountain Home,'"

"Good for three Indians—sock'er in."

"An acoustic by John B. Ridge, in long primer."

"It'll paralyze 'em."

"Frank Pixley on the Constitution—half a column of leaded brevier."

"If it hits 'em, the day is won."

"Your leader on 'Law and Order.'"

"Save it as a last resort."

Dan pulled the type out of the boxes, and stuffed column after column in the howitzer's mouth as the savages came charging on. Another round from the gun, and the redskins rolled over and over each other, like boulders swept away by a mountain cloud-burst. Mark, in an ecstasy of delight, pulled an American flag out of his effects, nailed it to the tail-board of the wagon, and was about to make a speech, when the dusky figures of the foes were once more seen moving to the attack.

The piece was again loaded, and this time with a double charge. Mark's leader on "Law and Order," the puff of an auction house, by Fred McCrellish, "as a sickener," Dao said; Frank Gross's verses on "The Rebel Yell," an agricultural article by Sam Seabaugh, showing the chemical properties of corn-juice as an educational lever; a maiden poetical effort by Olive Harper, and some verses by Col. Cremony and Frank Soule completed the load.

"That poetry reaching 'em first will throw 'em into confusion, and my editorial coming up on the heels of the rest will result in a lasting demoralization. It will be like the last cavalry charge of the French troopers at the battle of Austerlitz."

For the third and last time the faithful howitzer belched its typographical compliments to the advancing foe. The havoc was terrible. There was a wild yell from a score of savage throats, and then the low groans of the dying floated up the ravine on the gentle wind. The two men walked over the field of slaughter and counted fifty-six aborigines lying in heaps. The bodies were horribly mutilated with nonpareil, bourgeois, "caps," misery dashes, and unassorted pi.

"My leader cooked that man's goose," said Mark, pointing to a savage hanging over the limb of a cedar.

"My geological article did the business for him," rejoined Dan, nodding carelessly at an Indian whose head was lying twenty yards away.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"You bet. Hurrah for Faust and Gutenberg!"

"Is there any type left?"

"Not a pound."

Ten days later the two journalistic tramps reached Virginia City, weary, discouraged, and footsore, and secured places in the *Enterprise*.

A few days ago Dan received the following from his former partner:

HARTFORD, Connecticut, January 1, 1880.

DEAR DAN:—I send you the congratulations of the New Year. Do you recollect the time we exterminated the tribe of unlettered (?) savages in Mendocino County? If you can spare the time I wish you would make a pilgrimage to that historic spot, gather the ghostly relics together, and plant a tablet (not too expensive and at your own expense) to the memory of the departed. Have a shooting-stick lying across a long bow, with our monogram and coat of arms entwined, and some appropriate epitaph carved on the stone; an extract from Carl Schurz's views on the "Peace Policy" might do. Enclosed is a dollar and a half for your incidental expenses; you can deadhead traveling expenses.

Yours,

MARK TWAIN.

M. T.

Dan will attend to the matter in the spring. The old bowitzer used on the occasion is still in his possession.

"Sports that Kill"

The sentimental humorist of the New York *Times* writes: "While in our own city revolting imitations of the Roman gladiatorial shows have been in progress, a California community has surpassed the atrocity of Spanish bull-fights by a match between a mule and a locomotive. The mule was a large and bony army mule, and the locomotive was one of the celebrated Paterson breed. A circular track was built in a large temporary amphitheatre, on which the locomotive was run at full speed, and the mule was let loose into the arena to deal with its antagonist as it saw fit. The mule watched the locomotive for some time, with its ears in a threatening attitude, and when the locomotive had attained a speed of fully fifty miles an hour, backed up in front of it and delivered a kick with both feet. The locomotive was brought to an instant stop, trembling in every wheel, while a hot perspiration covered its surface. After being carefully sponged off, and stimulated with small coals, the miserable locomotive was again set in motion. This time the mule kicked it with such terrific violence as to break its funnel short off and to smash its headlight. Mowing with pain, the locomotive was once more sponged, and its wounds bound up with sheet-iron. At this point several ladies left the amphitheatre, being unable to witness any longer so brutal a spectacle, but the inhuman owner of the locomotive ordered time to be called, and the combat to be renewed. The mule waited till the locomotive was running at an estimated speed of sixty-seven miles per hour, and then delivered its final kick. The hapless locomotive was hurled some thirty feet from the track, and was taken up with its boiler ruptured, its eccentrics dislocated, and its connecting rods broken. It breathed its last steam in a few moments, in great apparent suffering, and the mule was declared the victor. A more revolting spectacle has probably never been witnessed in any Spanish bull-ring, and when we remember that this brutal fight occurred at the very time that the wretched chess-players were undergoing torture in this city, we can not shut our eyes to the fact that we have eclipsed, in the nineteenth century, the worst barbarities of Rome and Madrid."

It is not only the great or wealthy who can moralize; the social nonentity can, or thinks he can; at all events, he does. In support of which position, as follows:

Scene—A House of Entertainment. *Dramatis Personæ*—Half a dozen Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water. Time—Last week.

First H. of W.—"An' fwbat d'ye thiok o' this hystin' o' the yellow flag, b'ys?"

Second H. of W.—"I hear the veshel's comin' into port to-morrow."

Third ditto—"Divil a fear; she's in curranteen, an' the shmall-pox is aboard."

First ditto—"I tell yez she'll be in the city front by Monday; now mind me."

Third ditto—"Then if she is, we should set her afire, an' the city, too."

This ebullition of feeling soothed and vindicated the sovereignty of the people, as represented by the moralists in question, and they passed on to discuss topics of general interest. It was agreed that Jim Keene was a "shmart" gambler, but incapable of holding a candle to Jay Gould. He was much extolled for having knocked down Vanderbilt in the public "shstreet" and "shstamped" upon him. This heroic feat won for him golden opinions. It was resolved that all the railroads in the country, east and west, had combined to defraud the public, and that any man who wanted to go anywhere should either walk or beat them. It was agreed that people to the East had some "grit," but that Californians had none; that they were poor, abject slaves; that there was no public spirit among them; that every man was for himself, and, provided he succeeded in filling his own pockets, didn't "give a d—n" for his neighbors or the community at large. There was more said, but this is a fair sample. We give it without comment for what it is worth—the rest of the reading matter in this paper costs ten cents.

Dr. Montcalm, great grandson of the famous Marquis, has come to the front, not as a nobleman, but as an inventor. The doctor, although in reduced circumstances, claims that he has all the diamonds, rubies, and pearls of the cave of Ali Baba at his command. In other words, he can turn out the gems to order, and manufacture diamonds as big as a cart-wheel. Hotel clerks and barkeepers to be supplied at reduced rates, and with none of the risks that Aladdin encountered. Here is a chance for the poet laureate and grand high chamberlain, G. W. Childs, to lay in the imperial crown jewels for his friend Grant at cost price. The doctor is poor, and will only charge the cost of the carbon and a sky parlor.

Vinnie Ream-Hoxie, in a big gingham apron, is a terror to the men in the foundry of the Washington Navy Yard, where they are doing Admiral Farragut in bronze. Vinnie flies around like a bee in a tar bucket. The model is ten feet high, and represents the Admiral standing on the deck of his ship, with his foot on a coil of rope, and in the act of raising a marine glass to his eyes. Senator Davis has introduced a bill to authorize the erection of a statue to Chief Justice Marshall, and Vinnie, it is said, is to get the contract. Could that great jurist have lived to know that he was to be bisected after death by the irrepressible Vinnie, the thought would have given death an additional pang.

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

A blockhead, who does not understand the grammatical value of the editorial "we," tries to be funny as follows: When we first donned our new ulster, we felt so much like a woman that we couldn't keep our hands out of our upper side-pockets, and we hugged ourselves all the way home.

Only a pin with gleaming point,
Nestled within a chair;
Only a small boy snickering while
A step is heard on the stair.
Only an upward leap through space,
And a torrent of oaths and screeches,
While the bent pin glistens in the rear
Of the old man's Sunday breeches.

A Miss Nannie Williams has become the wife of Mr. Goat, of Stephenville, Texas. She is oow Mrs. Nannie Goat.

Swinburne says that Shakspeare was a free-thinker. Rev. Joseph Cook says he was orthodox. Mr. Pickering is silent.

Ladies now carry daggers in their stockings, and there are men mean enough to pick a quarrel with a pretty woman just to see her go down for her weapon.

Oh, banded with pansy and curtained with white,
Yellow with gold from the sunset sky,
Laced with the shadeflets of latticing light,
Silken and soft as a vanishing sigh—
Oh, what can you say of a bonnet, doggonnit,
When writing a sonnet upon it?

The Government of the United States has asked Mexico to help it whip a few Indians in the Southwest. This is a good plan. Now, if it could get England to take bold of the red-skins in the North, we might manage to get along.

One of the best stories of Yankees "sitting on" "Britisbers" for their tipping system was said by a New York editor, and comes to us by way of London. Mr. Willie Winter certainly ought to set up as a paragon. "When that accomplished journalist, Mr. William Winter, was about to return to his native country, after a sojourn here of some months, he mounted the 'bridge' of the steamboat as she was getting clear of her moorings, and, taking off his hat to the crowd assembled on the jetty at Liverpool, exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, if there's anybody in your island to whom I have not given a sbliling, now's his time to speak!'"

It is true that Mr. Miller has engaged in stock speculations, but he has not abandoned poetry, as will be seen by the following:

And it is gone! Gone like a breath;
Gone like a white sail seen at night
A moment and then lost to sight;
Gone like a star you gaze upon,
That glimmers to a bead, a speck,
Then softly melts into the dawn,
And all is still and dark as death.
And then you dance around and swear,
And snatch out handfuls of your hair,
Because you bought a "put," a "call,"
And didn't have 'r sense at all.

"Came to his death by being struck on the head with a stone flung violently by the hand of some person to the jury unknown," was the verdict. He was learning to play the cornet.

They hung a local poet in China the other day, and the missionaries point with gratification to the act as an evidence that the Pagan horde is slowly drifting toward Christianity.

It was a very mean man who slipped his band between the heads of a young man and young lady in the front seat as the train entered a tunnel. He said afterward the young man's beard was very stiff, but the pressure on the other side of his hand felt like the tips of a fur tie.

In a poem read by Robert Grant, at the recent reunion of the Alumni of the Boston Latin School, was the following:

Our great public schools—may their influence spread
Until statesmen use grammar, and dunces are dead:
Until no one dare say, in this land of the free,
"He done" for "he did," or "it's her" for "it's she."

"What is hell?" asked a Lutheran Sunday-school teacher of a boy, in class, last Sabbath. "A shirt with a button off, ma'am," replied the boy. "Explain yourself; what do you mean, sir?" demanded the meek-spirited, but surprised teacher. "Well, I heard my pa say to my ma the other morning, when he put on a shirt with the neck-button off, 'Well, this is hell.' That's all I know about it."

There will be very many marriages in society this winter, because so many are enjoying the delights of the Salem *Sunbeam's* menu of courtship:

A bunch of flowers,
A book or two,
A little billing,
A little coo,
A little coming
And going, till
They go to church
And say: "I will."

A corkscrew is the key which unlocks the gait of a man's legs.

A young man has come who a yarn'll
Repeat, about Irish needs carnal.
It sounds just as well
To call him Parnell.
But the right way to name him is Parnell.

An English undergraduate at examination, on being asked to repeat the parable of the "Good Samaritan," thus did it: "A certain man journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." Then he stopped. "Go on, sir," said the examiner. "And—" "And what? Go on, sir." "And the thieves sprang up and choked him!"

He took his sled into the road
And, lord a massy! how he slide.
And as he slid he laughing cried,
"What fun upon my sled to slide."
And as he laughed, before he knewed,
He from that sliding sled was shude.
Upon the slab where he was laid
They carved this line: "This boy was slade."

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

Paddy the Piper.

"I'll tell you, sir, a mighty quare story. 'Twas afther night-fall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the nogginns of buttermilk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door. 'Whist,' says my father; 'here's the sojers come upon us now,' says he. 'Bad luck to thim, the villains. I'm afear'd they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he.

"No," says my mother, 'for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.'

"Well, whist, anyhow," says my father, 'for there's a knock agin'; and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

"Oh, it's folly to putind any more," says my father; 'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.'

"How can I see who's in it in the dark?" says I.

"Well," says he, 'light the candle, thin, and see who's in it. But don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers; and spake them fair, if it's thim.'

"So with that, I wint to the door, and there was another knock.

"Who's there?" says I.

"It's me," says he.

"Who are you?" says I.

"A friend," says he.

"Bathin'?" says I; 'who are you, at all?'

"Arrah! don't you know me?" says he.

"Divil a taste," says I.

"Sure, I'm Paddy the Piper," says he.

"Oh, thunder and turf!" says I; 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?'

"Sorra one else," says he.

"And what brought you at this hour?" says I.

"By gar," says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he.

* * * * *

"Faix then," says I, 'you had better lose no time in hidin' yourself,' says I; 'for troth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Hussians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villains!'

"Faith, thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus," says poor Paddy.

"It's a folly to talk," says I; 'I darn't open the door.'

"Oh, then, millia murther!" says Paddy, 'what'll become of me at all, at all?' says he.

"Go aff into the shed," says I, 'behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an illigant lock o' straw, that you may go asleep in,' says I; 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

* * * * *

"Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell how it was with Paddy. You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceived him; but, at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was going off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a better piper was in all the country round nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was illigant an the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver,' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meanderin' along through the fields; but he didn't go far, until climbin' up through a hedge, when he was coming out at t'other side, he kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be merciful unto us! but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a tree? 'Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy; 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? Troth you took a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a Christian crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

* * * * *

"Says Paddy, eyein' the corpse, 'By my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots an you,' says he; 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *transens*, and a corpse wid such an illigant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So with that, Paddy laid hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their bein' so tight, or the branch of tree a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right hould o' thim, he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all; and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin, lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the illigant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back—outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs av the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience.' And troth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

"Well, sir, he tuck'd up the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud. 'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap; and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceived him, and that it wasn't the airly dawn, as he conceived, and bein' frikened for fear himself might be cotched and trated like the poor corpse he was afther malthreatin' if he was found walkin' the country at that time, by gar! he turned about and walked back agin to the cow-house, and hidin' the corpse's legs in the straw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? the divil a long Paddy was there until the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy; and faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

"Well, whin the morning kem, my father says to me, 'Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the pratees; for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow.'

"Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy!' And, afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in an called agin, and divil an answer I got still. 'Blood-an-agers!' says I, 'Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?' And so, castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet stickin' out from under the hape o' sthraw. 'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner; and maybe you haven't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket! But I'll disturb your dhrame, I'm thinkin'; says I, and with that I laid hould of his heels (as I thought), and, givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

"Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, on the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out o' my hands, like a pair of Hussian's horse-pistils; and I thought the sight'd lave my eyes whin I seen they wor two mortal legs. My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and, jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther. 'Oh, you murtherin' villain,' says I, shaking my fist at the cow. 'Oh, you unnath'ral baste,' says I; 'you've ate poor Paddy, you thievinn' cannable; you're worse than a neyger,' says I. 'And bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' d serve you for your supper but the best piper in Ireland!'

* * * * *

"With that, I ran out, for throth I didn't like to be near her; and, goin' into the house, I tould them all about it.

"Arrah! be aisy," says my father.

"Bad luck to the lie I tell you," says I.

"Is it ate Paddy?" says they.

"Divil a doubt of it," says I.

"Are you sure, Shamus?" says my mother.

"I wish I was as sure of a new pair of brogues," says I. 'Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs.'

"And do you tell me she ate the pipes, too?" says my father.

"By gor, I b'lieve so," says I.

"Oh, the divil fly away wid her," says he; 'what a cruel taste she has for music!'

"Arrah!" says my mother, 'don't be cursing the cow that gives milk to the childher.'

"Yis, I will," says my father; 'why shouldn't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?'

"You oughn't to curse any livin' that's undher your roof," says my mother.

"By my sowl, thin," says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll send her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff,' says he, 'Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.'

"Troth, I don't like to dhrive her," says I.

"Arrah! don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself," says he.

"Faith, I don't," says I.

"Well, like or no like," says he, 'you must dhrive her.'

* * * * *

"Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng'd it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"God save you," says one to me.

"God save you, kindly," says I.

"That's a fine beast you're dhivin'," says he.

"Troth she is," says I; though God knows it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. I dhrive her into the thick av of the fair, whin, all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up struck the pipes to the tune av 'Tattherin' Jack Walsh,' and, my jew'l, in a minit the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"Oh, murther!" says I, to the boys standin' by; 'hould her,' says I, 'hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.'

"Is it a cow for to ate a piper?" says one o' thim.

"Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen its corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs," says I; 'and it's a folly to be strivin' to hide it, for I see she'll never lave it off—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be merciful to him.'

"Who's that takin' my name in vain?" says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"Oh, hould him, too," says I; 'keep him aff me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; 'for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.'

"Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it was Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin' so that you'd think his sides 'ud split. And whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I tould you already. And av coorse the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth, my father had sich a regard for the poor thing that he had her skinned, and an illigant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the family to this day. And isn't it mighty remarkable, what I'm goin' to tell you now—but it's as thrue as I'm here—that, from that out, any one that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes strikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'—and there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."

—Samuel Lover.

A writer in the Boston *Home Journal* says: "I asked a young gentleman not long ago why he went to hear Mr. Cook. I was curious, because I knew that his tastes and beliefs were so opposed to those of the lecturer. The answer was: 'Because he uses such big words, and so many of 'em. It is positively interesting to hear him begin to abuse something or somebody, and then to hear the words rattle out. Cook is a roaring good actor!' At the Holmes breakfast one of our best known writers said suddenly to me: 'Since I have come into this room I have changed my opinion very decidedly about a man I was very much prejudiced against.' 'Who is that?' I inquired, with not a little curiosity. 'Joe Cook. I never had seen him before, but had read the reports of his lectures. I see now, as I look at him, that he believes all he says, so I can forgive him.'" We can not.

Music and sculpture met in the marriage of Halévy, the composer. His widow has just finished a statue of her dead husband, which is to be placed in one of the niches of the façade of the Hotel de Ville, at Paris.

BABY VERSE.

"To Talk of Children is to Teach of God."

Miss Tomboy.

Princess of petty pets;
Tomboy in trouserettes;
Eyes are like violets—
Gleefully glancing!
Skin, like an otter sleek,
Nose, like a baby-Greek,
Sweet little dimple cheek—
Merrily dancing!

Lark-like her song it trills,
Over the dale and hills,
Hark how her laughter thrills!
Joyously joking,
Rolling in daffodils,
Wading in mountain rills,
Heedless of snowy frills—
Creasing and soaking.

Naughty but best of girls,
Through life she gaily twirls
Shaking her sunny curls—
Laughing at folly.
Ev'ry one on her notes,
Carolling merry notes,
Pet in short petticoats—
This is Miss Dolly.

—Austin Dobson.

An Atlantic Picture.

Don't you hear the children coming,
Coming into school?
Don't you hear the master drumming
On the window with his rule?
Master drumming, children coming,
Hurriedly to school.

Tiptoe fingers reach the catch,
Tiny fingers click the latch,
Curly-headed girls throng in,
Lily free from toil and sin;
Breezy boys flock in together,
Bringing breaths of winter weather,
Bringing baskets Indian checked,
Dinners in them sadly wrecked;
Ruddy handed, mittens off,
Soldiers from the Malakoff—
Built of snow all marble white,
Rastions shining in the light,
Marked with many a dint and dot
Of the ice-cold cannon shot!
Hear the last assailing shout,
See the gunners sally out,
Charge upon the battered door,
School is called, and battle o'er.

—Charles Leroy.

School-Days.

Once more by mount and meadow side,
The merry bells are ringing,
Once more by vale and river wide,
The school-room doors are swinging;
Forgotten books win pensive looks,
And slates come forth from cover,
For hand in hand to lesson-land
Go little lass and lover.

—Laura Crane.

A Little Flatterer.

He calls me, with fond loyalty, "The Queen,"
This youngest subject of my narrow realm,
And says, with sweetest kisses rained between,
And clinging arms, all doubts to overwhelm:
"You are the prettiest lady that I know!"
What more, if it were so?

"Your cheeks are just as soft! I think your eyes
Are brighter than the eyes of any bird,
As bright as any star up in the skies!
And your hair shines like silk! Yis, every word,
It is all true! And, there, now when you smile—"
O, he would grief beguile!

And I, with yearning heart, take all for true!

Yes, thus, grown very vain, I would be fair,
And ever blooming with bright youth, to you;
Even when pale sorrows lead to silvery hair,
And stealthy wrinkles follow burning tears,
Down the relentless years.

Ah, little love, I bless your partial eyes,
So sweet their blindness; they bestow dear dower
Of deathless beauty; for thus love defies
All bold defects, and T-me's remorseless power;
And still you rose-wreath, in your winsome way,
The dull cross of my day!

—Celeste Winslow.

Little Lovers.

Wee little lovers, aged six and ten,
Aping the manners of women and men,
He so ardent, and she so shy,
Only when somebody else is by—
When they're alone, this bright-haired miss
Gives her wee lover a soft, warm kiss,

Lovers will come to her feet to woo,
What is the dear little damsel to do?
Is it her fault that they love her so?
Is it her fault that they won't take No?

—Agnes Irving.

Two and Two.

A brown head and a golden head
Above the violets keep in sight;
Dark eyes and blue (with tears to shed)
Look laughing toward me in the light.
A red-bird flashes from the tree:
"The world is glad, is glad!" sings he.

A golden head, a head of brown,
Below the violets, miss the sun;
Dark eyes and blue—their lids shut down—
With tears (and theirs were brief) have done.
A dove hides in another tree:
"The world is sad, is sad!" grieves she.

Through song and moan, I hardly know,
Between the red-bird and the dove,
If most I'd wish that two below
The violets were with two above,
Or two above the violets lay
With two below them deep.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

It requires some patience and a great deal of amiability to discuss the question of the purchase of the waters of Lake Merced by the city and for the use of its people. We know that it is a fraud and a swindle. We know that its waters are impure and insufficient. We know that the price is exorbitant. We know that it is a dead, cold, long-planned attempt to steal. We know the men who are engaged in it. We know the personal motives that prompt it. We have a near guess as to where the money will go, and with whom it is to be divided. We think we could name the knaves who are working for it in and around the Board of Supervisors, in and around the Legislature, in and around the newspaper press. We know the argument advanced by demagogues in the Board to catch demagogues out of the Board is arrant nonsense and demagoguery. We know that the scheme is illegal, and that every step taken ought to be a step in the direction of the penitentiary at San Quentin; and that every dollar taken out of the treasury and out of the pockets of taxpayers is in defiance of law, good morals, and decency. This is a rich man's swindle. It embraces several millionaires, a bank or two, many politicians—in and out of office. All the great swindles are rich men's swindles. We never heard of a conspiracy among men of small means to rob the treasury, either State or municipal. We never heard of a conspiracy to steal land, money, or franchise that had not in its councils rich men, able lawyers, leading citizens and officials. This one beats any that we have ever heard of. Tweed, in his boldest days of unchecked crime, never attempted so bold and cheeky a robbery as we think this to be. Our rich men are sowing to the wind, and in time they will reap the whirlwind. They are setting the example of despising the law and setting at defiance the rights of the people. This fraud, like all other frauds, and like all extortions and extravagances, settles down upon the land and lot owners; the tax-payer must eventually either pay or repudiate these bonds. The property of this city—we mean its real estate—is not owned by wealthy men, as a rule. If the time ever comes when water bonds, avenue bonds, and other swindling securities are repudiated, they will be found in the strong-boxes of the rich, and not among the poor or the tax-payers. The time will inevitably come when the tax-payers, as a body, will be compelled to defend themselves against the aggression of thieves. When that time comes it will not be surprising if they do not discriminate between just and unjust debts. Communism is a great horror; but to be robbed and impoverished by municipal thieves, assenting millionaires, hanks, and politicians, is a greater.

Our people are gradually settling down to a stolid indifference to official jobbery and thievery that almost resembles approval. Twenty years ago, had the Mahoney Lake Merced Swindle been pushed as now, we verily believe that the carcasses of seven Supervisors would have been found swinging to seven lamp-posts the morning after such a vote as that of Monday night on that measure. What are the facts? Seven miles from the city there is an outflow of water called Lake Merced, that for ages has fallen from the clouds, and not being necessary for any use, has wasted itself in the sea. The land on the shores of the lake belongs to various individuals: The Hibernia Bank, or David Mahoney, owns about half, the Spring Valley Water Company owns a large share, and certain other owners the rest. The water flowing off into the sea belongs to anybody who needs it, to drink or for any other useful purpose. This principle of law is as old as the oldest of law-givers, and no other rule has ever been known in any community, civilized or uncivilized; and if there ever was any doubt, the new Constitution just adopted has settled the principle forever by providing in express terms that the right to collect compensation for water use is a franchise, and can only be enforced by legislative enactment and in accordance with prescribed forms. This

means that the people can help themselves to water to drink wherever they can find it, and when they permit any person or corporation to charge them for its use it must be in return not only for the value of the water, but also for the expense or trouble the company or individual has incurred in bringing it there. It means that anybody can repair to the banks of Lake Merced and can drink, and that what individuals can do singly the community can do in its organized capacity. And this is what it did when the Spring Valley Company, an organized branch of the municipal machinery, put its pipe in the lake and pumped at the rate of three millions of gallons a day and distributed it to our people. Why did not Mahoney stop them if he owned the water they were taking away? He knew better, and remained silent. Any company—indeed, the city without a company—has the right now to take the water. Mahoney has nothing to sell but his land, which would be a bad purchase to-day at two hundred thousand dollars. But it seems he wants to sell it through the machinery of the Rogers Act. That act provided that three commissioners should procure a supply of water for this city; the commission was the Mayor, the Auditor, and the District Attorney; those officers were to condemn any land or water they might deem "requisite and necessary" for that purpose. The language of the statute placed the whole matter within the discretion of the commissioners; they were to acquire such land and water as they might deem "requisite and necessary;" they were to purchase it from the owners by direct negotiation if they could agree. If they failed to agree they could appoint appraisers to appraise the property. This they did. They appointed three appraisers, but before the appraisers were approved by the Supervisors—which approval the statute required—they, the commissioners, reconsidered their action and resolved that in their discretion and judgment Lake Merced was not "requisite and necessary," and ought not to be purchased. When this rescinding action was had the Lake Merced scheme was as dead as if the act had never been passed. The appraisers were without power and could do nothing.

Now, the Rogers Act was passed either for the benefit of the public, or for the benefit of David Mahoney, and incidentally of such as gain by what benefits him. If it was passed for the benefit of the public, the representatives of the public have resolved not to take advantage of it; if it was passed for the benefit of David Mahoney and his crowd, will the Supervisors acknowledge that this view is the basis and motive of their action? Either the Mahoney crowd must admit that this award is too high, viz., more than the property is worth, or there is no benefit in it for them. If the property is worth less than the award of \$1,500,000 then it ought to be set aside for fraud. If it is worth the amount of the award, Mr. Mahoney is not damaged, for he has his property, and can keep it for his own use or sell to others. The law will not assume that the appraisers have found a value five or ten times what the property is worth; for it to do so is to signalize the whole transaction as infamous, and not to be pushed further. The law will presume that the property is worth just what his appraisers have named, and that Mr. Mahoney ought to be thankful that he has not been divested by force of so desirable a property and so fine an investment. His property is worth one and a half millions of dollars; of this let Mr. Badlam take immediate notice, and see that it is assessed at something near that figure; and let Mr. Mahoney be happy that he keeps so good a thing. The city has, by the action of the commissioners who represent it, lost the bargain, and Mr. Mahoney keeps his own. It is a plunder the people must suffer; at least the city keeps her bonds, and will have no interest account to provide for. But while the law takes this position the people know better; they know the whole business is a corrupt, nasty, despicable job, in which a property worth a hundred thousand dollars, or very little more, is to be forced upon a reluctant public for a million and a half, in thirty-year six per cent bonds. The public knows full well that seven Supervisors are not working for the public they ostensibly represent, but for Mahoney and his confederates; that when the job is done, and the bonds issued and distributed to the persons interested, according to their respective shares, as "swag," the public interest in Lake Merced is ended; that no water pipes will ever be put into it, and that all the remembrance of it will remain in the annual taxes for interest and sinking fund, and that history will have no other record of this scandalous and corrupt job.

If there was any lingering doubt that all these proceedings were illegal and void before the time of repealing the Rogers Act that doubt is now resolved. The repeal of the act before the consummation of proceedings under it renders it inoperative and void as to all that has been done or has been attempted. The Board of Supervisors can not breathe the breath of life under the ribs of this dead and ghastly skeleton. As well might a fire company, or a ward club, or a debating society endeavor to create a debt and make it binding upon the city of San Francisco and its tax-payers. We write thus of this scheme, not because we fear its consummation, but because we are indignant that in our city and among our municipal legislators there can be found seven men so lost

to self-respect as to endeavor to consummate so rascally an act. These hands will never issue. The Mayor, Killoch, the Auditor, Dunn, the Superior Court, the Supreme Court, and, lastly, an indignant public opinion, are all to be overcome before this "swag" attaches to the corrupt hands endeavoring to steal it.

A New York Herald Washington special, dated January 26th, says: "It is reported, on what is believed to be trustworthy authority, that personal friends of ex-President Grant in Philadelphia, who are nearest to him, state to persons interested that before the meeting of the Pennsylvania Convention, ten days hence, an authoritative declaration will be made in behalf of the ex-President, conclusively taking him from the field as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. It is given out by persons in the 'ex-President's confidence that he proposes to engage in an important business enterprise, which he prefers to any attempt to reënter political life.' If this is true, and we deem it highly probable, then Gen. Grant will have been placed in a most equivocal and, in our opinion, unpleasant position. He will have rounded off a most successful career with a most marked failure. After attaining the very highest position that any American citizen has ever achieved, he will be written down in history as having failed to attain a desired office; and there will run into this history, and there will linger in the opinion of his countrymen, the belief that his ambition outran his patriotism; that he yielded himself the willing instrument of a political class that regarded the patronage, the power, and the spoils of office above the welfare of the country. It is now admitted that Gen. Grant can not become for a third time the candidate of the Republican party, and it is conceded by all level-headed men that if nominated he would not be elected; but it is not admitted, and it is not true, that Gen. Grant has patriotically refused the candidacy. He has sought the office, and his countrymen have denied it to him. Unlike the Roman candidate standing in the forum clad in white, he has been hippodromed as a spectacle through the land, seeking the highest office by all the arts that belong to the least reputable wing and the least respectable members of the Republican party. That Gen. Grant has seen fit to identify himself with this class of politicians is not the fault of those Republican gentlemen who would have preferred to hold him in higher esteem than to think he would lend himself, his great name, and his gallant military achievements to the accomplishment of a party purpose.

Who will be the Republican nominee it is impossible at this time to guess. Senator Blaine is perhaps the most popular and the most prominent. He commands the enthusiasm of the party. He is its "dashing Murat," its "white-plumed Henry of Navarre." He addresses himself to the chivalry of the party, and stirs the romantic element to action. He is an orator, fearless, impulsive, brilliant, and commands admiration. Secretary Sherman is prominent—especially prominent in Ohio. He is strong, and especially strong with the secret agents and officers of the Revenue Department. Detective Finnegas will go for him, and if Internal Revenue Collector Higby is not removed he will go for him, and the strong money syndicates will go for him; and these are powerful elements in a national convention. Mr. E. B. Washburne would make a popular candidate, and, in event of election, an excellent administration. But Mr. Washburne is not strong with the politicians of Illinois, and it is not probable that he could carry his own State delegation, and hence it is not probable that he can be nominated. He ought to be: he would not be objectionable to Conkling in New York; he has no quarrel with Blaine; he is not in opposition to Sherman. His record at home and abroad is a good one. He would be entitled to the vote of every German in America. General Grant, in a conversation with J. Russell Young, says of Washburne: "I should have been delighted to have had Washburne as my successor. Apart from our personal relations, which are of the closest nature, I have a great admiration for Washburne. He has been my friend always, and I am grateful for his friendship. He is a true, high-minded, patriotic man, of great force and ability. While he was in France some of our enemies tried to make mischief between us, but it had no result. I have entire faith in Washburne, and if I could have cleared the way for him in Cincinnati I would have done so." We do not despair of Mr. Washburne's nomination, because we think a careful review of the political situation will convince Republican leaders that a campaign under his leadership will be one certain of victory.

The widow of John Tyler, once President of the United States, asks Congress for provision in her old age because she is poor. We sincerely hope there may be found some mode in which a great and wealthy nation may rescue from poverty a lady who has been once the wife of its President. If there is no law, let one be passed. If there is no precedent, let one be established. The nation owes this to its dignity.

The people would rather have Gen. Grant "right" than "President."

AFTERMATH.

On the 4th day of next month the Pennsylvania Convention will meet to appoint delegates to the National Convention. It was called thus early under the direction of Don Cameron, to give the "boom" for Grant a send-off. It was to have been "first blood" in the campaign. It was not doubted that the Cameron influence would make an easy victory, but the result has proved a mortification and a disappointment. The Convention is against Grant; the "boom" is a failure, and "first blood" is likely to be for Blaine. Wherever, from Maine to Iowa, there has been an intelligent canvass of party preference, Grant has proved to be a bad third, Blaine and Sherman in nearly every State leading him for nomination. We think we may now dismiss Gen. Grant from any further discussion, and indulge ourselves in the more congenial and pleasant task of recording his services and bringing up in favorable mention and friendly memory his great qualities, his distinguished achievements, and his many virtues. Those who have aided to rescue him from the ambitious and selfish and mercenary politicians who have surrounded him will be entitled to and will in time receive from Gen. Grant and his countrymen their lasting thanks for an honest service.

That good old railroad gentleman who for twenty years has so admirably managed the Sutter Street ahomination and its tangle-legged branches, laid down the burden of his cares, departed from railroad management, and passed in his chips to new dealers on the 27th day of January, 1880. This road leads directly to the cemetery; it has been going there ever since its first rail was laid, its first rickety car was started, its first lame and halky horse was purchased, its first cable was stretched, its first servants were employed. We do not mean that Mr. Caseholt has shuffled off his mortal cable; that he has gone to that harm from which he may not return; that he has climbed the golden ladder, and gone to hunk in Ahrabam's hosom; but that he has sold the Sutter Street Railroad to Joseph Naphthaly and the "Schmidt boys." We are glad of it, and our neighbors are glad of it; the Western Addition rejoices; land has gone up. It gives us additional hopes of a prosperous season, and it convinces us of the truth of the adage that it is a long railroad that has no turn. The best good turn the Sutter Street ever did for a long-suffering and impatient people was when it turned Caseholt and his rickety old hlacksmith of a road over to new hands, new enterprise, and new capital.

We growl and vituperate about our "cold snap." We breathe on our hands, chatter our teeth, and kick things with our aching toes because the thermometer marks only forty-odd degrees by day and thirty when our toes are sandwiched in hlankets, our teeth vibrating to comfortable snores, and our hands the Lord knows where. But Dr. Reagles, just down from Fort Klamath, says that up in that country the beautiful snow is ten feet thick! We ought all to be taken up to Klamath and scallyhooted through it until we should not have a warm hone in our ungrateful hodies. Because Diahlo and Tamalpais lift white-headed eminences against a steely sky we fancy we suffer, without stopping to consider whether we are standing on Diahlo, sitting astride of Tamalpais, or floating in the sky. This is becoming ridiculous; let it be ahated, or the Eastern visitor (with his collar open) will gihe and gird at us. And his derision we will hy no means endure. It is more insufferable than the itch.

Assemblyman Tyler alluded to Assemblyman Braunhart, in debate, as the gentleman from Judea. Then there was discomfort, and some danger that an ink hottle would ensue. Better counsels prevailed: Mr. Braunhart called Mr. Tyler an ignoramus, a mule, and an ass, and the amenities of legislative discussion were preserved.

Says Tyler, his eye upon Braunhart: "I see a Gentleman hailing from distant Judea."
Says Braunhart: "Be silent, you lying reviler!"
The Speaker, confirming, remarked: "Shut up, Tyler; Whatever his county, the member in question Sha'n't be called a gentleman, e'en by suggestion."

"There is a waiter here," said one gentleman to another, while lunching at Campi's, "who has the most preposterous nose in California. It would elevate your intellect, broaden your opinions, expand your sympathies, and ennoble your taste to contemplate the magnitude of that nose." "I'm dying to see it, and languish to hear it blown," said the other—adding, with a sudden glance along the aisle between the tables: "Is that the man?" "I don't know," replied the first speaker reflectively—"I really can not say. That, however, is the nose."

"Men are everywhere. They have no right to be so prevalent." The speaker was a serious young woman, the auditor a big policeman, the only interested audience the writer. The lady was standing near the entrance of a public square. She had come there to hask in the sunshine, and hear the sparrows twitter in the larches. Benches to right of her, benches to left of her, hences all occupied, mocked at her with their surfeit of indolent manlings. "But I can't move any of them," said the big policeman deprecatingly. "I

don't wish you to. I was merely voicing an immortal truth," said the serious young woman. The lady was right—superficially, at least. There is an over-plenty of the animal man floating on the muddy crest of the time-tide, spinning into the eddy-corners, overflowing the meadow-reaches; small wonder we find him crowding women and habies from out their little plats of green turf and untainted air. But then women should remember that Eve *would* eat that apple.

In behalf of "The Hood Orphans Memorial Fund," Gen. G. T. Beauregard has published the deceased soldier's hook, entitled *Advance and Retreat*, the manuscript of which was completed but a few days before his death. The hook is sold for three dollars, three-and-a-half dollars, four dollars, and five dollars, according to style of binding, and although we have not seen it we do not hesitate to recommend it. Money devoted to the support of the ten young orphans of a brave soldier who did his duty as he understood it is treasure laid up in heaven at compound interest. The writer of this paragraph has had a good deal of experience with reference to the subject of the volume: General Hood's "advances" and "retreats" he found always deeply interesting, though the retreats were incomparably the more agreeable. Grateful to the memory of the illustrious dead for a broken skull, he cheerfully now discharges a part of the obligation by doing what small service he can for the helpless living. The volume may be ordered directly from General G. T. Beauregard, New Orleans.

Steve Mayhell, the Poet-Lawgiver of the Sand-lot, is of some use, after all: he is father to a bill making it a misdemeanor to adulterate milk, and a capital crime to sell the milk of a sick cow. The bill, drawn up in Stephen's own beautiful chirography, familiar to every editorial wastebasket in the country, is as follows:

"Be it enacted by Senate and House,
It's a misdemeanor to water your cows.
And be it enacted, too, that the bilk
Who sells of an ailing cow the milk,
Be tried, convicted, transported to prison,
And bung, fer to pay for our lives with his'n."

The writer of this paragraph is not a musician. He could not play the simplest parlor ballad on a corn-stalk fiddle, although that was the instrument of his youth and early manhood. Hearing in the dark a sonata of Mendelssohn or Beethoven, he would probably misunderstand it as a competitive examination of cats, buzz-saws, and men working on a tin-roof. All the same, he hereby sets his hoof into the green pastures of musical criticism to lie down by the still waters and listen to his own warble. The writer assisted Mr. WilhelmJ at his concert on Friday evening of last week, and enjoyed his playing, dutifully as he had been told to do. August fiddles like the devil—never a doubt of it. And Herr Vogrich can discount any callow girlette of San Francisco in clawing the piano. And that woman—well, she can't sing any, but she is fat to look upon of a cold night. This present critic, who now has the floor, liked that concert, liked WilhelmJ, the tail to whose name has been worth to him a thousand dollars a month ever since he landed in a country where people don't have tails to their names. O yes, it was a very good concert. But.

We were about to remark that WilhelmJ is an insufferable noodle. When *encored* the last time that night—we presume he did it every night—he came out, howed, stuck his fiddle in his neck, and played "The Old Folks at Home"—played it (may the devil fly away with him!) through to the bitter end. We do not know if one man can play that thing hetter than another; the hetter it should be played the more offensive it would be. No doubt this fiddling foreigner, who fancies he looks like BeethovenJ, had been told that he must give us slop. That was good advice, but there are differences in slops; that compounded by the chambermaid is as good as that mixed by the cook, but it is not as nourishing; and any fiddler of WilhelmJ's acquaintance will tell him so. We say so ourselves. It is not apparent why this artist should insult the hoxes, orchestra seats, and dress circle, to please the gallery. 'Fore George! we helieve the fellow played "Away down upon the Swaneeeeeee river" because he likes it. He can't fiddle anyhow.

It must be gratifying to the community at large to learn that, in spite of the zealous quarantine precautions observed in the case of the *City of Peking*, two passengers succeeded in making their escape from the ship and landing in the city. It must be still more gratifying to learn that both the gentlemen in question rejoiced in a finely developed type of varioloid. One is now laid up in hospital, and "amuses himself by reading to his fellow inmates the newspaper accounts of his escape." He visited, it is said, several places of public resort—presumably saloons; engaged a hed at a hotel, and breakfasted with the guests the following morning, when he concluded to take the secondary and unimportant step of visiting a physician. He is now reported to be doing finely. This is cheering news; but we think that a gentleman possessing such a fine sense of humor as to play so excellent a practical joke upon a great city should not be suffered to pass into obscurity without some solid recogni-

tion of his genius. We therefore propose that, as soon as he becomes sufficiently convalescent to receive them, he be waited on by a deputation of citizens; and, as it is only reasonable to suppose that a change of raiment will be necessary when he again mixes with the public, we suggest a neat suit of tar and feathers; also that he be borne in triumph upon a rail. We shall be happy to head the deputation, and will afterward furnish the rail. His companion is still at large, fortunately for himself if not for the community.

Mr. Horace Davis has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives imposing a duty on mustard seeds. This will make living more expensive to the souls of politicians. That of George Gorham can not be comfortably housed without an outlay for rent exceeding in amount all the money he ever honestly made in all his life.

We are glad we do not know the name of the particular legislative idiot who has introduced a bill to print the debates of the Constitutional Convention. He might think us personal. We disavow the intention; but the man, or the party, or the wing of a party, profligate and mean enough to spend money in printing the unparalleled hosh of that hody, deserves and shall receive our execration. It is a well recognized and well remembered fact that those whose opinions were worth the least talked the most. Such a hook would be expensive, would never be read, and if it served any purpose, it would be to preserve the memory of a political incident that every honest man desires to forget.

The Hon. Frank McCoppin goes to the Hawaiian Islands to become a sugar planter. We are sorry for it, and we are glad of it. We are sorry, because California will lose a valuable citizen, society a genial fellow, and ourselves a good friend; glad, because at the Islands he can improve his fortune, and he of service in maintaining American ascendancy there and keeping them in friendly political and business relations with the United States. San Francisco loses one of its most intelligent and best citizens. In the position of Alderman, Supervisor, Mayor, Senator, and Harbor Commissioner; in the position of leader to the Democratic party, and adviser to its councils, he has always been intelligent, honest, manly, and honorable. He has created jealousies, as all bright and successful men do; he has made enemies, as all hold and manly people do; he has made a host of warm personal friends among all classes and in all parties, as all gentlemen do. His departure will be regretted, his return will be welcomed. He has our best wishes that he may make sugar while the sun shines upon him at the Sandwich Islands.

O'Donovan Rossa hurls oaths at Parnell,
Parnell at O'Donovan Rossa.
If both these imposters were chucked into—well,
If both were extruded from earth, pell-mell,
Earth never would growl at its loss a
Dambitte; and the glee would run devilish high
In the place where, with confidence, Irish apply.

We should be very sorry to think that our amiable friend of the Assembly, Dr. May, had been making a conspicuous ass of himself by eulogizing the sand-lot and the dirty political rahhle that disgraced it, but we are very much afraid he has done so. If Dr. May so approves of the conduct of those most disreputable and dirty fellows that he will oppose the passage of a law to punish men for inciting to riots or acts of criminal violence, we hope he will go politically where he belongs. We take the liberty of suggesting to Dr. May and to all weak-kneed Republicans that he or they will lose more friends by slohhering over and apologizing for the sand-lot than they will gain. There are only two sides, and Dr. May is not long enough in the stretch to straddle the broad chasm that divides them.

In another column a correspondent, "Growler," utters a touching complaint about ARGONAUT matters in general, and is especially moving concerning our time-table of the Central Pacific Railroad. This time-table, he should know, is furnished by the officers of the company, revised and corrected by them, and never altered except on their order. It is an advertisement, and we care nothing about its correctness. Still, we think they know their own business pretty well, and that they have good information as to when their trains leave. With all deference to "Growler," therefore, we confidently affirm that he *did* go to Sacramento on the train which he says did not run. We *know* he did, and we believe he knows it himself. And if we ever disclose the name of him to some of our injured contributors the wretch will probably wish he had remained there.

We hope it is true that Governor Perkins has resolved that under no circumstances will he convene an extra session. We have for thirty years experienced the perils of too much legislation. We are, above all things, anxious to make the experiment, just for one year, of too little.

Use fewer exclamation points in your verse, dear poets Was it not Pope who phrased this mark:

"The pompous tombstone of some pauper thought?"

A paragrapher blithely announces: "Joäquin Miller thinks of becoming a lecturer." And then—with rare coincidence: "Cetywayo is learning to read and write."

TONSOR TONSUS.

"Now, Jove, in His Next Commodity of Hair, Send Thee a Beard!"

Is shaving an art or a science? If not a science, as practiced now-a-days in San Francisco and other cosmopolitan cities, it approaches very closely to that indefinable boundary which divides science from art. As in religion "there be gods many and lords many," so in barberism (*i. e.*, shaving) there be barbarians, and there be shavers. Here you can have your ten-cent shave without, or your fifteen-cent shave with, bay rum. Here you can be coddled, and patted, and smoothed, and bathed as to your head, and a good half-hour of the solid day wasted upon you, for twenty-five cents. We are not sure whether the Greeks and Romans, and other swell nations of antiquity, practiced the science of shaving to the utmost extent compatible with human luxury and waste of time, or not. We are inclined to think they did. We know very well that the "strigils," or instruments with which they scrubbed their bodies in their steam and vapor baths, were ugly, blunt, awkward utensils, because we have seen them as they were dug up from Pompeii and her neighbor cities. We have yet, however, to see a Greek or Roman razor. Their swords were sharp—why not their razors? That it was the correct thing to get shaved we can gather from a line of Juvenal, the greatest satirist of his day, wherein he talks of his youthful experiences thus: "*Quo tondente gravissimam mihi barba sonabat*" (under whose razor my beard cracked crisply in my youth). All nations in all ages have taken from them the covering which Providence gave them as a protection against cold. Few vestiges remain of the hair which once clothed our frames in prehistoric times. Art supersedes nature, and fancies itself superior for doing so.

One of the humors or amenities of shaving consists in having your own soap, soap-pot, and lathering-brush at your barber's. Curiosity took the writer into a barber's in one of our principal thoroughfares the other day, and in an elegant bureau, placed against the wall of the studio, he observed several dozens of these pots, standing on shelves, in ranks, side by side, each inscribed with the name of its owner, each with the handle of its proper brush sticking out of it, each, no doubt, with its own proper cake of soap, seasoned and ancient by much use, and yet too little use, reposing at its base. There were big mugs holding a pint, and little ones holding half a pint, regulated, no doubt, by the hirsute endowment of the possessor. There were mugs with lips and rims, and mugs with neither. There were mugs emblazoned with gilt letters, indicating their owners' names, and mugs more modestly adorned with common paper, and home-made chirography. There were names upon those mugs known to San Francisco history. A mug with a modest "J. Keene" pasted on it had sunk into a corner, as if ashamed of its present lack of use. A mug with a flaming "Timothy Dougherty" in bold gilt German text proved that Tim was still to the fore. "Duncan" was visible on one, the "J. C." having retired, and only visible at a certain angle. Johnsons, and Robinsons, and O'Mahoneys vied with each other in eager prominence—the only prominence they might ever get, and so determined to make the most of it. But the inexorable voice of the matter-of-fact artist shouted "Next," and stopped this theme.

Nice Reading for San Franciscans.

The following editorial from the New York Times is in apt illustration of the currency obtained in Eastern cities by certain of the more flaming manifestations of local lying. The editorial is written as guardedly as if prepared by our own Mr. Pickering, but the implication is none the less unpleasant. The *Chronicle*, and the curs which yelp when it barks, ought to be proud of their work:

"Everybody acquainted with San Francisco knows that it has always been afflicted with rings—rings social, political, journalistic, real estate, mining, and commercial; the last two being naturally the most hurtful to the city's prosperity. It has long been said that nobody occupying an independent position can do anything there. He must placate or go shares with some of the rings in order to have any success. Some of the newspapers, plainly not members of the journalistic or mining rings, are just now complaining bitterly of the three men—apparently a tyrannical triumvirate—who rule, it is said, San Francisco, and through her the larger part of California, with a rod of iron. The odious three are, of course, James G. Fair, James C. Flood, and John W. Mackay, whose combined wealth is estimated at \$100,000,000 to \$125,000,000. By this enormous money power they have, it is charged, cowed the community into subjection. They openly violate and defy the law; they habitually trample on individual rights, and the best citizens are so influenced by fear that they tamely submit to wrong and outrage. They are pronounced moral and financial pests, are hated and dreaded, cursed in private, and fawned upon in public. By their mining operations, which scarcely any one believes to have been honest, they have, it is declared, ruined thousands of families, and driven hundreds to suicide. The bonanza firm is, according to accounts, a monstrous evil, morally, politically, and monetarily—such a one as no other city in the country has hitherto been tormented with. The Tweed Ring, in its worst days, was a trifle compared with it. That stole public property and robbed tax-payers; but this is denounced on the Pacific Coast as a prodigious despotism, crippling private enterprise, and debauching public sentiment. San Francisco, with more than half the State, is represented to be in a condition of abject vassalage. The more the people submit, the more rigorous and overbearing the tyrants grow. The picture is probably overdrawn."

Young Widows.

They are an attractive and frequently an engaging class of ladies, that fill a very important niche in society, the subject both of envy and admiration. We have seen them in the first throes of their bereavement, when they utterly refused to be comforted, declaring that their hopes all lay buried with their first and only love, in the new-made grave of their dear departed; and their streaming eyes behind mourning veils have caused the sympathetic sob to well up from the bosoms of all who listened. But, as time wore on, we have observed with satisfaction—for we would not have them weep always—that comfort invariably comes to the young widow's heart and that hope is restored to her troubled mind.

We were called upon some time ago to attend the funeral of a young and noble fellow who left a pretty widow to mourn his untimely taking off. She sat by the side of her unconscious love, dressed in the most sombre but at the same time most becoming mourning, with her lovely hair arranged in an infinite labor and care in glossy finger puffs all over her

shapely head, and her black-bordered handkerchief went ever and anon to her streaming eyes. Ever and anon she talked in tones soft, tremulous, and low to the inanimate clay that was so soon to be hidden away forever, telling him her heart would always throb for him alone, and what a dreary blank the world would ever be to her without his presence. Then, in a sudden burst of grief and wild despair, she besought the undertaker to let the friends fill the carriages and drive away, leaving her dearly beloved dead with her. But the funeral went on in the usual way, and the fair mourner returned to her stricken home crushed and disconsolate. But, thanks to the soothing hand of Time, ere her widow's weeds had grown the worse for wear or her spotless cap had become mussed or soiled, she rallied sufficiently to marry the dear friend of her late departed; and her loving heart now reposes on the bosom of another.

How fortunate it is that their young, crushed affections have such wonderful elasticity, as soon as a desirable provocation presents itself. Pity is akin to love, and the former sentiment awakens kindly sympathy for the fair mourner that quickly ripens into a tenderness that soothes her young heart into a sweet forgetfulness, and makes life around her look bright once more. She becomes the pet of society, a pleasant companion, a charming sweetheart, and a dangerous rival; and we pity the girl that has to battle against her. We have seen young widows of but ordinary attractions carry off the palm from wealth, intellect, and beauty combined, and wonder themselves at their own success. Even after the first season of their sorrow is over, and they have ceased to excite sympathy any more, their ripeness and tact make man an easy and willing victim to their subtle charms. Their past experience, their tutored hearts, and the aching void of their late loneliness, give to their manner that ease, grace, and naturalness that is woman's chief charm, and makes the young widow the envy of women and the admiration of men.

A pleasant place to live in is Washington, and Don Piatt emphasizes the fact as follows: "Rapes, murders, and arson dance through the annual maze of our local existence, and no punishment is visited upon the perpetrators of crime. They may be tried, convicted, sentenced, and yet are never punished. Our criminal judiciary is a farce, our *ex facto* Chief Magistrate a humbug—a promoter of crime. It seems impossible to punish a criminal—unless he be of the cheap order—in this District of Columbia, in this the national capital. Burglars, ravishers, footpads, and murderers walk the streets and ply their crimes openly, and are never punished. Even when convicted they are not executed. Sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous centre-bits grind on the wakeful ear in the bush of moonless nights, or when the gas-lights are extinguished, and midnight murderers are ever on the alert to strike down the unfortunate wayfarer. We have had since Christmas eve nearly ten murders, and but one arrest. We have had no execution of a murderer for seven—nearly eight—years. It seems impossible in this District to effect the same. There seems to be but two sections in the Union where deliberate murder is punished by death—Pennsylvania and Texas. Those States are honest, direct, and incisive in their punishment. Here in Washington it seems impossible for that great congregate client, Society, to obtain justice, and the hands that the murderer holds up in petition for pardon seem to be whitened by having been imbedded dirtily and cowardly in the blood of his victim."

Sarah Bernhardt has reduced kissing to a science in her character of "Donna Sol" in *Hernani*, which is now the rage at the Théâtre Français, Paris. Bernhardt's kisses include all the variations—*andante, allegro, con amore, il pensiero, crescendo*, and never *diminuendo*, until she and her lover are dead. Sarah kills him with kindness. She stands on her tip-toes—for Monnet-Sully is over six feet in height—and goes on excursions with her scarlet lips all over the back of his head down to the top of his neck-rib. If Sully dislikes Sarah he must be ready to die of sheer nausea. She winds herself around his waist as only such a sinuous, tigress-like creature can, and kisses every puff on the front of his doublet. And when at last, assaulted with the persistence of a soldier battering a fortress or a woman cajoling a lover, he smiles on her and clasps her to his heart and proceeds to return the compliments of the season so lavishly rained on him, there is positively a sigh of relief among the audience. She has got her kiss at last, poor girl—how she enjoys it! The lithe, serpentine form quivers under it, and the golden voice sobs, "Oh, my Hernani!" He lifts her, one arm around her shoulders, the other *perdu* in the folds of pink silk crêpe; he nurses her. A group of statuary! By the Swan of Leda, it is Cupid and Psyche!

In Algernon Charles Swinburne's beautiful poem, "The Triumph of Time," we find this passage:

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Toucht land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

Can any of our readers tell us (1) the name of the singer; (2) the name of the "tideless, dolorous" sea; (3) the locality and name of the "land of sand and ruin and gold"; and (4) the name and history of the woman to whom reference is made? There must be a curious bit of history behind this, and it would please us if some of our *quidnuncs* would unearth it and spread it out before our readers.

A Quaker shopkeeper once met a Quaker customer going home with her bundles. He had been absent from his place, and had a notion in his wise head that she had been trading with a rival whom he did not much love. "How much did thee give a yard for this, Mary?" "One dollar." "Why, I am surprised at thee! I could let thee have it for seventy-five cents. And how much for this?" "Two dollars." "Why, that was unreasonable. I could let thee have it for a dollar and a half. Why wilt thee go away trading with strangers and world's people, Mary?" "I don't know what thou art talking about, friend John," she said; "but I did buy all these things at thy store, and if thee says the truth thee must owe me considerable money."

A MERE LOOKER-ON IN GOTHAM.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—The New Year has not given us very much in the way of novelty so far, most of the theatres being still taken up with the successes that closed 1879. Our exceptionally mild winter has proved very favorable for long runs, and money being apparently plentiful, the people are turning out in large force to patronize whatever is offered to them, with a charming lack of discrimination in regard to quality. The run of *French Flats* at the Union Square may be truly regarded as phenomenal, taking into consideration the character of the piece, and goes to show what liberties that popular theatre may take with its *clientèle*. Not that *French Flats* is not funny, with a broad, farcical kind of humor, and not that it is ill-acted, for, barring Charley Thorne, it is cast to the full strength of that excellent company. But it is a farce, pure, and simple, and in eliminating the more than questionable *motif* of the French play, the translator has robbed it of all semblance of plot, and gives us four detached scenes, or rather farces, and the audience laughs nightly at each, and apparently returns next week for more, for the business continues good. The hits of the piece are Joe Polk and Stoddard; and Harry Courtaigne, who made his first bow to a New York audience as "Barremedass," has achieved a pronounced success. *French Flats* will be withdrawn next week to make room for *A False Friend*, formerly christened *Birthingright*, a new drama by Edgar Fawcett, who has hitherto been chiefly known for his poetic effusions. The plot of the new piece is understood to be drawn from the incidents and disclosures of the memorable Tichborne trial, and the drama is spoken of as possessing the elements of success. *French Flats* will be sent through the country when it is withdrawn from the Square.

At Wallack's a sumptuous revival of the old comedies has brought a good many much-needed dollars into the treasury. The new era was inaugurated with *She Stoops to Conquer*, and followed by a rapid change of bill, which has continued to produce most satisfactory results. Mr. Wallack's New England tour was a dire failure pecuniarily; not for Mr. Wallack, who had a certainty, but for Mr. Henderson, of the Standard, who gave it. Indeed, Mr. Henderson has not been very fortunate of late. *Princess Toto* failed to draw at the Standard, though it is a very bright little opera, mounted on perhaps the funniest libretto Gilbert has written. It goes to Boston shortly, under the management of Montgomery and Stuart (Mr. Maude Branscombe), and Rice's Surprise Party has succeeded it, to fair business, at the Standard.

A decided hit has been scored at the Fifth Avenue by *The Pirates of Penzance*, and D'Oyley Carte is sending three companies to play it through the country. At the close of the season the company which is now playing at the Fifth Avenue return to England, and play it next London season. At present, standing room is at a premium, and the opera is certainly very funny. The music is of a higher class than *Pinafore*, though in both words and music you can detect an occasional reminiscence of last season's great success. The policeman's chorus is nightly received with four or five encores, and it is in the best vein of both authors. Take this verse as a sample. It is sung by a lot of admirably got-up London "bobbies," who are pitying the hard fate of those whom their duty compels to "run in."

When the enterprising burglar's not a burgling,
When the cut-throat is not occupied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime.
When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
He loves to lie a basking in the sun;
Oh, take one consideration with another,
A policeman's life is not a happy one.

This, sung to a lugubrious burlesque air, with a choral repetition of the last three syllables of each verse, is irresistibly funny, and in the present outcry against the New York police it is received as a local hit, and welcomed accordingly. I have not space to give you the plot of the opera, but the following easily traced resemblance to *Pinafore* may amuse your readers: The "Admiral" in the latter opera is represented here as an English major-general (with a funnier song than the "Admiral's," by the way); the sisters, cousins, and aunts are represented by the general's twenty daughters; "Buttercup" becomes "Ruth," and is the nurse of "Frederick," the tenor, who through her mixing-up qualities has been apprenticed to a pirate instead of a pilot. There are other points of resemblance not so easy to trace for those who have not seen both operas; but while not very original, *The Pirates of Penzance* is bright, decidedly funny, and destined to a successful run, though it will never attain the phenomenal success of *Pinafore*.

By the by, I see you have had *The New Babylon* at the Baldwin, and anent that George Fawcett Rowe is breathing forth fire and smoke. He has telegraphed, so he says, to Maguire to remit him \$400 in the way of royalty, and says further, and significantly, if he does not get it "Lucky Baldwin" is a bright and shining light to "go for." It seems the piece was produced here, under the title of *London and New York*, three weeks before it was played in England; so Mr. Rowe's American copyright is readily defensible. It might be worth your while to find out the rights and wrongs of this from the fountain-head.

Daly's Theatre is keeping up a curious melange, called *The Arabian Nights*, to poor business. It has been running quite a little while now, and Mr. Daly, with Papa Duff's check-book, announces his intention of forcing a success—up-hill work here, I'm afraid. He has a fair company, with Miss Catherine Lewis, who has become quite a favorite, as leading lady.

Barley Campbell, since the success of *My Partner*, has blossomed out into a most successful dramatist. Two of his plays hold the New York-boards at present—*The Galley Slave* at Niblo's (transferred from Haverly's to make room for Mestayer's Tourists) and *Fairfax* at the Park.

Ellie Wilton has been for some time a regular member of the Union Square Company, but has not had much chance to distinguish herself in *French Flats*, where the ladies' parts are very poor. It is to be hoped she will be more fortunate in *A False Friend*.

Mr. Hill, Denman Thompson's manager, is branching out more widely into dramatic ventures. He opens a company next week at Williamsburg (East Brooklyn) with a new comedy by Will Eaton, of the Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK, January 15, 1880.

LOOKER-ON.

ADVICE TO THE SAND-LOT.

Burdette preaches the following judicious screed in a recent number of the *Hawkeye*: "And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction-bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you will look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 P. M., and don't get home until 2 A. M. It is the intervals that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who make a living by sucking the end of a cane, whose entire mental development is insufficient to tell them which side of a postage stamp to lick; young men who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots, and never lay a wrinkle in it, and then would get into a West Hill Street car to go to Chicago; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, son, and who will go to the Sheriff's to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the Street Commissioner for a marriage license. But the world is not proud of them, my son. It does not know their names, even; it only speaks of them as old So-an'-So's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great, busy world doesn't even know they are there; and at the great day of resurrection if they do not appear at the sound of the trumpet—and they certainly will not unless somebody tells them what it is for and what to do—I don't think Gabriel will miss them or notice their absence, and they will not be sent for or disturbed. Things will go on just as well without them. So find out what you want to be, and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less devilry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier will be your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you. No, my son, the world does not owe you a living. The world does not need you yet—you need the world. If you can convince the world that you are necessary to its well-being, its happiness, its pleasure, its moral existence, then the world will begin to claim you and make room for you in the body-pews with the softest cushions and the easiest footstools. But don't fall into the common error of supposing that the world owes you a living. It doesn't owe you anything of the kind. The world isn't responsible for your being. It didn't send for you, it never asked you to come here, and in no sense is it obliged to support you now that you are here. Your living is here—a good, comfortable living—good, healthful, hard work, ripples of laughter and sprinkles of tears, hours of happiness and moments of headache, days of labor and nights of rest, duties to be performed and rewards to be won. It is all here, son—disappointments, struggles, success, and honors; but the world doesn't owe you one of them, not one. You can't collect your living as you would a debt, by simply presenting your bill, or giving your lawyer the account to sue. You have to work for it, my son, and work like a Trojan, too. When you hear a man say the world owes him a living, and he is going to have it, make up your mind that he is just making himself a good excuse for *stealing* a living. The world doesn't owe any man anything, my son. It will give you anything you earn, and you just look out over the world and know that all the plunder you can gather in by honest work is yours, and no more. If you can't get any, why none of it is yours, and if you can search out and carry away ten times as much as your neighbor, why that is all yours, and he has no right to wait and whine over his bad luck and want you to divide. And, my son, in all human probability you will not want to divide. I hope you may, but it is very likely you will not."

Beauty in Boards.

One of our publishing houses has decided, we learn, to issue, by subscription, a work designed to illustrate American beauty, and has already commenced it. The work is to include the portraits—fine steel-plate engravings—of one hundred women remarkable for their personal charms, to be accompanied with the daintiest of letter-press. Several years will be spent in its preparation, and it is to be issued, it is said, in one or more volumes, in the highest style of literary, pictorial, and book-making art. While the taste of the work, so far as the subjects are concerned, is very questionable in our democracy, the portraits would have an æsthetic interest, if they were faithful, and if they were what they will claim to be—the portraits of the handsomest women. But it is altogether likely that the originals will be so immensely flattered, so superbly idealized, that they may not be recognized in the engravings by their most intimate friends. It is doubtful, indeed, if any woman here or elsewhere having a reputation for prettiness, would consent to be paraded before the world in counterfeit presentment unless she believed that she looked much better than in reality. Besides, in a vast country like this it would be impossible to find one hundred of the most beautiful women without many years of most active search. The distinguished one hundred will naturally be women of society, who have already been advertised as beauties, with or without reason, and many of these, as we all know, have small foundation for the social fame they have acquired. There is danger, too, that women will have the best chance of decorating the volume who are willing to pay most, or in other words subscribe for the largest number of copies. A few years since a similar work was published here, with some such title as *The Queens of American Society*, in which some of the ladies, however estimable, were anything but attractive of person; but they were all exhibited, of course, as physical charmers. It was suspected that they won their places in the pages by the liberality of their contributions. The forthcoming work may be very different, but it is extremely hard, as any one must admit, to publish any book of the sort with even an approach to impartiality. No woman left out of it will or can be satisfied with it; and since satisfaction, in a commercial sense, has always to be paid for, perhaps there is no other business way of advertising feminine beauty than to compel those advertised to assist generously in defraying the expense of the delicate enterprise.

NOT THAT KIND OF WOMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 20, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—I see that although you, in common with our daily papers, are thoroughly convinced of the frivolity and incapacity of women, you are never unkind or sarcastic at our expense. You are too chivalrous to attack those you consider unable to retaliate, but your efforts to please us humiliate by revealing your estimate of our intelligence. I acknowledge that we fall far, far short of that lofty type of womanhood which should have been developed by the educational advantages of this age; but I deny that the majority of our sex are so idiotic as to feel interested in descriptions of the entertainments and costumes of women who have gained no place in public estimation by the exercise of superior talent or virtue. It is the glorious power and privilege of the press to point out error; and it is even more potent than the pulpit in the correction of abuses, since its leaves are scattered where the preacher's voice is never heard, and are perused by many, more apt to be controlled by human than divine influences. Your voice has become a familiar sound in our ears. What lessons are you teaching us? Do you repeat the histories of those noble men and women whose lives were spent in efforts to benefit their race? Do your seductive tones awaken in our hearts a love of the beautiful and true, thus leading us on to higher aims and nobler aspirations? Or, in your desire to please, do you foster that vanity which is a disgrace to our sex?

Are we, the mothers, wives, and daughters of this city, a set of curious, babbling gossips, delighting in every minute detail of Mrs. A.'s last ball? Who is Mrs. A., that we should care to know that "she received her guests with polished ease, and looked superb in an imported dress"? Will you fill us with husks when we ask for bread?

Away with your glittering gems and silken robes? We want woman—woman whose genius has ennobled literature and embellished art; woman whose loving heart, directed by a cultivated intelligence, has placed her foremost in every undertaking to meliorate the sufferings or increase the happiness of her race. Tell us of George Eliot, Rosa Bonheur, or, better still, of Florence Nightingale, whose gentle hand and tender smile soothed the last hours of the dying soldier.

HELENA.

THE CAUCUS.

A Faithful Record of Proceedings in the Board of Education.

'Twas a wild, stormy night, and its murky pall Hung like a shroud o'er the City Hall. Along the alleys, and here and there, The gas lamps flickered; and lone and bare The sand-lot lay in the mist and wet, Its cherubs flown and the stand upset.

"Just the night for a *comp d'etat*,"

Stone remarked, as he hailed a car Groping westward on Market Street. Ewing nodded; and through the sleet I imagined that I could spy Something sinister in his eye.

"This is patent," I musing said,

"School Directors should be in bed Nights like this when the storm is out. Something breweth, I have no doubt. I will follow, and, as I ought, Write them up for the ARGONAUT."

So I stationed me silently

On the platform, where I could see 'Through the door-way; and, while the rain Beat and pelted the window-pane, On we glided, till, grim and tall, Rose the turrets of Record Hall.

All alighted, and Ewing's eyes Lit the passage, as fire-flies Light the forest, or onions glare Through the darkness. And up the stair, Slow and cautious—intent on sin—Stone and Ewing and I went in. Here were gathered, in stern array, Kimball, Wadham, and Galloway, Thompson, Hussy, and brave Van Schaick, Darling, Patridge, and stalwart McDonnell; Ferguson, too, and Mann, Lent their lights to the caravan. All saluted, and work began.

"Mr. President," Wadham cried,

"Schools is needful; that's not denied.

Schools and codfish is my delight.

We, however, have met to-night

Pledged to remedy certain things,

Sech as salaries, jobs, and rings.

San Francisco for years has been

Robbed and plundered and taken in.

Now, if ever, the tide must stay.

Hence I move that a teacher's pay

Be reduced to ten cents a day.

"Better make it a postage stamp,"

Ewing whispered; and, "neath the lamp,

I detected his weather eye

Bent on Hussy evasively.

"Motion seconded," Thompson said;

"We are burdened and taxed and bled—

Taxed and burdened and weighted down,

Whilst these teachers parade the town

Dressed in satins and broadcloth suits,

High-toned laces and costly boots.

Why, the teachers way down in Maine

Earn 'most nothing, and don't complain!

We can ship from the eastern shore

All the teachers we want, and more—

Glad to enter and glad to close,

At such wages as we propose.

True, the people object, and say

'Cut expenses some other way.'

I, however, would have it known

We are running this thing alone.

Let the populace howl and fret!

We are cocks of the barnyard yet!

We must manage, and can defeat,

Public sentiment. I repeat,

Teachers' wages must take a fall.

Them's my sentiments, short and tall,

Paste 'em up on the outer wall!"

Back he settled; and near the door

Van Schaick motioned, and gained the floor.

"Mr. President," he exclaimed,

"I consider the project named

Impolitic and most unjust.

It will merit your scorn, I trust.

Would these gentlemen lightly frown

Every social barrier down? Must a teacher, in point of pay, Rank with coachmen? Or do you say Lady teachers of certain grades Earn the wages of chambermaids? Is instruction so base a theme, So unworthy of our esteem, We may shamelessly compensate Time and labor at this vile rate? Sin Francisco, so we are told, Swarms with teachers of Eastern mould: Boston teachers, who take no thought For the morrow, as Christians ought; Quincy teachers, who teach for love; Jersey teachers, who look above For their wages, and give no care To their stockings and high back-hair. Tell me, gentlemen, is it clear What these martyrs are doing here? If their labors are not for gain, Why the mischief don't they remain Where the codfish and budding eel Through the marshes of Jersey reel? One thing more, and I cease intrusion: Some Director has made allusion To a habit, with teachers grown, Of regarding their cash their own! This good Christian is shocked at boots Worth ten dollars; and broadcloth suits On a teacher offend his taste. Mr. President, I make haste, Now, and clearly, to stigmatize This contemptible exercise Of official and sacred trust. If a teacher prefers to thrust All his wages—and throw his pay, After earning it—in the bay, 'Tis his business alone, I say."

At this instant, my notes disclose, Something belloyed, and Partridge rose. "Fellow countrymen," he began, "You perceive that the gentleman Called Van Schaick is excitable. We, however, are *seven* still! Seven from twelve leaves five, you see; Hence the member amuses me With his twaddle and chivalry. We are striving—we must and can Run our schools on a cheaper plan. I consider *no* plan too cheap; In my judgment ten cents is steep When a nickle will serve decoy. I've been thinking we might employ Chinamen in the lower grades. Infant-whacking, like other trades, Seems adapted—"

I never heard

How he finished, for at the word Every member was on the floor; Angry gestures and wild uproar For a moment the building shook. I was frightened, and undertook Ostrich tactics, but found no hole. Stone, however, soon gained control. "Mr. Hussy may speak," he said, Hussy lifted his youthful head, Turned to Patrick, and thus began: "My impressions of any man Who could advocate and uphold Such a project were best untold— Fit conception of narrow-minded, Egotistical, penny-blinded— Well, no matter. I represent Kearney's sand-lot—an element Spurned and libeled, and deemed too low For the circles your honors know. None, however, who gather there— Poor and ignorant though they are— Not the meanest at heart so base He could countenance this disgrace! Mr. President, can it be Pride and honor and chivalry Are but myths of a golden past? Has our city come down at last To the level of Eastern things— Penny-squeezing, and piece-club rings? Once our country had nobler men; Men were lovers of women then; Men had spirit, and scorned the lead Boston proffered—her faith and creed. Now we tremble, and drop the lance; Boston fiddles, and we must dance; Boston whistles, and prices fall; San Francisco is weak and small— Fit for Chinamen, after all!"

At this juncture, to my dismay, Both McDonnell and Galloway Sprang together upon the floor. Both were angry, and furthermore One was *pro* the other was *con*; Hence they glittered and glared upon One another as felines do While conducting a hullabaloo. "Who's a Chinaman?" G. demanded; "I'm an orphan, but single-handed I can—"

"Order!" the chairman cried. Mae protested, but Stone denied, In three volumes, the right, and lo! While we watched in the lamp-light's glow— All a-tremble, and all agog— Kimball rose like a Cliff House fog. If, dear reader, you care to see His most wonderful homily, Call on Beanson. He wrote it down In the minutes, and charged the town For the service and labor done. Darling tells me that Ferguson, Being timorous, swooned away E'er he finished; but, yea or nay, Let the records of Beanson say.

Thus they argued; but, sad to state, High in heat of the wild debate— Ere the motion had reached a vote— Stone, in shedding his overcoat, Chanced to notice that I was there, Taking items behind a chair. In seven seconds, to my dismay, I was waltzed through the passage-way. Rude hands skipped me along the hall, Tossed me wickedly, notes and all, Down the stairway, and in the street I recovered my hat and feet!

One thing more, and my tale is through: I forgive then, and so must you. This, moreover, we all can do: Pray for Ewing, and at the throne Ask for Patrick and Father Stone.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 30, 1880.

ARDSON.



A full house, resplendent with all our beauty and fashion, with every seat taken and people even turned away, overbalances all moral objection to a play; and Mr. Maguire, who has labored hard and faithfully for an unappreciating public for more than a year, only regrets that Miss Clara Morris is unable to play the part of "Camille" more than two nights during her season. But *Camille* should have been buried with its author's father; it is a disgusting play, without *morale*, without reality, and what is far worse, unfit for polite ears, unpleasant to a pure and refined mind, and absolutely dangerous to the young and unsophisticated spectator. And then "Camille" is the most absurd of all unrealities. She is a coquette and a *cocotte*—a base offal of unclean French society, who feeds on pleasures procured for her through the lavish expenditure of her rich admirers. She is selfish, frivolous—in short, she is a very bad girl. She falls in love with "Armand Duval," deeply, madly in love; she renounces her former life and friends, and withdraws from her former splendor into a cottage in the country—all for the love she bears to "Armand." Then comes "Armand's" father and tells her that she will have to give up her love, because it will ruin her lover and her sister, and *voilà!* This impetuous, frivolous, bad girl gives him up without an hour's reflection; gives up her overpowering love, her very life, and leaves her "Armand" to believe that she has tired of his love, and is going to return to his more wealthy rival. Was there ever anything so inconsistent, so unreal? Or was there ever anything more objectionable than to have the inner life of a soiled woman paraded before an audience of good and virtuous people? I might overlook all this if there were the slightest moral to be deduced from it; but all that is gained by looking at it is the simple conclusion that, with the greatest stretch of imagination, you are supposed to have found a fallen woman who is ready to sacrifice her love for the good of her lover—and his sister. Happily, Miss Clara Morris, from physical reasons, is unable to play "Camille" again in San Francisco during her present engagement. She is worthy of better parts, and should dismiss *Camille* from her *répertoire*. Miss Morris is our American Sarah Bernhardt. She has not had the careful training of an *élève* of the *Théâtre Français*, whose fundamental principle is that "acting is not a business but an art," but she is gifted, and often seems to play her part through inspiration. It is then that she carries you away; it is then that you forget the actress, the stage, the audience, and even the leader of the orchestra. But it is not in her pathetic passages that she shines most, and for an actress of the emotional school that is a grave fault. It is in her off-hand colloquials that she appears to best advantage, for while her voice is very sweet when used in natural cadences, it becomes harsh when strained, and her fragile physique hardly admits of the heavy mimic that belongs to extreme passion. I promise myself a great treat in seeing her "Alixé" next Monday.

The support in *Camille* was strong. Mr. O'Neill is forcible, perhaps a trifle too forcible for a moaning lover; but then a man may be a good leading man without including "Romeo" among his favorite characters. They had two or three new people who improved the stock company very materially, notably Mr. Wells and Miss Beaudet.

Says Mr. Max Freeman to Miss Otilie Genée: "I am going to adopt the English stage. I am going to be stage manager for Mr. Maguire. I am going to appear with Miss Morris next week. Therefore I can not be your stage manager any longer, nor bother myself with your German stage. I resign." Says Miss Genée to Mr. Freeman: "Resign, indeed! I have given you your *congé* three or four weeks ago. Resign, indeed! No one resigns from my company. They get dismissed, but resign—never!" Says Mr. Freeman to the daily papers: "Tausendblitzdonnerwetter und Granaten! I resigned. I had to study English, and I resigned." Says Miss Genée: "You are another!" And here the matter rests for the present, and an expectant world stands mute, waiting for the end of all this.

The Colville troupe celebrate their one hundredth night of burlesque this evening with a benefit to Miss Roseau. One hundred nights of burlesque! There is stuff for reflection. Crowded houses every night to look at fair proportions liberally displayed, to listen to voices shrill and piercing, and to rapid localisms richly interlarded with gags by the leading comedian. Crowded houses every evening, while the California Theatre, with Mayo, Miss Cavendish, and Fanny Davenport, has brought the management to ruin; while Mr. Maguire has brought out sterling new plays from London and Paris and produced them ahead of any theatre in the United States, with strong casts and lavish appointments—to empty houses. One hundred nights of burlesque with a Roseau, whose vocal reservoir seems to be located somewhere between her nose and her palate, as a *prima donna*! There is a premium on brains for you! Who would ask any of the Nine for an inspiration when he can get on much better without it; when all he has got to do is to paint his face, clothe himself in shining rags, and jump about the stage as if nature had intended him for a frog?

And then, after you have looked upon a burlesque, and perhaps even laughed at some more *outré* extravagance, and gazed in the frosty moonlight, what remains? There is

not even a remnant of fun in your thoughts; there is not even a sediment of pleasure, or sorrow, or enlightenment in your brain. You have paid your money for admission, you have admired Miss Everleigh's shapely "make up," you have wondered at the possibility of a man making a monkey of himself; you have laughed a half-merry, half-sarcastic laugh at the grim jokes; and you go home poorer in pocket, with a sort of idea that perhaps it was funny, and perhaps it was not. Now, is it not much better to look at the performance of a new play, a modern comedy like *Forget-me-not*, or *Seyaphine*, or *Our Girls*, or *Engaged*? They are all good in their line; you are bound to profit in some way; you are forced to remember some particular scene. It is most probable that you will benefit by certain parts of them some day in your life. Instead of debasing your mind, which burlesque will do more or less, a good comedy will elevate and refine it.

Well, they are going to leave us, these burlesquers; perhaps they know we have had a dose sufficient to last us for years to come. If ever they should return, I hope they will bring with them at least some good voices, something that will make their performance worth listening to.

STEPHANOTIS.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The immense success that attended the Wilhelmj concerts of last week has continued during the present one, the audiences being smaller but quite as enthusiastic. Mr. Wilhelmj, who on the first evenings exhausted his traveling *répertoire*, has since been playing some of those compositions in which he is heard to the best advantage—notably the *Chaconne* of Bach and *concertos* of Bruch and Beethoven—and materially deepened the impression made by his former efforts; he is indeed a magnificent artist. I still seem to miss in his playing the sympathetic quality that should be one of the first requisites in a truly great violinist; the tone is large, full, and round, but it does not penetrate, and lacks that indefinable something that is the main charm of what I call the true violin tone. One hears it occasionally in players of lesser rank. Mr. Louis Schmidt Jr. has it, and from what I hear from others (I did not hear him on his visit two years since), young Lichtenberg in a still higher degree. Those of our readers who still remember the tone of Paul Jullien, who played here many years ago, will understand precisely what I mean; it is a quality that, excepting to one who has heard and felt it, it is simply impossible to describe. Of the fine violinists who have played in this city during the past twelve years Wieniawski alone possessed it in any great degree; but he was then already suffering from disease of the heart and playing with great reserve, rarely giving free vent to what was within him, and only occasionally appearing at his best. This true quality—what in the voice we call *timbre*—one has naturally or not at all; it is not to be acquired, nor, when any one lacks it, can its absence be in any way made good. It is the most precious quality of the violinist; everything else is secondary to it. This I have felt in almost everything Mr. Wilhelmj has done here, but particularly in the *concerto* of Beethoven (of which he played the first movement on Wednesday), and in the transcribed *Nocturnes* of Chopin. In these latter, especially, I have seemed to feel the effort to attain a warmth of tone and style that is foreign to his nature; there was an evident intention in the right direction constantly frustrated by the *nature* of the player, which threw a chill over the performance, and made of the *Nocturnes* something very different from what Chopin ever dreamed of. Mere sliding up or down the strings or varying the tone from *forte* to *piano* will not do it, and compositions that we know in their original form and the clear-cut beauty of the *Chopinesque* piano-forte style, become positively offensive when so treated.

In the case of this *Nocturne* in G minor (Op. 32), transposed to E minor and an octave above its original register, the effect was almost barbarous. The Beethoven *Concerto* was on the whole a very fine performance, very broad and noble. Some of the exquisite grace of the lovely composition (it is one of the pearls of our Beethoven literature) was lacking, and somewhat of warmth. The *Cadenza*, also, strikes me as over-long and pointless. Of the three that I know—those of David, Joachim, and Vieuxtemps—either is preferable from a musician's standpoint. But Wilhelmj played his superbly, and would probably have done so had it been twice as difficult. The *Chaconne* of Bach was also a thing to be grateful for; it is in the broad, grand style of Bach that Wilhelmj is finer than any violinist I have ever heard, excepting only Joachim. What he lacks that Joachim has is what he will never attain: the fully satisfying *quality* of tone, suggestive of great warmth held in artistic reserve, and the immense sweep of the bow that makes it seem almost inexhaustible. Wilhelmj shifts his bow constantly in what in a player of less repose would seem a nervous manner; he frequently cuts a note in two (dividing it between an up and a down bow), and occasionally plays sad havoc with his rhythm (especially in anticipating the commencement of a measure) through his carelessness in this respect. The *Concerto* of Max Bruch (the first, in G minor) was new to me; I had previously heard only the slow (middle) movement. It impresses me as one of the finest compositions of its style that we possess, worthy of a place with those of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Joachim. Wilhelmj plays it as though he were of the same opinion, and in a manner that can not fail to impress this upon his hearers. It was a very noble performance.

The Piano-forte Recitals of Mr. Henry Ketten—Dashaway Hall, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings—have been successful beyond all expectation. Mr. Ketten has proved to be not only an immensely brilliant *bravura* player, whose remarkable *tours de force* dazzle the general audience, but a thoughtful and intelligent musician as well. His programmes have ranged from Handel to Liszt, including music of a great variety of styles, in all of which he seems to be equally at home; and perhaps one of the most remarkable features of these recitals has been the fact that the *popular* success of the Beethoven Sonatas played by Mr. Ketten has been not less great than that gained by the lightest and most *catchy* things he has done. I reserve a more detailed notice of Mr. Ketten's playing until after the concert (or *matinée*), which I understand it to be his intention to give some time during next week.

O. W.

SOCIAL SACRAMENTION.

SACRAMENTO, January 27, 1880.

DEAR EDITORS.—'Twas not a gift of the gods sufficient to listen to Ketten's music, at the Congregational church last week, but Mrs. John McNeill must needs send us little "informal" invitations to meet this talented gentleman Friday eve, after his recital. What had Sacramento people done to deserve all this? Have we submitted gracefully to our New Constitution, and our legislators' manoeuvres at the Capitol? Have we paid our debts, *acted* our virtues, that we were allowed to know him personally, and converse with him in unstately conversation? Pray, dear friends, did you learn how charming he is, how versatile are his talents, and that he knows something else than how to make a Chickering talk? What a "pity 'tis 'tis true," there aren't more such gifted people in the world! Why do you suppose God had it that way?

Well, after we'd heard Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Liszt, Weber, Ketten, Chopin, for two fleeting hours, we were whisked down to Front and L in one of those noiseless hacks, and in another whisk Mrs. McNeill was saying, in her bewitching manner, "Mr. Ketten, allow me to introduce 'Betsy and I';" and then we were talking and laughing as comfortably as if we were *quite* as high up on the ladder of genius as Mr. Ketten. We confess, with blushes, that he's only a few rounds ahead of us! I heard a San Francisco lady say he hadn't left a whole heart amongst the fair sex in San Francisco, and I think Sacramento ladies are not behind their sisters, for we know ours are irretrievably, unpoetically smashed. Mrs. McNeill has elegant rooms, and is a delightful hostess. I'm sure she made the acquaintance of Ponce de Leon long ago, else how could the mother of a bearded son look like twenty-two? During the evening she sang—perfectly, as she always does; at least I heard Mr. Ketten say so, and he ought to know. And that male quartet—Freeman, Putnam, McNeill, and Crandall—gave us a little ballad, which would have been very commendable had not Ketten sung just before, and sung with a very powerful and cultivated baritone voice, and after all the encoring and playing at the church, too.

Mrs. McNeill served us a delicious little supper later in the evening. Around the table I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Felter and two daughters; Mrs. Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Chesley, and Mrs. Gallatin (she has returned recently from the East, and is calmer, sweeter than ever; I never could blame Albert Gallatin for his infatuation!); the Misses Wait, Smith, Seeley, Gee, and Mrs. Hughson, Butterfield, and Mott, and some others who also embraced the opportunity of meeting the eminent pianist. I don't believe I told you, did I, that Mrs. McNeill assisted him in his recitals, and was enthusiastically received? At an early hour in the morning we parted with our host and hostess, with many thanks for the note which had given us such a thoroughly enjoyable "informal" evening, and took Mr. Ketten's hand with warmth and gratitude for the pleasure he had given us, and a last look at his poetic face.

Last Thursday night Mrs. W. R. S. Foye gave a candy-pull to a few of her young friends—not an old-fashioned, but an "imported" one, where a scientific candy-maker comes and makes the candy, and you do the eating of it, and the dancing.

Ada Ven (poor thing, everybody "picks onto" her!) has had a good deal to say about "teas" given in San Francisco. We suppose she thinks Sacramento ladies don't know anything about such things, because we have not mentioned them. Well, they do, but we haven't been invited: that's what's the matter. Sacramento matrons have not been backward in coming forward to drink the health of their fair neighbors in this Celestial drink. But, of course, until we are invited—ignorance will be bliss of all the naughty nothings and charming compliments said over these dainty cups.

We heard on one of the street corners that a four-cornered duel is to come off shortly; bankers and printers indiscriminately mixed. When the last sham shot is fired we'll tell you of the affair.

BETSY AND I.

On Mardi-Gras, February 10, 1880, an entertainment will be given at the California Theatre by a society composed exclusively of members of G Company. The parquette and stage will be floored over, and the entertainment will consist of a representation and tableaux on the stage, a grand march and character dance of a novel style, after which the guests will join in the dancing. This is not a military affair in any particular, but entirely different from anything ever produced in California. Guests are expected in party dress, and none but members of the representation will be in costume. The list of invitations will consist of only our very best society people, and no effort has been spared to insure a delightful party to the favored few who may be so fortunate as to receive invitations. All invitations will be complimentary.

Planquette's pretty opera, *The Chimes of Normandy*, has filled the house at the Bush Street Theatre during the past week, and will probably continue to do so until its withdrawal to make room for *Pinafore*, which is in preparation with an immense cast that includes—besides the entire *personnel* of the Melville company—Mr. Theodore J. Toedt, the admirable tenor of the Patti concerts. *Pinafore* is to be *sung* this time, as well as acted, for all there is in it, and will no doubt be a very different affair from the semi-amateur performances that have prevailed hitherto.

On the 12th of next month, at Platt's Hall, an entertainment will be given for the benefit of the "Old People's Home," a most excellent charity—in debt, as a matter of course—supporting some thirty old people of both sexes and all nationalities. The entertainment, under the patronage of such men as Gov. Perkins, Dr. Stebbins, Mr. Irwin Scott, and Mr. W. W. Dodge, will consist of vocal and instrumental music, concluding with a leap-year party, at which one may dance with his neighbor's wife as often as she may be pleased to compel him. Go.

M. Straus, the artist, has removed his studio to 319 California Street.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Just So.

Some men were born for great things,
Some men were born for small;
Some—it is not recorded
Why they were born at all:
And some (the worst of the lot)
Should have been born, but they were not.

The Lovers.

Silently fall the dew-drops
In the solemn eventide;
Ready a girl is getting
To take a buggy ride.

Soon will the maiden's lover
His arm around her slide,
While to his manly bosom
Her head will gently glide.

Savagely bites the mosquito,
Merrily bumbles the bee;
But all that the maiden sayeth
Is—once in a while—"Te-he!"

A Hymn of Perdition.

Heah dem wicked niggahs shout
When dat brimstone's ladled out,
In de mohnin', in de mohnin';
Dat time 'twill be too late to pray—
No time left 'on judgment-day,
In de mohnin', in de mohnin'.

It Might Have Been.

There was a young man with a shaddock,
Who met a young maid with a haddock.
He thought, "How I wish
She would give me that fish
In legal exchange for my shaddock!"
The maiden, who did not like haddock,
Thought, "Oh, what a beautiful shaddock!
If I were not so shy
I should certainly try
If he'd give me that fruit for my haddock."
He went on his way with his shaddock;
She went on her way with her haddock;
And so cruel is fate
That, until 'twas too late,
Neither one of them heard
That, by speaking the word,
He might just as well have had haddock,
And she might as well have had shaddock.

Col. Andrews, of the Diamond Palace, is again about to illustrate his enterprise and untiring energy in the prosecution of his business. This time in a direction that even his rivals in the same line of trade will admit is legitimate and commendable. He goes to the leading Eastern cities, and to London, Paris, and Amsterdam, for the general purpose of keeping himself advised of all that is progressive in his line. He will see all the newest styles of jewelry merchandise, observe the markets, bring out new and rare goods, and at the same time will take with him, for exhibition and sale, an extensive assortment of quartz jewelry. We who are familiar with these beautiful goods, from our daily pilgrimage through Montgomery Street, do not realize how really attractive and beautiful is this peculiarly Californian production. We look into the show windows of the Diamond Palace and other jewelry stores, and see it so profusely displayed, we see so much of it in common use, and it is so cheap, as compared with its heavy and intrinsic value, that we come to regard it as common. But taken abroad it will attract great attention, and command, we believe, ready sale. It is so genuine, and the gold is so harmoniously blended with the richly colored and clear quartz crystallization, that it is inimitable. Col. Andrews makes of this a simple business trip. He has so often visited Europe that sight-seeing or pleasure will take none of his attention from the objects in view. The manufacture of quartz jewelry ought to become an extensive and profitable industry to this coast, and if the Colonel can succeed in introducing it to the more favorable consideration of the Eastern and European trade, we shall reap an advantage from it, as from any other general and legitimate industry. It is the encouragement of an art as well as the promotion of an industry. Col. Andrews takes pride in hearing away with him the very best letters of introduction, and the very highest testimonials of his social position and commercial standing; among others, from his commercial brethren a traveling letter, and from the Red Men a strong endorsement over the great seal of the order.

A BRIEF STORY ABOUT CHAMPAGNE.—Champagne, like everything which is nice, keeps improving, and each brand has its season in the world of fashion. The Russian soldiers, in 1815, when marching on Paris, bivouacked in the vineyard of Mons. Clicquot, the husband of the afterward famous widow, and they liked the champagne so well that it became the favorite brand among them for fifty years. New Yorkers who are sixty years old can recall the time when Schneider Champagne, Anchor brand, was all the rage; then came Heidsieck, the Moët, then Roederer, then Mumm, as the successive fashions—and lastly, POMMERY. One finds this brand, with its modest and scarcely discernible label, at all the swell banquets and receptions. It is dry, and has a nice bouquet. It is better than a Seidlitz Powder or a fresh Congress, and there is not a headache in ten bottles of it.—*New York World.*

Not the least important feature in Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is the Comfort, Buoyancy, and Vigor which is inspired by its use, and which is developed as the patient recovers from sickness.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NORTHPORT, Wis., May 6, 1879.

JAMES I. FELLOWS, ESQ.—Sir: I have been using your medicine for over a year now and with the best effects. I have used twelve bottles of the Hypophosphites, and it has made a new man of me. I have been ailing over six years with a number of diseases, but lung difficulty was the most prominent. I have been under the care of a great many doctors, and have taken quantities of medicine without any apparent benefit, but appeared to be still growing worse and weaker until I accidentally came across one of your circulars, and was constrained to try your medicine; and I found its effects were almost magical upon me, and I was a surprise to myself and friends, having gained so rapidly in flesh.

I remain, respectfully, LAWRENCE DORAN.

The California Street Railroad is to be extended from Central Avenue to First Avenue, and, if possible, the road will be in condition for the running of cars before the seventh of next month. The extension will be about half a mile in length. Baldwin Steam Motors will run on the new section. All that is now required to place the road in running order is the removal of a small quantity of drift from the road-bed, which has been already prepared. The additional section will add greatly to the utility of the road, and will undoubtedly make it more popular. The building property, which it brings so much nearer the heart of the city, will be enhanced in value by the road, and the city's prosperity increased.

A good Baptist clergyman, of Bergen, N. J., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear, but trust in Hop Bitters.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

MORSE'S PALACE OF ART, 417 Montgomery St.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

This Saturday and to-morrow (Sunday) evenings, matinee to-day at 2 P. M., last performances of

THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY.

Superb cast, embracing

MELVILLE,
MONTAGUE,
TURNER,
PEAKES.

Monday evening, February 24, production of

THE IDEAL PINAFORE,

As produced at Haverly's Lyceum Theatre, New York, and the Boston Theatre, Boston, with every member of the Melville Opera Company in the cast, including Mr. Theo. J. Toedt (late tenor with the Patti Concert Company) as "Ralph Rackstraw;" Mr. C. H. Turner as "Captain Corcoran;" Mr. Harry Peakes as "Deadeye;" Emily Melville as "Buttercup;" Annis Montague as "Josephine," etc., etc.

Seats at the box office six days in advance.

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OFFICE OF THE BODIE CONSOLIDATED.

Mining Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, San Francisco, January 17, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a dividend (No. 7) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the Company, payable Monday, February 7, 1880, at the office of Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., New York, only on stock issued from the transfer agency in that city, and at the San Francisco office only on stock issued here. Transfer books will close on Tuesday, January 20, 1880, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. H. LENT, Secretary.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 25th day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 21) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-fifth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. N. CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

Of Fine Goods at Cost Prices, to make room for the incoming Spring Styles, at

MADAME SKIDMORE'S,

No. 1114 Market Street, between Mason and Taylor.

VALENTINES! VALENTINES!

A Choice Assortment of Prang's new Valentines for this Season; also English and American Valentines.

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J. A. HUNTER, M. D.,

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SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 9) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth (26th) day of February, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of Jan., 1880, an assessment (No. 40) of Fifty Cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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UNCONQUERED.

I.

Leave me, grim Care, a little while,
I'm tired of frowns, let Fortune smile.
The roses open their hearts to the sun,
The west wind kisses them, one by one,
And they bloom to-day without a thought
For the ruin to-morrow's storm will have wrought.

II.

I, too, would fain forget the strife,
The grief and passion and strain of life,
And only know how the ardent sun
Kisses the roses, one by one,
And west winds waft their odors where
Birds sing and swing in gardens fair.

III.

Grim Care sits still and faces me—
Nor leaves me for my passionate plea;
Yet the west wind's breath is sweet to-day,
The roses are blooming their lives away,
And I can catch their odors rare,
Despite your frowns, O tyrant Care!

SANTA CRUZ, January, 1880. ISABEL HANMELL RAYMOND.

GOSSIP GRAY.

A Georgian Sketch by a Georgian.

"I reckon I've been livin' here mos' fifty year," said the old man, my neighbor Gray. "It's more'n fifty, ain't it, old woman?" appealing to his wife, an even older looking person than himself, who sat, white and aged, stolid as an Indian, calmly smoking her cob-pipe by the big fire-place.

"It must be fifty-three year," the old woman said after a due pause; "the widow was jus' leavin' to walk then. I remember how the little thing used to git about; an' she's goin' on to fifty-two, now, the widow is."

It sounded so strangely, this world's name for their eldest daughter, from the lips of her own mother, who remembered her a toddler on the cabin floor. I wished, with vague discomfort, that she had called her Jane or Betsy instead of the "widow." But—twenty-nine years! For this eldest daughter of the old couple had been "the widow" all those long years.

I sat in the old log cabin, by the bedside of the invalid daughter, Sarah, to whom I had brought some new magazines to read. For twenty years this most uncomplaining of Heaven's creatures had lived a life of quiet, helpless suffering. It had refined her till she was like a lily—the whitest human being I ever saw, with a pure, plain, reserved face, lying there placid in her bed, the pale, brown hair smoothly and neatly ordered, the hands long, white, and thin, with the delicate nails of a lady. Her voice was low and pleasant, too—not a jar of complaining in it, not an approach to whimper or impatience. I revered Miss Sarah as a real saint, although the chinks and walls about her were papered with "penny dreadfuls" which she had read during those motionless years—picture-papers of the rankest sensational type.

Miss Sarah's bed occupied one corner of the big square room, and the bed for the old folks the other, with a small high window between. At the foot of the old folks' bed was the front door, with its primitive fastening—latch and bobbin—and opposite, at the foot of Miss Sarah's bed, the door leading into the second room of the log-house, which was dining-room and kitchen together. The fourth side of the room was taken up by a huge stone chimney eight or ten feet wide, with a fire-place three or four feet deep, and by two small windows, one on each side of the fire.

The old mother had her regular seat by this fire-place, and whether I found her there in summer-time, when only a few embers glowed among the ashes, or in winter, when the great "back-log" simmered slowly and the lesser ones roared and blazed merrily, her trusty pipe was never far from her hand. I did not like Mrs. Gray when I first made this lady's acquaintance, I admit, but she "grew upon" me. At first she almost alarmed me—so frail and sickly was she, with such a flaccid white cheek and faded white hair, covered with a spotless, dead-white cap, but with dark, deep eyes which had a way of resting upon you with a serious not to say malignant fixedness; these dark, fixed eyes, and a large brown mole or so, contrasting strangely with her pale complexion. She spoke little, and the little she said came forth suddenly and unexpectedly. Altogether she seemed to me an uncanny old soul.

The old man was always as cheerful, on the contrary, as the sparkle of a winter fire. He is a tiny, brown old man, whose general aspect suggests that he was bigger once and has shriveled to his present proportions. He is a great gossip, and always comes in to talk when I go to see Miss Sarah, sitting in a low rusk-bottomed chair, a broad-brimmed felt hat on his gray head, no coat on his back, but wearing a plain homespun cotton shirt, an old pair of gray breeches, and a waistcoat. He wipes his mouth and shaven chin a good deal, as he talks, with his trembling old brown hand, and looks at you with twinkling brown eyes where life and vivacity still linger, though the old man has passed his eightieth year.

"Yes, it was fifty-three year ago that we come here to settle," the old man said. "The ground was all maiden-cane and pea-vines then, an' the cattle roamed through the country in herds. This house had been built an' one acre fenced in, but not cleared, when I come here an' bought it. There wa'n't no neighbors for miles an' miles. There was only a few houses in a settlement whar Decatur is now. An' that was all kyinds o' wild beasts in the woods around. An' deer! I've shot a fine buck standin' here in my house door, as they dashed right across below yonder whar the widow lives now."

"Wasn't it dangerous to let the cattle roam around loose, in those times?" I queried, in order to keep him talking.

"Well, every man owned more'n he could house; thar was a hundred or more runnin' loose with each man's mark on 'em; an' the owners'd all git together an' divide off, and the calves in the reglar season, an' git up a lot to sell. Thar was lots of profits for little work. Cattle wa'n't no way harmed—not often. Sometimes a calf after a new-born calf, but it'd blate, an' its mother an' try to defend it, an' all the herd'd come runnin' together an' gather round, an' the wolf 'd git out for fear o' tramin' to death. The most dangerousest thing I ever hearn tell on around here was when some neighbors o' mine, that lived about sixteen miles off, set out to hunt up their cattle—a woman, 't was, an' her son. They each tuk thar guns an' set out—"

"Did the woman know how to shoot a gun, too?" I rashly queried.

"Shoot?—Like smoke! That's what I'm tellin' ye! She was standin' off thro' the woods, some distance from her son, when she noticed there was a motion in the leaves not far from him, an' lookin' sharp she saw what it was—a painter jus' wigglin' its tail an' crouchin' to spring on her boy. She was the coolest, spryest hand you ever see. She leveled her gun—ker-bang! An' the painter jumped an' rolled an' bit the dust. She killed him dead as a door-nail, that woman did; shot him right thro'!"

"We came here from North Car'lina, in the fust place—from near Raleigh; an' after we'd been here a year or two, I was 'bleeged to go back to see 'bout some property my uncle had lef' me, an' some o' the other nices an' nephews was tryin' to june me out of. My cousin was with me that year—a likely boy, about eighteen—an' I left him in keer o' the place an' the folks, an' got on a horse I'd bought a year back, with some saddle-bags an' provisions, an' set off in a bee-line for home. I got along all right the first o' the journey, an' got to a house for the first night's sleep; but the next day I got kind o' turned out o' my course, on account o' a skeer o' Injuns, an' when night came I was off in the woods alone. I got off my horse an' rubbed him down, an' as well as I could calc'late I was sixteen mile from any place o' shelter, an' about two an' a half off 'n the reglar road. My horse was a good un, an' he would a stood it I thought, but he was some tired, an' so was I, so I made up my mind to camp out that night, an' was just unloosin' my saddle-bags, when I noticed how uneasy my ole horse was. He twitched his ears back an' forth, an' snuffed, an' fell a tremblin'; an' I hent my ear down an' listened, an' harkened, an' by an' by I caught it—a far-away sound o' wolves in chase! I knew thar wa'n't no time to lose, then; so I up on the horse's back, an' jerked up the rein, an' off we went like the breeze. I never took breath to listen untill I'd put five miles an' more between me an' that spot. Then I brought the ole horse down, an' listened. In a minute I caught the cry, an' we was off again, on a pretty fair road just then, an' goin' for all we had to lose. Mile on mile we went, an' ever an' on we hearn them beasts gittin' nearer an' nearer, an' ever an' on I knew my horse was goin' what he couldn't keep on at. At last they come in sight, an' my poor horse was most crazy with fear an' trouble, an' e'en about spent. He kept on, an' I got out my pistols, and turned in the saddle. They were gettin' close. It was moonlight, an' I saw the moon shine on the whites o' their eyes, an' saw their ugly black shadows chasin' after 'em. Thar was one big feller in front I kep' my eye on, an' as he gained on us, I took aim an' fired, an' he stumbled clean over hisself an' fell dead. I gave 'em the tother, an' they halted for a little; an' just then I saw ahead the place I was makin' for—an old deserted cabin that stood by the side of the road. I cheered up my horse, an' he hearn me like a human, an' on he drove, an' on them fellers come after us; an' one jumped on my horse's flank. I dealed him one lick with my whip that knocked him off just in time; an' I rode at the door o' that cabin an' busted it in, an' dashed inside, horse an' all. As I jumped off'n the horse an' flung myself back to try an' bolt the door, I hearn a great "Ugh! ugh!" an' up from the floor o' the cabin rose aginst me a big Injun that had been asleep thar! Lucky for me, he was a friendly one, an' as sharp's a brier, too. He understood in a minute, an' helped me bar the door, not a minute too soon neither; an' we made the old place tight, an' tended to the horse, an' staid there safe all night. I slept, too, like a baby, in spite of all their howling noises; an' next day the Injun an' me set off together, an' I got on all straight after that, an' home agin safe, too, you see."

The old lady, who had been listening calmly all through, without one sparkle in her eye or one movement in her chair, now took her pipe from her mouth and said, abruptly, as she always did:

"Silas, git Miss Alexanders them locusts I had picked up for her last time the wind blew so hard. Whar'd you put 'em?"

The old man got up and hobbled out at the door.

"Ma's remembered you said you hadn't had none since you were a little girl, and she wants you to have some now," Miss Sarah gently explained.

"Why, Mrs. Gray, how kind in you!" I said. "I had forgotten that I told you, but I remember now; you said there was a locust tree down the road, and I told you of those locusts I tasted once in Central Park, when I was a little girl, didn't I? I wonder if they will taste just as those did now?"

And I remembered—

"For you know, old friend, I haven't eaten
Mulberries since the ignorant joy
Of anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All this bitter world to a boy."

The widow now came in—a plain-faced, good-natured woman, wearing a Bismarck brown dress and a "false front" of hair very much the same color. She greeted me heartily, and presented me a big white plate, with raised blue figures on it, piled with clean, long, brown locusts, looking like gigantic withered pea-hulls. I broke one open and tasted the sweet fibrous brown lining, with the attentive eyes of the old woman upon me. It was the well-remembered pungent taste. I thanked the old mother over again.

"Pa, he gethers 'em to make beer," the widow said. "He ain't gethered many this year, tho'. He ain't gethered no persimmons yet, neither. He's 'mazin' fond of persimmon beer."

"The old man's gittin' feeble," abruptly declared his wife and relapsed into silence.

"He ain't follered the plow none for two year now," observed the widow, in a confirmatory voice. "He just does keep the gyarden goin'."

He reëntered as she spoke, with a basket in his hand, which he brought to me.

"Here's some groun'-peas for you, Miss Alexanders," he said, setting them down by me. "I done fust rate in groun'-peas this year. These is just fresh dug, an' I want you should eat some."

"Maybe Miss Alexanders likes hern roasted," the widow said. "Some folks does. I boil 'em for the old folks reglar. How do you like yourn'?"

"I think they're better roasted," I said, thankfully, for the prospect of eating freshly-dug, damp pea-nuts out of politeness was rather a distressing one. "And, by the way, talking of your garden, Mr. Gray, how did your cabbages turn out?"

"Well, they give me a heap o' trouble, fust an' last," the old man said, crossing his knees and putting up his hand as usual. "But I tried an old charm on 'em, an' it acted fust rate."

"How was that, Mr. Gray?" I asked.

"Well, you know the worms was in 'em bad; an' so I set out an' dug out nine of the worms, like the charm goes, an' put 'em in a bag, an' hung 'em up on a nail in the chimney here, to pehish (perish); an' they told me that when these nine should pehish, all the rest would pehish, too; an' I tried it; an' shore enough, they did. The very last one o' 'em was cleaned out!"

"Yes, they was, Miss Alexanders, for a certain fact," the widow added.

"Well, I am glad of it, for the sake of the cabbage," I said, "though it does seem a little uncommon, doesn't it?"

"Uncommon things is common as others, sometimes," abruptly ejaculated the oracle by the fireside.

The Mysterious Customer.

Toole relates the following story in a recent number of the *Stage Door*:

I was playing "Mr. Spicer Rumford" in *Artful Cards*, and you know in the second act he goes to an evening party, and has bought a pair of white kid gloves—regular party-going gloves, warranted not to split, at one-and-six. But they do split, and here is the fun of the introduction of those comical articles called hand-shoes by the matter-of-fact Germans.

The gloves were necessary for the fun of the play; they must be split, or there is no fun; and I usually keep a dozen pairs ready in case of emergency, as I have to split them before going upon the stage.

When acting in a celebrated provincial town, where they are extremely critical and particular, down to the smallest detail, my dresser told me that I had no gloves; I had used them all.

It was a dreadfully wet night, pouring cats and dogs, and all the best shops were shut up; so I told the coachman to stop at the first glove shop he came to. We came to a halt at a miserable-looking fourth-rate shop, where they sold cheap braces and mouldy neckties, fly-blown shirts, and the most alarming brass studs fixed into card-board.

The proprietor of this dingy emporium was just about to close, and seemed half asleep. I could see at once he was a surly, ill-conditioned fellow, and I don't think I improved his temper by making my request very earnestly and in a low tone, accompanied by a gibberish which he could not understand.

I heard him muttering to himself, "What does he mean? the man's a fool!" When suddenly, as he was bouncing about and losing his temper, I said, as distinctly as possible: "Have you got any white kid gloves? I don't understand your provincial dialect."

It was as well to turn the tables at once, and put him in the wrong.

He groped about until at last, when he was red with the exertion, he found a forgotten box of white kids. They were uncommonly dusty, and had evidently been the original stock of his grandfather's shop. I picked out a pair, and he went through the stupid formula of doubling them across my knuckles.

"I think these will do," he said.

"Oh! will they? Then give me a pair of scissors."

"They are untied; you don't want any scissors."

"Yes, I do."

I then deliberately cut the gloves in five or six places. The man positively shuddered, and said "Oh, don't!" It seemed to hurt him, although the gloves were mine. The more he shuddered, the more I cut away.

"But I could have got you a larger pair without that," he whined, as if he were in dreadful pain.

"They are quite large enough, my dear sir," I replied, hacking away; "but I like plenty of ventilation."

He shuddered again.

"Give me another pair!" I said fiercely, as if I were thirsting for destruction.

"Will you have a larger size? Do," he murmured. "Don't hurt them," he added with real pathos.

"No," I said, melodramatically. "Give me some larger scissors!"

I saw a large pair of scissors on the counter, and, seizing them, cut away at two or three pairs as eagerly as a child cutting up paper. The more I cut, the more puzzled and distressed he looked.

"There, that will do," said I, throwing down the money and pocketing the gloves.

"Will you have any paper? Oh, dear!" he roared, as if the scissors had been ripping him open, and he was recovering from the shock.

"No, indeed; not I. Belinda shall be revenged," I groaned between my teeth. "Thus will I destroy my hated rival."

He backed away from me as I waved the scissors in the air, and I could see by his terrified face that he thought I was stark staring mad. As I was leaving the shop I looked out and said:

"It's a lovely morning, isn't it?"

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and raining in torrents.

"Don't talk nonsense, sir," he replied angrily, but evidently very frightened and astonished.

With a hideous grimace I left the shop and jumped into the carriage. In five minutes I was at the theatre, trying to amuse the audience with the perplexities of "Mr. Spicer Rumford," while the puzzled shopman was brooding in the little back parlor over his strange adventure with his "Mysterious Customer."

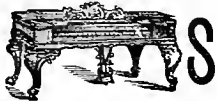
"I have been looking inwardly lately a great deal," said Denis Kearney to Mayor Killoch, who instantly reproved him by saying that he ought not to gaze on vacancy.

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EXCHEQUER MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Mining District, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 15) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the ninth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING
Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the sixth (6th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 61) of Three Dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the third (3d) day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.
Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER
Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of Two Dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 4th day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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OFFICE OF THE STANDARD CON-

solidated Mining Company, San Francisco, January 14, 1880.—First Annual Meeting.—The first annual meeting of the stockholders of the above-named Company for the election of seven Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, February 2, 1880 (first Monday in February), at one o'clock P. M., on that day, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on Tuesday, January 27, 1880, at three o'clock P. M., and will remain closed until after the annual meeting.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING—THE AN-
nual meeting of the stockholders of the Belcher Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California, on TUESDAY, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1880, at the hour of two P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Saturday, January 17, 1880, at twelve o'clock noon, and remain closed until after the meeting.

San Francisco, January 15, 1880.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE THIRD-TERM CONSPIRACY.

[COMMUNICATED.]

There is no longer any question as to the fact that General Grant is a Presidential candidate, and that he is a formidable one need not be denied. Two questions remain to be answered: Will he be nominated? And, if nominated, can he be elected? The first question will be answered in less than five months, the second in less than ten months. Upon the answer to the first question depends the life of the Republican party. Upon the answer to the second depends the life of the republic. If General Grant can be elected the third time he will be the fourth, fifth, sixth—for life—and would doubtless be able to name his successor. In view of such a result the questions of the probability of his nomination and the possibility of his election are of vastly greater importance than the mere election of a President for four years. This third-term business, if successful, is the thin edge of the wedge which is to destroy the republic. It is the "gopher-hole in the levee" which precedes the inundation. As no man can possibly have any claims upon the presidency, it is then but just to examine the ground upon which the pretensions of General Grant rest, and the motives which actuate that small but noisy band of conspirators who are so clamorous for a third term for General Grant.

No candid man who has carefully studied the history of General Grant's administration of the government for the eight years he was President, can fail to be impressed with the wonderful opportunities afforded to make it a most brilliant, a most successful administration, and of his complete failure to grasp the opportunity, and to add to his fame as a general that higher title of statesman. In history he will be known as the man who led our soldiers to victory and our politics to demoralization. Nor is his the first instance in history where a great soldier has been a very bad civil administrator. When General Grant was nominated for President in 1868 it was well understood that he was as ready to accept the nomination from the Democratic as from the Republican party. But before accepting the nomination from either party, and resigning his commission as General of the Army, he wished to be assured of a second term; and it is well known that Colonel J. W. Forney made him this promise on behalf of the Republican party. The result shows that the promise made by Colonel Forney was kept by the party. In fact, so completely had the control of the party passed into the hands of what is known as the "machine" in 1872, that General Grant was renominated without opposition by the Philadelphia Convention, although it is probable that that convention did not represent the wishes of a majority for the Republican party.

Much was expected by the people from General Grant as the successor of President Johnson, and it is doubtful if any President was ever inaugurated under more favorable circumstances than was General Grant; or if Congress and the whole people were ever more ready to give the President a cordial and generous support. The republic was but recovering from the terrible effect of our civil war, and in the settlement of the many difficult questions growing out of that war, especially the question of the reconstruction of the rebellious States. This had long absorbed the attention of Congress, and was watched with feelings of the deepest interest, not unmingled with fear, by the whole country. The question demanded the highest talents of a statesman. It was hoped and generally believed that General Grant possessed the qualifications which would make his administration at least successful. It was known that he had been in accord with Congress in its long and acrimonious contest with President Johnson. His election brought a feeling of relief to the whole country, and his inauguration was hailed as the beginning of a new era. It was, however, soon discovered that if the President was a great general he was very far from being a statesman. The peculiar traits of character which have since shown themselves so disagreeably conspicuous, and which have made his administrations so disgraceful, showed themselves in the appointment of his first cabinet. That he should have appointed A. T. Stewart Secretary of the Treasury is not perhaps surprising; but when it was found that under an Act of Congress Mr. Stewart was ineligible for that office, the President's insistence upon the repeal of that law was a matter of surprise to many. This law, it is understood, would have been repealed but for the determined opposition of Senator Sumner, so anxious was Congress to gratify the wishes of the President. But if the persistent and determined effort on the part of the President to make Mr. Stewart Secretary of the Treasury was a matter of surprise, what shall be said of the appointment of Mr. Borie as Secretary of the Navy? A more unfit appointment, it was thought at that time, it would be impossible to make; but President Grant found means, before the close of his second term, to make the appointment of Mr. Borie appear respectable by comparison.

Attention needs be called to only a few bad—not to say outrageous—appointments, made during the eight years of his Presidency. It is certain that these appointments contributed largely in bringing about the present disordered condition of the Government. In fact, the Republican party was broken down by its attempt to carry President Grant and his appointees; and that that party is now in the minority in the House of Representatives and in the Senate is wholly chargeable to the outrageous appointments and political blunders of President Grant. When Judge Hoar resigned

the office of Attorney-General, his successor was a Mr. Ackerman of Georgia, a man whose qualifications for that office were that he was a third-rate lawyer; that he lived when at home thirty miles from any railroad or telegraph station; that he was wholly unknown; and that he would not make himself disagreeable to those who wished to control the patronage of that office. Since his retirement from office he has passed into that obscurity which he is doubtless best fitted to adorn. His successor was George H. Williams, who as Senator from Oregon had deserved and obtained the respect of the Senate and the esteem of his party friends. But the kitchen cabinet of the President determined to make him Chief Justice of the United States, and the ambition of his friends rather than his own was his political ruin.

When Governor Boutwell resigned from the Treasury, he was succeeded by Judge Richardson, an obscure judge of an obscure probate court in an obscure county of Massachusetts. Judge Richardson will be remembered as the Secretary of the Treasury who resumed specie payment with a quart-cup full of quarters, dimes, and five-cent pieces. He is now preserved as a fossil curiosity in the Court of Claims at Washington, D. C. Mr. Belknap, it was understood, received the appointment of Secretary of War on the recommendation of Generals Ingals, Dent (F. T.—a brother-in-law of the President), and Babcock. He was not known to possess one qualification for that office; but was appointed for substantially the same reasons that controlled the appointment of Ackerman. It is not probable that he would have been retained one day in office by Lincoln's great War Secretary, and yet he was selected by General Grant to occupy the place which Stanton once filled. But it was understood that he would not be in the way of the "friends" of the President, who thought themselves entitled to "run" that department, and who were determined to do so; and who, in fact, did succeed so well in this that the General of the Army (Sherman) was driven from Washington, and had his headquarters in St. Louis. Secretary Belknap was permitted to resign by the President after acknowledging he had committed a crime which is, and which ought to be, a felony. But whatever may be said of Belknap and his utter unfitness for the position he held and disgraced, he was in every moral quality infinitely the superior of Columbus Delano, so long Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Hamilton Fish—who held office longer than any other one of the twenty-six gentlemen who were members of President Grant's cabinets during his two terms—is in every way a very respectable gentleman, and gave great dignity to the office he held, the duties of which were ably discharged by Mr. Fred. Seward and Mr. Hunter. Mr. Fish is, however, in point of ability and by disposition, better fitted for an English bishop, with a seat in the House of Lords, than for an American Secretary of State. Mr. Bristow—a small man in any place except in President Grant's cabinet—was considered by the President as a suitable man for Secretary of the Treasury, until it became apparent that he had presidential aspirations of his own. He was at once driven from office—not to say "fired out." Governor Jewell, the successor of Postmaster-General Creswell, was summarily removed, on the suspicion that he did not favor the President's third-term aspirations.

Disgraceful, however, as were many of the cabinet appointments of President Grant, they were respectable when compared with other and less important appointments. He had for his private secretary General Babcock, who was not sent to the penitentiary, and for his most trusted and confidential friend A. R. Shephard, who many people were so uncharitable as to say ought to have been. This same Shephard was nominated by the President for one of the Commissioners to govern the District of Columbia, after Congress had abolished the territorial government as the only means of ridding the District of the ring thieves, of whom Shephard was the notorious head. Only five Senators were found base enough to vote to confirm him. California has the credit of furnishing one—Sargent, and Nevada another—Jones. It was not enough that John Lothrop Motley should be removed as Minister to England because he was the friend of Charles Sumner, but the vacancy thus created was occupied, not filled, by the appointment of General Schenck, who was retained in that position long after his connection with the Emma Mine swindle had become a disgraceful scandal. But if General Schenck failed to achieve a great or desirable reputation as a diplomat, he certainly made himself a reputation as the author of the best rules yet written on the "interesting and scientific game of draw poker." It is as the author of these rules that he will hereafter be known. The appointment of the Rev. Mr. Cramer as Minister to Denmark was doubtless a good move on the part of President Grant; one brother-in-law was thus sent out of the country when there were still too many left. But it was hard on Denmark. The appointment of "Jim Butterworth" as Assistant U. S. Treasurer at New York—of "Tom Murphy" as Collector at the same port—of Simms as Collector at Boston—of Casey, another brother-in-law, as Collector at New Orleans—are but samples of a long list of appointments which should not have been made, and for which President Grant, and not the Republican party, should be held responsible; but which served nevertheless to break down and destroy that party.

The effect of this class of appointments was plainly seen here in California. Here they will be long and bitterly remembered by the old and respectable portion of the Republican party who were Republicans when there was nothing

to gain and much to lose by being Republicans—when that party was in a hopeless minority. These men were Republicans from principle, Republicans before the war, during the war, since the war, and will be Republicans when the camp-followers and plunderers—who came into the party to hold office, and when they could hold office no longer or control that organization, have attempted to destroy it—are found voting the Democratic ticket, or a worse one if a worse can be found. The trinity which was all powerful in controlling appointments in California, which consisted of Gorham, Carr, and Sargent, made it possible for La Grange, Van Dyke, Coghlan, Rollins, Coey, and Pinney to be appointed and retained in office here. By the inefficiency of some of these appointees, the dishonesty and downright villainy of others, large sums of money were illegally paid out at the mint, much larger sums were squandered at the navy-yard, and the merchants and bankers were swindled out of nearly one million dollars.

It is to the insolent arrogance of Gorham, the weakness, obstinacy, almost imbecility, of Sargent, the presuming ignorance and cupidity of Carr—to the assumed and self-appointed leadership of these men, and to the fact that they were able to control the Federal appointments here—that the Republican party owes its defeat at the State elections in the last twelve years. It was this that elected Governors Haight and Irwin, and sent Farley to the United States Senate. The same result was accomplished in Massachusetts, which in 1868 gave General Grant sixty-five thousand majority, but before he left office the Republican party in Massachusetts, under the control of his appointees, became so demoralized and disgusted that a Democrat was elected Governor of that State by more than five thousand majority.

The administration of General Grant was the golden age of aspiring mediocrity, shoddy contractors, and successful stock-gamblers—when wealth was considered the test of respectability, and to be connected with the Dent family a sufficient qualification for office. His was the only administration in the history of this government when an obsequious Senate formed its committees to suit the President. And the disgraceful fact remains that Charles Sumner was deposed from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations at the dictation of the President.

It is perhaps needless here to call attention to the Santo Domingo farce, and the attempt of the President to force the Senate to ratify the "Bayas Treaty" in the interest of one of the most infamous rings ever formed. The testimony of ex-Senator Cole, if the whole truth could be had, would be particularly interesting in regard to this Santo Domingo business. Neither may it be necessary to recall the tenacity with which the President clung to his friends of the historic Whisky Ring—how he followed them to the very door of the penitentiary, and only left them when that door closed leaving them on the inside, and left them then only to write their pardons.

Is it to reward such an administration as this that General Grant is to be elected the third time President of the United States? Is it to revive and perpetuate the régime of Shephard, Babcock, Belknap, Delano, and the Dents, that the rule which has governed in all our presidential elections—which should be in the Constitution, but which is not the less sacred because unwritten—is to be disregarded and set aside? This may not be the avowed purpose, but it will be the inevitable result, should this third-term infamy succeed. Are the people of this country still so greatly indebted to General Grant that the debt can be paid in no other way? Have the services he rendered been greater than were those of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, or Jackson? Or is his patriotism greater than was theirs? Is it not rather the sublime selfishness of General Grant, his inordinate self-appreciation, his boundless capacity for accepting presents, aided by a few unscrupulous and aspiring politicians, and a much larger number of cormorants who would hail his return to power as the return of the "good times" when the White House was the heart, the center, of the "Military Ring," the "Indian Ring," the "Santo Domingo Ring," the "Whisky Ring," and every other combination formed to rob the government. Not that General Grant ever certainly did, or ever probably would, profit by any of these schemes of robbery; but he was the President who "stuck to his friends," when his "friends" were thieves.

If the Republican party is so poor in statesmen that there is no one in that party but General Grant fit for the office of President, or no one who could be elected if nominated, then the time has arrived when it should die and be decently buried. And let Blaine, Garfield, Washburne, Sherman, Conkling, Edmonds, and a hundred and fifty other Republicans, any one of whom if nominated could certainly be elected, die with their party, and their epitaph shall be: "Here lie the political remains of one hundred and fifty-six gentlemen, any one of whom the Republican party in 1880 were able to and would have elected President of the United States; but they chose rather that their party should commit suicide, and died each for themselves, and all together, rather than any one of the remaining hundred and fifty-five should be elected President."

The name of General Grant for the great services he rendered the republic in the suppression of the rebellion deserves to be, and ever will be, held in grateful remembrance by his countrymen. But his administration of the government for the eight years he was President should be, remembered only with shame and sorrow.

ROSEMARY.

Only a little green and bitter spray
Of fading leaves I give into thy keeping,
A bunch of rosemary, chilled by the frost,
And withered by the tears my eyes are weeping.

"'Tis for remembrance," love. Oh, pray remember
Our spring-time wandering and our summer days,
When you were all the world, and I was happy
In winning from the world my meed of praise.

There's not a path which we have walked together
But seems a hallowed spot forever more;
There's not a page whereon thine eyes have rested
But I have learned its lessons o'er and o'er.

There's not an hour, however dark and dreary,
But hope revives with memories of thee.
Then take this rosemary—'tis for remembrance,
And oh, I pray you, love, remember me!

I left the heart's-ease and the purple pansy
To fade and wither under wintry skies;
I could not wear the one, nor bear the other,
So much of thought was in their honest eyes.

But from my garden bed this little spray
I rescue from the pitiless November,
And bid you wear it for the thought it brings—
Wear it for me, and oh, I pray, remember!

RICHMOND, IND., January, 1880. MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

MAGDALENA'S CRIME.

I.—THE TEMPTATION AND THE CRISIS.

Genoa in June. In clouds of visible blue the heat hung from the house-eaves in the narrow streets, while upon the terraced hillside, on palace tower and cathedral spire, lay the rich sunshine, touching the gray stones with mellow light, twining the vine leaves with golden tendrils, and dying away in the pleasant recesses of shade. Outside the city, and overlooking the slumbering fields and vineyards, Monte Faccio, garlanded with the sun, stood against the deep blue sky,

"The lord of many lands."

Near by, in the valley of the Bisagno, nestling among the vineyards and almost covered with vines, stood a stone villa shining in the sun. Viewed from a certain angle the effect was unpleasant, because of the glare from the white stones, but the massive portico, with its spillars wreathed with vines, was homelike as well as beautiful. This villa in the heat of noon seemed asleep, with its heavy red curtains closed against the day, like a toper's eyelids smitten by the sudden dawn. Even the great blue-bottle flies were afflicted with the general weariness, and droned upon the dusty leaves. Around this spot was no sign of either life or motion. The laborers in the vineyard who toiled in the shadier hours—not for the reward which cometh of the Father, but for the silver and copper which cometh from the wealthy employer—were courting perspiring sleep in sylvan couches beneath the rugged wall; dreaming, perhaps, of heaven as a vineyard of lovely women fenced in with icebergs of sliced oranges, confetti, and wine.

In a cool arbor, about a rod from the house, half sat, half reclined, a young woman. Her dress was that of a house-servant, yet her face bore upon it the stamp of the softened beauty and pride of the earlier Romans, which generations of poverty and ecclesiastical rule have failed to erase from the Italian countenance. In her hand she held a roughly written note which she read with rising color and heaving bosom. Suddenly springing to her feet she thrust the note into her bosom, and muttered through her set teeth, while her eyes gleamed with triumph:

"Maria, it has come at last. Netted and fairly caught. Why not? There's not a girl in Genoa of my station with a prettier figure than mine—aye, or face either. Giuseppe Corticelli will have reason to be proud of his wife. I give him beauty for wealth, and the hargain's a fair one. He asks my hand in marriage. I shall not say no. Giovanni Arata must not stand in my way."

"Magdalena!"

She turned quickly round, with a nervous twitching of the lips.

The speaker stood bareheaded at the entrance to the arbor. He was a pleasant-faced young man, about twenty-five, with broad shoulders and clustering black hair.

"Giovanni."

The tone in which the word was pronounced was irritable, and was followed by a look of annoyance.

The young man observed the glance and gesture, and repeated it as if he were a mirror.

"You do not seem pleased to see me here, Magdalena."

Notwithstanding the assumed calmness with which he spoke, his voice faltered as he pronounced the name of the woman who was dearer to him than all else in the world—dearer to him than his God.

"Is it necessary, Signor Arata, that I should fly into transports when we meet?"

As she spoke, her cheek paled, and a hard glitter was in her eyes. This woman had a task to perform, and her mind was fixed upon its accomplishment. She loved the man before her as far as it lay in her sordid nature to love. It was not her fault that she did not love him better. She was born in selfishness, and the trait, which was first moulded in her mother's womb, grew with her growth, stronger and stronger from infancy to womanhood, darkening every noble thought and bright resolve, and dragging her down deeper and deeper into a quagmire so foul and so fast that all the angels could not pull or pray her out of it. Yet it was not her fault that she was selfish any more than that she was beautiful. Yet do not believe that the part she was acting gave her no pain. Her moral perceptions were not so dulled that she could not feel the cold hand of remorse knocking at the door of her conscience and pleading for admission. Giovanni was a handsome man, and what was better, as good as he was handsome—but then he was poor.

Even as she stood there before him, choking down with a strong hand whatever old-time tenderesses might be struggling with her resolve, her heart was sobbing within her. As her eye fell upon the curly locks, dropping upon the broad shoulders, she remembered, with all the sting of pleasure faded away, how often she had twined her white fingers

through them; how often she had wound her shapely arms around that bronzed neck; how often she had rested her head, with a little flutter of joy, upon that broad chest. And shading all the tenderness that such a feeling inspired, came the thought—sharp and sudden—that another might some time seek the same resting-place.

Even while such reflections flitted through her mind there rose within her a voice like a great foaming wave, drowning all other voices, "Why should I regret luxury and wealth, when offered by the man I do not love, for the sake of toil and poverty with the man I do?" And her spirit of selfishness answered her as she willed it.

Her lover was quick, as sensitive lovers usually are, to observe the change in her. The hard gleam in her dark eyes, and the compressed lips as white as her cheeks, told him that the pen of self-interest had already signed the death-warrant of love. But the shock of humiliation was quickly succeeded by the smart of angered pride. As he reflected that this woman had permitted his caresses, had told him with her eyes and with her lips that his love was hers and her love his, a hot flush colored his brow, and he replied, hoarsely:

"No, Magdalena; it is not necessary that you should fly into transports when we meet, but—what has happened? How have I offended you?"

This gave her the opportunity she desired.

"No, Signor Arata, you have not offended me; but don't you think it is time that this folly should cease? I think it is selfish in you—yes, selfish—to think of wedding me. We are both too poor. Let us go our separate ways. We can still be friends. Why should I throw away the brilliant future of a young life for love and poverty? It is better that I should speak of this now before it is too late."

"Before it is too late," murmured he, mechanically.

"Before it is too late," she repeated.

"You mean that all is over between us?" he exclaimed, almost savagely.

"I mean that marriage between us is impossible, as well as unwise. In short, Signor Giuseppe Corticelli has asked me to be his wife, and—"

"You have consented?" interrupted Giovanni, passionately.

"I have consented," she replied, cowering before him now that the truth, or rather the falsehood, was out.

He sprang forward and fiercely grasped her wrist.

"Look at me, she-devil!" he hissed. "Nay, do not imagine that I am about to sue you for the return of your worthless love. Corticelli got it for the asking. Bought it for his gold. For his gold! d'ye hear? And this is the thing I lavished my affection upon! The painted courtesans of Genoa may point to Magdalena Serpelli and say 'She has been more fortunate than we. She sold her charms for gold to one man, while we must trade with the many.'"

The unhappy woman sank, terrified, upon the hench. Her lover was white with passion, and as he raised his clenched fist to emphasize his words she thought he was about to strike her, and drew back, shuddering.

"Spare me!" she cried.

"Spare you?" he shrieked. "Curse you! In the name of all that is pure and holy and good and true, in the heart of man and in the soul of woman, I curse you! In the sacred name of virtue, I curse you! In the name of love, which you have betrayed, I curse you! Yes, with my eyes which will not weep for you, with my heart which will not feel for you, I curse you! Beneath my feet I crush your serpent eyes and tiger heart. I call on God, who is love and justice, and whom you have outraged, to curse you. I call upon the sun to burn you with fever, and upon the stars to shine pestilence upon you! And if the great God should choose to curse an innocent babe with your likeness, I pray that it, too, may bring down upon you sorrow and disgrace!"

He paused, with outstretched, quivering arm.

Magdalena, overpowered by the torrent of invective, sobbed convulsively, with her face in her hands.

When he spoke again his voice was in tears.

"You have broken me like a toy. I curse you, I despise you, I pity you; but oh, God! how I loved you. Farewell!"

Her handkerchief lay on the ground near the entrance to the arbor. He picked it up, pressed it passionately to his lips, and placed it reverently in the breast of his blouse.

She never saw Giovanni Arata again.

When he had gone, this woman sank to her knees and prayed to the Virgin.

II.—THE FULFILLMENT OF THE CURSE.

December 31st, 1875—nineteen years later. In that part of Broadway which lies within a stone's throw of the notorious Barbary Coast of San Francisco, there are several narrow alleys, inhabited by a mixed population of Irish and Italians. In one of these alleys nearest Montgomery Street stands a rickety wooden tenement-house, a dilapidated piazza on the second story distinguishing it from its less aristocratic neighbors. Some of the broken window-panes in this building were stuffed with paper, while the piazza was decorated with sundry articles of underwear. In a wretched apartment on the second floor of this tenement sat a woman and her daughter, the former engaged in sewing a dress, and the latter, a girl of seventeen, seated at a table, with her head bowed in her hands. Like her mother, she was a type of Italian beauty. The daughter was fresh and fair, while the mother was pale and careworn. The girl sat in a sort of reverie, and cast uneasy glances at the clock, which was ticking as industriously as if there were no such thing as an old year to fret over, or a new year to be welcomed. At length she raised her head, and exclaimed, in a weary tone:

"I wonder what keeps father out so late. It is almost nine o'clock."

"I don't know, Magdalena," answered her mother, with a sneer; "over at the Bottle King's, drinking beer with his besotted companions, I suppose."

The girl sighed, and watched the clock uneasily. The child of Magdalena Corticelli inherited all her mother's self-will, with her father's generous and affectionate disposition. Her child-heart had always yearned for something warmer than a mother's indifferent kiss. There were bright days that she remembered, when her father was not a drunkard,

But she never could forget—and she was always grateful for it—that her father, whether in his cups or out of them, had always a gentle word and a kind glance for her. It gave her special pleasure to recall the dear old time when she used to sit upon his knee, and listen, with the simple wonder of childhood, to his stories of the fairy land, far, far beyond the stars. So in the heart of the grown-up shop girl the flower of her father's affection bloomed fairer day by day, in spite of poverty and the degradation of the feeble old man. He looked to her in his declining years and utter helplessness for protection against the bitter words and angry glances of a wife who did not love him when fortune smiled upon them, and who hated and cursed him when reverses came. There was something touching, also, in the trustfulness with which he appealed to her in such moments, and in the happy smile with which he greeted her presence. And as she sat watching the expressionless face of the clock, now and then furtively glancing at the unsympathetic face of her mother, the tears welled into her eyes with the thought of the dear old times, gone by forever, when she grew and blossomed into womanhood under the sunshine of a father's smile. The very contrast of those days with the present wrung her soul almost as much as the one great grief which she had to hear in silence and in shame, alone. She felt like crying out in agony for help, for sympathy, even as He cried out in the Garden of Gethsemane, not for His own sin, but under the burden of the sins of the world. Under the burden of her own sin she was suffering a crucifixion and a bloody sweat, all the more agonizing because unseen. Even such crucifixions are going on every day around us, and they will continue to darken the Calvary of the erring soul away.

A sigh broke the silence. Her mother had finished the dress which cost her many long hours of toil, and was wrapping it in a newspaper. Magdalena Corticelli had altered very much since that warm summer day when she crushed the love of Giovanni Arata beneath her feet. Care, sorrow, and remorse had left their traces on her countenance, but its expression had not relaxed one jot of its cruel selfishness. As she tied the parcel neatly, every movement of her white and supple fingers, every turn of her head, and every motion of her rounded figure was replete with grace and harmony. Carefully arranging her bonnet and shawl in front of a small mirror, not without a touch of that coquetry which does so much toward enhancing the charms of a beautiful woman, she moved to the door.

"If that drunken dog comes in, you will find some cold meat for him in the cupboard."

Saying which, she closed the door behind her and went out into the darkness.

Minute after minute passed by, and found the girl still in reverie. When at last a slow, uncertain step was heard on the creaking stairs, a flush of joy covered her cheeks, and a terrified face, with mild blue eyes, a broad brow, and gray hair, surmounting the tottering form of Giuseppe Corticelli, appeared in the aperture. She threw her arms about him.

"Oh, papa! I'm so glad you've come. There, sit down, and I'll get you something to eat—you dear, good, naughty papa."

His eyes lighted up as she kissed him, and he nodded to her smilingly while she set the table.

"That's right, Birdie; that's right. My little canary will sing for her father—will sing for her poor, tired father."

His chin sank upon his breast, and he was silent. Blacker and blacker upon the night fell the shadow of a great cloud that shrouded the face of the moon.

Magdalena sat opposite him and watched him eat, with tenderness and love beaming out of the great shadows that lay within her eyes; and when the old man had finished, and the table had been cleared, she sat upon his knee with her arms encircling his neck.

"Ah! that's my little canary; you love your poor old father yet. You won't let your mother strike him any more, will you, Birdie?"

"Hush, papa," she replied, with an apprehensive nod toward the door; "you must not talk that way."

"I must not talk that way? Eh, Birdie?" repeated the old man, with a bewildered air.

"No, papa."

"Then I will not—I will not. If my little Birdie says so it must be right—it must be right."

"Papa," she said, brushing back his hair fondly, and gazing into his eyes; "papa, do you remember the happy days, long, long ago, when you used to take your little girl on your knee, and tell her of the bright home in heaven, where there is no more sorrow and no more pain?"

"Yes, Birdie. Ah! happy days, happy days! My little canary sang for me often then. She does not now. The days are darker now for my Birdie. The sunshine does not come so often."

"Yes, papa; and I want your attention to what I am going to say, dear, because—because we may not have so good an opportunity for talking together for a great while."

"Yes, my Birdie, yes," murmured the old man.

"And papa, you remember how you used to tell me of the love—that the good Christ has for wretched sinners—how he listens to their prayers when their hearts are sore with sorrow, and fills them with a blessed peace that they could never know without. It was you, my dear papa, who first taught me that Christ loved me and other poor girls so well that He came down from Heaven, and died for us in pain and humiliation."

She paused and sighed. The shadow without grew darker and darker, and the moaning of the wind more plaintive.

"I have often thought," she continued, laying her cheek against his forehead, "that the good Christ sometimes gets tired of all the sin on the earth, and closes His ears to our prayers. I have prayed, oh! so hard, lately, that God would make me a good woman; for then I would be oh! so happy."

The young face nestled upon the gray head. When it raised again the cheeks were wet with tears and the voice was broken.

"I was happy once, when I used to tell you everything—even my silly little thoughts in my childish way, and looked up to you for advice and sympathy. And I am ever so grateful to you, dear papa, that you never closed your heart to me when I needed your love. You said to me once, and oh! how bitterly it comes to me now: 'Magdalena, my girl, whatever may befall you, never lose sight of your self-respect or your sense of duty.' I did not fully understand you then. I do now. You also said; 'I would rather see my little girl

lying dead at my feet, much as I love her, than to hear a whisper of deserved reproach upon her name." Papa, dear," and her voice sank to a mournful key as she said it, "that happy time has gone forever. You will always love your Birdie. Pity her now. Forgive her for all the pain she has ever caused you. Pity and forgive her."

She laid her head upon his shoulder and sobbed bitterly. He, partially stupefied with liquor, did not take in all that she had said. He knew that she must be in distress, and that was enough for him. Taking her hand in his, he kissed it affectionately in his half-dazed way.

"Don't cry, Birdie, don't cry. Has any one hurt you? Did that she-devil scold you? I am not so strong as I was, Birdie; not so strong. My head is weak, and I can't understand all this."

Magdalena sobbed as if her heart would break. Then, dashing away her tears, she sprang to her feet with an imperious gesture. Her face was deathly pale.

"Papa, you told me once, long ago, that the blood of a Corticelli would stagnate if tainted with dishonor unavenged. Whatever else your little girl may have forgotten, she has not forgotten that. Come with me, my dear, dear papa."

She looked at him pleadingly, with outstretched hands. Her cheeks were wet, but her eyes bright and determined. With an air of mute surprise he rose and followed her through the dark alley in silence. Three blocks down Broadway she turned to him suddenly and said:

"Wait here until I come back to you."

She paused for a moment before a two-story dwelling, walked firmly up the steps, and rang the bell.

Her father, becoming sober under the influence of the cool air, watched her movements with increasing interest.

The door opened, and, after a few words too low for him to overhear, he saw her walk out upon the sidewalk with a man whom he had known for some time as a sweetheart of hers.

"H'm! Luigi Gallipoli—I like him not. He has a fox face and a bad heart. What does my little girl want with him now?"

"Well, out with it. What do you want?"

His voice was harsh, and had a sharp sneer in it. His face was in shadow, partly illuminated by the red glow of a cigar which he held between his teeth. The moonlight fell full upon the girl's upturned countenance. Her reply came clear and sharp on the night air:

"I want you, Signor Luigi, to redeem the promise you made me—the promise which I confided in, to my shame. I have waited too long already."

Her eyes seemed to burn into his. A hurricane was raging within her. Despite his brutal coldness she was even then yearning for a kind look from him; despite his perfidy and his mean and cruel nature she loved him. She felt this, too, and almost despised herself for it.

"You talk in a rather commanding way, miss. You want me to marry you."

The words were followed by a low chuckle of disdain which stung her to the quick. A hot flush darkened her face, and when she spoke again her voice was husky:

"Yes, Signor Luigi, I want you to marry me. I did not shame you as a sweetheart; I would not shame you as a wife. You must marry me, and atone for the wrong you have done me."

She struck her dainty foot upon the pavement, and quivered with passion, like an arrow vibrating in the heart of an oak.

"Marry you! The thing's impossible. Go away from me."

He rudely shook off the hand she had laid upon his arm, and turned away. She followed him with a quick step, and grasped him by the coat lapel. With a muttered execration he turned upon her.

"Signor Luigi, I tell you you must marry me."

"Let go of me, you —"

He took the cigar out of his mouth and deliberately spat in her face.

A flash of steel, a dull thud, a heavy fall, and the girl stood bewildered, with a blood-stained knife in her hand. The pallid face lying on the pavement at her feet, and looking up to her with glazing eyes, would never sneer again at anything in God's world.

Among those who rushed to the spot, attracted by the cry of Giuseppe, was a powerfully built man attired in the garb of a fisherman. He knelt by the corpse, and felt its wrist.

"Girl, you have killed him!"

As he glanced upward at the white face of the girl the blood forsook his own, and he exclaimed, in the Italian tongue: "My God, how like her!"

"Magdalena, my child, what have you done? Come away from here," said her father, taking her by the arm.

"Giuseppe Corticelli!" gasped the stranger. Then, after a pause: "Oh, God! how terribly have I been avenged!"

Giovanni Arata bowed his head upon his breast. The curse uttered nineteen years ago, on that sunny day in Genoa, came back to him like a revelation.

JOHN P. COSGROVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1880.

The resentment of the Roman Catholics (says the New York Tribune) at the treatment they have sometimes received in Harper's Weekly has probably led to their effort to establish an illustrated paper for themselves. The first number of *The Illustrated Catholic American* is just out. It is a close imitation of Harper's Weekly in size and general appearance. The first page is occupied with a handsome portrait of Cardinal McCloskey in his robes of office, and several other illustrations are distinctly Catholic and well done. The paper evidently aims at being a sort of Catholic Harper's Weekly. After outlining its plan it says: "We shall not forget that a principal office of such a paper as ours will be to develop and foster a school of Catholic American writers and artists."

Courage, dash, and energy, quite unusual with the South American republics, have characterized Chili in the recent little affair with Bolivia and Peru. It is true that the former State has done all its fighting by proxy, but it is quite evident that Chili could have easily whipped any Bolivian army which might have been sent against it. For a South American State, the military and commercial prosperity of Chili is anomalous, despite the recent neglect of both Mr. Seabough and Mr. Sam. Williams.

AMERICAN PATOIS.

And a General Dissertation on Dialects.

The ancient Greeks had a class of words which they styled *onomatopœia*, because they carried their signification with their sound, and there are many philologists of this day who believe that in this very thing that the Greeks called *onomatopœia* lies the origin of all language. To be plainer, and using our own language for the purpose of exhibiting the idea, such words as the *crash* of a falling tree, the *whizz* of a bullet, or the *growl* of a dog, are supposed to be sufficiently lucid examples. In our coinage of words we are continually producing those of this character, for what can be more expressive of the idea of running rapidly away than "skedaddle," or what could say plainer that one has a limping gait than to observe that he goes "hippithop"? The term "jimjams" seems to thoroughly convey the idea intended, and its spontaneity is undoubted, while "rambunctious" is full to overflowing with meaning. "Skedaddle" has already found its way into the dictionaries, and the others will, with the unerring certainty of coming editions.

In the beginning men imitated the sounds of nature until they had established sufficient word-signs for the foundation of a language. With all the centuries that have passed, and with the changes of countries and climates, other languages have grown from the first great root; and that their extraneous enlargement should come from similar causes as those which produced the first language, is as natural as, that we should have ever so many dialects hanging to every language. Sufficient evidence of the correctness of this part of my theory lies in the fact that where language was introduced by the Latins, for instance, the natives of different geographical divisions, having tongues distinct from each other—so very distinct that they cannot converse together intelligently—can easily do so by becoming familiar with the mother tongue; and any one, no matter whence he comes, who knows Latin, finds no difficulty in quickly acquiring French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, or English. Our language in its purity, if it has any, is a compound of Latin and Saxon, and "the United States language" is a mixture of everything in the shape of language on the face of the earth, from the mumbling of a Piate to the pedantries of a professor at Harvard. The English, of course, largely predominates. This has been caused by the cosmopolitan make-up of our population. We have gradually and unwittingly incorporated into our actual vernacular many words clearly French, Spanish, German, Celtic, Indian, and what not, and it is plain that if our form of government and our influx of immigration shall continue a few centuries longer, we will eventually have an aggregated tongue, which will be omnivorous, swallowing up all other languages. The people will then speak French, German, Spanish, Scandinavian, English, and everything else, and yet speak only the vernacular. In this manner the world will, in time, if it live a reasonable period, get back to one universal tongue. But, under all circumstances, *patois* and provincialisms in language will flourish. They do now, always did, and he who can account for dialects and *patois*, aside, from that portion of them which is *onomatopœic*, must have either more philosophy or more time than I have.

In these United States a Southern hoy may be educated at Yale and be an honor to his class, and yet he will go back to his home, after school days are past, and live out the remainder of his life pronouncing *where* "whar" and *there* "thar." Moreover, all that he has learned will not deter him from coolly asking you to "shet de do" when he only wants you to shut the door.

In the section of country about Cumberland Gap—comprising a part of Eastern Kentucky, West Virginia, East Tennessee, and Northwestern Georgia—one will find that a majority of the natives say "we uns" for *we*, "you uns" for *you*, and "they uns" for *they*. Some wag of a rhymster has epitomized this peculiarity of speech in a stanza which he puts in the mouths of the damsels who thus bewail their sweethearts gone to the war:

It's hard for you uns to lay in camps,
It's hard for you uns to fight the Yanks,
It's hard for we uns and you uns to part,
For you uns has got we uns's heart.

In almost any other part of Kentucky, and over a line not wider than a hair, which might be geographically drawn, we find the people almost unanimously saying "they all" for *they*, "we all" for *we*, and "you all" for *you*. Not further away than across the Ohio River on the north, the people will say "side 'ill" while the Kentuckian says "hill side;" and while the Ohioan speaks of something being "down to the house," the Kentuckian says it is "down at the house." In Northern Alabama it is common for the people to speak of anything that pleases their fancy as being "right"—as, for instance, "that is a right horse you are riding," or "that hat of yours is a right un."

The typical "down-easter" talks with a nasal twang, and pronounces *cow*, "keow" and "guesses" at things, while out West the intonation is from the lungs, the pronunciation is full-mouthed and broad, and the people "reckon" instead of "guessing."

The differences in border dialect east and west of the Rocky Mountains are distinctly marked, and California is particularly full of provincialisms that would to this day be astonishing to the people of "the States." The new-comer to California loses two and a half cents many times before he learns that a "bit" may be either ten cents or fifteen, and to many sections of the East a "bit" of any kind is an unknown quantity. *Quien sabe*, though Spanish, is, by adoption, thoroughly Californian, and the Chinaman's "sabbie" is ours by right of acquisition, possession, and use; and from the same sources we have many words that the unlettered among us think they were horn with, and certainly many of these terms were here, in common use, before the rising generation had blessed us with its presence.

Our mines have been a prolific source of new words and slang, much of which has been diffused throughout the country, but much more of which is yet peculiar to the Pacific Slope. The San Francisco hoodlum dialect would be an amazing disturber among languages anywhere outside of this city, and right here this subject runs into a hole under a wharf.

WILL. L. VISSCHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10, 1880.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

A soldier asks a three-days' furlough to go and see his old mother, who is on her death-bed.

"Take it," says the captain, a rigid disciplinarian, "but if you're deceiving me and the old girl doesn't kick in the three days I'll jam you into the guard-house for fifteen days."

We were demanding of a gummy who passes his life at the cards:

"Of what is then dead that poor Titine?"

The gummy, of an air distract:

"Of one malady of the club."

"What? Of one malady of the club?"

"I would say of the heart!"

"Josephine, you have altogether too many cousins for a family that is fond of cold meat—you must look out for another place."

"Oh, madame, please —"

"It's no use—I give you warning."

"All right, ma'am—I take your warning, ma'am—and heaven knows, ma'am, it's glad I'll be to get out of this house, ma'am. There's not a living soul in it I'll regret, ma'am, except Ponto."

"Except Ponto?"

"Yes, ma'am, except Ponto. The steps that dog saves a lady that has dishes to wash —"

At a "proprietary club":

"Say, old fellow, come and let's make up a little party at draw."

"Who's going to play?"

"Oh, we'll scare up a set—Rotibal'll take a hand."

"Then you may count me out."

"What! Do you think he cheats?"

"Think he cheats! I know he cheats. I know all about him. Don't you recollect I proposed him for admission?"

A blind man was begging for alms at the church of St. Roch, whining piteously:

"Have pity upon a pore blind man with two small children dependent upon him!"

A week later a gentleman who had given him something happened to disembark from a train at a suburban station, and there the first person that he met was the same beggar, whining piteously:

"Have pity upon a pore blind man with five small children dependent upon him!"

"Ha, my friend!" he says, "your wife has presented you with triplets, has she?"

"No, sir, no; but, you see, whereas in Paris, where everything is so expensive, two children are amply sufficient to move people's hearts, out in the country it takes at least five to knock the grangers. That's why. Have pity upon a pore blind man."

Talma, when he was to play the part of the tribune "Proculus" in *Brutus*, appeared on the stage in a costume faithfully prepared from classic models. The *role* only contained some fifteen lines, but the actor, whose experiment—so long antedating that of Fechter in oriental garb—was at first received with silent surprise, was successful, and he was loudly applauded. One of his fellows, when he was at the wings, asked him if he had put wet cloths on his shoulders, and the charming Louise Coutat cried in horror: "Oh, do look at Talma—what a guy he is! Why, he looks just like one of those old statues!" And when he went on, Madame Vestris, while "Brutus" was addressing her, had a brief dialogue with "Proculus," as follows:

"Why, your arms are bare, Talma!"

"So the Romans had theirs."

"*Cochon!*"

"Behold," cries M. Zola, commenting upon this anecdote, "behold the cry of reactionaries in art. Pig! pig! We are all pigs—all of us that desire truth."

In the good old days when the Belgian publishers were pirating French books, and even selling them in Paris, Balzac suffered very severely from the competition, which was all the more aggravating because he could not lay hands on the publisher or his agents.

One day, however, as he was going through the Palais Royal he espied, impudently displayed in the window of a dealer, one of the books in question. The blood in his veins boiled, and, lifting his cane, the author of the *Comédie Humaine* smashed the pane of glass into a thousand pieces.

Out rushes the shopkeeper, white with rage.

"Sir, I saw you smash my window."

"I do not say that I didn't."

"You know what the proverb says: 'Men who break windows have —'"

"To pay for them.' I have heard the proverb in question, and generally it is correct."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that this is to be an exception to the general rule?"

"It may be."

"You are jesting, sir."

"Do I look as if I was?"

"Are you going to pay for that window?"

"Not if I can help myself."

"I'll send for the Commissaire."

"Send for the Commissaire, then!"

The magistrate arrives, and, having heard the evidence, bids the stranger pay fifteen francs to the bookseller. The stranger does so, and adds, politely:

"M. le Commissaire, through this pane, which I broke in order to obtain the pleasure of your acquaintance, you observe a novel by Honoré de Balzac, which Werdet alone is authorized to publish. You will perceive that the publisher's name is Meline, of Brussels, an eminent pirate of French books. This gentleman, whose window I took the liberty of smashing, is dealing in illicit goods, a matter for which he will have to answer before the courts. In order to secure his conviction it was necessary for me to have the evidence of his guilt impounded in a manner that there could be no doubt about, so I lured him into sending for you."

Balzac!

YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

Male and Female Created He Them.

If we have done the Young Men's Christian Association any harm by laughing at it—as Dr. Cox thinks we have—we are sincerely anxious to repair the injury. The Doctor tells us that he and his associates are doing a great deal of good—and perhaps they are; that they could do a great deal more good if they had the money—and we have no doubt they could; only the Young Men's Christian Association's way of doing good is not our way, and we like our way best. We do not believe in the efficacy of prayer, except as a means of saving grace; we do not believe in relying upon Divine Providence; we do not think street-preaching, and tract-distributing, and prayer-meetings three times a day, and all day on Sunday, either profitable or cheerful. We observe that those people who preach most at sinners seldom give them a helping hand; and those who pray that God will temper the wind to the shorn lambs of temptation and poverty do the least real practical good in the world. We think the best answer to prayer comes from the petitioner's own exertion; we think God likes the people who lean the least on him and the most on themselves. We have very little confidence in those who profess much and do little. We judge the tree by its fruits, and not by its blossoms of promise. We have watched this Young Men's Christian Association for these long years, and it is our opinion that when it comes up to the celestial gate St. Peter will ask its members some questions very hard to answer, and if they all get in we shall bid St. Peter good morning, and cheerfully pass over to the establishment on the other side of the gulf.

And yet, it would be a very ungracious thing for us to speak lightly of an institution composed of seven hundred zealous, earnest Christian gentlemen, who are devoting themselves with zeal to labor for their unfortunate fellow-men. If there is a body so numerous, composed of our best citizens, working with unselfish devotion, not letting the left hand know the right hand's charitable doings, relieving the sick, aiding the poor, lifting up the disheartened, encouraging the worn and weary ones along life's journey, then it is a shameful thing that we should do anything to lessen its power of usefulness, or write a line that would binder other generous hearts from aiding in the good work. The thing we most condemn in this world is sham, and of the shams that are most contemptible, are those which hide themselves under the cloak of religion.

But there is an institution that commends itself to our regard. It is the "Young Women's Christian Association." We wish it had another and a better name—a name that would admit a broader membership. However, as the name is unimportant, and none of our business, we will not stop to cavil at it. We believe in women, and think they are good and charitable. They are natural, sympathetic humanitarians; they are honest, earnest, pious; they are sincere, zealous, enthusiastic, and good. When they form charitable institutions they do it from a simple, generous, kindly impulse. We never knew of a work of charity entrusted to women that was not honestly performed; we have known of very few administered by men that were entirely honest. Some hypocritical and sanctimonious old butter-fingers is almost sure to wring himself in as treasurer, or secretary, or colporteur, or tract-distributor, or something else, and bum on the institution. The Young Woman's Christian Association is an admirable, practical, working charity, entitled to the good wishes and spare change of everybody who has money to spend in charity. It ought to be, and is fast becoming, the almoner of the bounties of those who have not the time or the inclination to attend to this part of life's duty. To give indiscriminate alms is oftentimes money misappropriated. The ladies of this institution know where each dollar of their money goes, and the community may be satisfied that it goes in the right direction.

Desiring to repair our error if we had stayed any charitable act by our comments on the Sutter Street institution, where Dublin Pete gave his set-to, we sought an interview with one of the young women Christians interested in this work, and obtained the following points in regard to the nature of the work in which they are engaged:

"We have about seventy-five members. Our dues are \$1 for annual members, and \$3 for life membership. Our desire is to increase our monthly subscribers; already we have some paying 50 cents, \$1, and \$2 a month. The work is systemized, so that each day our rooms are filled with workers, except Monday and Saturday. On Tuesday the most important of our committees meet. The Chairman of the Industrial Committee is Mrs. C. J. Follansbee. The treasurer is Miss Lizzie Atkinson. Six ladies meet with them at 10 A. M., and remain all day, cutting out garments of cotton and flannel, which are given to women in need of work. At present we supply about forty-five, and have more demands than can be supplied. They take the work home, make, and return it on the following Tuesday, when they receive the pay for it, and the garment if they need it; otherwise it is put aside for others more needy. It is the desire of the committee to be self-supporting, and it can be made so if ladies will give orders for fine work and sewing, and the money received therefrom will buy material and provide pay for the coarser work not ordered. The Chairman of the District Nursing and Diet Kitchen is Mrs. James Burling. The district nurse visits the poor who apply, and reports to the ladies on Friday at the meeting, so that if further care is needed than providing nourishment of beef-tea, soup, oatmeal and corn-meal gruels, rice, and such light diet, it is attended to. If some flour mill would give us our oatmeal, cornmeal, etc., it would assist much. The nurse gives out the beef-tea, etc., each morning, and spends the afternoon in visiting and relieving the sick patients under her care.

"The Fruit and Flower Mission is under the care of twenty-three young ladies, Miss Mary D. Bates, chairman; Miss Mary Eldridge, treasurer; and Miss Carrie Story, secretary. These young ladies meet each Thursday morning, and arrange the flowers in bouquets fit to lay on the sick pillows, and then assort the fruit, and put it in baskets labeled with leather tags, ready for the City and County Hospital, St. Luke's Hospital, German Hospital, Clay Street Hospital, Old Ladies' Home, etc., beside the private cases. After noon, the distributing committees come in and take them out to their destinations. Many donations of jellies and dried fruits, prunes, gelatine for wine jelly, and nice jams are made and needed for long illness.

"The Public Schools have been so divided that four schools give fruits and flowers each Thursday, each child giving of what they have. Sometimes a bit of cake, an egg or two, a few figs, a banana in a paper-bag. (One little one once sent a white pigeon, which we had cooked and divided between two poor old ladies ill of consumption.) Their one and only need is a wagon to be at their disposal on Thursday, as they have difficult contributed to supply all demands upon them, but the fruit is too heavy for the young ladies to carry. They are now under examination, sending large parcels to the far-off hospitals and Alms House. The Children's Aid Committee, Miss Annie Beem chairman, meets Wednesday A. M. in a room arranged especially for them. They have children's clothes, and the twenty-one young lady members make

these garments and distribute them among the poor children under our attention. Second-hand clothing is much used in fitting up destitute families. On Friday the chairman of each committee meets the members of the society in a general meeting at 10:30 A. M., open to all, and presided over by our most indefatigable president, Mrs. P. D. Browne. We hear reports from all these various committees, and from our Sewing School No. 1, cared for by Mrs. Argeltner, No. 531 Pacific Street. They meet Thursday and Saturday afternoons—learn to sew, thereby improving themselves and being kept off the streets after school hours. The usual attendance is one hundred and forty. These same children meet on Sunday for Sunday-school. The Kindergarten No. 1, at 51 First Street, is taught by Miss Phillips and a corps of volunteer teachers. These young ladies each have one day that they devote to assisting the teacher (free of all salary). Mrs. Stetson sings and instructs them daily in exercises calculated to amuse them. These children are all under six, and we feel we are striking the root of hoodlums through our efforts with these poor children. In all we have about one hundred and eighty-five under our care. Our work has increased far beyond the printed account of last year. It seems to have received a new impetus, and all we need is the steady help of our gentleman friends, whom you have so kindly promised to try and interest in our behalf."

This institution ought to be sustained. When the Sutter Street building is sold by the Sheriff, it should be purchased for these ladies and become the home and centre and workshop of their most excellent and generous endeavors. Everybody should become a contributor to it, in proportion to his means. Some can pay one dollar and some ten thousand dollars a year. Its members are from the best among the ladies of our city, and there is every guarantee that money contributed to it will be honestly and properly expended.

A Fatal Defect.

Such is the heading of an article in a morning paper in relation to Assembly Bill No. 270—the Tyler water bill. The only "fatal defect" we see in the reasoning of the article published under that heading, and in the construction put by the writer upon the Constitution. We are fully aware that the editors of the paper referred to "unbesitatingly advocated the adoption of the article of the Constitution in relation to the fixing of water rates," as it did every other part of that instrument, good or bad; but we did not think that it was foolish enough at the time to suppose that the framers of the Constitution had put either the people, or the owners of water works and their property, into the hands and at the mercy of a Board of Supervisors or Common Council, with power to act arbitrarily in the interest of either the one or the other, without being subject to any restrictions, restraints, or guidance of law whatever. To confer such a power without any restriction, as it is claimed by our contemporary was done, would be preposterous, and would be even more likely to be "fatal" to the interests of the people than to those of the owners of water works. Do our people want to see absolute power conferred upon the Board of Supervisors of this city to fix water rates as they please, without being subject to any restraint, or governed by any principles prescribed by law? It would seem that the experience of the past should warn them never to seek to have such a power placed in the hands of the Board. While it might be possible that in the hands of some Boards they would be safe, very recent events show that they would be just as likely to be by that means placed entirely at the mercy of the water company.

But the people need not fear that they have been left in that dilemma. The framers of our Constitution have given to our Board of Supervisors no such arbitrary power, either over the rights of the people on the one hand, or of property on the other.

It is true that Section 1 of Article XIV of the Constitution provides that the "rates of compensation to be collected for the use of water shall be fixed annually by the Board of Supervisors," but that is only a proviso annexed to a section which starts out by saying that such use shall be "subject to the regulation and control of the State, in the manner prescribed by law;" and the proviso does not prescribe the manner, but simply says that in each city the Board shall fix the compensation to be collected by the company doing business in that particular city. That is not a grant of power, but a mere designation of local officers to exercise the power of the State in the mere matter of fixing rates in their particular locality; and by the very provisions of the section, that power must be exercised "in the manner to be prescribed by law." The Constitution does not pretend, in and of itself, to prescribe the manner, but expressly says that it is to be prescribed by law. Language can not be plainer, and we need not go beyond this section to see that the Constitution is not self-operative. But we are not limited to this, for if we look into the very next section of the same article, we find that the right to collect rates or compensation "is a franchise, and can not be exercised except by authority, and in the manner prescribed by law." There is nothing anywhere that gives to the Board of Supervisors authority to grant a franchise to collect rates, or to pass any law on the subject. All that they can do is to pass an ordinance fixing the rates, or in other words making the apportionment. This can only be done "in the manner to be prescribed by law," and when done, the right to collect such rates can only be "exercised by authority of and in the manner prescribed by law." The reason, and the only reason, for delegating to the Board of Supervisors any authority whatever in exercising this power of the State was, that the mere matter of rates or apportionment could only be made just by being made local, for in no two cities would the elements necessary to be taken into consideration in the making of just and equitable rates be the same.

So we find that by the terms of the article of the Constitution on "water and water rights," the manner of fixing water rates is to be "prescribed by law." The instrument by which it is to be done is to be an ordinance or resolution; but the ordinance or resolution fixes the rates only, it does not prescribe the manner or establish the principles upon which they are to be fixed, or authorize their collection when fixed. All this must be done "by law." No law exercising the power of regulation and control belonging to the State can be passed by the Board of Supervisors, for the sole power of the State to pass laws is vested by the Constitution in the Legislature. As we read the Constitution, even an attempt on the part of the Supervisors to fix rates, without an act of the Legislature prescribing the manner of doing it, would be utterly void.

Life is a beautiful night, in which, as some stars go down others rise.

TALLY FOR KALLOCH.

We should have made somewhat extended extracts from Mayor Kalloch's speech at Union Hall against the purchase of Lake Merced, but since the scheme is dead we deem it unnecessary to insult the corpse. We should quote from the bill filed by Mr. Swift in the Supreme Court, upon which the restraining order was granted, but we deem this also unnecessary, as we presume that on the 16th the order will be made perpetual without discussion. We say to the seven Supervisors who gave us this scare, that we do not thank them for reconsidering what they and each of them knew they had no right to do, and which they were compelled to undo. To the individuals of the minority of the Board we are grateful that they stood by the party that elected them, the principles that they professed, and the promises they made. We sympathize with the Mayor in respect of his declaration of a fearless disregard of that public opinion which arises from a mean and narrow suspicion of a man's motives for any public action. We know of no community where there exists a more contemptible, narrow, and jealous suspicion than in San Francisco. The public man or journalist that undertakes to reason from principle, from an independent standpoint, who presumes to think for himself, is at once arraigned by inferior minds as having been controlled by mercenary or other base motives. Mayor Kalloch of himself says:

"Another pressure is made in the charge that Spring Valley is opposed to this scheme: *ergo*, any man who opposes it is bought and owned by Spring Valley. At first it was said to be a Spring Valley move, and the first public declaration I made against it was made under this impression. It turns out that Spring Valley is against it. Am I to change my position on that account? I have nothing to do with that. If the devil is on my side I shall stay there, if I am on the right side. He may not help me much, but I can't help that. My business is to know whether I am sound in my position or not, and not to run around to find out who is with me or who is against me. There are plenty of men who make up their minds in that way. I am not one of their number. I am not alarmed by this Spring Valley bugaboo, nor any other. The people of this city have become so utterly demoralized that they attribute a mercenary motive to every man's action when it does not suit them. When I vetoed a railroad bill they said: 'He has got his pay.' When I went to the Palace Hotel for two weeks, so as to accommodate the city—to be where the Board of Health and other boards might come to me, as I was unable to go to them—they said: 'He has sold out to Sharon.' I wish such vile slanders could know in what detestation I hold them. I propose to treat Spring Valley and every other corporation as they deserve, to respect their rights, and to compel them to respect the rights of the people. I am half persuaded that there is no good, either to Spring Valley or the public, in the protracted, vexatious, and fruitless war which is kept up between them. I think it would be greatly to the advantage of all parties if the controversy could be settled on an amicable and mutually satisfactory basis. I have not had time to study recent proposed acts of legislation. I do not know whether there is 'a nigger in the wood-pile' or not; but it does seem to me in a general way that some plan might be proposed to find out what Spring Valley is worth—not what it thinks it is worth—to agree upon a reasonable rate of interest which it shall receive on the actual value of its works, and to raise by a general tax, as is done everywhere else, enough revenue to reduce the cost to poor consumers to an amount which they are able and willing to pay. I do not say these are my views. I know they are not the views of some for whose judgment I have great respect. I have no time now to attempt to elaborate them. I simply throw them out as extemporaneous suggestions not unworthy the consideration of unprejudiced and fair-minded men. But if the saying of this much subjects me to the charge of being, in any offensive sense, in the interest of Spring Valley, all I can say is, that I am too accustomed to being falsely charged to be greatly disturbed by it."

Mr. C. B. Plumber, elocutionist, wit, and uncommonly good fellow, has begun a tour of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and the central Western regions generally, in which he will give the people of those sections a taste of his quality in both humorous and serious elocution. Mr. Plumber's abilities are unquestionable, and he unites therewith a thoroughly gentlemanly style, which is no slight addition. The *Argonaut* asks its friends to go and hear Mr. Plumber, and stakes its critical reputation on the certainty of their satisfaction.

Advice to our Sacramento Solons: "The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream."—*Shakspeare*.

Obscure Intimations.

[Contributors must give us their names and addresses—not necessarily for publication. Manuscripts unaccompanied with stamps for their return will be destroyed if not used.]

B., SACRAMENTO.—Thanks; it is more important for the Legislature to know what we are doing than for us to know what it is doing.

ORDINARY SEAMAN.—We have an unconquerable antipathy to acrostics. They are fit for the puzzle column of the *Evening Post* only.

KAWAIIHA.—We are sincerely obliged for your good will and good wishes. You think almost as well of us as we do of ourselves, but not quite.

A SUBSCRIBER.—"Over the Hill from the Poor House" will be published, if it is Mr. Will Carleton's, as soon as we shall have learned to admire that gentleman's work. Would you be so good as to wait until then?

"MANAGER FOR A MONTH."—Letter referred to the Chancellor of our Exchequer.

TO FORTUNE.—You must remain for the present a youth "to Fortune" and to fame unknown, so far as we are concerned.

THE TAY.—In the course of the week we should naturally have thought to make that joke ourselves; now we can't use it without seeming to have stolen it from you. You see how you hurt the newspaper business by your officiousness in sending in a good thing early—and unauthenticated with your name and address.

J. K.—Answering social questions by mail is not an editorial function in this office. Whether it is offensive to call an old woman "an old lady" to her face depends much upon the disposition of the person so addressed. Try it upon Mr. Pickering and note the result.

GIOVANNI.—You make us blush.

S. S. H., SACRAMENTO.—Another on the same subject already in type when yours arrived. Thanks.

CXV.—Sunday, February 8.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Beef Noodle Soup.
Fried Clams.
Broiled Squabs. Saratoga Potatoes.
Green Peas. Baked Tomato.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Celery Salad. Orange Meringue.

TO MAKE ORANGE MERINGUE.—Five or six oranges, three eggs, one cup sugar, one pint milk, one tablespoonful corn starch. Pare the oranges and slice them into a pud'-ing dish, taking care to remove all the seeds; sprinkle the cup of sugar over them, and let them stand while you prepare the following custard: Heat the milk to boiling point, thicken with the corn starch—wet with a little cold milk; let it boil a few minutes, then add the beaten yolks of the eggs. Let the custard cool, and pour it over the oranges. Cover this with a meringue made of the beaten whites mixed with two or three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Put in the oven to brown. To be eaten cold. Strawberries may be made in the same manner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Growler Vivisection."

SAN FRANCISCO, February 2, 1880.

THOU DEAR ARGONAUT:—"I now take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well, and hope you are enjoying the same God's-blessing," and to give that horrid "Growler" a stab. Oh, could I but write with a sword, that I might cut him up as a growler deserves! Who ever heard of a woman whom *nothing* could satisfy—whose everlasting warble was one continual growl?

He says he is "hostile," and wears "war-paint." He growls at the dryness of "Ganymede's Cup." I think, dear Argonaut, that the remarks of this gentleman (what satire, to call a "Growler" a gentleman!) seem to indicate that he had been on a had spree, got a black eye, and awoke in time to miss the 4:30 P. M. train for Sacramento, which certainly landed me in that mud-puddle on the fourth day of last month. Unquestionably, he prefers the cup of Bacchus to that of "Ganymede." Now, fancy the absurdity of a man too muddled to find the 4:30 P. M. train, and with a black eye, congratulating himself upon a "clear-coast." And fancy a woman, *even* in "leap-year," making love to such a one! Ugh! Don't I thank my stars that I am not a marrying woman, with "Growler" for the "last man!"

Again, what refinement of taste! He wants fifty-two letters from "The Old Pard" this year. Spare us, dear Argonaut, for your Judith's sake! Next comes that chambermaid story—eavesdropping at the door of our ex-President. It's just like a man with a black eye to go about questioning chambermaids. He isn't at all reliable. Don't trust him, Argonaut. Truth to tell, I am a little tired of having so much *Grant-ed* to us, yet, in pure perversity, I beg that you will just leave room for my "stab" at "Growler," in your next, and consume the rest of your space with G R A N T in your very largest type, and send the whole edition to that "Growler."

Then comes his talk of the disinterested nobility of his sex in affairs matrimonial. I could name one of the very highest of State officials, who found it profitable to make love to a woman who works for her living; who accepted many and valuable gifts from her, who put a ring upon her finger, and promised to love her all her life, etc.; and ended by striking her in the face, because she warned him that a bad woman was telling his secrets, and so endangering his good name. And I can name others, all through the social scale, in all degrees, nobly and disinterestedly loyal in affairs of matrimony! Did you but know it, "Growler," there are a *thousand* women loyal and unselfish to one man troubled with that complaint. Love is all—for a woman! He attacks "Ada Ven" with a venom worthy of a better cause. How is that lady to vent witticisms in a truthful disquisition upon a perambulating fashion-plate? If Ada told the *humorous* things that happen in our "genteel society" she would be brought forward for "libel" oftener than the proprietors of the *Chronicle*. "Growler" complains that "Miss Melville has big feet," and is "ungraceful." Tell us, is it graceful for *two* to sit in one chair? and, so sitting, are *her* feet small enough to hide? Don't throw stones. And where's the harm, if Wilhelm] chooses to place a superfluous letter on the narrative of his name? Is not our language full of such superfluities? Is "Growler" the fellow who complains because Mr. Wilhelm] "thinks he looks like Beethoven"? Why, let him so think; it is proof that he is not vain, for Beethoven wore lips fearfully large and thick. So does Wilhelm]. Now, "Growler," my wrath is appeased. Take Seltzer. Apply raw oysters, and if you favor us again, do so *amably*. Yours affectionately—

I am addressing the Argonaut now—I say, yours affectionately,
JUDITH.

Horatio Seymour's War Record.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In your opinion is the following an intentional error, or is it merely a *lapsus styli* of the *Chronicle's* Washington correspondent? I have waited long enough for its correction to appear, but it cometh not. And, by the way, who is this correspondent that signs his weekly rehash of nothingness "G. C. G."? No one who will ever be killed for his intelligence, I'll warrant. The following is the blunder he is guilty of:

"If the Southern Democracy gathers itself for a contest, it will dictate the nomination of some man who sustained the Union cause during the war; as Tilden, Hendricks, Bayard, Thurman, and Seymour did not, and as Field, Hancock, and David Davis did."

I thought everybody who pretended to know anything of the history of the Rebellion knew that Horatio Seymour was preeminently New York's "War Governor"; that he rendered the General Government more service in checking the invasion of the Northern States than any other civilian; that he spared neither money, nor work, nor his own personal influence, which has always been very great, to urge on volunteering and to forward troops to the front. President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton knew this, and again and again telegraphed their thanks to Mr. Seymour for his patriotic services. They called on the Governor for assistance, and his answer was twelve thousand men in twenty-four hours. I don't think any one ever honestly questioned Horatio Seymour's patriotism, or that he rendered effectual aid to the country in the time of her severest trial; but there is a host of petty scribblers who allow their partisan feeling to overcome the slight sense of fairness they were originally endowed with, and in this way Mr. Seymour has too often received injustice.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 4, 1880.

A Rebuke.

LOS ANGELES, January 25, 1880.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I am a contributor, and my wrongs want to cry to heaven if the Argonaut has any circulation there. The editorial lion has been roaring and lashing its sides a good deal of late. It is very grand, but grows tiresome, and the skin sometimes slips off at the corners. There is a gentleman in the *Beaut's Stratagem* named Scrub; I mean he would be a gentleman nowadays, formerly he "held a position" as body-servant. One of his sayings—I quote from memory—is like this: "I know they were talking of me, for they laughed comically." The Scrub family has increased and multiplied since then, and they are still conscious that there is something ridiculous about the figure they cut. One of these gentlemen—I would not hurt any one's feelings—resides in Chicago, and was quoted at length last week by one of your gentlemen. He holds up Mr. Delane as a good example of an editor, as who should say: "True, Delane is dead, but never mind, we are still left, we are intellectually capable, we are without reproach in our morals, we are orthodox in our religious convictions, and of such is the kingdom of heaven. Go thou, and do likewise." Who has disputed it? I know your orthodoxy is without fear, and your morality without reproach, but why protest like a prostitute before a police magistrate? Candidly, is there not something too much of this editorial attitudinizing? Please get down off your tripod, Sir Oracle, and nodog of a contributor shall bark when you open your mouth. Give us a rest, or I will call for a hundred thousand contributors, armed with rolls of tough manuscript, to march upon your office.

CONTRIBUTOR.

Insults to Womanhood.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—"Force of habit," 'tis said, is everything; but "force of circumstances," according to my experience, is a great deal more. A few days ago I figured in the columns of one of the morning papers as an applicant for a situation. To-day I am a contributor to the Argonaut, all through the force of circumstances. In my advertisement I enumerated my several qualifications, and mentioned the fact of desiring a position of "respectability." I received a "bushel" of answers. The two following are specimens of almost the entire lot: "I have read your whimsical 'personal,' and would like to see you. I am a professional man of middle age, single, and of ample means. I would like to meet you."

"Having read your 'notice,' I was much pleased with it, and should like to make your acquaintance. I may be able to do something for you, and shall be most happy to try, if you will let me, so that our meeting might be for our mutual benefit. I am about thirty years of age, and have a down-town office. If agreeable, please address."

How my heart throbs with indignation, and the hot blood flashes to my face, when I think of the thousands of women who are subjected to these dastardly insults from these fiends in human form. Is it strange that there are so many disgraced and dishonored women in this our

"Queen City of the Golden State" when the only resource, the columns of the newspapers—the trumpet through which the agonized call of helpless women for aid can be heard by the public—is blockaded by this motley crew, who scan the papers daily in search of a new victim?

In some cold, cheerless back room, in a narrow, squalid street, some poor girl sits and dreams over the contents of these bargaining letters, from professional gentlemen, single, of ample means, until the words burn into her very soul, and flash forth in the glistening eye and hectic cheek. She has visions of warm, sumptuously furnished apartments, fine dresses and costly jewels; and she hears the clink of

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Price of many a crime untold—
Gold! gold! gold! gold!"

Of which, remember, she has less than none; until, in desperation, she seizes the pen, while the

"jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,"

And, with a few strokes, one more honest girl's name goes down on the "roll" of "fallen women."

IRENE A. SELWYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 1, 1880.

A Complex, Impersonal, Social Query for the Million.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—How many sweethearts may a man have at one time without incurring the reproach of unconventionality? May a youth fall in love more than three times in one season, and still be unjustly termed insincere? Is it the correct thing for a man's friends to send him congratulatory cards when it is announced that he has fallen in love, whether they approve of the action or not? Is it good form to try and force a sweetheart upon the countenance of friends? Is it bad form to resent such action? Is it possible for one man to love two women at once? If so, is it good business sense to permit the self-indulgence?

Yours, confusedly,

FINETTE.

Unfortunately, the editors of the Argonaut are, for the most part, family men of wrapt, sugar-coated experience, and narrow, domestic-tinged philosophy, who have never tasted the bitter sweet of cruel love, and care not a rap how many sweethearts a man may have, so he trouble not their content of wife and home and hard work. We think, however, that Mr. Shinn, or other of the poets, may be able to answer the questions asked; or Finette might write direct to Ouida—or Mr. Pickering.

"L. M. B.," who is a friend of Mr. Benjamin F. Taylor, but who differs from that word-wealthy poet in being afraid to sign his or her name, writes to inform us that his or her friend has been wronged by Charles Leroy, the alleged author of a poem entitled "An Atlantic Picture," printed in last week's Argonaut. The facts of this hard case are as follows: Mr. Leroy, who is a broker, desired to climb into print as a writer of goody-goody verses, having his unlovely eye upon the one ewe lamb of a brother broker. To this end Mr. Leroy attempted to seduce our poetry editor. He found that gentleman in his cups and invulnerable. He next assaulted the political editor, but that gentleman was not in. As a last resort, he tempted one of the Argonaut's excused printers with a lottery ticket. His fell arts at last succeeded, and Mr. Benjamin F. Taylor's head was stricken from the tail of his vivacious verse and the name of Mr. Charles Leroy appended in its place. This is deeply to be regretted, but we trust the one ewe lamb will be plucked as a brand from Mr. Leroy's burning, through the promptness of "L. M. B."

Another kind correspondent sends us the following answer to our last week's query concerning the meaning of this stanza from Swinburne:

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

"Giaufre Rudel, ch' usò la vela e l' remo
A cercar la sua morte."

Geoffrey Rudel, who used both breeze and oar
In haste to meet his death.—Petrarch, *Triumph of Love*.

This is Rudel, Prince of Blaye, who fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli, whom he had never seen, and made a voyage to meet her. She was informed of his devotion, and paid him a visit, when he died of joy. He was a Provençal poet. This is the meaning of Swinburne, who had probably just been fussing over Petrarch.

Mrs. Joseph Austin—whose graceful pen has made her more familiar to our readers perhaps over the *nom de plume* of "Betsy B."—sails in the *City of Peking* to-day, for rest, recreation, and a renewal of health in Japan. For nearly three years now Mrs. Austin has been with the Argonaut as a regular and valued contributor, her bright and breezy letters on matters general and theatrical having been one of the strong elements of the publication's success and popularity. As a critic, and an entertaining, cheerful, and chatty writer, Mrs. Austin has few superiors. A lady of brilliant attainments, large appreciation, and wonderful good nature, she has endeared herself to a large circle of friends, comprising most of the literary and critical element, who will sadly miss her in both a social and professional point of view. We commend the lady to Japan, the Japanese, and foreign residents, as a person of sterling quality; one who, with the inspiration of their own life-giving atmosphere, will not only drink in a true and thorough appreciation of place and people, but who is competent to its subsequent expression for our mutual instruction and advantage. Mrs. Frank Unger will accompany Mrs. Austin on the trip—a delightful *compagnon du voyage*. Good fortune, good rest, good-bye, and a speedy and safe return!

"The trout tickles of Santa Rosa are a faint-praised, princess-dressed sort of woman, and the manner of their effort is not too little in the following. When they reach beside the stream a narrow ledge; the foaming current whereupon it rests under, a scene of wild confusion ensues, over which there is too much display of round, white, ample leg for the diffusion of modesty. But they catch the trout in their supple fingers and fling them currently shoreward, as one might think less awkwardly than with great power."

The foregoing is extracted from a recent musical criticism in the *Alta*.

Billings, Harbourn & Co. have sent us the *American Almanac and Treasury of Facts*, for 1880, of which Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, is editor. The book is full of interesting and valuable statistics, and ought to be on the table of every professional man who can afford to pay twenty-five cents for it.

ADA'S LETTER.

MY DEAR HELEN:—Since my last, teas and kettledrums have "followed fast and followed faster," until there has been one or the other nearly every afternoon this week. Mrs. Keeny gave a tea on Wednesday. On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Floyd a kettledrum, which, on account of its numbers and brilliancy demands more than a passing notice. The many guests were distributed through parlor, billiard, and dining-room, the floors of which were covered with canvas. Ballenberg's music—always an agreeable feature—contributed its quota to the pleasure of the occasion, and none could fail to enjoy themselves. The costumes were very brilliant, but that of Mrs. Floyd completely filled my eye.

Friday afternoon Mrs. Boardman had a kettledrum, and in the evening Mrs. Nuttall a tea. A kettledrum at Mrs. Gwinn's on Saturday closes the festivities of the week; to be renewed on Monday by teas at Mrs. Lake's and Mrs. Low's in the afternoon, and a party in the evening at Mrs. J. L. Coleman's, on Sutter Street. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Keeny has a tea, and on the same evening the "Mardi-Gras" ball, given by the young gentlemen of Company G, takes place. And then the curtain falls, for the morrow is "Ash Wednesday," and we must look demure, take up our prayer-books, and for a mantle must wrap ourselves in religion.

Thursday evening Mrs. McMullin gave a beautiful german, to which about one hundred and fifty guests were invited. The "favors" will doubtless be fondly cherished, as they are specimens of the handwork of the fair sisters. Miss Anna McMullin and Lieutenant Wilson led the german, in which about thirty couples took part, all of whom—with the exception of the leader and two ladies—were unincumbered for "better or worse." As regards the first mentioned, however, the closest scrutiny failed to detect the blemish imparted by a "settled married look." Many regrets were expressed that Miss Rebecca McMullin, in consequence of a severe cold, was unable to fill her part in the dance. Miss Anna, with her accustomed grace and vivacity, was worthy of the precedence assigned her. Miss Lilo, brilliant in person and costume, ably seconded her sister. Miss Wilkins gave unmistakable evidence of the admiration she elicited, in the numerous "favors" with which she was adorned. A cordon of chaperones, of various ages and attractions, seemed to find their chief pleasure in contemplating the floating figures of their swan-like charges.

This german was enlivened by no sprig of the nobility. "Sir George," of whom I wrote so enthusiastically, has betaken himself to other parts. His title and estates having vanished into thin air, he did not remain to face the disappointed females who had hung breathless upon his lips. I do not perceive that I am any sadder, but I think next time I will certainly be wiser. Your friend,

ADA VEN.

"The Lord helpeth him who helps himself." This apothegm was never more strikingly illustrated than in the following true story: In the early days of San Francisco, the omnibus was the best prophetic apology for the street car, and rumbled in half a dozen stated directions from the Old City Hall. One day the good priest of a very Protestant congregation started with his wife and child to call upon some friends in the Mission. After the omnibus was fairly under way, the good man discovered to his chagrin that he had left his purse, containing all his money, in the pocket of another pair of pantaloons. While he was debating whether to pull the strap, have a scene, and trudge homeward, a woman got out of the omnibus, leaving behind her a bright new quarter. The good priest discovered this quarter when too late to return it to the woman. It was half the requisite fare, and he placed it in his vest pocket with the resignation of true Christianity. A little further on a man pulled the strap and left the "bus." He, too, left behind him a shining quarter, which the good pastor discovered only after the wagon was well under way again. There then remained—other than the priest and his family—but one occupant of the "bus," and in a few moments he too left them, and in the straw where his feet had been the pastor found three shining quarters. The good priest paid his fare like a little man and went on his way rejoicing.

The *North American Review* for February is another monthly vindication of the wisdom of the new policy which the present editor of that sterling periodical has seen fit to pursue. There is not a dull paper in it, and its scope is all the way from the relation of the Catholic Church to modern society to the gossip of Mr. George Augustus Sala, the anointed sovereign of gossips. In Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine the *Review* has a literary critic of notable qualifications, who, in discussing the sacred books of China, Machiavelli and his times, and the home of the Eddas, shines with a splendor hardly inferior to that of Sam Williams pointing out the poetic excellences of Mrs. Sarah M. Clarke. By the way, if as many good books appeared every century as Samuel finds every year this would be a world of astounding literary capacity.

The *Bulletin* of Tuesday evening contains two items of intelligence as follows:

"Samuel J. Tilden is to be married to Miss Fannie Rauck, of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, this week."

"Tilden denies the report of his intended marriage. He does not even know the lady mentioned."

This illustrates the enterprise of modern journalism.

Cowper once said: "The rich are too indolent, the poor too weak, to bear the insupportable fatigue of thinking." Happily the poor have now the *Call* to do their thinking for them, and any one with a short bit may buy the Argonaut—for which Mr. Shinn and other gifted poet folk occasionally do write.

It is remarkable how many things are good for rheumatism. Celery is said to be a cure for it, and ditto lemon. And also several other simple things, including the lemon. And we have just discovered that the bite of a bee is also a sure cure for the complaint—much more so the sting of a bee. When a man dies of by, he never again heard to complain of rheumatic.

PERUVIAN PICTURES.

Sketched with Pen and Ink by a San Francisco Lady.

In front of the Grand Cathedral of Lima is a plaza, handsomely laid out in paved walks, with parterres of tropical trees and flowers, in which are numerous fountains and kiosks. This plaza was adorned and embellished from the proceeds of an English loan, obtained in the days of Peru's best fame as a guano producer. This plaza has been the scene of the most memorable events in the history of Lima. There culminated the four days' reign of terror during the Exposition of 1872, resulting in the assassination of the three Gutierrez brothers, in their attempt to establish a despotism. The alarm of fire is given there, and thither the people rush in time of earthquakes and political revolutions. There also pass the military reviews, grand funeral processions, and church festivals. In the days of the Viceroy of Peru this plaza was often the scene of dazzling splendor. In 1683, when the Duke de Plata came to take possession as Viceroy, the plaza, and many of the principal streets through which he passed, were paved with ingots of silver, which were twelve to fifteen inches thick. The Viceroy rode on a horse whose mane was strung with pearls and whose shoes were of gold. I lived near the plaza, on the principal street which runs by the cathedral; thus I became a spectator of the scenes on all the events which drew the people to the plaza, the cathedral, the palace, and the government buildings.

Early on the morning of August 30th, Santa Rosa's day, the cannon at the Fortress of Santa Catalina gave the signal for the troops to assemble. From the flag-staffs of the numerous foreign ministers and consuls in Lima floated the flags of the countries they represented. All business houses were closed. The church-bells proclaimed the advent of the glorification of Lima's patron saint. The military band announced the approach of the procession. Peru being at war, the roll of the drum and the strains of music electrified the people, who filled the balconies, the windows, the courts, and crowded the streets.

If we could believe the political speeches made on the plaza, we would think the Peruvians were the bravest men in the world, and the Chileans the greatest cowards. General Prado, who rose by his genius and military prowess from a humble station to the Presidency, greatly improved the condition of the army and navy. The officers are equipped in splendid uniforms, and the soldiers furnished with good military suits; a few years ago the men had no uniforms, their clothes were ragged, and many of them had neither boots nor hats. We may imagine the motley scene which such troops would present on parade. They are said to be well drilled; but they are not trained to stand up and throw out the chest like the British soldiers. They look like men with poor stomachs; and somebody has said that any man with this deficiency can never be either a great man or a good soldier. Many of these soldiers are also very small, and it would take two of them to make one of the Highlanders who formed the Viceroy's guard in India at the time of the imperial assemblage. Many of the officers are very young, enthusiastic, and handsome. The cavalry are larger men, and show more experience; clad in coats of mail, they inspire something of the feeling of war. In the artillery, the horses, the men, and the wagons are all large, but the cannon are the smallest possible, and the caissons are carried on donkeys. This sudden dropping down of appearances in the artillery is decidedly comical to one who has seen the great guns at Woolwich and the camel and elephant brigades in India.

From the parade ground it is but a step to the church. All the ladies wear mantillas to church. A hat or a bonnet on a lady's head gives rise to an amusing scene: the women turn to the wearer with the exclamation, *sombrero! sombrero!* (hat) making gestures for her to take off her hat, whereupon a priest comes up who is equally demonstrative on the subject of the hat, until she either conforms to custom or leaves the church. In order to see what was to be seen I glided smoothly into the current by putting on a *manta*, and going in among the women.

At the plaza the troops were drawn up all around the square in imposing array. In the cathedral, especially decorated for the occasion, was a grand orchestra composed of master musicians. Before the high altar was the archbishop, the bishops, and numerous officiating priests, with robes of heavy gold cloth, and mitres sparkling with diamonds and other gems. The imposing ceremonies closed with the elevation of the host, followed by the deep tones of the cathedral bells, with the bells of all the other churches in the city, accompanied by the firing of three salvoes by the infantry on the plaza. The golden canopy was then raised over the archbishop, and the image of Santa Rosa brought forth, glittering in its robes of gold.

The Peruvians are very fond of bull-fights. The largest *Plaza de Toros* in the world is at Lima, and it is generally crowded. The exhibitions are always on Sundays. These conflicts in the arena between man and beast are, of course, in the highest degree shocking and revolting to any one of refined sympathies. I have seen many foreigners in Lima who wanted to go to the bull-fights, having never witnessed such spectacles, who, on going once, could not be induced to go again. Many of the best Peruvian families generally resort to the amusements at the Exposition Garden. The architect of the Exposition Palace was an Italian, and the new world has scarcely a work of art surpassing it in artistic beauty. Surrounded by a garden of luxurious tropical trees, plants, and flowers, it is a pearl set in emeralds. The opening of the Exposition of 1872 was followed by a political revolution, which resulted in the assassination of President Balta and the death of the usurpers. The finances of the country have been in an embarrassed state ever since. Money borrowed of England was used to build the Exposition Palace, to embellish the grounds and the Grand Plaza. This money has never been paid.

The railway over the Andes would open up a great highway through the valley of the Amazon from the Atlantic to the Pacific, thereby rendering accessible to the world one of the most fertile and productive regions on the face of the globe. The mineral, animal, and vegetable kingdoms, as presented in this region, teem with untold riches. Lima then become a great commercial centre of exchange, an emporium of the Pacific trade.

Peru has ever been a synonym of wealth in all modern tongues, and the tales that are told of the gold, silver, and treasures found since the Spanish conquest, in the sixteenth century, seem almost fabulous. Now, the mismanagement of the government has effectually sealed this wealth to her suffering, almost famishing multitudes. Some time ago, a machine for separating silver arrived at Callao, to be sent to the Cerro del Pasco mines, which are among the richest in the world. It cost in the United States \$300,000, and is said to be the best machine for the purpose that has ever been invented. This, however, has never reached its destination. It was taken to the railway terminus up in the Andes, and from thence it must be conveyed four days' journey on horses and mules to the mines. The war has taken all the men that can work the mines. Months ago a servant could not be sent on errands or a cook go to market without the risk of being pressed into the service. Ladies were seen going to market with their little satchels, carrying things under their mantas, who had been always before too proud to lend their thoughts to such affairs.

The money of Peru, if it may be called money, is nothing but ragged, soiled bits of paper. The *sole*, which corresponds to the United States dollar, has depreciated until it is worth only about twenty-five cents. The *real*, or ten-cent piece, is torn in two to make five-cent pieces. About the beginning of the war an attempt was made to bring silver money into circulation. The first step was to take the nice clean bills out of the treasury, and burn them before the public on the plaza, in a stove of peculiar form, made for the purpose. On the first day of each month, for several successive months, from 100,000 to 150,000 were burnt, and still specie was not brought into circulation. The second step was one often resorted to in Peru—a revolution. The people rose to assassinate the members of the Senate and the House while in session. The 16th of November, a day memorable in the annals of Peru, was selected for the deed, and the greatest statesman in South America fell a victim.

Don Manuel Pardo, ex-President, and President of the Senate, was shot by one of the guards as he entered the Senate Chamber, and expired in a few moments. The prompt action of an Englishman saved the other members from the same fate. Being on horseback he dashed off to a company of troops, who rushed to the spot, disarmed the guards, and quelled the mob. The news spread with electric speed. The aspect of the city changed like a transformation scene. It was 2 P. M. when I first heard the closing of the *portalis*, the great door opening on the street from the court of the house in which I lived. I went out of my room. All the doors and windows of the houses were closed. The street cars were stopped, also carriages and horsemen. Men walked the streets. Ladies filled the balconies. Patrol guards paraded all the streets. I reached the drug-store, feeling that the very paving-stones beneath my feet might prove treacherous, impressed as I was with thoughts of the martyred hero. I obtained, at last, a view of the plaza. It was surrounded by a cordon of soldiers and troops of cavalry. I stepped into a Peruvian shop where I often made purchases; there were some men on one side, talking in a low tone. The spirit of demons looked out of their faces; I heard the words: "We will have him to-night." Terrified, I started on, when an Englishman whom I met explained to me their meaning. They threatened to mob the house, and take the body of Don Manuel Pardo and burn it on the plaza, as was done with the three Gutierrez brothers when President Balta was assassinated. Such is the maddened fury of these torrid temperaments. Fortunately, the Government was so prompt and efficient in action that not the least disturbance followed, and all honors were paid to the memory of the distinguished statesman.

LIMA, December 1, 1879.

What They Know About Everything.

Act always in such a way that the ground of your conduct might form a universal law of action to the world.—*Kant*.

It is the noble people that makes the noble government.—*Carlyle*.

If poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all.—*Keats*.

An author usually has two characters—the one belonging to his imagination, the other to his experience.—*Lord Lytton*.

Most men mistake impartiality of their hearts for impartiality of their heads.—*Richter*.

Men are not more zealous for truth than they are for error.—*John S. Mill*.

The way to judge character is to compare men with men, and not with ideals of what men should be.—*Lord Lytton*.

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower; its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls on the river—
A moment white, then lost forever. —*Burns*.

Do not form plans for years that are to come. The most happy moments of our lives are those which bountiful chance bestows.—*De Staël*.

If an empire were made of granite, it would soon be reduced to powder by political economists.—*Napoleon*.

From the woman's side we derive our intellectual faculties, from the man's we derive our moral.—*Lord Lytton*.

A soul has only feelers, and not eyes; it gropes, but does not see. Ah! that it could get eyes and look.—*Goethe*.

There is no more violent prodigal than a miser who takes the bit between his teeth, and no man more startling in action than a dreamer.—*Victor Hugo*.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—*H. W. Beecher*.

Many a one becomes a free-spoken Diogenes, not when he dwells in the cask, but when the cask dwells in him.—*Richter*.

A soul only needs to see a smile in a white crape bonnet in order to enter the palace of dreams.—*Victor Hugo*.

A beautiful face is a silent commendation.—*Bacon*.

WELL-SEASONED WIT.

Taken at Random from an Author's Commonplace Book.

The passion of the French for theatrical amusements, and the patience with which they will wait at the doors of theatres for the sake of obtaining a good place for witnessing the performance, are well known. At a crowded French country theatre a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman, "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him most cordially, inquired his name. "Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh—Walsh," responded Paddy; "are you from Dublin? I know two old maids there of that name. Was either of them your mother?"

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said, "You stupid! let me go."

A little lawyer, appearing as a witness in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic barrister of what profession he was, and having replied he was an attorney, "You a lawyer?" said Briefless. "Why, I can put you in my pocket!" "Very likely you may," rejoined the other; "and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

An Irish horse-dealer sold a fine blood-mare, warranting her sound, wind and limb, and without fault. The purchaser, on her being sent home, found, upon examination, that the sight of one of her eyes was quite gone. Upon this he waited on the dealer, and desired that she might be taken back and the purchase-money returned, reminding the seller that he declared the mare to be without fault. "To be sure I did," replied Paddy; "blindness is not the poor creature's fault, but her misfortune."

Cornelius O'Dowd says that when a friend of his once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, where he had gone to reduce himself, by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days, he was struck by the decrease of Sydney's size, and said: "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last." "Yes," said he, "I have only been ten days here, but they have scraped enough off me already to make a curate."

A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for de rent of de fence."

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

A slave who ran away from his master in Virginia was set to work by General Butler, and made to keep at it, much to his annoyance, which caused him to exclaim: "Golly, Massa Butler, dis nigger nebber had to work so hard afore; guess dis chile will secede once moah."

A Dutchman thus describes an accident: "Vonce a long vile ago, I vent intos mine abble orchard, to climb a bear tree to get some peaches to make vrow a plum-pudding mit; and when I gets on the tobermost branch, I vall from the lowermost limb, mit von leg on both-sides of the fence, and like to stove my outside in."

"Have you seed a fox go by here?" "Wal, yes." "Have you seed a dog go by here?" "Wall, yes; they was a runnin' along like blazes." "How was they?" "Wal, about nip and tuck—dog a little ahead."

Count Tracey complained to Foote that a man had ruined his character. "So much the better," replied the wit; "it was a bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed the more to your advantage."

There must be something very comprehensive in this phrase of "Never mind," for we do not recollect to have ever witnessed a quarrel in the street, at a theatre, or elsewhere, in which it has not been the standard reply to all belligerent inquiries.

"Do you call yourself a gentleman, sir?"
"Never mind, sir."
"Did I offer to say anything to the young woman, sir?"
"Never mind, sir."
"Do you want your head knocked up against that wall, sir?"
"Never mind, sir."

It is observable, too, that there would appear to be some hidden taunt in this universal "Never mind" which rouses more indignation in the bosom of the individual addressed than the most lavish abuse could possibly awaken.

A thick-headed squire being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove, I'd make him a parson." "Very probably," replied Sydney; "but I see your father was of a different mind."

"Lawks!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "what monsters these master builders must be! I am told some on 'em have as many as a hundred hands."

Take your daily bread and be thankful; but don't pray to lay up for you the loaves for years to come, to make you rich. Many a man has died about the time his great baking of bread came out of his oven.

Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother; but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought himself a herring, but the fisherman knew better.

THE DWARF-SWORD TIRFING.

A Norse Fairy Tale.

Suaforlami, the second in descent from Odin, was king over Gardariki in Russia. One day he rode a hunting, and sought long after a hart, but could not find one the whole day. When the sun was setting he found himself immersed so deep in the forest that he knew not where he was. There lay a hill on his right hand, and before it he saw two Dwarfs; he drew his sword against them, and cut off their retreat by getting between them and the rock. They proffered him ransom for their lives, and he asked them then their names, and one of them was called Dyren, and the other Dualin. He knew, then, that they were the most ingenious and expert of all the Dwarfs, and he therefore imposed on them that they should forge him a sword, the best that they could form; its hilt should be of gold, and its belt of the same metal. He moreover enjoined that the sword should never miss a blow and should never rust, and should cut through iron and stone as through a garment, and should be always victorious in war and in single combat for him who bore it. There were the conditions on which he gave them their lives.

On the appointed day he returned, and the Dwarfs came forth and delivered him the sword; and when Dualin stood in the door he said: "This sword shall be the bane of a man every time it is drawn; and with it shall be done three of the greatest atrocities. It shall also be thy bane." Then Suaforlami struck at the Dwarf so that the blade of the sword penetrated into the solid rock. Thus Suaforlami became possessed of this sword, and he called it Tirfing, and he bore it in war and in single combat, and he slew with it the Giant Thiasse, and took his daughter Fridur.

Suaforlami was shortly after slain by the Berserker Andgrim, who then became master of the sword. When the twelve sons of Andgrim were to fight with Hialmar and Oddur for Ingaborg, the beautiful daughter of King Inges, Angantyr bore the dangerous Tirfing, but all the brethren were slain in the combat, and were buried with their arms.

Angantyr left an only daughter, Hervor, who, when she grew up, dressed herself in man's attire and took the name of Hervardar, and joined a party of Vikings, or Pirates. Knowing that Tirfing lay buried with her father, she determined to awaken the dead and obtain the charmed blade; and perhaps nothing in northern poetry equals in interest and sublimity the description of her landing alone in the evening on the island of Sams, where her father and uncles lay in their sepulchral mounds, and at night ascending to the tombs that were enveloped in flame,* and by force of entreaty obtaining from the reluctant Angantyr the formidable Tirfing.

Hervor proceeded to the court of King Gudmund, and there one day, as she was playing at tables with the king, one of the servants chanced to take up and draw Tirfing, which shone like a sunbeam. But Tirfing was never to see the light but for the bane of man, and Hervor, by a sudden impulse, sprang from her seat, snatched the sword and struck off the head of the unfortunate man. Hervor, after this, returned to the house of her grandfather, Jarl Biartmar, where she resumed her female attire, and was married to Hanfud, the son of King Gudmund. She bore him two sons, Angantyr and Heidreker; the former of a mild and gentle disposition, the latter violent and fierce. Hanfud would not permit Heidreker to remain at his court; and as he was departing, his mother, with other gifts, presented him Tirfing. His brother accompanied him out of the castle. Before they parted Heidreker drew out his sword to look at and admire it; but scarcely did the rays of light fall on the magic blade when the Berserker rage came on its owner, and he slew his gentle brother.

After this he joined a body of Vikings, and became so distinguished that King Harold, for the aid he lent him, gave him his daughter Helga in marriage. But it was the destiny of Tirfing to commit crime, and Harold fell by the hand of his son-in-law. Heidreker was afterward in Russia, and the son of the king was his foster-son. One day, as they were out hunting, Heidreker and his foster-son happened to be separated from the rest of the party, when a wild boar appeared before them. Heidreker ran at him with his spear, but the beast caught it in his mouth and broke it across. He then alighted and drew Tirfing, and killed the boar; but, on looking around, he could see no one but his foster-son, and Tirfing could only be appeased with warm human blood, and he slew the unfortunate youth. Finally, King Heidreker was murdered in his bed by his Scottish slaves, who carried off Tirfing. But his son Angantyr, who succeeded him, discovered and put them to death and recovered the magic blade. In battle against the Huns he afterward made great slaughter, but among the slain was found his own brother Laudur. And so ends the history of the Dwarf-sword Tirfing.

* The northern nations believed that the tombs of their heroes emitted a kind of lambent flame, which was always visible in the night, and served to guard the ashes of the dead. They called it *Angar Eldir*, or the Sepulchral Fire. It was supposed more particularly to surround such tombs as contained hidden treasures.—*Bartholin, de Contemptu a Dan Morite*, p. 275.

The Coming Leg.

Mr. Alden, of the New York Times, treats a delicate subject as follows:

"The leg is undoubtedly one of the most difficult parts of the human body, for a perfect leg is among the rarest works of nature. Of course, this remark is limited to the visible legs of the male sex, since it is obviously impossible to obtain any data concerning that large class of esoteric legs, the very existence of which is conventionally ignored, and can only be hinted at by the conscientious anatomist, when the interests of science demand such a sacrifice of personal feeling. A Baltimore man assures us that the human leg is about to undergo startling and painful changes. The next generation will be knock-kneed, and its children will add to this peculiarity that of bow-leggedness. The leg of the future will thus be shaped like the familiar typographical sign known as a 'brace.' The upper and the lower leg will each have a bold curve outward, and the knees will be in close proximity. A more varied and objectionable style of leg has never been placed before the public, and we can not look forward to it without dismay. The cause which is thus to blight the legs of our innocent descendants is the present fashion of female dress. The Baltimore person asserts that

the extremely narrow skirts now in use bring the knees of the women into close proximity, and produce the deformity popularly known as 'knock-knee.' What with the narrow-skirt wearers of this generation is an acquired deformity will be a congenital deformity in the next generation. The vast majority of children born since the introduction of narrow skirts knock their wretched little knees together from the day of their birth, and a comparatively straight-legged child under three years of age is, our Baltimore authority assures us, very rarely seen.

"This is an alarming picture, and it deserves our serious attention. If the Baltimore anatomist's premises are right, his conclusions must be admitted, and we must recognize the fact that the legs of the future are in imminent peril. But is it absolutely certain that his premises are trustworthy? His whole argument rests upon the alleged fact that a class of legs of which the average man neither knows nor can know anything, are so confined by the narrowness of the modern skirt, that their assumed knees are kept in close contact. Now, it is, to say the least, highly improbable that the Baltimore man is an expert in this matter, and that he has been able to collect data which have hitherto been beyond the reach of scientific men. His assertion in regard to the unknown knees of which he speaks so coolly and confidently is directly contradicted by Prof. Harkness, of the Smithsonian Institution, who, in his able paper entitled 'A New Theory of the Narrow Skirt,' maintains, with much plausibility, that the effect of the skirt is to force one knee immediately behind the other, so that the hypothetical legs are placed, so to speak, in column instead of line. Although the Professor expressly admits that his theory is a conjectural one, lacking proper data for its foundation, it is apparently entitled to quite as much credit as that of the Baltimore anatomist, unless the latter has really accumulated data of which he makes no mention."

The Suicide of Thieves.

It is good to know that we Californians do not enjoy a monopoly of the cheap contrition which pays its debts of dishonor in the coin of suicide. Our big defaulters, and other high-handed, high-toned thieves, have set the fashion, and now New York has followed our lead, as is set forth in the following paragraph from the *Tribune*: "Fast upon the intelligence of the Haigh forgeries and the troubles of the Grocers' Bank followed last week the sadder exposure of Mr. Bogert's dishonesty, and his suicide under shameful circumstances. The latter varied a little the monotony of the story, a little old, of respectability found to be rotten. Indeed, Mr. Bogert seems to have had a standing high enough to have carried him through the emergency if his moral courage had been sufficient for the effort. He was so much liked and trusted that a frank avowal of his difficulties would have brought him sympathy and substantial assistance. 'Mr. Bogert,' said one merchant, 'would have been helped out of his trouble without any one knowing about it, if he had only spoken to us.' The remark was a kindly one, but the unfortunate man knew perfectly well that his were troubles out of which nobody could help him. It was too late. Too many people knew that he was not to be trusted any longer, and that henceforth, if he lived, there was nothing before him but distrust and shame, and comparative penury. Business men, after such a fall, seldom rise again. They hang about the exchanges, they make desperate efforts to reëngage in trade, they are pitied by some, they are helped just a little by others; but the old prosperity seldom, if ever, comes back again. Mr. Bogert had seen too many instances of such mortifying degradation to care to encounter it. He had played a desperate game and been beaten; he knew precisely the value of the good repute which he had lost; it was his capital; it was gone; and moreover it was a capital which, in the nature of things, could not be recovered. He did not choose to figure as a broken-down speculator; he preferred to die; and he is dead."

The Condition of Ireland.

The existing needs of Ireland—Mr. Parnell to the contrary, if he will—could scarcely be more clearly and forcibly stated than by the following paragraph from Lecky's *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*:

"The three great requisites of good government for Ireland are that it should be strong, that it should be just, and that it should be national. It should be strong as opposed to that miserable system which resists every measure of popular demand as long as the country is quiet, and then concedes it without qualification as the prize of disloyalty and crime, and which has made it a settled maxim among Irishmen that the favors of the Government are bestowed upon every class in direct proportion to the dangers that are apprehended from it. It should be just as opposed to that system which at one time leans wholly to Catholics or to tenants, and at another time wholly to Protestants or to landlords, which will suffer an illegal procession in one province that would be rigidly repressed in another, and which subordinates all questions of patronage or principle, and even in some instances the very execution of the laws, to the exigencies of party politics. By such systems the respect for law has been fatally weakened, and their abandonment is the first condition of political health. But, in addition to this, it appears to me to be perfectly evident, from the existing state of public opinion in Ireland, that no Government will ever command the real affection and loyalty of the people which is not in some degree national, administered in a great measure by Irishmen. If the present discontent is ever to be checked, if the ruling power is ever to carry with it the moral weight which is essential to its success, it can only be calling into being a strong local political feeling, directed by men who have the responsibility of property, who are attached to the connection, and who at the same time possess the confidence of the Irish people. As in Hungary, as in Poland, as in Belgium, national institutions alone will obtain the confidence of the nation, and any system of policy which fails to recognize this craving of the national sentiment will fail also to strike a chord of true gratitude. It may palliate, but it cannot cure. It may deal with local symptoms, but it cannot remove the chronic disease. To call into active political life the upper class of Irishmen, and to enlarge the sphere of their political power—to give, in a word, to Ireland the greatest amount of self-government that is compatible with the unity and the security of the Empire—should be the aim of every statesman."

Some one once wrote of the third Napoleon: "He owes his triumph to the audacity of his ignorance. Had he possessed more sense, he would have been less successful. Few recognize the fact that in a majority of instances, when 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' they make their rush a success. The wise discount obstacles in advance, and, hesitating to take the risks, lose the venture."

THE OTHER POETS.

A Last Year's Poem.

Dear Seventy-Nine, upon whose breast
A beard lies drifted like a snow,
Erect thy grand old brow, and rest
Thine eyes on us who love thee so.

Thy hand, that from the Summer's Land
Brought largess to us, waxeth cold
And flaccid, as with tears we stand
In marvel, thou hast grown so old.

When from thy cradle gentle Spring
The ermine lifted, through the calms
Came gossips, with swift beat of wing,
And hearts that throbbed and burst with psalms.

But on bare boughs that writhe and creak,
Where sang the birds mid leafy oaks,
Some Raven-wind broods, whets its beak
O'er empty little nests, and croaks.

Old Year, in our warm fingers slip
Thy poor numb palm, drink back the boon
That blessed Evander's hoary lip
And kindled him with restful noon.

Weird sentries stir without the door
Amid trailed leaves, or list and peer
Astride the chimney-top, or roar
Hoarse tidings of the coming Year.

And gusty rains go pattering by
In sudden sallies o'er the roof,
Like couriers, now and then, that fly
With eager speed and stealthy hoof.

Nay, moan not, Lear, "In such a night
To shut me out," for our eyes fill
As Kent's or fond Cordelia's might;
Our hearthstone hath no Goneril.

Vain, vain our plea—his eyes grow dull,
We sob, and search their glare of glass,
And whisper, in the awful lull,
"Vex not his ghost—O, let him pass."

And lo, the ghost of Summer howls
Without, and smites the dripping pane,
While clouds move o'er with bended cows,
And break their burdened hearts in rain.

The herald winds roll distant drums,
The sturdy trees stand mailed in ice,
And One, 'mid belfry clangors, comes
Through the blown arras of the skies.

Young Eighty comes; Get we to bed,
To our old year we choose to cling.
Until we feel the King is dead
Can we avow, "Long live the King"?

The wizard Frost in silence gropes
To exorcise our holy pain,
And at the windows tempts our hopes
With castles of some rarer Spain.

But far on through the awful night
Our fond dreams hasten to and fro,
And shape an urn within the white
And moonlit quarries of the snow.

Cacheville.

Far in the Sacramento valley, down
Amid the tule lands, is found Cacheville;
But did they call it Chills-and-Fever Town
I think 'twere better still.

And for the stream—so sickly and so small—
That flows near by, apt title did they seek
It, for variety's sake, they well might call
By name of Dead-Man's Creek.

No season respite here for plague folk bring—
The very cats and dogs with ague die,
And birds that o'er the town their passage wing
Go trembling through the sky.

Through its malarious streets its people wend,
With fever flushed, or shivering with the chills;
And, as one offers snuff unto a friend,
They offer ague pills.

Or silently they sit, with care cast down,
Beside the fire, who once were glad and brave;
For every hearthstone in this wretched town
Is tomb above a grave.

There is a school-house; but the merry sound
Of play and laughter it can little know,
For close beside it is the burial ground,
And there the children go.

This burial ground is larger than the town;
And strangers smile to read upon the stones
The name significant of Arsenic Brown,
Or that of Quinine Jones.

I think the trade of coffin-maker here,
Or that of undertaker, well must pay—
There is a babe born about once a year;
A man dies every day.

If it should ever chance that you be down,
My friend, close by the place of which I speak,
Then do not visit Chills-and-Fever Town,
And shun the Dead-Man's Creek.

—Richard Edward White.

Ashes of Love.

My cigarette! Can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm tree made,
And rolled the fragrant weed together?

I, at her side, beatified,
To hold and guide her fingers willing;
She, rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling!

My cigarette! I see Kate yet—
The white smoke from her red lips curling,
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, and laughter purling!

Ah, dainty roll whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,
I, too, would burn if I might earn
Upon her lips so sweet a pillow!

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flames she lighted,
And you and I unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.

The darkness gathers fast without,
A rain-drop on my window plashes,
My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but their ashes.

—Harvard.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

Those persons who love the Republican machine better than the Republican party, and General Grant more than the country, will rejoice at the triumph of the plundering political power of Pennsylvania over the people of that State. Don Cameron has led his clan through a hard conflict to a disastrous victory. In a Convention of 246 members the vote stood for Grant, 133; against him, 113; majority for him, 20. And this in a State where the "boom" originated, where the Camerons rule, where the first battle-field was chosen, where the solemn rites of the baptism of first blood were to have been performed. General Grant limps away, wounded from the house of his friends. New York will follow suit, and probably with like results; Conkling runs the machine. The South is likely to follow with its delegates. It now looks as though, if General Grant will make a life-and-death struggle for the nomination, he may succeed in becoming the leader of a divided and unsuccessful party. After the convention comes the election. After death comes the judgment.

The Southern Pacific Railroad has after short interruption, started again on its way to New Orleans. With abundant iron rails, ties, and other material, Mr. Strowbridge is now pushing his work of construction from Casa Grande eastward. Sixteen miles are already built, and unless some unforeseen obstacles should impede the work there will be no further interruption till the Pacific is connected with the Gulf of Mexico by rail. Three years is the time allotted for the completion of this second great trans-continental highway, but Governor Stanford and the Messrs. Crocker all express their confident belief that it will be finished in less than two years. This is the most important work that has ever been undertaken for our City and State. While we do not underrate the Central and Union Pacific roads, but realize the immense benefits that the coast has received from their construction, we regard the Southern Pacific Road as of vastly greater prospective advantage. The extent of this benefit is not comprehended. A road owned by a Californian company over a snowless line, across a level country capable of carrying heavy tonnage, developing the great interior of this part of the continent, connecting the Pacific and Gulf of Mexico, uniting San Francisco, the only Pacific port, with New Orleans, the natural depot and point of commerce of all the Southern States, is a consummation that every one interested in the present or future welfare of California must rejoice at.

If railroading and railroad interests could be lifted out of small local politics into the region of statesmanship—if all the mean and narrow intellects that intrigue their way into municipal and State politics and seek to clamor to some higher position by interfering in railroad matters, by meddling with what does not concern them, or if it does, with that of which they are entirely ignorant—could be retired to private life and kept there, it would be well for the country and its business. It is our judgment that the less legislation concerning transportation the better; that this is one of those matters that can only be regulated by competition. It stands to reason that the ordinary supervisor and the ordinary member of the Legislature can know nothing, or at least but little, upon a subject that is so complex and so intricate in detail. No one, either in Congress or State Legislature, or, so far as we know, in public life, has undertaken to master the whole science of railroad management, except Mr. Adams of Massachusetts; and the outcome of all his study and research is to recommend the gathering of reliable information in order that railroad managers may intelligently manage their own affairs. It is worse than useless for any legislative body to attempt to regulate fares and rates. Primarily, we are convinced that the power does not lie in any legislative body to fix the cost of transporting passengers or freights, and, secondly, if it did its ex-

ercise would be impolitic and dangerous. There always is, ought to be, and of necessity must be, discrimination in reference to conveying goods or passengers. One man or one article of merchandise from one point to another should be conveyed at the same cost, but beyond that there must necessarily be discrimination. Character of freight, quality, value, distance, grades, competition, climate, and a thousand other things must enter into the fixing of a railroad tariff—things that the local merchant or business man knows nothing about. To declare that merchandise must be transported from San Francisco to Bakersfield at half the cost that would be charged to convey the same merchandise twice the distance, to Los Angeles, is at war with every principle of business. Bakersfield is unfortunate enough to be inland. Los Angeles has her port upon the great ocean highway. To fix a tariff for conveying goods from New York or San Francisco to the city of Salt Lake in proportion to the cost of transporting the same goods between the two ports, is again absurd, because it undertakes to ignore the fact that steamers and sail vessels may go from port to port, but may not cross the Sierra or Rocky Mountains to bear freight to Mormondom. To say that corn shall be transported from Chicago to the Atlantic under any limitation of price, or in fact under any regulation other than that of general laws, or to declare that any one railroad shall or shall not charge more or less than another railroad, is to ignore the fact that corn may reach the Atlantic seaboard over any one of half a dozen roads, over the lakes and Erie Canal, across country by canal and the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. The merchant in New York or London desiring goods from India or China may look eastward through the Isthmus of Suez, or westward across the American continent, or around the Cape of Good Hope or the Horn. He may look to steam vessels, or sail, or rail, to bring his tea or silk, and the agent at Bombay or Canton must look either way around the world to see how he may send his merchandise cheapest, quickest, and safest. The Central Pacific and the other roads from San Francisco to New York are but links of the chain along which the passengers or merchandise of India and Asia seek their destination. How, then, can the Congress of the United States, by the passage of the Reagan bill, or by any device, regulate this world-wide traffic? What, then, becomes of Mr. Senator Booth's narrow prejudices or personal quarrels with the Central Pacific Railroad folks of California? What figure, then, does Mr. Freeman of Yolo, or any other bucolic statesman of California, cut in this business of fixing the cost of transporting teas, silk-worms, and bales of silk across our State? What does the wheat or wool grower know or care about trans-continental or international commerce if he can get his produce cheaply to market? What does the San Francisco merchant know or care if he can obtain a tariff of rates less than his neighbors and profitable to himself? We do not mean to speak altogether contemptuously of this fault-finding and grumbling that come from a selfish desire to do a profitable business. It is natural. It is this struggle and competition, working all the world over, from which are evolved the laws that govern trade; but not till the American Congress controls the world and not till the California Legislature controls Congress can there ever be formed a law fixing fares and freights that shall not be injurious both to corporations and to individuals.

Most sincerely do we believe that this matter should be left to be governed by the laws of trade and competition; that there can be no legislation so profitable as no legislation. We have now, in process of building and built, five trans-continental railroads: The Central Pacific and Union Pacific, accomplished; the Southern Pacific, building; the Northern road, from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, building; the Canada road, building; the Atchison, Topeka and Kansas, threatened. The two oceans and the Panama Railroad are fixed institutions: De Lesseps, the French engineer, promises us an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and General Grant another across Nicaragua; while Engineer Eads proposes to give us an Isthmus railroad that shall take up ship and cargo and transport them from one ocean to another. Are we not doing well enough? And had we not better let well enough alone? San Francisco has in thirty years been transformed from drifting sand-dunes, upon the shores of an almost unknown bay, to a respectable commercial emporium. It is the present *entrepot* of a splendid and growing commerce. It is now in competition with the old routes of travel around the Cape of Good Hope and the Horn, and more recently it is brought into rivalry with the Darien Canal. It is a young giant; it is hopeful, strong, audacious, and ambitious. It will prosper if let alone; it will make speed if it is not manacled by vexatious legislation. It will grow and strengthen and develop if the small politicians will give it room to breathe. There is no other place on the globe so promising as this, if let alone. The nation is starting on a new career; four million dollars of railroad property has taken a new start; furnaces, mills, and manufactories have relighted their fires; industries that languished have been revived. All over the nation new blood and new vigor have been infused into the arteries of trade, while in California itself there have been formed new

sources of wealth and new channels of profitable labor. We will not recapitulate the items of our productions, nor endeavor to schedule the sources of our unlimited wealth. All our State needs are patient industry and economy to give it foremost rank among prosperous communities; and all our city needs is a little more enterprise among its people—more work and less politics. All this narrow prejudice against rich men and corporations, now so prominent a feature of our State, is doing injury to us and to all our people. We do not admit that millionaires are indispensable to our comfort, or that great hanks and great corporations are indispensable to the future progress of our State; but we do say they are more necessary to us than we to them. We have no sympathy with that mean and petty provincialism that drives every successful man from this State for no better reason than because he is successful. We have no appreciation of that Spartan virtue that thinks itself virtuous because it is poor and unsuccessful; and at the same time we would not willingly have it believed that we would look with indifference or approval upon the attempt of any man or corporation, however rich or strong, to interfere with the rights of the poorest or humblest man or woman in the community. And while we recognize the obligation we feel toward railroads and railroad builders; while we acknowledge the wonderful benefits we have received from them, and look forward in confidence to their further aid in promoting the progress of our State, we are not unmindful that the power of great corporations may be and often is abused. And while we admit that discriminations must exist, we would denounce favoritism and unjust discrimination, such as that of different rates for the same service between the same points, secret bargains and rebates with favored persons, watering stock, fictitious sales, fraudulent and deceptive official reports, Credit Mobilier transactions, bonding roads for more than the cost of construction; and we would favor the passage of any general laws to insure honorable dealing between railroads and the public. While we deprecate the exercise of the sovereign power to control and regulate railways and railway corporations, we admit that they occupy a similar relation to the State as do all public highways and common carriers. We do not deny that the power exists, and must necessarily exist, as a corollary to the power of eminent domain so continuously invoked by railroad builders in their behalf.

Governor Stanford says that when the Southern Pacific road is completed there is no reason why immigrants can not be brought from Liverpool to San Francisco for fifteen dollars per head, together with their implements of labor and household goods. California, in the culture of grapes, sugar, tobacco, raisins, olives, fruit, flax, hops, in manufactories, in mines, in commerce, in forests, in ship-building, can furnish employment for ten millions of people, and can maintain them in comfort if they will labor. There is a twenty or forty-acre piece of land for every industrious working man that has enterprise to come from the Eastern States or Europe to occupy it, and a support in comfort and independence for every one that is willing to toil.

We are almost constrained to admit that some good may come out of the Nazareth of the sand-lot. We are ashamed to be compelled to confess that six Republican Supervisors have so treacherously betrayed the confidence reposed in them as to attempt, by covert and secret frauds, to steal a million and a half of money from the city treasury. We are sorry to think that we are indebted to a deliverance from this act of criminal vandalism to Kallach, "the demagogue," the "sand-lot accident," the "Baptist preacher," the "Rev. Mayor in God," but we are compelled, in common fairness and common decency, to "acknowledge the corn," and admit that the Workingman's Mayor has done an honest work in opposing a dishonest scheme. We should have greatly preferred to have been permitted to credit our rescue from the Lake Merced job to the Republican party, but it "fell down." We have had occasion to make friendly mention of Dunn, the Auditor, and of the Tax Collector, Tillson, and the Treasurer, Shaber; and we think the City and County Attorney is doing his duty well. It comes hard to admit that Kallach has done his duty, but we do confess it, and at the same time we confess that it is like walking with peas in our boots to acknowledge that any creditable act could be performed by him. His address at Union Hall on Sunday evening was a bold and manly protest against the consummation of a wicked deed. It was made before the restraining order was issued by the court, and with no knowledge that such a step was to be taken, and we are willing to believe that Mayor Kallach has done a right thing from a right motive.

Upon what honest reasoning does any legislator—except one from Santa Clara County—justify taxing the public to support a Normal School? Upon what rule is the argument predicated that would give school-teachers an education at public expense, while all other professions must educate for themselves? If the school-teacher must be instructed out of the public treasury, why not the lawyer, the doctor, the preacher, the editor, the shoemaker, the druggist, the printer, the cook, the laundress, the child's nurse, the milliner? Why not everybody?

AFTERMATH.

It is significant that the most full and minute reports of social entertainments in this city are published in Mr. Pickering's paper, the *Morning Call*, a low-class daily, mainly supported by the subscriptions of working men and the advertisements of domestic servants. We frankly confess that we can not compete with the *Call* in this department of journalism, from which we think of retiring altogether in consequence. Nothing, from a Sharon reception to an entertainment of the Milk-and-Morality Literary Club, escapes Mr. Pickering's searching eye; Grant can not come nor Budd Doble go away; Silky and Sappie can not marry, nor Bully and Brutie be divorced; a distinguished "scion of British aristocracy" can not put up at a hotel, nor plain John Jones buy a dog, but the fact is recorded in the supplement to Tuesday's *Call*, with an accurate sense of perspective, the most trivial event receiving the longest and most laudatory mention. Who can compete with a journalist who describes at dazzling length a birthday party to a child one year old, and publishes the invitation? Thus:

"Pease 'cept my 'spects and I sould he dad to hab you tum and teep my first birth-day wid me, Friday afternoon, January 16th, at my mama's and papa's house, 686 Twentieth Street."

Before such enterprise as this we hide our diminished heads and pale our ineffectual fires. We knuckle down upon our marybones and attune our larynges to hymns of admiration. It beats De Young; it beats MacCrellich; it beats Jackson; it beats most consumedly, tormentingly, and everlastingly beats us!

It is true the *Call* is not always and entirely clear as to the distinction between a lawn party and a german; it has not an altogether pellucid mind regarding the matters—elsewhere in this paper differentiated—wherein a tea is unlike a kettledrum; the line of demarcation that separates a *conversazione* from a *musicale*, or a New Year's Day call from a visit of condolence from the butcher, is not in every case preserved with sufficient severity to satisfy an exacting taste. But the *Call*—everything considered—gets on pretty well, and as it undoubtedly does in some mysterious way obtain elaborate information concerning social events in our best houses, where never a reporter of its own intrudes, and as these reports are more audaciously complimentary to the host and hostess than we could venture on without the fear of offending their modest sensibilities, we mean to draw out, as aforesaid, confining our humbler genius to the eligible runaway horse and the achievable dog-fight. This lower walk of journalism receives an accession of talent from this day, and Mr. Pickering will henceforth occupy in undisputed sovereignty the nobler field which he has made his own by conquest. For society news, the *Morning Call*; for incidents of the street, the *Argonaut*. This is a strong team.

If, when our paper issues, John M. Morton shall have been confirmed as Collector of Internal Revenue for California, we shall rejoice thereat. If he has not been, we say he ought to be. The opposition of the California delegation to his appointment was unmanly, narrow, and unbecoming. It was altogether unworthy of Senator Booth, and is to us the more surprising because the Senator was an admirer of Governor Morton, and we are sure has too much sense and too good a memory to admire Higby, the present incumbent. We sometimes wonder if Booth is not "forgiving his enemies," "turning his other cheek," and acting a *role* of Christian meekness altogether unbecoming a respectable politician.

Our fair correspondent, Ganymede, has recently been pitching into our society people for printing their *menus* in French, without having taken the trouble to learn the language and teach it to their guests. A better custom obtains in art circles in New York, it appears. At a recent dinner given by the famous Tile Club, whose adventures by land and sea have been made known to the world by Mr. Laffan's articles in *Scribner's Monthly*, the bill of fare was as follows:

Things
To be eaten and drunk
T. C. Private nourishment.
Oysters.
Some sort of wine.
Soup of some kind.
Another kind of wine.
A large fish with a Tilley sauce.
Certain small fishes with a kind of a spicy sauce.
More wine.
Mysterious small interpolations.
Select part of an ox with choice fungi.
Part of a sheep with small cabbages.
Cold arrangement with smokables.
Kind of a duck from Baltimore with things.
And another sort of wine.
Nice vegetables.
Cold matters and small things.
Other things.

This dinner was given to the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was attended by many notables in literature, art, and journalism. Moreover, it was a good dinner.

Judging from the flickering naphtha lamps at certain street corners, by rostrums whence loud-voiced and vociferative men harangue the straggling populace, and convince them, if not against their will at all events beyond their knowledge, of things not to be met with in recognized surgical works,

and only known to the favored heings who do the talking, there must not only be corn in Egypt, in the singular number, but the same commodity abundantly in San Francisco in the plural. Nature has put her foot down on this matter, and registers her objection to tight boots and high heels by hard and painful remonstrances. The street men exhibit impossible warts preserved in alcohol, and enclosed in the cylinder of a short magnifying glass, to the astonished gaze of idle boys and ragged loafers. And yet the old maxim of "Physician, heal thyself," applies as readily as it did on its first delivery. Most of the "physicians" are callous where they should not be; while one Loewenhorst writes with his toes, and extracts the corns of the other corn-doctors.

So the seals and sea-lions at that *Locus Sigilli*, the Cliff, are to be exterminated in the interest of cheap fish, and the Chinese fishermen protected in the interest of the Brotherhood of Man. Do our legislators know that the once succulent and abundant shrimp is becoming a tradition of the dim past? Do they know that he is getting scarce and—what his celestial captors call him—"slimpy"? Do they know that he will not much longer be gratis, and that, with a mind to self-preservation, he refuses to pull as well as he formerly did? These things merit attention. Why should the laws protecting seals be repealed and the laws protecting Chinamen and members of the Legislature continued in force?

She is not young; she is not fair;
She has no dower of gold or lands;
She has not even pretty hands.
And yet she has a certain air—
A strange sweet grace, that time, nor care,
Nor all the awfulness of fate,
May take from her, and leave her plain,
As are the girls who pass and pain
My weary eyes, while long I wait
Her coming at the garden gate.
You wonder why she is to me
The one sweet woman in life's camp?
Because the grub she gives is free,
And I—and I'm a hungry tramp.

What has become of the late "Emperor Norton's" head? We ask this question in all seriousness, for we have received a dark intimation that probably it is not in the grave with his body. True he has done with it. True, it served him but indifferently well when he had it. True, it is an interesting object to "the profession." But, after all, one likes to have one's head buried with one's body, and the poor crack-brained old man's "distracted globe" would in life have contemplated the possibility of being pawed and pulled about in a doctor-shop with aversion and confused horror. Messieurs the Doctors, where is the head of the Emperor Norton?

A negro was recently admitted to the Supreme Court of New York on motion of a female lawyer. "Some of the ladies of the congregation have expressed a preference for gin."

Those ladies and gentlemen of our best society who are overfond of basking in the beams of a title—no reference to the late lamented Sir George—and of shining by the reflected light of great artists, are earnestly requested not to read the following anecdote, for it has the disadvantage of being unpleasantly true: In honor of a famous violinist a little supper party assembled at the Maison Dorée. The repast having been concluded in a satisfactory manner, the guest of the evening exalted his feet and began soberly to pick his teeth with a fork. After an exchange of significant glances between the host and the less distinguished guests, one of the latter produced a silver tooth-pick from his pocket, and civilly offered it to the great man with a few well-chosen remarks explanatory of its use. It was politely accepted, critically examined, highly commended, vigorously used, and returned with many thanks. Money can not buy that tooth-pick now.

The Countess Hahn-Hahn—novelist and poet—who has just died in Germany, will probably not long be remembered by her books, but has an assured immortality in a few lines of Heine. It was of her that he wrote—we quote from memory: "A woman writes with one eye upon her paper and the other upon some man. This is true of all women but the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has but one eye."

The proprietor of the New York *Herald* (following the noble example of Mike De Young, who gave \$2.50) has subscribed one hundred thousand dollars to the Irish relief fund. Of course, the usual smirking miscreant will ensue to impute a selfish motive—as if a man should not be permitted to advertise his business his own way!

The *Chronicle* is engaged in an effort to depreciate the value of the Central-Pacific Railroad stock, to demonstrate that it pays but a small interest, and is endeavoring to defeat the effort to place it upon the world's market. The present argument, that the road does not pay, is quite in contrast with the burden of its writing during the campaign, that its earnings were enormous and altogether in excess of reason, and the consequences was exorbitant rates of fare and excessive charges for freight. We can not appreciate the motives of a journal that would defeat a California railroad corporation, now engaged in extensive railroad building, from acquiring

money by selling "stock." It surely can not be from tenderness toward Wall Street, nor for fear that Jay Gould and his syndicate should be imposed upon. It can not be that there is any intelligent class in California that would desire to paralyze the arm of the railroad builders. It can not be from mean and jealous personal feeling at favors withheld. So far as we are concerned we hope the stock may realize fifty-four millions of dollars, and that this sum may be expended in constructing the Southern Pacific road to Galveston and New Orleans, the new road across the Straits of Carquinez, the new road to Monterey, the extension of the California Street Railroad to the ocean and elsewhere, new roads to the Sierra foot-hills as feeders to its main trunk, and new roads everywhere, till California, its mountains and its valleys, are gridironed with rails.

The fall of the bogus "Sir" George Bridges was caused, it appears, by his ignorance of matters about which he might have been supposed to know, and a knowledge of which was necessary to him in his business of social impostor. This ignorance, deep and deplorable, even in an untitled "scion of the British working classes," a writer in last Sunday's *Chronicle* mercilessly exposed. Alas! he concludes thus:

"Meanwhile kettledrums, receptions and teas are barren of a Baron, and deceived feminine family circles think of Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest and resolve once more to demand references of all the Peerage, from Gladstone down, who may come hereafter."

His own ignorance is denser, heavier, more metallic and impenetrable than that of his victim. The teacher who believes that Mr. Gladstone is a member of the Peerage may be excused from giving us further lessons, but he is not without a certain value as showing why such donkeys as "Sir" George find good pasturage where he guards the gate.

The *Argonaut* made a mistake when some time ago it advocated the appointment of a boiler inspector. We had just placed a new engine and boiler under our editorial room to run our new press; and although it was a new one, we felt nervous. The question of a future state of punishment had not then been fully settled. We thought of the many boilers in the city, and knowing that there was a Boiler Inspector law and no Boiler Inspector, we wrote a paragraph favoring his appointment. We take it back. We were fooled. We were writing upon a topic that we knew nothing of—a luxury that we seldom, and ought never to, indulge in. We have read the remarks of Mr. Gibbs, of the firm of G. W. Gibbs & Co.; and of Mr. Scott, of the Union Iron Works; of Mr. Ira P. Rankin, of the Pacific Foundry; of Mr. J. V. Hall, of the Sacramento Boiler Works; of Mr. Wheeler, of the firm of McAfee, Wheeler & Co.; of Mr. Moynihan, of Moynihan & Aitken; of Mr. Dickey, of the Risdon Iron Works, and of Mr. L. B. Benchley, of the Pacific Rolling Mills; all of which is in a printed pamphlet, and we are convinced beyond any doubt that there is a political cat hidden in this boilerfull of meal, and that the law ought to be repealed.

His admirers in the Western Addition, grateful for his effort to redeem that section of our city from a howling wilderness, gave him a kettledrum on Tuesday night. His secretary slobbered a solo of soft soap over him, while other enthusiastic patrons gave him taffy. Admission free. Refreshments cheap. Whole thing nasty.

Wilhelm's pleased to advertise
"Picked orchestras." No doubt he tries,
But there's a slip twist lip and cup:
His players simply are picked—up.

Mr. J. Ross Jackson, of the *Chronicle*, is one of the most talented base-ball reporters in the land. As a musical sharp, however, he is obviously too longitudinal. Vide the following excerpt from an unpublished report of the recent dedicatory services at Saint Ignatius College:

"Melodious Praise—Grand Choral Services—Roman Catholic religious circles have been on the *qui vive* for some time on account of the new choral service to be brought out at the Saint Ignatius Church last evening. The sacred edifice was crowded in every part by a very fashionable congregation of ladies and gentlemen. The *comp d'air* of the field from the scorer's stand, on the left of the organ, was indescribably beautiful. No sooner was the game opened than it was apparent to all that a champion nine were getting in their work in a masterly way. As soon as the organist's hand warmed to the bat he sent a daisy-cutter to the soprano, whose voice is capable of the best fielding seen in this vicinity for several years. The tenor was caught out on a fly by his voice giving way, but his bad play was compensated for by the magnificent work the basso did as short-stop. The nine played well together, and were under the complete control of their captain."

Fortunately Mr. Jackson was that evening excused from the arduous duty of editing his own copy, and the insight of the *Chronicle's* city editor saved the office the expense and "bother" of a religious war.

During Mr. E. J. Baldwin's trial on a charge of having defrauded the revenue, Silas Calvert testified as follows:

"Baldwin made a deed of the distillery to me. I suppose I own it now, but am undecided as to what I shall do with it. In the meantime I shall continue to act as Mr. Baldwin's coachman."

A noble example, worthy of general imitation. Let all owners of distilleries act as Mr. Baldwin's coachmen. We shall not have so much bad whisky, but Mr. Baldwin will, in consequence, have better driving. And at last he is dead, some sober sexton will "rattle his bones" tenderly and with great comfort to

A SONG WITH A MORAL.

[A wealthy gentleman of San Francisco recently said to a friend: "If I hadn't been born rich I might have been somebody."]

So you wish you were wealthy as I am—
No doubt that is natural enough;
You think my life's pleasant and easy.
While yours, as you call it, is "rough."
Well, I don't think my cash and etceteras
I ever shall quite give away;
But if I'd been born poor, as you were,
I might have been something to-day.

But, you see, when my honest old father
Struck quartz on the Comstock that fall,
He did for his future young hopeful
A thing he could never recall.
'Twas the dream of his life that his children
Should be learned and great and all that;
And so with bank-notes I was blistered
Till I made a grand failure—that's flat!

I think I had brains to begin with—
Not a prodigy, that I well know;
But you see I was petted and flattered
Until I half thought myself so.
I thought my "grand cash" could do all things;
I lived like a very young Turk;
I believed, like an ass, that there *are* ways
To get up in this world without work.

My good father sent me to college;
But there I "rode ponies" all through.
I laughed when I learned what a twenty
Slyly slipped to a tutor will do.
I "bought out" my examinations;
And in this way four years were passed.
I entered the college a blockhead,
And a blockhead came out at the last.

There was Widow Brown's son, you remember—
That red-headed, freckle-faced lad—
Who worked like a slave for his mother,
And came to school only half clad.
I laughed at his hair and his freckles,
And sneered at his second-hand clothes,
Till one day he "filed a remonstrance,"
As witness this twist in my nose.

Well, somehow, Brown went on and upward;
His plans never seemed to fall through;
He always was wanted for something
That no other fellow could do.
He's been toiling and grubbing and digging,
While I've been an idler for years;
He brought that big suit in Nevada
That's set half the State by the ears.

I could name plenty others who've passed me,
And are quite lost to sight on the road;
They could all get on faster than I could,
Though carrying an awful big load.
No, I've nothing but cash and etceteras;
I never shall give them away,
But if I'd been born poor as you, Tom,
I might have been something to-day.

STOCKTON, January 28, 1880. J. G. SWINNERTON.

A TRAVELED VAGABOND'S STORY.

The Odd Egg.

He was rather tall and bony, and showed a heavy, dragging limp in his right leg as he sidled up to the bar. His clothes had worn smooth on the cuff and collar, and were disposed to ventilation at the elbow, but were still sufficient to keep out ordinarily cold weather. With a not ungraceful movement, and a sleight that could only come of long practice, he dropped a well-chewed quid into his left hand, which he placed behind him, leaning forward with his right elbow on the bar.

"Egg-nogg? no, thank you. Jest a leetle whisky straight, barkeep, no sugar. I know it's liable to occasion remark shyn' at egg-nogg—so near the holiday season, too—and it's very kind and perlit in you, stranger, calling on me to come for'ard bere with these other gentlemen—an' egg-nogg bein' the drink of the crowd—it's not the do-se-do to refuse, but the truib is, I hain't et a egg or tackled any fruit of that description fur goin' on six years. Singlar, you think? Well, I've got my reasons. Praps you never knowed Dave Gilchrist? No? Well, me an' Dave was ol' pards. We was both in the same regiment in the last war. I'm older'n Dave: he was only a boy when he was shot through the lungs, at Stone River. Well, I nussed him through it, an' after the war we both come here to Indiany. I never was much account for farmin', but I went to work on Dave's father's farm.

"Dave was a mighty good-lookin' young feller, and his father owned a quarter-section of as good land as the sun ever shines on, with jest two heirs, Dave and his sister Artemesia—Meeshy for short—and the gals began to purr 'round him like cats 'round a cream crock. I soon saw he was hooked, an' by a grass widow who hadn't been in the neighborhood but a few weeks. She hadn't seen me, but I had her, and knowed her from the jump. Well, I tried to reason with him to give her up. She knowed every keerd in the matrimonial deck as it were, and she could stock the deal on him every time. Then says I to him:

"You don't want to marry a woman with a husband liable to turn up at any minute like Enick Arden in the play."

"'Whab's that to you?" says he.

"'Mub,' says I, 'I've been married an' divorced, an' know the ropes."

"Well, it was purty tough fur him, but he said he'd give her up. But he couldn't stay there, he said.

"Got to get her out of my mind, somehow, and the best way is to put a thousand miles between me and her," says he.

"I've got a brother," says I, thinkin' of him all to wunst—hadn't thought of him afore for years—"a brother out in Washington Territory, a steady feller, not a bit like me; and if you say the word, Dave, your old pard as recommends the vermifuge will help you take it."

"So we packed up our traps one night, very sudden, an' Dave left a letter to his sister Meeshy, an' I wrote one to the widder. We intended to go to California, and from there to Washington Territory, but when we got to Frisco we changed our minds, and went down to Arizona and went into the desert. Well, we went there and were gettin' along purty good when Dave took down with the rheumatiz. Stranger, I don't know what the square John Henry rheumatiz is,

and you never will till you git it in the mines. Dave poked along for several months—couldn't work, couldn't even wait on himself, an' the little money we had begin to melt away. I knowed he'd never get well there. So one day I up an' tells him, 'I'm a goin' to California.' At this he moans out that he'd never a thought I'd give him the dirty shake that-a-way, after the years we'd been together, and broke down cryin' like a baby. Dave was a game boy, you betcher boots, but when we git weak an' low, stranger, sometimes the best of us'll squeal. 'You jest turn off that hydrant,' says I; 'we're both goin' together.'

"But I can't walk," says Dave.

"What's the dif," says I, 'you can ride, and here's y'r mule. You'll go if I have to carry you every step of the way.'

"So off we starts. Well, we got to Los Angeles, on the coast, in four weeks, an' it was no time at all after that before Dave begin to pick up. Then we went up to Frisco, the boy still improvin', an' from there we worked our way to Fort Klamath, in southwest Oregon. Then I told Dave we'd rasseded 'round about long enough; that I was goin' to see my brother, who lived in Washington Territory, about twenty miles from Walla Walla. Dave had got tolerable hearty, but do you s'pose he'd stopped frettin' about that widder? Not a bit—he still had her on the brain bigger'n a straw stack. Now an' then, when he'd git blue, he'd give me the wire edge of his tongue for havin' drug him away from Indiany. But we started for Walla Walla cat-a-cornered acrost Oregon, and follerin' the trail a clean four hundred mile. We walked it all, every step of the way. I had to carry most of the traps myself, for Dave was weak in the chest, and had to go light. Dave had on a pair of moccasins; I had a heavy pair of boots. Dave carried the revolver; I carried the double-barreled shotgun an' the other traps. Purty soon his moccasins cut to pieces, and I gave him my boots, which made it easier for him. That's a mighty lonesome trail from Klamath to Walla Walla, and people are sprinkled over it about as thick as gold nuggets is here. We didn't have much money, and sometimes were two days together without food. Then we'd take up a notch or two in our belts, to reef in our stomachs to suit the supply of grub, and go ahead. One day we'd jest crossed the Oregon line, an' was nearin' Walla Walla, when we see a thin curl of smoke risin' above the timber. I knowed from the wind in it that that smoke didn't come from any open fire, but came through a chimley, an' we soon sighted a cabin in a clearin'. Then up flies a big, yaller rooster an' gives a how-de-do that put more strange feelin' in me than I'd hed fur a long time—poetry and music together, you know. Carried me back to the days when I was a boy on the old farm, an' a lump came into my throat an' my eyes got moist. What do you suppose Dave said? Says he: 'Jim, we'll have eggs for dinner, as sure as the Lord made little apples.'

"The very thing I was thinkin' of," says I.

"The door of the cabin was open, so we didn't have to knock, an' a nice, tidy woman, with a fresh white biled apron, asked us in. Her man was in the field back of the house, and he and a hired man came in to see us. Travelers are scarce out there. The woman saw that we were hungry—we badn't hed anything to eat for two days but a handful of parched corn. She said she was sorry there was so little in the house an' all that sort of thing, but would try to get something up. Dave asked if she hadn't eggs, and said a dozen packages of that fruit, biled with the husks on, would be agreeable. Two round-eyed, tow-headed boys were sent out to find 'em.

"Well, there they was, heaped up before us, on a plate, in their nice white kivers—a dozen of 'em—an' Dave an' me pitched in. That wasn't all the meal, though, fur there was jerked venison, an' as good bread as ever was turned out of a pan, an' ginewine yaller butter. But it was the eggs that ketched me. Eggs an' civilization go hand in hand an' shoulder to shoulder. Did you ever think of that? We started in on a egg apiece. My first egg just struck the spot, an' I let out my belt a couple of notches, an' took egg number two, Dave lifin' his second one at the same time. So we kep' company, egg fur egg, right along. At the fifth or fourth egg, I don't know which, Dave says: 'Jim, this reminds me of old times. I used to have a little bow-legged humped-backed hen I got of one of the Brazier boys—Bill Brazier, dead now; killed out on the pike, east of Gray's mill; 'tbrowed off'n his horse down the steep hill there, an' struck his head on a boulder.'

"Then we both reached for the plate.

"I reckoned he'd lost count while tellin' his story, so I says:

"Go slow, old boy, that egg's mine."

"Not much," says he, 'you're off your nest.'

"This was too much. I flared right up. To think he'd tried to bilk an old pard outen a egg, after all that pard had done fur him, soured me clean to my heels. You see, I'd shared everything with him, drug him through his sickness, 'tended him like a woman, an' now to have him come the hog game on me! The devil was in me, an' I drewed the revolver; it was layin' on the floor between us, an' was goin' to let daylight through him, when the woman screamed, and the man of the house spoke up. This brought me to myself; but I tell you I had him down fine. We both got up from the table, leavin' the last egg on the plate, Dave takin' the shotgun from the place where it was leamin' outside the door. I scorned to take any advantage of him then, mad as I was, an' gave him a fair chance to git the gun. We walked on fur a quarter of a mile without speaking, each lookin' out of the corner of the eye for fear the other'd get the drop. 'Dave,' says I, 'this business has got to be settled.'

"Yes," says he, 'and some other things has got to be settled, too. I might have been an honest, happy married man in Indiany this minute if it hadn't been for you, instead of the tramp I now am. It was my money you wanted to bring you to California, and you made me run away from the only woman I ever loved.'

"Your money, you say; d—n your money. Do you want me to tell you who the only woman you ever loved is? She's my divorced wife."

"This staggered him some.

"Well, what of that—that wouldn't prevent her from makin' me a good wife, would it?"

"Dave Gilchrist, you was young, and I wanted to save you. I had some things in my own life I didn't care for even you to know. When I first met you in the regiment I had jest served a term of two years in the Ohio penitentiary."

"So you're a prison bird, are you?"

"Yes, I'm a prison bird. I loved that woman, and married her. We bad scarcely been married three months before we were both arrested, charged with stealing, and the goods, a roll of black silk, was found in the house. It had been stolen from a dry goods store one day when we were both in town. I had heerd of kleptermaniacs, people who can't help but take things, and I couldn't call my wife's offense stealing. I couldn't bear to see her, young and delicate, go to prison; so I confessed that I myself had took it, and, on a plea of guilty, was sent up. Well, the parting between us was a bitter one, but I thought I had done my duty. But in less than six weeks that woman applied for a divorce from me, an' got it on the ground of my being in the State's prison—me who had gone there to save her."

"If you'd told me this sooner I'd prob'ly have believed it. Now I think you're tryin' to pull the wool over my eyes some more."

"Well, stranger, this made me madder'n a bear with a gum bile, and there was nothin' for it but blood. We both made our little arrangements in case of accident, and then each got behind a tree. My plan was to watch my chance, and at the first show to let fire. Soon I see the top of his hat sticking out from the side of the tree, an' I was about to let him have it, when one of them Injun stories came in my mind. Then I see through his little game. 'Not much,' says I to myself, 'an empty hat on a ramrod to draw my fire.' Then I stuck my leg out to draw his, not havin' much respect for a shotgun—they scatter so—and thinkin' I could get my leg in again before he fired. But I didn't. He let me have it, and brought me down. But I held on to the revolver, and as I fell—he had come from behind his tree—I fired, but missed. Dave threw down his gun and rushed toward me, crying like a baby. I drewed up to let him have it, but he never flinched. 'All right, Jim, old pard, I deserve it as an ungrateful dog.'

"That was too much for me, stranger, and I throwed the derved weapon away for fear somethin' might happen. Next I knowed, Dave had his arm around me, huggin' me, and then—I jest got lost completely. Guess it must a' been from loss of blood. When things came round again I was in that cabin, and Dave and the man of the house and the tidy little woman in the white apron were standing over me, and, blast my eyes, if the owner of the cabin wasn't my own brother Josh, which I didn't know him from Adam's off ox, on account of the ha'r on his face. And I got well, all but this limp, and Dave forgot the grass widder, married the tidy little woman's youngest sister, an' settled down only three miles from Josh. But you bet Josh's wife has been learned a lesson she won't soon forgit. What? Why, not to lay out thirteen eggs for a dozen without notifyin' me. Oh, me? Why, I'm the vagabond I allus was."

"Here, barkeep, fill these up agin."

A Scene from "Sebastian Strome."

The heroine of Julian Hawthorne's latest novel is Mary Dene, the heiress of Dene Hall. Her wealth and her beauty are not of so much importance in the author's eyes as her extraordinary character and accomplishments, which he describes as follows:

She could not only saddle her horse and ride it, but she could exchange it for a better at a horse fair. She could mow a field, drain it, plow it, and rotate its crops. She could bring a pheasant down with a gun, as well as cook and carve it. She could not only listen to gentlemen's small-talk in the parlor, but she could oversee workmen digging a well or building a wall, and discourse such sense to them as to make their ears tingle. She could as easily instruct the London solicitors—Messrs. Fry and Griddle—when to sell stock and when to hold on to it, as she could check the housekeeper's weekly account. She was not very skillful at trilling Italian airs or warbling French cbansons, but she could sing a hymn in a way to make your heart beat. When she walked about the grounds she did not hitch herself along by her shoulders, with her skirts in one hand, her parasol in another, and her elbows in her ribs; but she stepped out boldly, with elastic feet nine inches long, and with her arms hanging at her side, like Juno's in the Greek statue. She had the full use of all her limbs.

Once, as she was returning home after pruning some trees in a neighboring preserve, with her axe in her hand, and dressed in a dark serge gown with a thick quilted under-petticoat of scarlet cloth, she was chased into a corner by a bull. As she ran she loosened the petticoat, and, watching her chance, stripped it off in a moment, and cleverly tossed it on the animal's horns as he was charging her. At the same time she sprang to one side, and, as he passed, brought down her keen hatchet just behind his ears, and tumbled the huge creature dead at her feet.

This deed of prowess was witnessed by Sir Hubert, the gamekeeper, and another man, as they were racing headlong across the adjoining field to her assistance. The bull was a prize animal, valued at five hundred guineas, and Sir Hubert, after heartily thanking God for his child's safety, turned to the gamekeeper and said, with a rueful twinkle in his eye:

"After all, Wilkins, you see, we were not in time to save him! He's quite dead."

Miss Mary overheard this remark and the laugh which followed it.

"No bull or anything else shall chase me across a field and live to tell of it," said she, very grimly. "If I hadn't killed him this afternoon I would have shot him this evening. Wilkins, give me my petticoat."

Napoleon the First turns out to be a blond, according to Madame Rémusat and Metternich. How different their pen-portraits from the traditional steel engravings and colored chromos that we have seen so often. These writers say that Napoleon's hair was of a reddish-brown hue and that he had blue-gray eyes, and both agree that his head and features were classic in beauty of cut and marblesque in palor.

Says the Oakland Itemizer of the *Call*: "The political cauldron is beginning to boil." Isn't that a rather daring figure of speech, neighbor? It appears to be a pretty happy metaphor, but its originality is disquieting; we do not remember to have seen it more than a million times. We prefer expressions which have the sanction of popular usage.

OLD MAIDS.

That there is a change in old maids is not generally appreciated, but I assure you the old maids of to-day are not what they used to be. True, the olden-time one is not yet extinct, and a dear ridiculous old mortal she is. There is Aunt Margaret, turned fifty surely, yet who would dare to utter that disagreeable term in her presence? She declares herself a man-hater from birth; yet how often have we sat in the gloaming listening to tales of the time when she was a lass. "Ah, dinna I lead the lads a pretty rig, though," she says. "But there was only one I e'er cared for. He was right good, and I think I loved him; but I dunno, and its just as well, for what would the boys ha' done without me?"

Then she stops, with half a sigh. We sit very quietly in the now dark room, feeling that there has been stirred the memory of a long buried love. After a while some one comes in and lights the candles; it would have seemed profanity in us. How relieved we are, yet hardly daring to look at Margaret, for fear there might be a tear in her eye or something tell-tale in her face which she'd not have us see.

Dear old Margaret, how she clings to things of the past! She never could be induced to don a modern overdress. "Only a frill or two; that is what I have always worn." So, slowly but surely, the good creature drops more and more behind the times. Still we all love her, and find in her a sympathetic confidant. She never advises, but thinks deeply, and then, with the sagest expression in her kind, gray eyes, replies: "Well, I think"—pause—"I dunno." No more do we—of these abstruse problems, girls' hearts. Margaret is the veritable old-fashioned old maid; truly very different from the article which adorns the page of romance. The modern old maid exists in several distinct types of womanhood. One of these—the blue-stockings—excites neither love nor sympathy. We are a little afraid of her—of her opinions, of her tongue; it is apt to be sharp. She has a masculine intellect, and, with it, manly ambitions. Perhaps she graduated from some university noted for its erudition. Perhaps she teaches school. Perhaps she has written a book, which never sold; but, as it is on pre-historic man, it makes a pretty gift to her friends at Christmas, and keeps before their eyes a proof of her genius. My *bas-bleu* is not beautiful, pities the mass of womankind, and is considerably left to her own devices by the other sex. She's not to blame, poor thing. It is the natural result of the "over-education of woman."

In one other example I fain would portray the ancient maiden of to-day: Beautiful, bright, accomplished, lovable, too. She adorns the best society. People say: "What a good wife she would make for some one!" She has no love tale, but is romantic enough to have an ideal. Occasionally she gets glimpses of him, but, be it known, he is married to a very superior woman. Her sisters say she is *too* particular, but her noble father, whose last days she brightens, looks tenderly toward her and says: "Well, I am thankful that *men* are not as they were when I was young, for then my precious girl would have been wooed and won, and I"—just then some one smothered his remarks with kisses, but the tale is told.

AUNT JANE.

SAN RAFAEL, February 1, 1880.

Kisses for the Million.

The Peoria *Call* man—unlike the *Call* man of our city—is not ashamed to investigate this tender subject. He says: "The inventors of the osculatory art are popularly supposed to have been Adam and Eve; although it is barely possible that so subtle a science may have originated in a still higher order of beings, for, as the poet insinuates—

'Unless the angels kiss,
How dull must be their bliss!'

Yet with theories of angelic, seraphic, or cherubic kissing we have naught to do. Plain human lippling is the fact before us which demands an inquiry into its causes and consequences. Kisses may be divided as follows: First, the kiss of courtesy, imprinted on the hand of some antiquated dame by the young elegant, who would fain become her residuary legatee. Next is the kiss of affection, by some authorities aptly termed the kiss of custom; this is placed sometimes on the lips, more often on the cheek, especially if papa is a chewer of tobacco or a consumer of whisky. Next is the kiss of tantalization; this is bestowed by girls upon each other in the presence of young men, and is almost universally denounced by unprejudiced observers as a wicked waste of raw material. Last in our list, but not least, is the kiss of love. Let us speak with bated breath. This, in its marvelous variations, is the key to all the secrets of life; the inspiration of poets, musicians, and painters. Oh, when four lips join to take one purple pull, there flashes through two hearts a sensation before which the glory of champagne evaporates, and the deliciousness of deviled chicken is no more. But if the kiss of two souls meeting is a foretaste of immortality, what is the kiss at parting? Ah, what is it but the solemn, sacred, solitary seal imprinted deeply on the tomb of Hope by the angel of Despair?"

And the osculation *ogre* of the New York *Star*—which would like to be the *Chronicle* of New York and does not quite know how—writes of the most modern kiss as follows:

"To kiss or not to kiss, that is the question. This doubt does not relate to the exhilarating and altogether innocuous game of billiards. There is the kiss paroxysmal peculiar to the City of Churches, the orthodox kiss which does not involve suits for divorce, and the kiss-but-never-tell. All these have their advantages, particularly the latter. The sort of a salute which racks men's souls, and is now sweeping the country like a tidal wave, is the variety known to the clergy. Recent experiences in this direction have left the public on the ragged edge of horrible suspense. New Jersey holds up its hands in holy horror. For a minister to kiss his cook once appears to be entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned. When the same reverend gentleman repeats the operation the result is fatal. If one is to take his pastor as an exemplar in these matters, how is one to know where to draw the line? Is it the cook who must be ignored and left to suffer at the absence of the coveted kiss? Is it the doctor of divinity alone who must be ostracised for indulging in the tempting propensity? Is it that we may only kiss the

same person once, and so must be forever seeking new subjects for the performance of the painfully pleasing duty? A question of so vital importance to the human race in general and to each individual of that race in particular, should not be left to the adjudication of chance meetings with the cook. While under certain circumstances a young and good-looking cook would have great influence in settling such a dispute, we would suggest that it be referred to the Supreme Court of Maine, with a request that it give one of its remarkable decisions with as little delay as is compatible with its more important business of keeping the law on Senator Blaine's side."

Not to be supinely useless, the *World* querist adds the glimmer of his flashlight, and tells the other world this:

One of the prettiest of pastorals is the "Lendemain," by Dufresny, the clever poet, who, when Louis XIV. said to him; consolingly: "Poverty is no crime," replied, "No, sire, it's worse." "Le Lendemain" may thus be translated, almost with literalness:

Phillis, greedier far than tender,
Naught gaining by refusing, I wis,
One day exacted of Clitander
Thirty sheep for a single kiss.

On the next day the youth was gaining—
Prices had ta'en a downward leap—
He from the shepherdess was gaining
Thirty kisses for one sheep.

On the next day Phillis, tenderer,
Fearing to be denied her bliss,
To the youth did glad surrender her
Thirty muttons for one kiss.

Next day Phillis had been willing
To give both flock and sheep-dog large
For the one kiss she saw the villain
Give Lisette without any charge!

And even the staid *Tribune* confesses:

"If this ministerial kissing business goes on much longer," said a Hoboken church trustee, yesterday, "we who have any regular occupation will have to give it up or resign our positions in the church, for too much time will be needed for investigation."

A university should turn out versatile scholars. The University of California, we are informed, does so. As soon as the teachers, schoolmasters, or perhaps we ought to use the jargon and say the "learned professors," in buggy, on foot, or in street car, leave the University grounds, the "young gentlemen" are permitted to "go" it: that is, to smoke, to play cards, and to have a good time generally. We are informed that a "lively" faro game is encouraged; that poker, seven-up, and cinch are not neglected for the more modern and fashionable games; that frequent visits are made to San Francisco, and that the "wee, sma' hours" of morning find many a young tramp plodding homeward to his academic bed. That absences are frequently prolonged, and oftentimes without information reaching parent or guardian that the hopeful is playing hookey. If we knew some regent we would call his attention to these little harmless delinquencies, and ask him if the discipline could not be brushed up a little. We would be obliged to some good little boy who can not tell a lie, if he would give us some of the points on the sly, and faith we'll print them.

There is a private meteorologist in England who has published the theory that an exceedingly mild winter will always be followed by an exceedingly cold one. Of this fact there is no doubt; and so far the meteorologist is right. Nevertheless, he has paused upon the threshold of the true theory of weather, and has failed to make the great discovery that was almost within his reach. There is one great principle that must form the foundation of any satisfactory theory of weather. This is the axiom, hitherto unnoticed by meteorologists, that the amount of cold weather is limited. There is just enough of it to make a fair average winter all over the globe. In, perhaps, the majority of instances the cold weather is thus evenly distributed, in which case we find what we recognize as the proper winter weather in New York, Paris, Vienna, Rome, and elsewhere. Unfortunately, this distribution is often made with great apparent carelessness and inaccuracy.

There is food for thought in the following paragraph, written by William Hartpole Lecky nearly ten years ago. The reflection was meant for English readers, but it has a meaning which our national legislators may wisely heed:

"There are no errors in politics more common or more fatal than the political pedantry which estimates institutions exclusively by their abstract merits, without any regard to the special circumstances, wishes, or characters of the nations for which they were intended, and the political materialism which refuses to recognize any of what are called sentimental grievances. Political institutions are essentially organic things, and their success depends not merely on their intrinsic excellence, but also on the degree in which they harmonize with the traditions and convictions, and take root in the affections of the people. Every statesman who is worthy of the name will carefully calculate the effect of his measures upon opinion, will esteem the creation of a strong, healthy, and loyal public spirit one of the highest objects of legislation, and will look upon the diseases of public opinion as among the greatest evils of the State."

For many months the newspaper readers of San Francisco have missed from the columns of the *Chronicle* and the *Call* those cheerful paragraphic pleasantries concerning "circulation," which formerly so enlivened the pages of those industrious purveyors of fact and professors of forecast. The proprietors of the *Star* and the *San*, of New York, love each other as do Messrs. Pickering and De Young. But they do not permit their good fellowship to interfere with the entertainment which the semblance of a newspaper row always affords the intelligent reader. The *Star* man has just emphasized the fact that the *San* man is a pseudologist by offering to bet \$50,000 that the solar circulation is less than is claimed. The reading San Franciscan would like to see some similar proposition couched in Mr. Pickering's inimitable English.

"Dog racing," says Forney's *Progress*, "has become a popular sport in San Francisco." But then we have no funny papers to read—like yours, Colonel.

ABOUT OUR BITTER HALVES.

You come, fair ladies, if you please,
Not here as talkers, but talkers.

There are menageries, but not womenageries.

Mrs. Mackay intends leaving Paris for Italy very soon, and the shopkeepers will deplore her departure.

Of the Princess Louise's contributions to the London water-color exhibition the *Spectator* of that city says "people will think them very able—for a princess."

A colored woman in Hayti some few months since began to grow white, and now there is not a trace of color in her skin. She is very much mortified at the change.

An old lady in Wichita says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a New England town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

Mrs. Ouray now wants a sealskin coat, high-heeled French shoes, and a velvet train dress. It would be a missionary work to aid in refining this promising candidate for civilization.

The marriages are announced in late English papers of Darwin's son, Mr. Horace Darwin, and Miss Emma Cecilia Farrer, of Abinger Hall, Surrey, and of Bishop Colenso's son, Mr. Robert J. Colenso, and Miss Emily A. Kerr, a lady from Ontario.

The Princess Amazulu, the Zulu lady who is at present visiting London, is a bright and volatile person about twenty-four years old. She is graceful, but not beautiful, has a fine flow of language and a quick sense of humor, sings well, and loves to dance. She is accompanied by a suite of two Zulu ladies and four male attendants.

Mayfair objects to wearing amber beads with a peacock-green gown, saying that the combination looks like everything horrible, but then *Mayfair* probably judges from seeing it worn by a blonde. Perhaps the sight of an American brunette, with the color in her dusky cheeks heightened by the brilliant contrast of the two colors, might change the Briton's mind on the subject.

Of the reported rupture of Miss Julia Fletcher's engagement, the London *Globe* says: "American society in Rome is just now much exercised by the abrupt termination to the matrimonial engagement which was announced between Miss Fletcher, authoress of *Kismet*, and Lord Wentworth. In this transaction no blame is attached to the lady, but the gentleman is greatly censured."

Persons who see the embroidery from the Royal Art School for the first time are usually astonished to find that the daisies are all crimson-tipped, seeming to think that Englishmen imitate Americans in calling a chrysanthemum a daisy. Burns's poem is forgotten, and the ladies almost insist on the substitution of the brown-centred, white-petaled field flower, for the prim little garden blossom with its delicate blush and pretty primness.

Lady Frances Wilson was of very plain personal appearance, yet one gentleman for several seasons perseveringly gazed at her from the pit of the opera house, so as to cause her considerable annoyance, until at length she was informed one day that Mr. — had left her all his fortune. Prompted by curiosity to ascertain if it was the same person who had admired her at the theatre, she requested to see the deceased, and identified the corpse as that of her admirer.

It was very clever of the Elberton, Georgia, girl, who, in writing a leap-year letter to a friend, said that she wasn't exactly engaged, but saw a cloud on the horizon about the size of a man's hand.

A life-saving station on the California coast has been named after Maggie Geddes, of San Antonio, the little girl who plunged in after a playmate who had fallen into a mill-race, and saved her from the wheel toward which she was being borne. Maggie is only nine years old.

An old aunty, in greasy kitchen raiment, grabbed the hand of Ulysses at Jacksonville, and shouted aloud as the red bandanna around her head bobbed like a cock's comb: "Hallelujah, Marse Grant. I 'spect you're like God A'mighty." Grant's two hundred pounds of coarse-grained beef showed signs of tranquil gratification.

The cold weather nipped the fingers of the French women to that extent that they found it necessary to carry muffs in the house, but they did not make use of the muffs which were designed to wear in the street, not they! They had muffs specially constructed to match their gowns, and hung them around their necks by a satin ribbon; and, in order that even an ignorant man might recognize the difference between them and the ordinary muff, they were shield-shaped.

A fair *débütante* at a late ball "received" with a large, almost embarrassing, armful of bouquets. To her is presented one of our "howling swells." *F. D.*—"No fewer than eight bouquets—just think of it!" Are they not lovely?" *H. S.*—"Yaas. Lovely, indeed. And how good of your papa."

Unlike the Belgian laundry established in London by Lady Sebright and Mrs. John Wood, which brought one of its leading shareholders into the courts, the one founded by Annie Thomas, Kate Field, and their coadjutors has marched steadily on to success. It is said to have been a pleasant sight to behold these ladies washing, with plebeian suds, the fingers soiled by writing stories for the Christmas annuals, and warming their pretty finger-tips with the flatiron and *gauffrette*.

A lady explained one of the reasons for the want of *entrain* in the ball, which was, alas! only too palpable. "You see," said she, "you men pass ladies in masks whom you are accustomed to see every day, and you don't recognize them; but we women all know each other. There are turns of the head, or peculiarities of gait, which you grosser creatures do not notice, but which never escape our delicate intuitions. There is Mrs. —; that is Miss —; surely you recognize them? I see you don't. You are as blind as the — your sex. We are all engaged in observing each other, and wondering who is first going to step over the be-masqued propriety and begin to be amusing."



It is really gratifying to think that in point of morality the *Countess of Somerive* is an improvement on *Camille*. We may hope now some beautiful day to see Miss Clara Morris select a play free from all taint, barren of all immorality; a play to which we may take those we love best without feeling in the least embarrassed; for, though I should despise myself if I thought myself the least bit prudish, and should consider it my duty to discontinue anything that would look like mock-modesty in others, I think that the stage was not intended for a camera by which all that is immoral or uncouth is to be portrayed. There is neither charm nor grace in a play like the *Countess of Somerive*, for instance. The plot, which at best is shallow, hinges on the elopement of the "Countess," who, after an absence of twenty years, reappears before her husband with a daughter, and, being old and fagged, of course regrets her naughtiness of twenty years ago. There is no more virtue in the repentance than there was in the elopement. I suppose when we get on the other side of fifty we shall all regret and repent the sins of our youth. And yet, improbable as it seems, the point on which the whole plot of this poor and highly emotional "Frenchy" play turns is only the elopement and return of the "Countess" with her daughter "Alix."

And "Alix" is the most emotional of all harrowing agonizers. She loves and she suffers, she hates and she suffers, and at last, being "clean give out," she drowns herself in a brook surrounded by weeping willows. No London Bridge business for her; she belongs to the artistic and highly wrought species, and could, in justice to herself and the world, only drown herself in a calm, silvery brook, surrounded by many weeping willows, and float down into the arms of her former lover, who has just gone to rescue her, dead and cold. It is sad, very sad; and the ladies and gentlemen in the audience wept. How they did weep! I saw an "old sport"—one of your regular faro dealers—in front of me, weeping. Tears wherever I looked. "Ah, bon Dieu! mes larmes! mes larmes! hoo-hoo-hoo!" came from a nice-looking American lady in the box next to mine. Poor lady, she was looking on a French play, and of course she had to weep in the same poetic language.

Of course everybody wept when poor "Alix" was carried in and laid on the sofa, "dead and drowned." As a pretty "dead and drowned" woman Miss Clara Morris deserves the palm. She looked so absolutely dead that I to this moment am uncertain whether she had on a wax mask, or the face was her own; and she lay there for full ten minutes without moving a muscle, depicting death so realistically that if Mr. Jimmy McGinn should have seen her, he would have measured her for a coffin then and there. When I come to pass the play in review I feel satisfied it is a moral improvement on *Camille*. In the *Countess of Somerive* you meet with some nice people, you move in half-decent society, and there is just this moral in it: if a wife forgets herself so far as to elope with the friend of her husband, or any other man, I suppose, she must expect some day or other to be severely punished.

At the risk of being considered presumptuous, I would suggest that Miss Morris select for her repertoire plays of a higher standard: plays in which the actress and the woman are not at sword's points with each other; in which an actress like Miss Morris may render the part of a pure and noble woman in a pure and noble way; for she is equal to the task, this frail, little artist, who finds her great art an antidote for her bodily ailment. It seems to me her duty to help to elevate the stage—she among all other of her profession. She acts well—let her act only fitting parts. As produced at the Baldwin, *Alix* forms a nice picture, set in a most incongruous frame. Miss Clara Morris gives to "Alix" a rather *spirituelle* shade; paints her, as it were, in water colors—calm and subdued, moving around noiselessly and gracefully, and speaking with musical intonation. Imagine, if you can, one of her prettiest sentences being interrupted by the "Marquis de Cesaranne," otherwise Mr. Bishop, in tones and gestures that belong to the stable, and not in the drawing-room of a French nobleman. Then we have Mr. Morrison as the "Duc de Mirandol." He was dead letter-perfect in the part; the words ran over his tongue as glibly as water from a faucet. He must have a very fine memory; and, in an actor, that is a good quality; but he lacks either the gift which prompts an actor to conceive his part ere he attempts to portray it, or he lacks the conscientiousness which makes him feel it a duty to take proper time to study the character as well as the words. Mr. Morrison had no idea of the kind of man the "Duc" was, there was a shameful lack of individuality, he appeared like a total indifference to the opin-

ions of his audience or the duties of his position. He was an attempt at a fop one minute, an absolute cad the next, but never a gentleman. Had he given the matter the least bit of thought he might perhaps have reached the conclusion that a French "Duc," possessor of millions, may be flighty and hairbrained, but beneath these superficialities there run the veins of a true gentleman. He is never a Tony Lumpkin nor a Sam Weller. I can not conceive how actors can allow themselves to appear in any play not fully prepared; it is an insult to the public, and an absolute dishonesty to the manager who pays them; and I hope that, with the new stage management at the Baldwin, any neglect of this kind will be followed by immediate dismissal. We can get along very well without Mr. Bishop, or Mr. Morrison, or Mr. or Miss anybody else, rather than have our taste or ideas of propriety wounded. The part of the "Duc" should have been given to Mr. Welles; outside of a melodramatic Italian villain, he is the better and more painstaking actor. And Mr. Freeman came out nervously as the "Count of Somerive"—it was not his first attempt on the English stage. As a German actor and caricaturist Mr. Freeman has gained some local celebrity. Mr. Fred. Lyster is coaching him in his present venture, and he will no doubt succeed; but Mr. Freeman, in giving up acting in German, should give up the German style of acting—that intensity and demonstrativeness which have always made a German actor a failure outside of his own country.

How very pretty Miss Eleanor Carey looked as the "Marquise de Cesaranne." I could not hear what she said, nor exactly tell what she had to do, but she looked very pretty. *Per contra*, there was no misunderstanding what Miss Jean Clara Walters said, nor what she did, she is so very forcible. One of the differences between her and Miss Carey is, that the latter wants touching up, while Miss Walters wants toning down. To give the part of "Lucienne" to Miss Virginia Thorne was an injustice to the actress—and to the part.

"Alix" makes her exit with this week. When Miss Morris dedicates *Camille* to the flames let her be replaced by the *Countess of Somerive*, and make an *auto da fe* for her own good and the relief of an oppressed public. STEPHANOTIS.

Nellie Crocker.

SACRAMENTO, February 1, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—We have told you of gaieties and gossips without stint. We wonder, were we to tell you of a sadder tale, if you would read with as much eagerness as you have of the balls and hirths and brawls in our city. 'Tis so natural for humanity to turn from the piteous beggar, that he may not excite our sympathies two hits' worth! 'Tis so human to turn from Sorrow's grieving eyes to Mirth's laughing ones! And shall you, dear friends, turn from this letter of death and mourning to Ganymede's cheering cup, or to Ada Ven's accounts of festivities? Sacramento people, *au contraire*, flocked to hear the last words of Doctor Dwinell over poor Nellie Crocker to-day. The year is so young and gay and happy! We think we all made the smile between it and her. She was so young—only twenty-two—and led such a happy life, surrounded by wealth and friends! She looked very *spirituelle* in her coffin of flowers; and it was such a satisfaction to her many friends to look on her sweet face again, even though the gaze brought tears to our eyes for her dead beauty and her lost youth. Real grief is felt all over the city for her death. It is a great, irreparable loss. It is not only her mother and sisters, her relatives and young lover and intimate friends that will miss her, but the hundreds of poor, the public institutions, the eighty-five little orphan children at the asylum—to whom she gave gifts every Christmas—the art circles, the Bric-à-Brac Club, of which she was a prominent member. She gave freely and hountifully of her great wealth, and has done great good that none of us will ever know of. When we saw her in her coffin, so calm and cold, and the hand that had strewn so many blessings along the road lying so still, we thought of Wordsworth's lines:

"The good die young,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the very socket!"

The evil often live in triumph and power; the broken-hearted, who would take death as a boon, live on and on; but sweet Nellie Crocker, who would have gone through the world loving and beloved, doing good not moderately, but in excess, lies in our cemetery to-day, and a broken-hearted mother weeps over her, and a lover thinks how long life is.

At one time the public library in Sacramento was in debt, and did not know how to get clear. Miss Crocker presented them with a \$1,000 check, and the use of the Art Gallery for entertainments. This is only one instance, but Sacramento people can tell of a dozen more like it. Nearly one hundred carriages followed her to her last home. At the entrance gate the orphan children strewed flowers in front of the hearse. Eighty-five little sorrowing hearts, who know they have lost a benefactor and a friend. And so life goes! The sun is just as bright to-day, the faces seem just as smiling on the streets, if one brave good soul has gone to God, and did leave an empty space in the community and in our hearts. And it will be just the same when we are gone.

BETSY AND I.

PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

"The world's greatest violinist," who began by announcing his performances as the first evening instrumental concerts ever given in this city, when it would not be a difficult matter to reckon up at least fifty such within a few seasons; who promised a grand orchestra under Mr. Herold, and then gave a scrub band led by Messrs. Schultz, Schmidt, Vogrich, and Owens (more or less), during the *tutti*, but whose orchestral accompaniments have been of the rarest; who advertises Bach's "Chaconne" as rarely hitherto attempted in public on account of its "almost insurmountable difficulty," when, in fact, it is in the repertoire of any one of a dozen violinists whom I could name and who play it in public—this *really great* violinist, who plays the classical things superbly and does not disdain to lend his magnificent Stradivarius to the gallery for "Swanee River," will play at Baldwin's Theatre next week, beginning on Monday night with the Mendelssohn *Concerto*, which is sure to be a performance that no one should fail to hear. The great violinist has evidently a wrong idea of the country he has come into and the manner in which it is necessary to announce one's self in it, and also seems to have some foolish and ignorant newspaper friends. But he is a great artist, all the same; one whose like we shall not soon hear again.

The California Theatre recitals of Mr. Henry Ketten were terminated rather abruptly by the matinee performance of Wednesday; somewhat unaccountably, as the audiences of Tuesday and Wednesday were quite large, and the interest in Mr. Ketten's playing seemed to grow with each recital. To those who had heard Mr. Ketten during the first week of the Patti season, and formed their opinion of his powers from his performance of the hackneyed programme that had served him during the concert tour, his first recitals at Dashaway Hall proved a genuine surprise; in the concerts we had heard only the player who desired to catch the general public, in the recitals we made the acquaintance of the artist, and—setting aside all questions of a difference of school or methods—I may say that there can be no question that in many respects Mr. Ketten is a really great artist. His performance of Beethoven's great *Sonata* Op. 53 (the so-called "Waldstein Sonata"), of the Chopin *Polonaise* in A flat, of the Liszt transcription of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*, and of parts of Schumann's *Carneval*, were masterly; nothing could possibly be finer. Along with an unflinching technical accuracy and beautiful control of his tone, there was a spirit of *bravoure* that exercised an almost electrical influence; it was the playing that makes an audience enthusiastic, and carries even the critic quite out of sight of his merely objective standpoint—it was great. In so wide a range of music of different styles as that played by Mr. Ketten there will naturally be inequalities; no artist can be expected to do everything equally well. If the Beethoven *Sonata* in C was a superb performance, that in F minor (the *Appassionata*) was in some things less satisfactory—especially in the variations of the middle movement; the Chopin *Berceuse* seemed to want both delicacy and repose; in the pieces of Handel one felt overmuch the modernizing touch of the brilliant concert pianist. The Schumann *Romanza* (in F sharp), as well as Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso*, suffered from what I take to be Mr. Ketten's weakest side, the want of a true *legato*, especially in *cantabile* passages. His own things he plays magnificently. And some of them—the "Sérénade Espagnole," "Castagnetti," and the famous "Caprice" I find charming; not great work in any sense, but beautifully made, and very fresh and original.

A more marked contrast than that between the piano-forte style of Mr. Ketten and that of Mr. Vogrich—of the Wilhelmj concert—it would be difficult to find. Mr. Ketten impresses the musician as an exceedingly intelligent artist with a *technique* made up of specialties which he uses with admirable judgment. In Mr. Vogrich, on the other hand, is to be recognized at once the intellectual musician, who, with a sound, genuine *technique* that is all-sufficient for musical purposes, subordinates his execution to its legitimate place, secondary to the *thing* that is to be done with it. He uses it as a means, not as an object and prime factor. His training at the piano-forte is admirable, and as a result his playing makes what I should call a thoroughly *healthy* impression. One thinks first of the beautiful music, and only on second thought of the beautiful manner in which it was rendered. Or, let me say, he shows us the inner spirit of his composer (always supposing it *not* to be Liszt); whereas in the case of Mr. Ketten it is after all likely to be this dazzle and glitter of the surface passage that attracts. Those who heard Mr. Vogrich's playing of the Chopin *concerto* and the Beethoven *sonata* will understand fully what I mean; it was Chopin and Beethoven, never Vogrich. To know how well he accompanies, one must have watched the delicate appreciation with which he filled in, *while he conducted*, the bits in the Beethoven violin *concerto* from the orchestral score. It was a delightful thing to listen to, and a pleasure to see. The single composition of Mr. Vogrich that we have heard inclines me to have great respect for him. Next week we are to hear an *overture* for orchestra, from which, however, we shall probably get a better idea of his powers.

The *Pinafore* revival at the Bush Street Theatre is particularly interesting from a musical point of view, as affording us the first opportunity of hearing the solo parts of Sullivan's bright and—to me—charming music thoroughly well sung. I doubt whether there has been a better cast than this one even in the crack performances of Boston and New York, or, indeed, whether there has been one so good. The beautiful voice and excellent method of Miss Montague are more than enough to make amends for the quiet—almost tameness, and yet hardly that—of her acting; and Miss Melville, in accepting the part of "Buttercup," has, so to speak, created it in this city. We have never before either seen or heard the part; in the hands of Miss Melville it is full of character and has its proper musical value. Mr. Toedt sings the music of "Ralph" with the same refined artistic sense and beautiful style that characterized his work during the Patti season, and has only to gain a little more repose of manner to make his performance of the role nearly perfect. Mr. Turner's "Captain" is thoroughly enjoyable in every respect—remarkably well sung and acted, with a good-natured *bonhomie* that leaves the final *dénouement* perfectly natural; while Mr. Peakes—whose conception of "Deadeye" seems to me to want humor—makes a really valuable bass part out of what has hitherto been the neglected musical side of the cast.

Mr. Barrows is my ideal "Sir Joseph." I don't think it would be possible to improve on the courtly dignity and refined humor with which he invests the part. The chorus is the weak side of the stage; it is about the worst I ever heard. The orchestra, also, does its work in a most inefficient manner; not because it has not plenty of excellent material in it, but because it is in the hands of a conductor who seems to be utterly out of place at its head. I never saw such a mess as he makes of the most simple rhythms and hits of accompaniments, and throughout the performance found myself in constant terror lest the whole thing should go to pieces over some trifling *rallentando* or change of tempo. I pity a chorus and orchestra under such an uncertain and timid baton. The solo artists can take care of themselves, but chorus and orchestra are obliged to grope about in the dark and get into all sorts of trouble, for which they get all the blame, when they are not in the least at fault. O. W.

Teas and Kettledrums.

Society is agitated. An important social question is being considered, viz., What is the difference between a kettledrum and a tea? We know—at a kettledrum there are music and dancing; at a tea there are peanuts and conversation, and the guests bring their own peanuts. The kettledrum comes from the army, where they have plenty of music and very little to eat. At a tea there are tea and coffee, confectionery, lady-fingers, and sliced lemon; at a kettledrum there are sliced lemon, lady-fingers, confectionery, coffee, and tea. A tea is served from 3 to 6, or from 4 to 7 P. M.; a kettledrum from 4 to 7, or from 3 to 6. At a kettledrum ladies wear their best bonnets and their street dresses; at a tea their street dresses and their best bonnets. At a tea gentlemen dress in frock coats, and carry their hats in their hands; at a kettledrum the gentlemen carry their hats in their hands, and wear frock coats. A tea is economic; a kettledrum is inexpensive. Mrs. Sillem gave a kettledrum; it cost two dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Pixley gave a tea at an expense of two dollars and a half. Mrs. Ben. Brooks gave a tea. Mrs. Boardman gave a kettledrum. Mrs. Coleman gave a kettledrum. Mrs. Governor Low gave a tea. Some of the ladies gave punch, but it was tea punch, and not strong enough to either cheer or inebriate. The punch is cold; sometimes the tea is also cold. The punch is weak; the coffee is also sometimes weak. Teas and kettledrums are inexpensive; they afford an opportunity for wearing dresses that have been worn before, and gloves that have been rubbed up with bread-crumbs. At kettledrums and teas swell honnets of the latest Parisian fashion are in demand. The principal attraction of teas and kettledrums is that they afford ladies an opportunity to return their calls without making them, thus striking a balance to their social bookkeeping without the bother of making the rounds. Mrs. Senator Gwinn also gave a kettledrum last week, and between kettledrums and teas every evening is occupied until Lent, and by that time we presume the fashionable fever will be over. Delightful and pleasant and sensible things are these inexpensive and informal gatherings. One of our society ladies made an innovation in the somewhat dreary monotony of teas and kettledrums by securing four pretty waiter girls dressed in costume, a Swiss, a gypsy, a quaker, and a Spanish girl, each prettier than the others.

Many of our best people have opened their houses to these informal and inexpensive entertainments. We are glad to observe this social feature, and to note in it an endeavor to get rid of the idea that social gatherings must be formal, dressy and ruinously expensive. The few grand and costly entertainments that are given by millionaires and men of colossal wealth have had a tendency to discourage all less pretentious social endeavors, and the consequence has been that many families who would take pleasure in moderate hospitalities have been discouraged and their drawing rooms remain closed throughout the season.

The Midnight Cat.
O ye feline brutes, erotic!
Is there not some strong narcotic,
Some refined and rare hypnotic,
Some potent spell,
Soothing catnip, helleborus,
Anything to soothe the chorus
Of your piercing, wild, sonorous,
Nocturnal yell?

Oh, for catapults to snite ye!
Oh, let catalepsy blight ye,
And catastrophes invite ye,
Cataclysmal!
Cataracts be on ye falling!
Curse, concatenate, appalling,
Stop your ghoulis catterwauling,
Paroxysmal!

Gone Before.

Full many a colic-cramp and mortal throe
The dark, unfathomed depths of mince-meat bear;
Full many a soul the candy, white as snow,
Has hastened heavenward up the golden stair.

Take Him Back.

Oh, take me back to memory's isles,
In a silken-sailed canoe.
Oh, let some widow's pleasant smiles
Just thrill me through and through.

The Widow Aforesaid.

I recollect, with heartfelt glee,
One pleasant starry night;
Full many dainty rings had she
And an awful appetite.

The correspondent of the *Alta* who writes concerning what he considers the unjust treatment of Wilhelm by some local critics, asserts that one of their number offered himself as a business manager to the violinist, and, being refused the position, declared that Wilhelm should suffer for it through the press. The *Alta*, in publishing the article and in preferring such a grave charge against some one unnamed, imputes a dishonorable action to the whole corps of critics. If there is any truth in the statement it should not be couched in the form of an anonymous insinuation, but the name of the transgressor should be given.—*Chronicle*.

If the *Alta* man can not give the name of the critic, perhaps he will have the penitence to disclose his own.

At Platt's Hall, next Tuesday evening, that very excellent institution and wise charity, the Old People's Home of San Francisco, will take a benefit. The home, at present located on Francisco Street, between Stockton and Powell, consists of two old buildings, until recently in ill repair, and without such modern conveniences as seem to be necessary for the proper conduct of an institution. To make these buildings weather-proof and comfortable a debt has been incurred by the society in charge of the home. It is to liquidate this debt that the "Grand Concert" of next Tuesday evening will be given. The following musical ladies and gentlemen have volunteered: Mrs. Blake Alversen, Miss Ida Mohrig, Professor W. Toepke, Professor Moeser, Mr. Edgar E. Coursen, and Mr. Benjamin Owen. Governor George C. Perkins will deliver an address.

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POST as.....HEBE.
THOS. J. TOEDT as.....RALPH RACKSTRAW.
CHAS. TURNER as.....CAPT. CORCORAN.
HENRY PEAKES as.....DICK DEADEYE.
JAS. BARROWS as.....SIR ADMIRAL PORTER.

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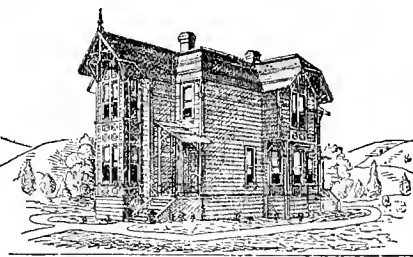
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Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of Jan., 1880, an assessment (No. 40) of Fifty Cents (\$0.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 21) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-fifth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of Two Dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 12th day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 4th day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 9) of fifty cents (\$0.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth (26th) day of February, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—5:40, 10:45, 7:50, 9:07, 10:35 A. M.; 12:05, 2:40, 4:05, 5:23, 6:35, 9:35 P. M.
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AN INCIDENTAL ACCIDENT.

A Story Told in 1881.

Mr. Edward Ellis, in lieu of more critical companionship, talked sometimes to himself, maintaining always the pleasantest understanding with his audience of one; for talking to one's self is generally delightful, and the young man talked almost as well as he listened, which was very well indeed. But the habit has disadvantages which sometimes outweigh its fascinations—always, if one see through the untinted spectacles of common sense. It is at least clear that one ought to think twice before talking to one's self in the near neighborhood of an open window.

Mr. Edward Ellis was one of those unfortunates who had never learned to smoke. With a cigar and its attendant mental fog-banks he might have meditated in judicious silence, and this truthful chronicle would have been a vain imagining.

But he did not smoke and he did meditate, an incongruity of happenings which made it better he had never been horn, so crushingly fell the aftermath of punishment he had piled with careless and unskillful hands high above his hapless head.

The locality was Martinez, the situation the monster hotel with which the lavish enterprise of the great railroad triumvirate has embellished one of the loveliest of watering-places. The season was the early summer of 1880, the hour ten by the moon-lit dial in the ghostly tower of the Methodist church.

The big hostelry was well nigh deserted. Most of the boarders had gone on a moonlight excursion up the river. Two or three ambitious sportsmen had gone fiercely into the foothills in quest of a mythical bruin. Mr. Edward Ellis, two young ladies, and one or two drowsy old couples made up the party within the hotel. Strictly speaking, there was no party; for the drowsy oldsters had gone to bed, and Miss Clara Hearst lay on a sofa in her bedroom, nursing a genuine sick headache with the assistance of her friend, Miss Frances Haywards; while out on the broad piazza, within easy earshot, Mr. Edward Ellis, in a tilted chair, was babbling to himself and about his own affairs, as the pleasantest amusement his isolation made possible.

The young man, though talking to himself, talked in a tone sufficiently audible to be heard by the young ladies in the silent room a few steps distant; and the turn which the talking came to take was of a sort to compel them to listen—in response to that instinct of self-defense which puts every woman on her guard the instant she hears the sound of her own name.

But it was the very quintessence of misfortune that both young ladies should have overheard Edward's vagrant monologue. Had only one of them been a listener the outcome might have been relief from a palpable embarrassment, and the sequel might have been as charming as the two pretty women who made it possible.

Less than a year before, Edward Ellis had met Miss Hearst in that mausoleum of infinite acquaintanceship—the Authors' Carnival. He had thought her charming, and she had met his effort to be friendly at the half-way mile-stone of perfect breeding and careless amiability. He had met Miss Haywards less than a month before he met Miss Hearst, and had thought Frank charming also. And there was very little doubt that she liked him quite as well as did Clara—a mutual arrangement which might ripen into high regard, or wither on the branches like forgotten fruit.

If Ellis possessed even a single talent his lavish capacity for appropriating good fellowship was that talent, and the iron limitations of time and opportunity, and they alone, prevented the degeneracy of his appetite for friendship into omnivorous liking. The high gods had not given him either bewildering brains or dazzling good looks. He had the fatal faculty of appreciating verbal nicety, and placed all too high a value upon the artistic setting of intellectual paste. But his almost inexhaustible fund of good nature—about little things—and his somewhat purblind devotion to the people he liked, made him perhaps too universally tolerated for his best good. He had a sort of mania for making "nice people" acquainted, a generally harmless yet occasionally dangerous mania, in pursuance of which he was not content until Clara and Frank had met and liked each other. Fortunately they did like each other, and soon became "sworn friends," with a broader substratum of mutual esteem than the friendship of women commonly rests upon.

Clara's father was rich enough to give her all the luxury she cared for, and wise enough to have taught her the higher value of something better. Frances was a penniless half-orphan, whose family affairs were under the darkest of financial clouds, and it became a genuine pleasure for Clara to be kind to her friend in the way of invitations and society arrangements, which Frank could not but see were perfectly genuine, and which she had too much good sense to refuse. So it came about that Frank was Clara's guest at the Martinez Hotel; and as Edward Ellis happened to be spending a vacation there at the same time, he saw a good deal of both of them, and they of him, which left the honors by no means easy.

Mr. Ellis was not a vain man. So much belongs fairly to his credit. But he was the most plastic of wax to agreeable impressions. He had not met before—at the same time—two such delightful, two such gracious girls; and it found him unprepared for the emergency. No sooner, indeed, had these two pretty women come simultaneously within the continuous focus of his critical loggnette than he became perplexed to know which he liked the better, and—like Byron before him—ended by persuading himself that he loved them both.

It was the balmiest of summer evenings, and the young man's thoughts were as pleasant as the night. So pleasant were they that silent thinking could not half express them, and he began a most interesting conversation with himself, quite oblivious to the danger of being overheard.

It was easy enough for the young ladies to listen unthinkingly to the prelude of such a confession. It was impossible not to listen after the first few moments. And so, for almost an hour, the two women sat listening to poor Ned's heedless babbling, which came to them through the resonant stillness of the ludicrous surface seeming of a half-discovered secret, leaving behind it all the latent pathos which lurks

in the very essence of human mistake, and would make us all more charitable had we clearer vision and less dross-dulled sensibility.

What Mr. Edward Ellis said to himself that evening, and its effect upon his listeners, is best told by the following letter, which a bell-boy delivered to the young gentleman about an hour after he had retired to his apartment:

MARTINEZ HOTEL, Room 180, 18th June, 1880.

DEAR MR. ELLIS:—We are desolated to realize that "crucial circumstance" prevents you from "marrying both" of us, and our unhappiness attains a climax in realizing how the late Congressional stand against Mormonism forbids the hope that the beneficent system of the lamented Brigham may be extended to California. But we are such good friends that neither of us can bear to think of appropriating your numerous husbandly excellences to the deprivation of the other; and as, therefore, we have resolved never to marry, we think it will be kindest for you to go away for a while—say a century.

Yours, devotedly,

CLARA and FRANK.

When Mr. Edward Ellis did not appear to greet the river excursionists at breakfast, there was a ripple of surprise on the surface of the matin chitchat; but about the eyes of Miss Clara Hearst there were no traces of sick headache, and the dimples around Miss Hayward's adorable mouth betrayed neither merriment nor wonder.

ALFRED HARDIE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1880.

Operatic Reminiscence—Alboni and Others.

It was in the old Jenny Lind times that a real American tenor appeared—so real that Bajoli, the then great singing master of New York, and who, I believe, introduced Italian opera into the United States, took special pains with the development of this extraordinary voice. The tenor sang with Jenny Lind; and for the most of his short but brilliant career supported Alboni, in her operatic company.

We all know what Cary is; but even Cary never reached the height (or depth) of Alboni, who was as exceptional among *contralti* as Jenny Lind among *soprani*. Cary is not a fairy, but it would take two of her to compass what Alboni was, physically, and the wits of the time did their best (or worst) with the incongruity of her name. Of all the foreign tenors at her command, she chose this American, with the honest but not euphonious name of Snyder. He sang through one or more seasons under the more romantic cognomen of "Ashton"; then some climatic exposures—chiefly that of Boston—closed his career so abruptly that America had scarcely time to recognize her prize. If you step into the Oakland Free Library you will meet the once famous tenor in the shade of the gentlemanly janitor. Years of sickness, and therefore poverty, have left their marks. The office of janitor of such an institution is as honorable as the position of an idolized tenor; but it is not so brilliant, and the emoluments must be of a painfully contrasted nature.

It was some thirty years ago that New Yorkers did not fail to notice a black-eyed, coquettish little Italian girl, of the age of six or so, a faithful attendant upon the various concerts, who eagerly drank in every note, and who has since made all Europe eager to drink from her lips. How different her married fate from Jenny Lind's. Alas! poor Adelina Patti!

It was in the year 1853 that the silver-voiced Mario was in his prime—a wretched actor, though associated with Grisi. Salvi was another of the world's tenors flourishing then, and Roger was the star of the French opera house, for Rubini had disappeared. Ronconi was considered the chief baritone, but to my ear Saintley, the Englishman, excelled him. In that year *The Huguenots* was brought out at Covent Garden, and what a marvel of an orchestra Sir Michael Costa led! If my memory serves me right, there were thirty violins in that orchestra; what amount of brass and wood and parchment I can not tell; but they could "roar you gently as a sucking dove."

In the cast of the opera was a wonderful bass—not so finished a singer, they told me, as Lablache, but with even a greater volume of voice. It was as if two or three ordinary bass voices were rolled into one. His conversational tones seemed to shake the walls of a private dwelling, and one might easily fear that if he struck the key-note it would really bring down the house. Such was Carl Formes in 1853. Doubtless the walls of his San Franciscan home are safe enough from that embodied thunder.

BERKELEY, February, 1880.

JOHN MURRAY.

Henry Ward Beecher says, with a deal of truth: "In every age money has been a disturbing force. It stimulates the passions and vanity; it furnishes the power which pride loves. It fascinates the intellect, because it opens the way to culture and the possibility of self-development without the necessity of caring for one's bodily wants in the meanwhile. Men are very apt to despise the money they haven't got, but I never yet knew any one who had it to despise it. Where would religion be without money? Where would be the ships to convey our missionaries, the presses to print our religious journals? Where would we get our churches and our schools and our colleges? To deride and scoff at money is absurd, insincere, and positively harmful. In our own days the temptations which have always beset humanity are multiplied. The crops of crime are enormous, so enormous that no statistical tables are ever prepared. Men are dropping like untimely figs from the boughs of prosperity, and falling into every crime of sharp genius and fertile thievery. Dealing in stocks is perfectly legitimate business where the stock represents actual property, but where gambling goes on it is robbery. Lotteries bait their victims by telling them that they may get something for nothing. Yet how can we fight against lotteries when our churches and cathedrals, our church fairs and regimental fairs, resort to them as a means of obtaining money? I say that no man has a right to take that for which he does not render an equivalent."

Only philosophers who know the unknowable may fairly answer the unanswerable. Mr. Pickering was recently asked the value in United States money of "a draft for over one hundred pounds sterling." Mr. Pickering answered gravely: "It is a simple proposition," and then gave the answer in dollars and cents. If Mr. Pickering were any one else, it might be objected to that he should play fast and loose with the English language and arithmetic; but Mr. Pickering is a law unto himself.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Home and Foreign Blockheads Cheek by Jowl.

A Leap-Year Monody.

Ah me! ah me! I am lonely,
With sorrow my bosom is tossed—
In the hands of my sable laundress
My shirt all its buttons has lost.

With grief is my spirit bowed down,
With grief that can not be repressed—
'Tis Saturday night, and the tailor
Hasn't finished my new Sunday vest.

My cheek is moistened with tear-drops,
My heart heavy-laden and sad—
My coat is deucedly seedy,
And my "beaver" is shockingly bad.

While friends are joyous around me,
In silence and sadness I mourn—
There are holes in both ends of my socks,
And my trousers are hopelessly torn.

But by far my bitterest grief—
The bane of my comfortless life—
The most unendurable want
Is the want—the want of a wife.

A wife to enliven my home,
To lighten my sorrow and care,
To button my shirt at the top,
And to keep my clothes in repair.

But alas! 'tis fruitless to wish,
No children will e'er call me 'Pa,'
I never was handsome at best,
But now I'm too ugly by far.

Lone must I travel life's journey—
To Fate's stern decree I must bend,
Till death must I darn my own socks
And my own inexpressibles mend.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Lines

Respectfully dedicated to the winner of the late pedestrian contest at Sacramento.

"The man in the moon is looking,"
Said the saw-horse to his mate,
"And the sad-eyed stars are cooking
The goose of the bleary-eyed fate.

O love of my life! remember
That our board bill's overdue;
We were bought in the bleak December,
And the dun is coming to sue."

But his shy love made him answer,
As she leaned on the five-barred gate:
"A fig for a cowardly man, sir!
Do you love your Nancy Kate?

Then catch the dun by his collar,
And fling him up to the stars,
And serenely we'll hear him 'holler'
A stave of a thousand bars."

"Oh, hush!" said her long-limbed lover,
"One would think in hearing you bray
That a milk-jug minus the cover
Were a drunk on New Year's day."

Morning and Evening.

THIS WAS THE CAT,
With arching back,
At close of day,
It held its track,
The narrow way,
And as it trod the steep roof's edge beneath
In mocking tones it sang, "'Tis eve, 'tis eve!
'Tis ee-he-he-he-he-he-he-hee—
Hee—h—eeve!"

AND THIS WAS THE MAN.

With aching head,
With patience lost,
On sleepless bed,
He rolled and tossed;
And while he lists to Tompkins' mellow horn,
He sings in woeful strains, "'Tis morn, 'tis morn!
'Tis mo-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho—
Ho! ho! Ab—Mourn!"

AND THIS IS THE PAIR OF THEM.

So all night long
From twilight gray,
They sing their song
Till break of day;
And 'tis a fact you'd scarcely believe,
'Tis morn below while yet above 'tis eve,
'Tis morn, 'tis eve, 'tis morn, 'tis eve, 'tis eve,
'Tis m-o-o-u-u-m! At eve!!

Perhaps.

Darling Mabel's zebra stockings
Gently hang across the tub;
Brother George will find them useful
When he starts his base-ball club.

Mr. Bob Burdette has been indulging himself at the expense of a printer friend by writing the following advice:

"DEAR JIM:—

If you have a friend and you love him well,
Let my advice through your actions glimmer;
Publish his faults in nonpareil,
But print his virtues in big long primer."

It is to be hoped that "Dear Jim" will reverse the use advised, and put in as many "display heads" as the exigencies of God-given truth may demand.

Boston has a new club, the "Saint Botolph," of which Francis Parkman has been chosen president. The club may have its "ladies' day," but it is unlikely that many "suffragists" will attend until some one else becomes president.

A wicked witling writes to an Eastern paper: "Chicago is now nowhere. Six hundred and forty-six divorces were granted in San Francisco last year. As God joins nothing together in Frisco, a putting asunder of things is quite correct."

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

We do not propose to be cynical, nor to write anything to hurt the feelings of those fond papas and foolish mammas who think their children marvelous prodigies of beauty and deportment; but when it comes to a column of description of half a hundred nursery children having a "grand ball" at a public hotel, it makes us feel qualms of the stomach. It is absurd enough that "good society" so delights to see the names and dresses, the silks and shams of older people paraded in the columns of a public journal, descriptions in which houses are styled "residences" and "mansions" and "palatial mansions," and the clever enough old gentleman who grudgingly pays the bills is styled "generous host," and the good-natured mother of the family is designated as the "superb," "queenly," and "magnificent," and her dress as "blazing in jewels," and everybody present described as "elegant," "accomplished," "beautiful," "graceful," "gorgeous," "splendid," "charming," "lovely," etc., till all the grandiloquent adjectives and superb adverbs are entirely exhausted. The feed is called a "banquet," and the fiddler an "artist." One description serves for all. The last "shindy" is "the party of the season." All this we can stand—we are compelled to stand it; everybody likes it. Some pretend they do not like to see their names in this connection—do not like to see themselves paraded in the newspapers. Ladies, with an hypocrisy that is as transparent as the enamel on another lady's face, affect to be annoyed if their dresses are described. They are a great deal more annoyed if they are *not* noticed, and we know one case where a lady went into a confection fit and had spasms because her splendid "point" lace was described as "Spanish." The female that does not like to have herself mentioned as "beautiful" and her dress as "lovely" is over seventy years of age, and has the rheumatism. She is an old maid who was jilted more than half a century ago by a man who was afterward hanged. When any female undertakes to tell us right down seriously that she objects to being pleasantly noticed in a respectable journal as "young," "lovely," and "well-dressed," or as having given an "elegant and successful entertainment," we always draw our handkerchief and blow our nose, to hide our blushes for the fib that she knows we know she is telling.

But let us come back to the Palace Hotel. That is another affair. Nursery trash—pinafores—bread-and-butter—little noses that want wiping—little fingers covered with candy—young "ladies" from "four to twelve" years old—"votaries of fashion," "graces of young womanhood," "gallant deportment," "dignity," and "stateliness"! The dresses of the little ones, says the Mrs. Jenkins who was detailed to "write up" the affair, were "elegant and costly." And then mark the names: "Emilie," "Flora," "Mamie," "Etta," "Jennie," "Pearl," "Lena," "Tessie," "Nettie," "Nellie," "Tudie," "Gussie," "Susie," "Lulu," "Eva," "Carrie," and a score of others. Not a good, square, old-fashioned, honest name in all the lot—baby names with their little diminutives—not a single Hannah, or Mehitabel, or Susan Jane, or Jemimah, or Mary Ann, or Jerusha; not an Elizabeth, or Susan, or Nancy, or Fanny; not one of those splendid old English names like Margaret, Maud, Blanche, Genevieve, Rosalind; not a name that Shakespeare has made immortal; not a Bible name like honest Martha; and even the beautiful name, the name of names, Mary, the mother of God, is blasphemed into the pet and meaningless diminutive of "Mamie"! There ought to be a law to compel foolish, romance-reading, fashionable mothers to give honest names to their children. We have told the story before; it will bear repeating. Mrs. Rose named her young daughter "Wilde." It was so pretty, so romantic—"Wilde Rose"! But when the young lady grew up and married a young butcher with the appropriate name of Bull, the lady was metamorphosed into "Madame Wilde Bull." And now let us quote from Mrs. Jenkins a description of some of these babies' frocks. "Check aprons?" "Red flannel petticoats?" "Oiled bib and tuckers?" "Diapers of white dimity?" Not at all. Miss "Emilie," a "pretty little demi-brunette, richly dressed in white satin, princess cut, high in the neck, and elbow sleeves; satin drapery, fringe of chenille; festoons of pearls, silk hose, and white satin sandals." "Flora," a "white satin dress; princess cut, Nile green overdress, trimmed with ostrich feathers; Valenciennes lace sleeves." "Etta," a "pale blue gros-grain silk." "Pearl," an "underskirt of pink silk, with an overslip of Swiss and fine lace." "Lena," "with basque-panniers and fine point lace." "Tessie," in "rose-colored silk, with an overdress of rich white lace, and delicate moss-rose buds." "Nettie," with "an imported French costume." And so on through a whole column of "pale blue gauze," "gold ribbons," "crêpe-lisse," "flowers," "jewels," "grasses," etc. And then, we suppose, their little stomachs were filled from the "sumptuous banquet," with lollipop, cakes, ice-cream, and candy, and that they all had the stomach-ache the next day. If this thing had occurred in Sparta these children would have been taken away from their parents, and educated at the expense of the State. We call attention to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and demand that Judge Hager, Senator Cole, Irwin Scott, James G. Fair, Judge Filkins, the father of Pearl Pixley, and these other unnatural parents, be brought before Judge Rix and dealt with according to law.

We hope the day will never come in the dark and gloomy future when any one of these now innocent and beautiful children will look back in remembrance of this to them fairy scene, and be compelled to contrast it with cold, hateful poverty. We hope that for each and every one of them there may be a bright and gorgeous sunset to their evening of life; that from the arms of fond and loving, wealthy and indulgent parents they may go to the arms of loving, honorable, wealthy, and indulgent husbands, to be in turn the mothers of a race of noble men and virtuous women. But will it be? Will not the wolf show his gleaming teeth to more than one of these bright and petted darlings? Will not the storm of adversity overtake more than one, and find them shelterless? We hope not. But we are old-fashioned enough to think this modern and fashionable way in which wealthy society people are bringing up their boys and girls is a mistake—we will use a stronger term, a "crime." It is not the way the parents themselves were brought up. There is not one rich man in San Francisco to-day who inherited his fortune. We do not know of one that did not come from either the very poor, or, at least, the middle class of society. We know of no exception among our men of great wealth and great success who, as a boy and young man, was not compelled to labor, and it is our judgment that in this form of government, with the possibilities as we see them opening up, the education that does not teach the sons of our wealthy people the value of money—that does not arm them with a knowledge of labor—that does not teach them the value of their inherited wealth—will be to them a misfortune. There are among our rich men some who have the sense to appreciate this, and their boys are being taught the healthful lessons of industry; they will take their father's wealth with some appreciation of what it cost him; and those who are not taught this lesson, or who will not heed it, will find their inheritance a curse and a misfortune to them. Few of the very great fortunes of America have escaped distribution by the second generation, and none have survived the fourth. Of the moderate fortunes most are squandered or lost by those who inherit them. As a rule, the descendants of rich men are neither prosperous nor provident. As a rule, it is a misfortune to inherit wealth. Nearly all the grand "swell" weddings, the weddings in "high life" that have occurred in San Francisco have proved unfortunate. The social beach is covered with domestic wrecks, and we are, as a society, less than thirty years old. The same is true all over our country, and so these fashionable mothers will excuse us if we do not gush over their giving grand balls and grand banquets to the children of their nurseries. They will please excuse and forgive us if we take the liberty to plainly say to them that in our judgment it would have been better to send their babies to bed at about eight o'clock on the evening of February 6th, and also to remark that if a "grand ball" and a "grand banquet" were indispensable to their children's happiness, it would have been in better taste to have kept its description out of the newspapers.

One day, some two years ago, when our lady friends were giving dinners to the idle bums who prefer to beg rather than work, and to go without gin rather than toil, the writer witnessed the following scene: It was on Jackson Street. Four stalwart and hearty tramps had filled themselves to repletion; they came out from the dinner, picking their teeth with contented satisfaction. They were happy; they were full: they had neither toiled nor spun—and yet Solomon had never so gorged himself in his most glorious days. "Give us your tobacco," said Van to Mac, "let's have a smoke." A broad plug of black navy was drawn from the pockets of one, a jackknife came forth, smoke-stained duds came out from their hiding-places, and each between his greasy palms ground the hard plug to fine cut for a smoke. "I say, Pat, this is better than working in the tules for a dollar a day and grub." "You bet, old fel, and thanks to Dennis; he has made the aristocrats come out with their grub, bad luck to them." For half an hour the writer listened to these vagabond tramps as they exchanged comments. Denis Kearney had been to them a veritable Providence. He had so frightened society that it fed them. He had so lied and agitated that these criminals were for a time enabled to eat the bread of idleness. This game is to be played again, and this time it is the Mayor of San Francisco that advises the gin-drinking, beer-guzzling, idle, vicious mob to agitate. "Labor or Bread" is the cry. It means "gin without labor and beer without toil." The able-bodied, healthy man or woman does not live in California that can not by toil secure a maintenance in comfort—can not be independent, and in time become rich. There is not a man or woman in health to-day in California suffering poverty that has not committed some mistake that accounts for their present condition. Men grow old, and sick, and poor—for them all have sympathy—but for the young, healthy, able-bodied male mendicant we have no sympathy, no alms. We advise them to commit suicide, and whenever they get heart and courage enough to rid the world of their useless existence we will give them money for rope, poison, or gunpowder.

A young gentleman of whom the writer inquired what he was doing, and how he was getting on, said he was "looking for employment." "Where?" "I hope to get into the County Clerk's Office for two or three months; can you help me?" "No; I can not help you if I would, and would not if

I could." He was surprised and offended. The writer added: "If I had your wealth I would disdain a clerkship." "My wealth?" he replied. "Your wealth, yes, your wealth—your youth, your health, your six feet of stature, your broad shoulders. I would become no man's slave." "What can I do?" he asked. "This: your mother has three hundred acres of mountain land—every foot good for grapes—go to the country, sleep under the fence, steal vine cuttings, plant and dig about them—live on potatoes and salt—in one year you will have grapes to eat with your potatoes, in two years wine. In three years you can sell your clusters, in four years buy casks, in five years build a cellar—in ten years you will be independent, in twenty years rich." The men who are shaking shot to rinse bottles in our wine cellars will in time own vineyards—they will be the rich men, the men of estates, the country gentry, the aristocracy, when everybody in the County Clerk's Office, or who hangs upon office by the eyelids, will be a pauper, a genteel good-for-nothing, a worthless old political "bum." Wine, brandy, and raisins will make any industrious man rich. Land is cheap. It can be bought on credit, and the time is not distant when the vine in California will beat gold and grain—when it will beat the cotton crop of America—and the young healthy man who does not see this splendid opportunity of a fortune deserves to be caught by the poundmaster, and drowned as an idle and worthless dog. The young men of San Francisco are an idle, good-for-nothing, cigarette-smoking lot of vagabonds. They lack enterprise, sense, ambition, and courage. They are growing up as vagrants. We have no sympathy with them. The young man that lives upon his father, and looks to inheritance, lacks both pride and courage. The young man that would be a mere clerk, or a bookkeeper, or take a position in the Custom House, Mint, or County Clerk's Office—that would take a place as a hireling in any man's service so long as the country is open to him, with its fields, forests, and mines—deserves to marry some slouch of a girl for a wife, and be cursed with children that he can not maintain, and that will grow up to be as dependent on him as he is on his father.

There are mountains of anthracite coal in New Mexico, and not far from the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, better in quality than that of Pennsylvania. There are mountains of iron ores in California, making better iron than that of Sweden. England's greatness and wealth are largely attributable to the fact that, having abundant coal and iron, it became the workshop of the world. These facts suggest the importance of our new Southern Pacific Railroad. The *Territorial Enterprise* says of this road:

"It has been evident for a long time that the ultimate hopes of the Central Pacific people are centered in the Southern Pacific road. They have kept from that road the burden of a bonded debt; it traverses the richest portion of California; it is built mostly on easy grades and below any serious snow-belt, and will, from San Francisco, connect with the Gulf at Galveston in just about half the distance that it is by rail between San Francisco and New York. The difference in freight between Galveston and Liverpool and New York and Liverpool is only nominal, while between Galveston and San Francisco and New York and San Francisco the difference for carrying freight would be more than fifty per cent. in favor of the shorter route. This would make Galveston the shipping point for California wheat. Then the Southern road flanks Mexico, and from El Paso south a line of road 600 miles long would connect with a railroad from the capital of Mexico, and would command the trade of all the rich and populous Mexican States. Should the Southern Pacific connect with Scott's road, as it probably will, it would command the bulk of the through travel for nine months of the year. Any one can see that it is one of the grandest enterprises of modern times."

We think we see the beginning of a genuine and healthy rivalry in transportation matters, if Congress will not interfere and interrupt railroad building by unwise legislation. There has been a falling-out between the transcontinental railroads and the Panama Steamship line that indicates a good time coming for shippers and travelers. Freight is reduced, and passengers may now go or come by steamer between New York and San Francisco for \$75, first class; \$50, second class, and \$35, steerage. By rail—\$100, first class; \$75, second class; \$35, emigrant. The speedy completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad will still further complicate and make more difficult combinations raising freights and fares. When one company owns a continuous railroad between the two oceans, and the stockholders of that company live in California and have their interests here, we shall see the dawning of a new era of prosperity to this coast.

A *propos* of the existing complications in Ireland, Lord Longford pertinently says: "If all classes or individuals, without waiting for others, would spend on relieving the wants of poorer neighbors, to their own credit, what they now spend on whisky, to their own destruction, it would be less necessary to make frantic appeals to the Government, or 'the landlords,' or public charity. Temperance is its own government, its own landlords, its own Board of Works."

One of our Workingmen's officials, Auditor Dunn, has given new bonds for the faithful performance of his municipal duties—new bonds to keep the peace. He has entered into matrimonial bonds. He can not go to the sand-lot any more on Sundays. He can not attend his "night" at night, and, in becoming a good Christian and he will make Kalloch very much ashamed!

NAY, DO NOT ASK.

Nay, do not ask me, Sweet, if I have loved before,
Or if, mayhap, in other years to be,
A younger, fairer face than thine I know,
I'll love her more than thee.

What should it matter if I've loved before,
So that I love thee now, and love thee best?
What matters it that I should love again
If, first, the daisy-buds blow o'er thy breast?

Love has the waywardness of strange caprice,
One can not chain it to a recreant heart,
Nor, when around the soul its tendrils twine,
Can will the clinging, silken bonds to part.

It is enough, I hold thee prisoned in my arms,
And drink the dewy fragrance of thy breath;
And earth, and heaven, and hades, are forgot,
And love holds carnival, and laughs at death.

Then do not ask me, Sweet, if I have loved before,
Or if some day my heart might turn from thee;
In this brief hour, thou hast my soul of love,
And thou art *Is*, and *Was*, and *May be*—all to me.

SAN JOSE, February, 1880.

MADGE MORRIS.

O, Theuer Bist Du Mir!

Many I love to gaze on or to hear
Carol melodious notes of young delight;
But there is one, with brown eye soft and clear,
Who haunts my thoughts by day, my dreams by night.
And her I love: her face to me is fair
As early dawn; like a translucent veil
It overshades a soul—how pure and bright
And beautiful no features could declare.
Nor yet could any features half conceal.
A gentle spirit is thine, sweet maiden; thine
A timid, fawn-like nature, and we fear
Almost to love thee, lest a wreath we twine
Too heavy for thy gentleness to bear,
As for the gentlest flowers even dew-drops are!

MARYSVILLE, February, 1880.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

THE STEEPLE OF SAINT PASTOUR.

From the French of E. Pouvillon.

He was a bappy man—unquestionably a very happy man—this M. Tourtarel, the curé of Saint Pastour. Happy! A glance at his honest, priestly figure revealed this fact. From top to toe it presented a rosy hue—his face literally shone with good nature; and he seemed to be, from perpetual laughter, in imminent danger of suffering a collapse. Only priests and children laugh in this manner—a laugh which is fresh and artless—above all, sonorous. It caused the very panes of glass in the vicarage to tremble, and, but for the intervention of the wind, it might have been heard at the other end of the parish.

First, be it known that it was not a large parish. The river and the hillock; the cool, moist earth and the burning sands; the fruitful hemp fields and the barren crops—all these were contained within the mountainous belt of the Brugues, which bounded the horizon. A small territory, but a good cure. Such as it was, M. Tourtarel would not willingly have exchanged it for another, and he was right. Our good Lord Himself, were he to become curé, would not find himself too far from home at Saint Pastour. It would merely be the exchange of one paradise for another. A paradise of flowers and fruit—a home of plenty, so to speak—full to the brim and running over all the year round. One need only stoop to gather up its bounties. M. Tourtarel gathered them without even stooping. The first fruits and the finest—all that appeared to be a little extraordinary in the parish—an early peach, a large pear, the first variety of grapes—all these found their way to the vicarage. M. Tourtarel dined richly royally. One might almost say that the tit-bits sought him out, and took of their own accord the road to his study. Welcome everywhere—did a savory odor ascend from any kitchen in the parish, he was sure to appear, nimbly and at a hurried pace, ready to partake of the good cheer.

One day at the castle, the morrow on the borders—he took with him all fraternity, to the one house or the other, the same appetite, the same good humor. If his palate were more flattered in the one instance, his heart was more contented in the other; for the good man had a fondness for the most humble of his parishioners. And truly, taken all in all, he was thoroughly appreciated.

In the first place, he was not proud; shaking hands with all men, pinching the cheeks of the little ones, always ready to open to any one his snuff-box and his heart—a snuff-box of horn and a heart of gold—the curé of Saint Pastour was truly a priest after the heart of his people.

Peasant himself, the son and grandson of vine-dressers and tillers of the soil—a man with rough hands, a loud voice, and breadth of chest worthy of an athlete—he exercised his function as curé after the same substantial, elevated style in which his ancestors had done their duty as tillers of the soil.

He pruned, hoed, grafted, and plowed the vineyard of our Lord as the Tourtarel, before and after the Revolution, had pruned, hoed, grafted, and plowed their good vineyards of Réalmont in Laugerois. His work finished in season—this was M. Tourtarel's only care. It was God's business, not his, to ripen the bunches, to head the grain, and to gather in the vintage from on high. The good man baptized, married, and buried as the occasion demanded, and afterward soundly slept the sleep of the just.

Above all, he had a way peculiarly his own of dispatching beings into the other world. There was an animation, a gay humor about him, upon such occasions, that would give rise to the supposition that he was about to accompany the departed to the diligence, or whatever might be the conveyance destined to convey them across the boundaries of this mundane sphere. Such was his manner, nor was he ever known to depart from it under the most solemn circumstances; and yet, during a year of mourning, when the typhus fever decimated his parish, he stood firm at his post, calm as the Baptist, nursing the sick, and with his own hands burying the dead.

Moreover, how he was loved—this same priest!—he was a man who lives in clover. At peace with his mayor, in

friendship with his patron, spoiled by Miion, his old house-keeper, from whence could care come to him?

It is true, his church was not a handsome one. But in those good old days, our country pastors did not trouble their heads with archaeology. Provided that the Lord's house stood straight and firm upon its basis, was cool and fresh, and furnished with absolute necessities, he did not torment himself as to the rest, leaving in peace architects and masons.

The curé of Saint Pastour was of this school. Gothic or not, his church pleased him, and if it boasted but the suspicion of a belfry, what did it matter, since it answered its purpose? as did also the little bell contained therein, which was clear and sweet, and did its duty alone quite as well as though it had been supported by a whole chime of bells.

Meanwhile, the archaeological fever gained ground; it came nearer and nearer, overturning, demolishing everything upon its route, covering the diocese with old rubbish, replacing it with flaming new monuments of Gothic architecture.

The curé of Saint Pastour was among the last to be infected by the contagion. He continued to resist, even after the churches in the neighborhood of Saint Pastour had assumed, as it were, new skins. Sainte Foi-Pairolère had completed, with a nave of the same style, its beautiful choir-loft and Roman sanctuary: the steeple of Cougournac had lately acquired a spire; the ventilated vestibule of Esparroc had repopulated its niches, which had been for nearly a century void of saints. And finally, thanks to the munificence of his parishioners, the fortunate rector of Gyrtill-le-Roche was able to restore *cap-à-pie* and inaugurate his church, a true gem of the sixteenth century.

This last ceremony, the account of which filled at least six columns of the *Courrier du Bas-Quercy*, gave the finishing stroke to the prejudices of the Curé Tourtarel. He returned from this ceremony, his head full of the splendors which he had witnessed, literally stunned with the noise of the *fête* when, touching the highest point of the Brugues, from whence could be seen, ranged as in a vast semi-circle, the declivity of the hill, the church and land of Saint Pastour, his eyes were opened, and he suddenly became aware of the extent of his error.

What! is not this the same dear little church, a glimpse of whose white walls, as seen through the foliage, has always imbued him with renewed courage and given fresh vigor to his weary footsteps on returning from his parochial visits? Alas, yes! the same, but a rectangular barn, under the most miserable style of organization.

But the vicarage—so bright, so commodious, with its raised terrace and muscat arbor, its neat walks bordered by boxwood?—an ugly building, overrun with lizards, obscured by trees, and surrounded by a horrible little garden. Alas, alas! Well, the surrounding country at all events—the leafy poplars, the fruit-laden orchards, the cool, fresh river meandering through the trees?—a miniature parish, whose perquisites did not amount to one hundred and twenty francs, just sufficient to keep one from dying of starvation. Thus, one way and another, was the enchantment dispelled under which the unfortunate M. Tourtarel had been enthralled.

The church of Gyrtill could not be got out of his head. He saw its spire towering proudly in the air from the walk, where he was in the habit of reciting his breviary; the smoke from his meal ascended in the form of the church; the very embers on the hearth assumed the same outlines. He could not dispel the inopportune vision. Everywhere it followed him: to the conference, to the confessional, to the very altar, where more than once he caught himself dreaming in the middle of an *Oremus*.

In some way or other he must rid himself of this fantasy. All things considered, M. Tourtarel resolved to build—not an entire edifice; that would cost too much—but a steeple; and it was to be the most simple, the most inexpensive of steeples. If it only overtopped the mountain's crest by so much as a finger, he would be satisfied. As to the ornamentation, a cornice—anything with a weather-vane upon it would answer. Ah! it was absolutely necessary to have the weather-vane.

The plan matured. Nothing now remained but to get the requisite funds. Without further dallying, the Curé Tourtarel donned his Sunday suit and began his rounds.

To the nobles the first honor: he knocked first at the door of the castle. But, at the introductory word, the lords exclaimed aloud at such extravagance.

"Now to the mayor," said M. Tourtarel, repulsed in this quarter.

The mayor, possessor of at least sixteen thousand crowns, received the curé of Saint Pastour standing, training his vines. This mayor was a superb boor—well fed, well clothed, bursting with vanity, while affecting *bourgeois* simplicity and humility. On terms of familiarity with the landed proprietors, insinuating himself into the confidences of the lower classes, the man had succeeded in obtaining a foothold with both parties; here, chief of the "Sacro-Sainte Ligue des Blouses Bleues," for the expulsion of the "Redingotes Noires"—there, associated with the country people in their war against increased wages; "a wolf in sheep's clothing."

The curé, who felt himself perfectly at ease with him, having known him from a child, stated his business in a few words, and requested his concurrence. The mayor asked time for reflection. A steeple was not a small enterprise, and the community was poor, very poor. That bridge which they had been obliged to build across the Frégire had cost a fortune. The treasury was as dry as the river Gyrtill in September. They would see—they would consider the subject later. M. Tourtarel turned the subject over and discussed it in all its bearings; he could extract from the mayor neither yes nor no. Nor was he more fortunate with Rumat, who happened to be a bitter enemy of the mayor, and his unfortunate opponent in the electoral canvass. He could not pardon the curé his friendly relations with the mayor, and now, the opportunity presenting itself, he made him feel it. Perduquet and Franciman, his nearest neighbors in the parish, received the solicitor with open arms, but opened nothing but their arms. In short, everywhere M. Tourtarel met with the same resistance, the same want of sympathy, whether it were open or disguised. The poor man realized that time and trouble were thrown away in this quest. He lost yet more; for these unfortunate attempts had given rise to discord between the pastor and his flock. Everywhere was he met with constrained looks; words were hesitatingly exchanged. No more chatting upon doorsteps after friendly walks home.

Seeing the curé at a distance was a sign among his people to disappear in the woods, or to apply themselves diligently to their several tasks, thereby appearing not to see him as he passed. The subscription list, that great white paper to which they were expected to affix their names, was the signal for instant flight. Our builder, for want of adequate means, saw his plans about to dissolve in smoke.

The wisest course would undoubtedly have been to have renounced his dream—but tell those who have once mounted a hobby to accommodate themselves to the slow pace of a country nag! M. Tourtarel gloried in his dream. When all else failed him, he would not fail himself. What he had resolved, that would he accomplish; he would build the steeple with his own money, failing other supplies. A rash enterprise! How was this to be brought about with the curé's extremely limited resources?—a parish in which a funeral did not occur once a year! Meantime, he dreamed of it; he racked his brains on the subject; he searched ways and means; retrenchment here, suppressing there, sacrificing his comforts, habits, and tastes. The result of which calculations recalled first to his mind his Thursday dinners, where, from force of long habit, all the brother priests in the environs were wont to meet at Saint Pastour.

These gentlemen were prompt at the rendezvous. Invariably could be seen there the curé of Esparroc, who was as thin as a vine of Quercy, and his colleague of Cougournac, as fat as the fallow land on the river's bank; Saint Papouille-Court and Castel-Viel-le-Long, Sainte Foi, Belpech, Pique-mousse, and all the fraternity.

Ah! the charming afternoons spent there in the dining-room of the vicarage, sitting, in the winter, with their backs to the stove, which emitted a glow of warmth. In the summer they sat with half-closed blinds, and watched, in luxurious idleness, the trembling rays of sunlight as it flickered upon the white cloth. The roast on the table, and a pot of well-brewed ale; or mayhap a pullet stuffed with olives, the clicking of glasses filled to the brim with white wine. "To thy health, Saint Pastour!" "To thine, Cougournac!" It was a habit with these gentlemen to designate one another familiarly by the names of their several parishes. "Here is to the construction of the new steeple, gentlemen!" And thus they laughed and drank, the one not more than the other. They did not yield to melancholy, that is certain. The curé of Cougournac had not his equal for imitating the buzzing of a wasp or the whistling of a carpenter's plane. The curé Castel-Viel sang a song; Ginestru, who was something of a wag, recited his latest distich against the mayor of the Farquettes; and Belpech related, for the hundredth time, "The Journey of Moussu Pitchoulie to the Great Paris Exposition"—a satire aimed at his Holiness.

Poor Saint Papouille nodded his head approvingly and laughed at all that was said, although he was as deaf as a post. Profound calculator—he was speculating as to the repast, which was a main feature of all this conviviality. The above is a sample of Thursday at the vicarage, before the dinners—the real motive of these reunions—were struck by the blow of economy, which was rendered necessary by the new plans of the curé Saint Pastour.

And it was this indulgence at which the first reform was aimed. It was conducted by a series of successive retrenchments, which could not fail eventually to change completely the nature of the repast. First disappeared the delicate *entrées*. Good-bye to choice game, good-bye to the savory sauces which had been used to simmer slowly on the stove, at the same time exhaling odors to the perdition of souls; no more tempting side-dishes; no more cakes, with ornamentations cunningly devised in the form of lyre or tiara; the superfluities had all disappeared, the novelties, the surprises, all that which had constituted the charm, the cream, as it were, of the feast. Thus despoiled of its charms, simplified and reduced day by day, Thursday's *menu* began to assume a Lenten aspect. The invited guests were not slow to note this change, nor were they backward in expressing their opinion of the matter, which was delicately done by turning their backs upon the vicarage. Evidently, the curé of Saint Pastour, having turned his attention to economy, had fallen into meanness. While he stormed and lamented, Miion, the curé's old servant, triumphed and rejoiced in her secret soul. Faithful dispenser of her master's goods, she had long seen with a jealous eye the ravages made in the store-room by the unquenchable appetites of Thursday's guests. Thus she entered heartily into the new views of her master, without in the least comprehending their import. With ironic grace and hypocritical solemnity, she pompously brought and uncovered, in the presence of the disappointed guests, the most commonplace dishes. That the diminishing *menu* did not altogether fail was somewhat surprising. It had now reached the Pythagorean nourishment of our peasantry—garlic sauces, and slices of salt pork dipped in thin wine.

One after another the guests deserted, made their excuses, and left to return no more. Some few, however, made a noble resistance—the poorest of them, and those best supplied with teeth. God knows the number of affronts and unpalatable dishes they swallowed before beating a retreat! Which revolted first, their stomachs or pride, and how—by what whimsical bills of fare—Miion succeeded in vanquishing the enemy, history does not say, nor is it important that we should know.

"Luck be with you," said the servant, when for the first time they had turned on their heel.

Now Miion was happy; freed henceforth from interruptions, she would resume the old *lôte-à-lôte* with her master in the peaceful, quiet vicarage. She would again resume the routine of regular and established habits, would take up again the thread of broken days, and last, but not least, she would now practice economy. Upon this chapter they readily understood one another—he and she; but the house-keeper soon discovered that her master would distance her in the race. But M. Tourtarel had made his calculations; so much a year, so much a day—to a centime had his expenses been regulated. If properly invested it would not be long before his savings would defray the expense of the steeple.

Economy is a fine virtue. Thanks to some supplementary retrenchments, M. Tourtarel held in his hand the amount requisite for the specified purpose, a year in advance of the period fixed upon by himself. There was nothing to do now but to build. But when the time came for counting out his money, the curé changed his mind. It was

too great a sacrifice to dispossess himself immediately of these small coins and blue-veined papers which had been so laboriously amassed. After mature deliberation he concluded to add ten metres to his spire, and to change into a gallery the intended platform. Thus could his established régime be indefinitely prolonged; but why? Habit had become innate. Inflexible toward himself, the heroic M. Tourtarel had sacrificed, one after another, all the superfluities of his life.

Two deprivations, selected from among a thousand others, will give an idea of the reform introduced into the life of the curé of Saint Pastour.

M. Tourtarel denied himself coffee. It is true the poor man had not been able to separate himself from his snuff-box; but it was truly pitiable to see him put his hand mechanically into the empty shell, and take from it a pinch of—nothing. When overtaxed nature was about to give way, or when the demands of habit were too strong for him, the curé comforted himself by contemplating the plan of the steeple, designed and colored by himself according to his small degree of scientific knowledge. With the help of God and this talisman he would continue to walk in the road which he had chosen, although each day it became narrower and rougher.

From the house his zeal extended to the garden, which under his hand now became a source of revenue. The garden border was uprooted, and in place of roses and lilies were planted rows of cabbages and peas. Miion rejoiced in any change by which the kitchen was benefited, only she would have preferred that her master had taken things a little more quietly—not to have pulled quite so hard upon the bit, so to speak.

"Come, come, M. le curé, softly! they say you work by the day. Rest yourself! what you do not accomplish to-day you can finish to-morrow, you or some one else; for there are not wanting good people who will help you if need be, if pushed to extremity."

"And to devour our provisions! No, my girl, as long as I can handle a spade, not one of those idlers shall enter the vicarage."

"You will be obliged to have them here soon to hoe the vines."

"I will myself spade and hoe what I deem necessary, notwithstanding the advice of those who would do better to put their tongues in their pockets."

And in truth, when the season came, those within the neighborhood saw, to their utter amazement, M. Tourtarel, with cassock off, in short breeches, blue stockings, in trim like the most humble of his parishioners, digging his vines.

This fact, so entirely beyond precedent, was kindly commented upon on the first day, and the refrain was echoed by the good tongues throughout the country, and also by the bad—which last were not a few—and it resounded through many succeeding days.

"See," said the former, "how valiant is the priest! how he loves the earth!"

"What a miser! he grudges a day's wages!"

This was the beginning of many such speeches, originally of little import, but which, after undergoing the process of weaving and entangling by the most inveterate gossips of the country, ended by assuming a certain degree of consistency.

Very innocently, it is true, and without a grain of malice, Miion furnished food for all this gossip. She went from door to door, groaning over her trials and tribulations.

"The worst of it is," said she to her neighbor, "he grudges the very food we eat. How can one exist under such an order of things? Why, there are days when I am absolutely weak. In fact, it is almost six months since the spit has been turned in the house."

"*Mon Dieu!* what herb has your master discovered? He, who had so excellent an appetite in days gone by, and who did not turn away—between you and me—from the good things of earth! Is it true, what was the other day reported, that to save the plums in his garden he picked up the decayed fruit which had fallen on the roadside? He was seen doing it. And Cautaire, the chorister, affirms that he economizes in the communion wine! There has not been a cruet used in fifteen days. Alas! how avarice changes the heart of man!"

"As God wills it, Toinette. However friendly we may be with people, we can not force them to eat. Nevertheless, it is sad to witness what one is powerless to prevent." Thus lamented the old dame.

Economical she certainly was, but not more so than one should be. The injunction, as she understood it, accommodated itself very well to the necessary expenses attendant upon life in a well-conducted vicarage.

Many days and months thus passed before the matter came to open revolt. At first it was but a tacit disapprobation—ungracious, sullen faces, a sort of universal reprobation, which M. Tourtarel met with on all sides. As her master took no heed of all this, Miion was emboldened to a show of resistance. She indulged in sour looks, and finally resorted to deaf rebellion. But this feeble opposition did not serve to change the inflexible resolution of her more powerful adversary. It only served to irritate, and lead him to extreme measures. Thwarted in the execution of his most vigorous plans for reform, exasperated by the wry face and indignant glances of the too faithful servant, he began to look upon her in the light of an enemy, or, what was even worse, as a useless drone. Prepared, as he was, to sacrifice everything to his passion, he still felt ashamed to include in this sacrifice a human being. As the governor of a fortress, before exposing it to the rigors of a famine, sends forth the women and children, so did M. Tourtarel seek a pretext for disembarassing himself of Miion. It was not difficult to light upon one. Too confident in the gratitude of her master, too thoroughly persuaded that he could not live without her, Miion imprudently brought about her own dismissal. It came about in this wise: M. le curé ordered her to sell a pair of chickens.

"Sell chickens!" said she; "and what do you want the world to think of you, M. le curé? A curé turned poultry-vender! You wish, then, to be made the laughing-stock of the country? For my part, I would rather leave than be known as the servant of a miser!"

"Miser! Very well, my girl, pack up your things and leave. I require your services no longer."

Dismissed! Miion could not believe her senses. Wait-

ing for a word, a look, which would wipe out the disgrace, the poor woman loitered over her daily tasks. In vain. M. le curé remained shut up in his chamber; the hours passed and he gave no sign. Evidently all was at an end between them. The compact was ruptured—a compact sealed by twenty years of faithful service and maternal solicitude. She must go. It was time to don her light wrappings, to renew the water and seed in the goldfinch's cage—an old companion in servitude—to breathe a final prayer in the church—a prayer for the ingrate. Now she crosses the threshold—the threshold worn by her footsteps. Heart-broken, almost fainting, she is about to close the door behind her.

M. le curé, meanwhile, was not in a beatific state of mind. At first, blinded by passion, he had rebelled against the accusation hurled at him by his servant.

"Miser!" he muttered, "a miser! I, a priest! If such were the case I would be living in a state of mortal sin."

Trembling with horror, the Abbé Tourtarel scarcely dared to look within himself, to unveil his conscience. Much agitated, he paced his chamber; now with vacillating step, now stamping his foot with an energy sufficient to make the hearth bricks rattle. In this regular pacing to and fro he encountered at each turn an image of Christ, pending from the wall. He raised his eyes to the Divine Judge, as though calling Him to bear witness to his innocence. But the Witness became the Judge. Under the severe looks of his God the Abbé Tourtarel bowed his head. And all at once—under falsehoods suddenly unveiled, under sophisms brought to light—his fault became obvious to him. His false heroism, the mistaken virtues of an anchorite, let fall their mask, and he shuddered at sight of the idol to which he had sacrificed everything. The glory of God, the desire to ornament his temple, were but so many pretexts; self-love, humiliated by the monumental building of the neighboring curés, had alone led him into parsimony; pride had made him fall into avarice, and had thrown him at the feet of the golden calf.

Judged and condemned, the guilty one clasped his hands and fell upon his knees. His resolutions at least were soon formed. Pride had incited him to evil; with the same blow he would strike at pride and avarice. Since his self-love would thereby be so highly gratified, he would not build the steeple. And seeking within himself some good object upon which to expend his money, he recalled to mind La Catinelle, a poor woman, who had come to him the previous day asking alms to renovate her house, which was only kept together by a miracle, and might fall about her ears any day.

"That is the very thing," said he, and quickly turning his eyes, as though fearful that a sight of the money would shake his resolutions, he drew the treasure from the secretary, and called Miion.

The latter, whom we left standing with one foot outside, tremblingly approached, not knowing exactly whether it were better to laugh or to cry.

"Well, my girl, where are you bound, thus dressed in your Sunday clothes, your new bonnet on your head? Have you lost your senses?"

"Since M. le curé dismissed me—"

"Dismissed you! And you believed it, you silly woman. Here, quick, take off your best clothes, then take this bag to La Catinelle; tell her that some one came to me, and charged me to give her this money to rebuild her house. Go, and come right back; it is time for you to prepare supper."

The house of La Catinelle has been rebuilt from garret to cellar. Standing out clearly against the horizon, just beyond the village, with its white pigeon-house rising against the sky, it looks not unlike the church. In the distance can be seen the steeple of Saint Pastour. SALLIE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 5, 1880.

With more than the usual demonstrations displayed on such occasions, she threw both arms about his neck and imprinted several sounding kisses upon his face. The startled old gentleman pushed her gently, and said in a smothered tone, "Some mistake, some mistake." She sprang back like a frightened fawn. "Oh, I thought you were father. You'll excuse me, won't you?" "Certainly," said the old boy, smiling, "but you—you nearly smothered me." She afterward found her papa, but the previous effort had exhausted her, and she merely gave him a cold sort of a meeting-house kiss.

Never wound an ugly woman; and, above all, if an ugly woman comes and says to you, with a side glance, "I know that I am not pretty," do not fall into the trap and reply, "True, madam; but you have moral qualities and domestic virtues which I place above the perishable advantages of beauty." I was eighteen years of age when I made this answer, worthy of Telemachus, to the wife of a banker whose protection I was seeking. The next day the lady said to her husband: "I hope that the young scamp whom you presented to me yesterday is not going to be a frequent visitor here."

Mark Twain has received as a present a cane inscribed, "To S. L. C., from Bob, 1879. Auld Lang Syne." Bob Howland, Mr. Clemens's old "pardner," had the cane made out of the old flag-staff of the cabin in which he and Mark kept house in Nevada.

One of the happiest efforts of a man who seems to have a wealth of such is Garfield's little speech to the Ohio Legislature, wherein he eulogizes his predecessor, Allen G. Thurman. "The sweetest fruits," said Garfield, "are those which hang over the party wall."

The Washington *Capital* society Saunders writes: "The President's first levee drew a great crowd to the White House. The habit of attending these evening receptions in visiting costume seems each season to grow in favor, and on Tuesday 'full dress' was the exception, not the rule."

Was it the glide, or the dip, or the what not, that Spenser had in his mind's eye when he wrote about

"Their clasping arms, in wanton wreathings intricate?"

It is said that "giggling girls annoy worshipers in New York churches." We do things better in Frisco. Our giggling girls spend their Sundays in Oakland.

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

Old bachelor to his nephew: "Ah, *mon cher*, be wise like your papa and never marry!"

There is said to be a petrified living child in New Philadelphia, Ohio. But we can't understand why he lives, unless it is to grow up and edit a "patent inside" newspaper.

"If you was a decent person," remarked a shrill female voice on the railway, "you would shut down that window and not expose me to the draft." "Madam," was the reply, as the window was softly lowered, "I thought from your face that you were forty-five, and therefore out of the draft." And, notwithstanding the fact that this wretch was on the train, the cars did not run off the track or the locomotive burst its boiler.

Mary, we shall always miss you,
Gone will be your pleasant smile;
Had the oil-can been much larger
You'd have gone about a mile.

Two elegantly dressed gentlemen met in Galveston. One of them asks how the other fared this Christmas. "Oh, very well," he replied; "my wife presented me with a beautiful silk dressing-gown." "Of course you reciprocated?" responded the other. "Of course; I always do that. I bought her a new wood-saw. The one she has been using for the last five years was about worn out, and it took so long to get wood for breakfast in the morning that I used to get hungry lying in bed. But that new saw will help matters along, I reckon."

A Chinese student at Andover wrote in a lady's album the following version of a well-known poem:

"How doth the little sting-bug
Improve every sixty minutes
All the day.
Go pickee up sting-bug juice
From flowers just got busted."

"Have a piece of cold lamb?" asked the hostess, and he took a piece. "Good glory! Lamb! Why this is ten years old, and strong enough to buck a man right out of his chair." Then the wag on the other side of the table calmly remarked: "They call it lamb because it's in its second childhood."

He saw a carpet hanging out
Upon the clothes-line in the rear
Of that fine mansion, and he thought:
"The folks are out, the coast is clear;
I'll bag that Brussels if I can."
He did, and, making no delay,
Adown the alley, in the dusk,
The carpet-bagger tramped away.

A fool ceases to be a fool the moment that he knows he is a fool. So that, to know one is a fool, it is necessary to cease being a fool. It is evident that a fool can not cease being a fool.

There are no cats in Greenland. But they have a native dog that can howl a hole in the side of an iceberg; so the natives don't miss the cats.

The thrifty man will always put something away for a rainy day, even if it's nothing but a borrowed umbrella.

"An Address to Eighty" was written:

"John Thompson's sins will find their own atoning."

In a portion of the edition the line appeared:

"John Thompson sons will find their own attorney."

Better is a modest room up two pairs of back stairs than a cell in the Tombs. And a plain woolen jacket than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.—*New York Graphic*. Doubtless; and yet a plain woolen jacket on a man's legs would be a dreadfully inconvenient garment.

When a white man commits a murder he is hung. When an Indian does the same thing he is treated to a trip to Washington.

They do not sit in the garden chair,
And they do not swing on the gate;
But they go in the cosy parlor, where
They sit till a quarter to eight.
And the old man weeps, but his burning tears
Can not appease the fates;
It will cost him more for coal, he fears,
Than it did last June for gates.

When the Ute Indians reached Washington, with their chief at their head, the English minister welcomed them with three cheers, giving the call himself: "Ip, ip, Ouray!"

Calcraft, the late English hangman, was always sorry that he couldn't hang a newspaper reporter before he went out of the business. Providence is always on the side of the man of the Faber. We never knew a reporter who didn't outlive the man who hated him.

The Pope having become a newspaper man, as editor of the *Aurora*, "us d—n literary fellers" can now afford to look upon as beneath us even such a statesman as Simon Cameron.

Over the muddy crossing
Trips a maid with eyes of blue,
Daintily lifting her dress-skirt
Above a buttoned shoe.
High up in a neighboring window
Sits a wicked, wicked man;
He's looking at the girl's ankle
As hard as ever he can.
Summer will come, with its roses
And sweetly smelling hay,
But for seeing striped stockings
There's no time like to day.

Massachusetts is the only sensible State in the Union. During a pedestrian match there last week some respectable citizen fired into the hall and killed one of the contestants.

There was a terribly excited Celestial in Deadwood the other day. Some of the boys asked him what the trouble was. John delivered himself: "Me playee pokel with Melican man, allee same. Me glettee flo ael; me bettee ten dolla—nobody clom in. Me glettee thlee kling; me bettee five dolla—nobody clom in. Me glettee flo flush; fifteen dolla—evly son of a glum clom in. Me ch

HEBE'S PARTING SCREED.

PALACE HOTEL, Wednesday, Feb. 11.

As the reader is aware, I have followed up Miss Lily White faithfully from the commencement to the close of the season. Bless her, dear girl of the period! Her pallid languor is ravishing, to be sure; and after the champagne corks have popped, her glow and sparkle are distracting. Youth and inherited vitality have swung Miss Lily through, and Ash Wednesday brings her rest—wholesome, if irksome; and let us hope that after the penitential Lenten season is over, mountain breezes at Tahoe and the Yosemite, and saline breakers at Santa Cruz and Monterey, in the summer to come, will bring her out another winter as lovely as ever.

Anxious mammas, maiden aunts, and the good protective friends and *chaperones* generally, are glad that Ash Wednesday is at hand, for Miss Lily White's roses are fading apace, though she does show a becoming flush—a trifle too fixed, perhaps—under the chandeliers, each night. But some "lookers-on in Vienna" shall follow and occasionally exploit Miss Lily White in the *Argonaut* through her summer campaign; shall recount her triumphs worthily won; shall watch over, defend, and champion her—for is she not the forerunner of the American woman of the future, the mother of those children of manifest destiny, the Californians of 1900? It is possible—as somebody has said of the strawberry—that doubtless God could have made something better; but doubtless God never did. Therefore, Miss Lily, some one shall lightly touch and describe your comings and goings, and when this whirl and dazzle is over, many of us shall rub our misty old eyes, and strive to expound the true significance of your type.

The past season has been prolific of balls, *dansantes*, masques, teas, receptions, weddings, and kettledrums. Ah, well, the night work is done; the penitential robes must be put on, and the matchless productions of Davidson and Samuel and Worth, so curiously and wonderfully made, covered with folds and ruffles and bows and flowers and laces, and streaked with salads and wines and ices, and other droppings from the midnight board, must be laid aside. Poor dresses! the German has played its part in despoiling you of your airy grace, stripped off your long trains, and left you but a remnant of your former splendor. But you did your part well, and made your wearers look charming; and now you only look like them—worn out; and really you need rest—both.

There has never been a season so gay as the one just passed. Crowds everywhere. How we have been crushed at the Spalding, at the McMullin mansion, down at Belmont, and up on Nob Hill! I guess we have been crushed, all but our spirits, and they nearly deserted us out at the reception given to General Grant by General McDowell. I wonder if those who stay at home really realize how much they are spared? By the way, will the time ever come when parlors will be in proportion to the number of one's friends, or when it will be fashionable to give entertainments in some hall suited to the purpose, and where you can see and be seen, and have the unspeakable comfort of having air to breathe and being able to move without crowding and being crowded and stepped on? Ladies in well-got-up toilets are partial to the promenade—and why shouldn't they be? Isn't it quite natural for people to desire an appreciation of what they devote most of their time and energies to? And when women exhaust their fancies on costumes, and devote their time to perfecting their toilets, one must have no tenderness at all to pass the silk worm by and not make actual demonstration of appreciation.

I repeat, the season just passed has been one of unusual brilliancy in the circles of society, and, as a general thing, all of the receptions and teas and kettledrums have been largely and fashionably attended, and all have been marked by richness and elegance in the toilets of the ladies. Society here, and in all the cities west of the Alleghanies, is too new, too unsettled, and of too transient a character, to be purely aristocratic. But a season like the one just passed will give a stranger, in the shortest possible time and in the best and truest form, the most correct type of California society. Democratic enough for freedom, it is invariably well-tempered and modulated by the æsthetic elements in its leaders. Adieu.

HEBE.

Mardi-Gras at the California.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—When "G" Company presented its compliments to me for Mardi-Gras evening at the California Theatre I accepted, with all a woman's curiosity to witness and participate in a full-dress parade and review of the aristocracy. Moreover, I went early, to sit in one of the front rows and watch the later arrivals—some of them with a little sniff of regret that favor could not crowd them further to the front. And when they all were seated, what a pretty sight it was! A *parterre* of flowers; a semi-circular bouquet; a shimmer of opera shades, with only two ghastly little white spots 'neath one of the boxes on the left—first cousins to the statuary evidently; and, as a background, the human fringe of males in their sable suits, huddled like so many crows back of the lobby, contemplating, evidently, a flight through the fair forest in the middle distance, but held back by the explicit rules and regulations of "Company G." Here and there in the dress-circle there was a hat or a bonnet to be seen—exceedingly bad taste after the invitation request of "full evening toilets." The tableaux I thought very fair—the conventional thing in the South—but the costumes were not as elegant as some I have seen on similar occasions. In the "unreconstructed" States, where masquerading and this whole Mardi-Gras business are better accomplished than ever they can be here, the participants preserve themselves *incogniti* from year to year, giving the spice of mystery to the affair. But here all was known, from the identity of the scarlet and scalloped-winged spirit of Mardi-Gras to the unsteady Mercury with the diminutive feet.

And those *wire* masks were really distressing; so was the minut, as it always is when performed in the corse of the present day, and without the necessary rehearsals. But the march and the coronation of the Queen, Miss Maynard, and the subsequent festivities, left very little to be desired in the way of a delightful entertainment. It was probably the most select and comfortable large reception ever given in the city. Only fifteen hundred invitations were given out,

and nearly all were accepted. The theatre afforded ample room and satisfactory seating accommodations for the preliminary programme, while the floored-over parquette and stage made a most commodious ball-room. There were good opportunities to see and be seen, a chance to sit down and chat with one's acquaintances, and a general feeling of freedom and absence of etiquette not experienced in a private residence. Taken altogether, I consider the affair a great success, and, for one, I conscientiously and heartily thank the young military gentlemen for the pleasure their endeavors afforded. It was a graceful and a commendable thing for them to do, a grateful novelty to a Sir George Bridged and kettledrummed community, and a very pretty bit of dissipation for Ash Wednesday's contemplation. I will not attempt to tell you who were there. You have "Lels" and "Mels" and "Ada Ven" and "Ganymede," and they can not all be good Episcopalians. If they are, it is your misfortune, and not the fault of

BARBARA.

The Chinese in the Courts.

Every Senator and member of Assembly is pledged, and upon his honor bound, to so legislate upon the Chinese problem that the Chinese shall be discouraged and hindered from seeking residence in large numbers upon our continent. As to the mode of such legislative hindrance they may properly differ, but in adjusting these differences of opinion there should be an absence of personal or party feeling. There should be no demagogism, or acrimony, or blackguardism in debate. All parties are pledged in this direction, and no member of either party will give himself honorable prominence except by an honest and dignified effort to secure the desired result within the law. Hence, when Mr. Conger says he would take *any* means to drive out the Chinese, he says an imprudent thing.

Mr. Hittell's interrogatory to Mr. Kane was very timely, when he asked "if he would use *illegitimate* means to drive out the Chinese." The observation of Mr. Chase, that Chinese now here were entitled to the protection of the law, was just and humane. "Is this thing right?" as suggested by Mr. Neumann, is the real point at issue, and comes very properly from a gentleman of foreign birth, although in the opinion of that other person, Mr. Kane, of Dublin, who is not a gentleman, Mr. Neumann has the misfortune to be educated.

To the remark of Mr. Satterwhite, that "if the Chinese did not want to be robbed they had better stay at home," we might reply: "If Mr. Scatterwhite did not wish to make an ass of himself he ought to have kept out of the Senate." Mr. West said truly that it was a backward step in civilization to deny any people even-handed justice in the courts. Mr. Enos is willing to be regarded as a barbarian, if denying to the courts the privilege of receiving Chinese testimony may be so interpreted. Yet Mr. Enos, as a lawyer, ought to know that the chattering of a magpie or the barking of a dog may come as facts before a court; that this is the same question that prompted a San Francisco judge to test the rootlets of a black man's hair by a microscope, to ascertain if he was eligible to tell the truth. We accept Mr. Enos's invitation, and regard him as a barbarian. The remark of Mr. Johnson was not inapt when, in reference to the clause of the Constitution inhibiting the employment of Chinese, he said it was a blow at corporations rather than at the Chinese.

Mr. Davis was not wrong when he declared, as also did Mr. Sears, that as this kind of legislation was demanded by the Constitution, had not been settled by the courts, and was an open question for legal interpretation, and had been affirmed by the wishes of 154,000 electors, expressed at the ballot-box, that they should give it their support. We commend to all these our Senators that they keep their tempers, eschew vain personal allusions, and bear always in mind that nobody—but the utterer of such nonsense—cares whether he be an uneducated descendant of Montgomery, from the slums of Dublin, or whether he be or be not willing to ride out to death on the top of a white horse.

During a quarrel the other day, out at the Mission, a man and his wife were knocked down with a "picket" from a fence. We do not approve of knocking people down if it can be decently avoided, and commonly it can, if the person for whom that delicate attention is intended will have the forbearance to run away. But, in any case, it is wrong to knock down a woman, and a gentleman will not do it except under strong provocation; and then he will use his fist, like a man.

The shooting of S. H. Brummett, editor of the Hollister *Enterprise*, by G. W. Carlton, of the Hollister *Telegraph*, is in further illustration of the bad taste which has crept into journalism since the abolition of the code duello. To kill an editor is seldom a crime. To kill him before he has had time to put his house in order, and without giving him a chance to exchange an eye for an eye, a limb for a limb, or a life for a life, is clearly in execrable form.

Next to truth, the earnest man loves frankness. Truth and frankness, however, do not always hunt in couples. There are certain frank folk who lie most artistically; and their work is, of course, entitled to an amount of credit proportionate to its art. Yet lying is so sure to be some time found out that even when it is perfectly frank and unblushing there is a certain uncomfortableness about listening to or reading it. These remarks owe their origin to a careful perusal of the medical advertising columns of the daily papers. Experience is a convincing teacher.

After the war the negroes in Washington were provided with work at one dollar a day. The darkeys struck, paraded the town, and placarded the public buildings with "Colored men would rather starve than work for a dollar a day." Some wag—in the night-time—added, "and would rather steal than do either."

When you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the street with his arms hanging in curves from his body, like the wings of an overheated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain; it is because he has been "abroad."

ADA VEN'S LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 12, 1880.

MY DEAR HELEN: Saturday afternoon I made the ascent of the precipitous approach to the residence of Dr. Gwin, and was pantingly ushered in from the bright light of day to the glow of many a chrystal chandelier within. I think no family in San Francisco understands more thoroughly the art of entertaining than this one; long practice, you know, tells in everything. I observed among the guests, with scarce an exception, all of our best known belles and beaux, as well as a large number of fashionable married people. I find there is nothing like a tea or kettledrum to unearth our old social pioneers; having long since abandoned evening festivities, many now avail themselves of the pleasures afforded by the less formal gatherings of the afternoon. A glance in the splendid ball-room disclosed what, but for the bonnets worn by the ladies, and the absence of the precious dress-coat, would have seemed a brilliant ball. The ladies of the house presided with their usual ease and grace. I have frequently heard regrets expressed at Mrs. Coleman's absence from all the gayeties of the winter. Miss Porter, *distinguishable* and handsome, was conspicuously a centre of attraction. Miss Ada Johnson, tall and graceful, was my ideal "fair one with golden locks." Miss Mary Maynard looked joyous and bright as spring. Miss Coghill's coquettish graces seemed to be doing much execution among our susceptible youths. Miss Meares, handsome and affable, was much admired. Mr. Fisher towered like Saul among the prophets, or even more so, as his companion for the occasion seemed to have been selected from the ranks of our most petite. Lieutenant Browne, buoyant and gay, "looked like youth in the golden age of the poets, before nymph or shepherdess had vexed his heart with a sigh." Mr. Teal's tragic tones were heard, but only in conversation. The most striking costume I saw was evidently copied from an old painting: waist of black silk *étoffe*, front embroidered in red, the long train of black and *écru* lavishly draped with sashes of red and black. The near approach of seven warned me to depart, though somewhat loth to do so.

The spacious library of Mrs. J. L. Coleman was, on Monday evening, the scene of a beautiful "german," which consisted of eighteen or twenty couples, and was led by Mr. Ludlow and Miss Carmelita Nuttall. Many graceful new figures were introduced, that I have not seen before in San Francisco. Among the guests of the evening were Mrs. and Miss Baroihet, the Misses Cole, Misses Parrott, Misses Nuttall, Miss Crockett, Mrs. Hooker, Madam de Guigné.

For the Tuesday tea at Mrs. Keeney's the house was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the fair hostess, with her fascinating manners and radiant smiles, made sunshine all around. Monday, in spite of wind and weather, many ladies ventured out, knowing what attractions awaited them at Judge Lake's and Governor Low's. Should my letter contain nothing but stale news, you need not trouble yourself to inform me, for there are those here who will not hesitate to do so. Fortunately, a sense of my own inferiority, and a due appreciation of their scintillating wit and Junius-like style, entirely deprive me of all spirit for controversy.

Your friend, ADA VEN.

The following story could be woven into a three-volume novel. It was told us by our friend Captain W., of Oakland: Aunt Priscilla Coffin was a widow at the age of twenty-seven. One of those frail, pale, interesting widows. She had the seeds of consumption, coughed a little, and was just delicate enough to be interesting. She had \$10,000, left by her dear departed. The interest, at six per cent., was hardly sufficient to enable her to live on it, and her consumption was not sufficiently pronounced to justify her in spending the principal; so it occurred to her to purchase an annuity. There used to be annuity societies in New England in the olden time; so Aunt Priscilla hied her to the "Hub," and, with her hectic complexion, delicate appearance, and suggestive cough, made a most excellent arrangement. She obtained a little advantage over the ordinary health tables, and having paid over her \$10,000, returned to her native village to enjoy the annuity and die at leisure. Aunt Priscilla Coffin died a short time since, at the age of ninety-nine years and seven months, leaving, as the accumulation of the annuity, the sum of \$65,000. The office had had four generations of officials; the boy who polished off the knocker of the great front door when she knocked for admittance, died president of the company, a white-haired old man, long before Aunt Priscilla passed in her chips to the croupier, Death.

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, of London, is in a queer box. He has been a life-long abstainer from the use of all intoxicating drinks, and an earnest advocate of like abstinence in others. Sir Walter Trevelyan, being recently about to die, willed Dr. Ward a valuable cellar of old wines, with a strict injunction that they be used "for the advancement of science." Many of the wines are over one hundred years old, and worth their weight in "dollars of our daddies." Yet the involuntary legatee can not harmonize this fact with his conscientious scruples. He may not drink the wines. He may not sell them. He has a profound disbelief in their value as medicine. Yet he must employ the bequest "for the advancement of science." "What will he do with it?"

There is a pleasant surprise party in ambush near the northwest corner of Eddy and No-matter-what streets. It consists of an angry young woman and a fiery widow. It is armed to the teeth with a boot-jack and the most venerable broom in the block. It is waiting for a black cat. "Daisy" is a nice, clean, limpid name for a cat; but if the cat be black and fond of canaries, "Daisy" becomes a misleading misnomer. The widow and the young woman had rival songsters—the yellow apples of their mutual eyes. "Daisy" assimilated these vocal benedictions. Hence that ambush. Hence this song.

The German newspapers are at the pains to explain why the German army is to be increased. Quite unnecessary: any fool knows it is on account of Germany's rigid determination to preserve the peace. It is Prince Bismarck's way of holding himself in.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Some More "Growler."

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, February 7th, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Some one has said that tempers, like faces, generally appear best at a distance—*ergo*, "Judith" looks better to the "Growler" because she, or he (for "Judith" is possibly a horrid man), is a long way off, and has not the honor of his acquaintance. Cheeky in him to say so. Yet she should not have rebelled against the dictates of reason, and attacked the "Growler" with venom, in place of soft words, which are a woman's best weapon, and if ably managed would win the world—or a man, which is the same thing, with odds in favor of the man; as a big, healthy, loving, smart, generous, clean man is all the world any woman wants, and more than "Judith" has, according to her own awkward leap-year acknowledgment. But don't despair, "Judy," dear; I am all the above-pictured man—barring the smart. I am thirty-six years old, just bald enough to be domestic, nice white teeth, and I can kiss equal to any girl in Mills Seminary, for coin. Come, now, brace up and reach for me. This is the year for you; you won't have another chance for four long, weary years. "Long time between drinks," you know. This is your last clean-up; for I am off for Arizona by the 15th, and no telling what might happen to yours sincerely in that land of quick divorces, horned toads, sand, and dusky maids that are hastily and wonderfully made. First and foremost, though, let us come down to cases—start in with the soda card, so to speak.

Now, who are you? I am the "Growler,"—an unfortunate hotel-keeper, an unlucky miner, and a very ordinary man, which you have already inferred from reading my former letter. Yet we are even on that score, for it could not possibly have been worse than yours; and now I ask you in all candor, Would you, after we were married and cozily fixed on Tehama street, write such letters to the *Argonaut* as your last? So that ends the boom. "Judy," dear, your letter made me weary—worse I ever saw. You say, "Oh, could I write with a sword," that you might "cut me up." Why, you awfully awful girl, you ought to be a "sojer," and train with General Barnes. You wrote with a goose's quill and with a goose's intent, which is more dangerous; for have you not heard that "The pen is," etc? You say that I got drunk, and a black eye, and missed the 4:30 train. Now how could I miss the train, when I plainly stated in my last letter that I arrived in time to take the train? But there was no 4:30 train on Sunday, January 25th. Mr. "Aftermath," that dear, caustic cuss, also stated, amongst his pleasant writings, that he knew that the "Growler" left on the 4:30 train, when in fact there was no 4:30 train on that day, for coin. I started to go (by the *Argonaut* time-table, which was changed in next issue to its present correctness), and finding no train I returned home, wrote the letter, and mailed it as I went to dinner, leaving for Sacramento next morning at 7:30, and lost what I should have gained had I been there as per agreement. Now that settles the drunk business, and as for the black eye, never had one but once; got that at the geese-and-tub race on San Rafael Bay in 1870. Man was beating his wife, on the steamer. I jumped in to help the wife, and she helped me to a black eye and a dog-gone good licking in about two minutes, and I have sored on this interference racket ever since. Yet I presume, should I see any brute whipping a woman, that I'd stand in again, on general principles, and get another eye in mourning, like a dashed fool. But I am nothing but an ignorant miner, and that's the way we do things on the frontier; and if you'll just whisper to me the name of the brute who struck the woman in the face, that you speak of in your letter, I'll give him a little game before I leave, just for luck and to show that I am not mean. If he tackles me with a six-shooter I am his oyster; but if he goes to law you must stand in with your evidence, as the law breaks me all up—it's too many for me. As between the lawyers and brokers, I have worn a linen duster for fifteen winters; and all I ever received in return for many a big dollar was oysters and wine on New Year's Day, given with a kind greeting and an unassuming politeness by the lady hostess and sensible lady daughter; and when with easy grace she presented me to her sire, and said "Mr. Thingabub Fitz Poodle, my father!" I nearly wilted and collapsed, at seeing the man to whom I had regularly paid my assessments and been working for since 1867.

And yet I look with a great deal of pride on the fruits of my labor; have I not helped make a "marchioness" (so the telegraph says) out of a dear little lady whom I knew at Downieville, and whose then doctor-husband yanked me all over the room to pull an aching molar? Have I not stood in nobly and put my bachelor's mite toward the two millions and a half in Government bonds? Of course I have; and I am willing to keep putting up and raise it another two millions and a half; and I'll never squeal unless some offe-horse count or weak-kneed baron drops in and gets away with the whole business. But I have great faith in the lady's good sense, and feeling that no kind of nobility will ever win her except that which God has stamped on the face of every honest man, I'll go off and take in some Con. Virginia to-morrow.

You ask if it is "graceful for two to sit on one chair"? I don't know about the grace of the thing, "Judy," dear; neither do I know if her feet were hid. I was looking, as "Crockett" says, "Squar" in her eye, and I did not care whether it was graceful or not; she appeared to like it; and as for me—well, I want to die just that way. Next to carrying a girl on a horse and have her hold the bridle, give me the one-chair game. Try it, "Judith," try it! You have no idea how much one little weak chair can hold. You say that I "throw stones at 'Gansy something' and 'Ada Ven.'" No, I don't, and won't; and will lick any man that does. But *entre nous*, don't they sling on the taffey? They both have true sense and exalted sense; but I much prefer common sense. Why don't they speak of some poor girl as being graceful, charming, lovely, and other bosh? They speak of some scrawny-necked, knock-kneed, false-haired, painted, silly thing as being the embodiment of grace, beauty, and intelligence, just because her father is rich and influential, struck a pay-streak and slid down hill to fortune and position. Bah! "Judith," this Society District is nearly all salted; it won't stand the prospect. Leads show well enough on top, and pan out with a few coppers, but they peter when you go down; and you strike sulphurets, so base, so selfish, so cruel that nothing can work them but the grave.

"Judith," I am sleepy. I shall mail this letter to-morrow (Sunday) on my way to church. Possibly I may change my mind and take in the Cliff House; for I hold that the true Christian is the one that enjoys, temperately, all that God has put on this earth. And "Mrs. Judith Growler" would not look bad on a card, would it, dear? Can't you tumble? You advise me to take seltzer. That looks suspicious; you must have been there yourself. But I won't take it. I know what's the matter—it's my liver; I'll take mandrake root. Good night.

GROWLER.

Very Appreciative Criticism.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I have been disappointed at not seeing in your columns any notice of *Poverty and Progress*, published by the Appletons, of New York, for Mr. Henry George, of this city. I consider Mr. George's work as (thus far) the book of this half century, and I do no injustice to the renown of my revered teacher and friend, the late John S. Mill, in ranking Mr. George's work as far surpassing anything and all that Mr. Mill published. I venture (though with great diffidence) to think that, with the zeal inseparable from a discoverer, Mr. George underestimates some of the heretofore overrated factors in the social problem; none the less I regard his work as the most valuable addition to the science of social economy since the publication of Ricardo's discovery of the theory of rent; nor has even Mr. Herbert Spencer done so much to advance the social sciences as Mr. George has done by this great work of his. That his discovery is true receives a strong confirmation from the fact that, approaching the subject from the point of view of legislative science, or the science of "what ought to be law," in my treatise on *Property in Thought*, published in 1834, I pointed out that no individual had any moral claim to those accretions to land values which arise from the progress of society, but that as the continued usufruct of land should (for reasons there given) belong to the cultivator or other improver, these accretions, or economic rent, formed the proper subject of taxation for the purposes of the community; but I failed to appreciate then—as ever since, till enlightened by Mr. George's work, I have failed to appreciate—the overshadowing importance to human happiness of so appropriating this rent to the uses of society, and of not allowing it to be monopolized by any individual so long as

any proper public want remained unsatisfied—that is, so long as means were needed for anything which ought to be done by government.

It speaks but ill for the discernment and public spirit of the people of California that, with such a master in our midst, dwarfs and pigmies should have been preferred for positions which Mr. George would have adorned, and it is to be hoped that means will be speedily found to place him in a situation where he may continue his labors to instruct and improve us, and be relieved from anxiety for the daily wants of himself and family. I confidently predict that Mr. George's work is destined not merely to modify but in many respects to revolutionize thought and legislation in every civilized nation.

Respectfully, MONTAGUE R. LEVERSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 7, 1880.

[From the tone of Mr. George's very judicious admirers, we begin to be somewhat alarmed lest he has "built better than he knew." We can contemplate him with considerable serenity sitting on the ruins of the economic and social systems of Mill and Spencer; but what if he has also unwittingly overthrown that of the New Testament? Seriously, we have so much respect for this really clever writer that we greatly dislike to see him made ridiculous by his friends.—*Ed. Argonaut.*]

A Leap-Year Verity.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 11, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The following story is essentially true: There was a lull in the outer office. The "important business" men, who "must see Mr. Cash privately," had unfolded their schemes, borrowed his money, accepted judicious snubbing, and gone their several ways. The great man was alone. He rubbed his eyes, yawned, and sank into the ample comfort of his big office-chair to think. He had made some clever turns. There was scarcely a questionable venture on his list; he had loaned a few trifling sums, not one of them more than a hundred. It was almost time to go home—to his comfortable rooms at the club, and dinner.

"A lady to see you, sir."
"Young, pretty, fresh-looking; makes up well, by gad." This he thinks. What he says is: "Well, madam, how can I serve you."
"I want—I want—I—you are a capitalist, are you not?"
"So the directory says. I am not so sure."
"You make investments, don't you, sometimes?"
"Yes, sometimes."
"Well, I want you to make another investment this year."
"You are very good, madam, I'm sure. I've no doubt it would be profitable; but my books are quite full, I think."
"But you will have room for this one little investment, surely."
"Shall I? Perhaps I may, if it's very trifling. What is the investment, please?"

"One specially provided for this year, sir. It is—I—"
The great man opens his eyes and takes the fullest possible view of his fair client. Then he sighs, and says, slowly: "You should have said 'It is me,' madam. Not even the exigencies of this exceptional weather could reconcile me to a wife at once so beautiful and so grammatical."

It is bad form for a pretty woman to mutter in an office corridor: "Hang it, just my luck!" PAUL DARD.

Enter, a Pagan.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I wish you would be so good as to extinguish the intellectual light of the orthodox controversialist who is always crying out against the iconoclast because the iconoclast "pulls down" but does not "build up." The pitiful wretch can not be made to understand that the destruction of error is in itself a good work, and is itself a preservation of the truth. "Don't tear down the edifice," he shrieks, "unless you can erect a better." The "edifice" is his favorite metaphor because it is a dishonest one; most "edifices" serve some useful purpose—by calling a religion an "edifice" he assumes its usefulness, which is the point in dispute. In the following paragraph cut from an Eastern journal this cheater in argument is seen in his characteristic attitude, "stocking" the logic and dealing from the bottom:

"Bob Ingersoll walks up to a large ancient structure, shakes his fist, pulls off his coat, and goes to work to tear it down. 'What are you doing, Bob?' asks a looker-on. 'Going to tear the old thing down,' says Bob; 'don't like the looks of it.' 'Well,' says the looker-on, 'suppose now, instead of trying to tear the 'old thing' down, you go to work and put up another to beat it; and if you beat it, why then I'll turn in and help you pull down this one.' 'Oh, go West,' says Bob; 'I'm no architect.'"

Now, it is important to observe that what this fellow calls "an ancient structure," Bob Ingersoll would call "an old heap of rubbish." I don't profess to decide which is the more accurate; I only say that the nature of the thing which one proposes to demolish and the other to spare is the very essence of the dispute. The iconoclast denies *in toto* that there is any necessity for a "structure" at all. He objects not only to the particular religion which he assails, but to any religion. He is not certainly right, but he is certainly as dishonestly misrepresented as if he were.

Yours,

A PAGAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 9, 1880.

Letter from a Brute.

OAKLAND, February 9, 1880.

MR. EDITOR:—Every right-minded man, I should think, must look upon the dubious and vacillating policy of the Government with regard to the Mormon question with regret and contempt. A Government unable to enforce its laws is a spectacle of pitiful imbecility. This handful of religious fanatics ought to be dealt with by some of the old and discredited methods of despotism; our republican institutions, beautiful in theory, do not work where whole communities are banded to defy the laws. My quarrel with the Mormons is based on the fact that they have made polygamy ridiculous. It is not in itself ridiculous; it is, without doubt, the natural condition of mankind. Of all the countless thousands of millions of men and women who have lived upon the earth only an infinitesimal portion has ever so much as heard of any other system; and, for my part, I decline to believe that that comparatively recent experiment of a comparatively few nations, monogamy, has as yet demonstrated its superiority over the obviously natural and conceded heaven-appointed system which was its predecessor, and over the greater part of the earth is its contemporary.

Some one writing in your paper ever so long ago said: "Every man is at heart a polygamist." It is so, and every man who is a man knows it is so. But it is the fashion in "civilized" nations to pay outward deference to "the ladies"—whom we profess to regard as our superiors, but whom we know to be as much our inferiors, morally and intellectually, as they are in physical strength and beauty. Woman is exalted as a demi-goddess because literature is made by men. In truth, however, if all that has been done in art, science, letters, and every department of intellectual endeavor were blotted out, it would hardly be missed. Women, speaking generally, are good for nothing excepting as the mothers of men. Nevertheless, with an insincerity so transparent as to be ludicrous, we consult their preferences in legislation, and have invented for their satisfaction this thing monogamy. Well, how does she like it? Does she believe—as she professes to believe—that under it she "has her man all to herself"? She knows better, if she knows anything. She knows, or ought to know, that while her whim for having a whole man can shape a law of Congress it can not repeal a law of Nature.

I'll tell you what monogamy has done where it is the rule: It has divided married men into two classes—the "faithful" discontented, and the hypocritically "untrue." Let the reader decide for himself or herself their relative numbers. And it has done *this* for women—divided them into three camps: Suspicious wives, "soiled doves," and hopeless old maids, for there are not enough nuns to go round. Let our highly cultivated women, taught by men in love and men influenced by memories of love to consider themselves our superiors, and but little (if any) lower than the angels, turn up their pretty noses if they will; but men who know anything of the charming and happy domestic life of the oriental gentlemen and ladies, and who have some acquaintance with the intelligent, free, and contented inmates of the libeled "harem," will attach but little weight to their putting. It makes them interesting, that is all.

It is from such considerations as these—though truly I have not stated the hundredth part of them—that I join those of an opposite opinion in demanding the suppression of polygamy in Utah, where it is a sickly

and absurd exotic, discredited by both the bad character of its devotees and the repulsive conditions under which it is practiced. Polygamy can bear the contumely of women (our women), and the smirking hypocrisy of men's assent to their invecitves; but it can not endure to be made ridiculous by the ignorant prophets, dirty deacons, and lecherous laymen of the Mormon sort. AJAX.

A Sore-Head Warble.

SACRAMENTO, February 9, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—"Betsy and I" got pathetic last week, and went all to pieces. Their concluding remark is: "And it will be just the same when we are gone." Correct. Unless you let subjects which are dear to us entirely alone, or handle them very differently, your trip across Jordan will be something of a relief, and we will listen to your "ta, ta" at parting enraptured, imagining we hear the rustle of wings. The people of Sacramento have their idols, and Mrs. Crocker and her family are placed in a niche far above all others. We feel that words are flat when we try to deal out praise to them, and when we see "Betsy and I" "rush in where angels fear to tread" we grow wrathful. In society reports we find nonentities sandwiched in between our leading ladies in a manner truly heartrending, and people of some position totally ignored. Then the French (oh, my!) thrown at us in festivities and funerals. Nothing seems to be too sacred to be peppered with French. Now if it was Dutch there would be a chance to have it translated, as we have a number of Dutch citizens; but I believe the only Frenchman who tried to live here nearly starved to death, and finally went home.

We just struggled through the Governor's reception, which, I suppose, "Betsy and I" will give you in full, but as they make every place they enter a paradise, I will just mention a few facts. We all tried to go to supper at once, but the door proved too small. There were a good many of us, and about twenty-five out of twenty-six hundred were behind me, and I think each one pushed from one to twenty-five pounds. They had a rail across the door, stomach high, upon which I leaned, as did the other twenty-five hundred. I would not have been that rail for anything. There were a great many different breaths in my neighborhood, and from some of them I learned that there must be something to drink in the building. One sweet little creature near me was eating musk lozenges. Think of musk in that crowd!

The chap that was attending to the bar that barred our progress was a prominent hotel-keeper, and, with an eye to business, let the hotel guests in at another door. Some of them won't eat another meal for a week. Finally we were in. Here I draw the curtain for about fifteen minutes, during which time I was too busy to observe. After supper I hunted up the wine-room, which was screened by the American flag—put to a vile use. I entered a room full of smoke, through which the bright red noses of most of the occupants glistened like headlights. The "regulars" were all there, swilling rum. It was disgusting. Fire and fall back seemed to be the order of the day. The barkeepers had grown confidential, and were rubbing ears, looking like a stand of arms. It was too much for me, and, although I am a very small fish and swim in a very small puddle, I thanked heaven that it was unnecessary for me to feed the basest passions of human pigs to obtain a senatorship, which was the reason generally given for the bar-room affair.

Next came the hat-room, which was very poorly managed, some ladies being forced to stand from one to two hours in the cold passage, waiting for their escorts. With the exception of what I have mentioned, I believe the affair to have been a perfect success; and the sociability and good feeling everywhere shown reflects great credit upon the Governor, of whom we are proud. PAUL AND VIRGIE.

Ex Cathedra.

ALAMEDA, February 12, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—After men of thought and reason have sought in vain in your hesitating, dubious, and non-committal editorial opinions, for light and a guide through the night-fog and ramifying paths of politics and finance, it is a relief and a joy to pick up the *Morning Call*, and learn from Mr. Pickering's trumpet of no uncertain sound what course to pursue. With reference to the opposite financial theories promulgated by Messrs. Bayard and Thurman, for example, this venerable philosopher—this moss-grown guide-post of politics—concludes a grave expression of editorial opinion thus:

"There is no occasion to question the sincerity of either of these distinguished statesmen, but the people can choose between the systems of finance, according as each may seem the better suited to the wants of the country."

With a man like this dictating articles of political faith to the people, they can not go wrong, except through an act of unwarrantable interference of Providence—who would hardly dare! TAFFY.

"Americus" is altogether wrong. The Duchess of Marlborough has made it very clear that there is great suffering in Ireland, and that, too, in regions where there is no political agitation. The Parnell fund is a political one; we should be sorry to see a dollar go in that direction. The *Herald* fund is for charity, and not politics. Mr. Mackay gave \$50,000. Independently of this, the Nevada Bank gave \$25,000, telegraphed on Tuesday to the *New York Herald*. Mr. James C. Flood was born at Fort Hamilton, in the State of New York; James L. Flood, his son, was born in San Francisco. The whole amount raised in California for Ireland is a little less than \$100,000. Mr. Parnell's mother was an American lady. He is a land-owner and a member of Parliament.

To J. E.—There is a provision in the Constitution against lobbying, but Mayor Killoch and Denis Kearney are now at the Capital, and hard at work in the lobby. The Chinese must go. Yes; Kearney wants throat-cutting to begin in Ireland, but Kearney is one of those prudent cut-throats that take very good care not to hazard their own wensands. Whenever and wherever throat-cutting begins, Denis will not be about.

"Old Guard."—We do not think that in the event of General Grant's nomination we shall be placed in any more embarrassing position than will the *New York Tribune*, or the *Springfield Republican*, or, in the event of Sherman's candidacy, the *New York Times*. We will endeavor, however, to take care of ourselves. Much obliged.

The Mrs. Swift who is so prominent among the strong-minded women, and who is so emphatic in her desire to vote, is Mrs. Judge Swift, formerly of Santa Cruz, and not Mrs. E. Swift, a well-known business woman of Montgomery Street. The President of the Association is Mrs. Aaron A. Sargent, wife of the ex-Senator. Many of the members are trance mediums, astrologers, and free lovers.

Mr. R. L. is informed that he has been victimized by a strolling swindler. By this term we mean to designate Mr. A. W. Jenkins, who is not an agent for this paper, which has no traveling agents anywhere. This Jenkins person was, we believe, authorized by certain city papers to act in that capacity for them, but they have since repudiated him and advertised him as an impostor. If any one who holds his receipt for a subscription for the *Argonaut* will kindly send us the fellow's ears, we will refund the money which we had not the good fortune to get.

CXVI.—Sunday, February 15.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Sorrel Soup.
Scalloped Oysters.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise. New Potatoes.
Minshrooms. Green Peas.
Roast Mutton à la Venison. Currant Jelly.
Tomato Salad. Cucumber Pudding.
Fruit-bowl of Oranges, Apples, Fried Pies, and Bananas.

To MAKE COCONUT PUDDING.—Soak three table-spoonsful of tapioca over night. Boil one quart rich milk; add tapioca and table-spoonful of butter; boil five minutes; then add yolks of four eggs, three table-spoonsful of sugar, and coconut, sugar to taste, and boil ten minutes; turn into a mold. Boil the whites of the eggs and two table-spoonsful sugar to a froth. Put the custard, and scatter over with coconut. Set it in ice.

THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

"Let's speak of worms, and tombs, and epitaphs."
—Shakespeare, *Richard III.*

There are few subjects which possess, for the ordinary human being, so strange and peculiar a fascination as death. That mysterious and inexplicable change which comes over an organization which was once the theatre of thought and action, of will and passion, affords a bewildering topic of speculation, as well to the physiologist and psychologist of an intellectual and advanced civilization, as to the rude, unlettered barbarian, whose wants and aspirations are limited to providing, from day to day, for the physical necessities of life. Death is the one plane on which there is equality for man and animal and vegetable. The various religions of all nations, in all ages and all countries, have ever fortified themselves with the peculiar patronage of death, and appropriated to themselves, as their natural right, the supervision of those functions and offices which belong to the ultimate disposal of the dead. Any form of religion which failed to apply to the supernatural and metaphysical side of man's nature, which failed to deal with what is mystical and transcendental in his condition, would be a religion unworthy of the name, and one which would have little hold upon its votaries whether educated or ignorant. At the same time, were there nothing mysterious in man's nature, could he unveil the secrets of the future as they affected his life and pierce beyond the grave, he would be afflicted with the most terrible curse it would be possible to inflict upon him—that of having nothing to fear and nothing to hope. As this is happily not the case, and as the mystery which enshrouds the meaning and nature of Death's secret never has been nor ever will be torn away from the awful subject, custom has invested it with such mystical and symbolical expressions as shall be typical of the ideas uppermost in the race which expresses them.

All the different species of the human race have invented for themselves—among the other customs which hereditary auspices, climatic conditions, and the general circumstances of nature have imposed upon them without seeming to do it—certain ceremonial methods and usages in the ultimate disposal of their dead. As might be inferred from analogy, the refinement and symbolical meaning of these usages is commensurate with the intellectual and spiritual advancement of the race. If a race is civilized and spiritual, it will provide for its dead in accordance with the particular bent of its spiritualistic theories; if it is barbarian and material, or civilized and material, or civilized and scientific, it will act up to the hypothetical requisitions of its life in its valuation and estimate of death. The two methods most widely practiced amongst ancient nations were burial and cremation. In the case, however, of that most peculiar of ancient peoples, the Egyptians, whose early records stretch back into the night of time, the form of burial was so modified as almost to entitle it to another distinction. The bodies of the dead were, indeed, so far buried that they were laid beneath the earth in catacombs, but there they reposed in their individuality, and did not mingle with the elements of nature. The object of thus preserving the individual person remains a sealed mystery, along with the construction of the Pyramids and the pillars of the Temple of Carnac; the most plausible theory being that it was meant to be typical of the immortality of the soul, which was expected at some future time to return and reanimate the frame in which it had once dwelt. There were several processes of embalming, some expensive and others less so, but the commonest and least expensive methods seem to have answered the purpose of preservation as well as those which were more costly. As a rule the viscera were removed, the flesh subjected to the influence of antiseptic drugs, with an injection of some arsenical solution into the blood vessels, while the body itself was swathed in bandages soaked in nitre.

Other oriental races, notably the Jews, were addicted to burying their dead in natural caves, or in tombs tunneled and hewn out of the rock. Thus, Jacob was carried from Egypt by the filial regard of Joseph to sleep with the patriarchs who reposed in the caves of Macpelah and Mamre. The eminence on which Jerusalem was built, as well as the hills which surrounded the city, was honeycombed with the tombs of its inhabitants:

"The vaulted cells where martyred seers of old
Far in the rocky walls of Zion sleep."

The Greeks both buried and burned their dead, the funeral ceremonies being accompanied with invocations of the gods, panegyrics, and lustral rites. In burning the body a funeral pyre was used, composed of wood and covered with oil, incense, and spices; and, after the remains had been burned, the embers were quenched with wine. Rome, under the kings and during the republic, buried her dead, cremation coming in with the empire. The Romans erected magnificent monuments to the deceased, and the finest of their public drives—the Appian Way—where the wealth, fashion, and intellect of ancient Rome used to air themselves behind swift horses, was lined for miles with the splendid memorials of death. With the spread of luxury, effeminacy, and public and private debauchery in imperial times, cremation superseded burial; and we learn from one of the satires of Juvenal that the possession of numerous urns containing the ashes of ancestors was a mark of high distinction, and that he whose *atrium* was not adorned with such embellishments was held ignoble. With the ascendancy of Christianity the fashion of cremation passed away, the form of burial being considered more consonant with the interpretation then put upon the Scriptures. The curse of Jehovah, as given in the early part of the book of Genesis, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," seemed to the pure and simple apprehension of the primitive Christians to point out a clear and plain behest regarding disposal of the dead which it would be impiety to disobey. For fifteen centuries, therefore, the burning of the dead has been unknown in Europe until within the last few years.

With the progress of scientific information, and the consequent widening of thought and liberality of ideas, the subject of cremation has been again mooted, and strongly supported in such cities as London, New York, Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna. Two societies have been formed in New York for the purpose of enabling persons desiring to use this method in disposing of their dead to do so. Apart from these religious and superstitious prejudices which must inevitably combat such an important innovation on existing,

long established, and presumably sacred forms, the most powerful argument against cremation assumes a medico-legal aspect. Its opponents argue that in cases of suspected foul play the so speedy annihilation of what might be produced as evidence would be prejudicial to the ends of justice. Its supporters say, in rejoinder, that it will only tend to make primary examinations of dead bodies more careful and more strict. Theological opposition is met by the argument that cremation merely effects that change in the constituents of the body by a quick process which nature carries out by a slow one. In the earth the body is resolved into its original elements by a chemical process, which is combustion, as complete and real as if it were effected by the furnace. In looking at the matter from a sanitary point of view, the advocates of cremation have clearly the best of the controversy.

There can not be two opinions on the point that places consecrated to the burial of the dead in the vicinity of the homes of the living are a wanton outrage against the laws of health. The location of cemeteries in the midst of populous cities is nothing else but throwing down the gauntlet to pestilence and death. Water-pipes laid through such places become impregnated with the poisonous elements which are there engendered. Miasma rises and contaminates the air with poisonous gases. Yet such cemeteries exist and are used in the heart of London and other crowded cities. When ground becomes valuable for building purposes the rights of the dead are not respected, and their revenge is taken in an insidious and dangerous fashion. It has now, however, become the practice—in which such cities as New York, Boston, Washington, Cincinnati, etc., are taking the lead—to locate cemeteries at such distances from the centres of population as to insure their immunity from greed and vandalism, and also to make them subservient to pleasure by beautifying their solemnity with tasteful monuments, flowers, shrubs, and trees.

In the light of modern science the process of burning bodies assumes a much more artistic and less revolting form than the ancient practice of consuming them on the funeral pyre, or *rogis*. In the latter case the embers of the fuel hold so disproportionate a ratio to the incinerated remains of the body that the two become indistinguishable, and the relatives of the deceased could with difficulty imagine that they possessed any memorials of his existence. Under the modern method the body is deposited upon a light wooden frame in the chamber of a reverberatory furnace, constructed on such principles as to combine economy of fuel with speed of action. In the first stage of the process an inflammable gas is introduced, which unites with the heated air from the furnace at the entrance of the cremating chamber, through which it is carried by a powerful draught, producing intense combustion on its passage. As the process progresses, advantage is taken of the gases which are evolved from the body by the heat, and which supply the place of the artificial gas at first introduced. Thus it is impossible for any foul vapor to escape through the tall chimney which carries off the smoke, as every particle of matter is oxidized. In half an hour the work of cremation is completed, and nothing remains in the chamber but a small quantity of white ash.

Our own city of San Francisco affords some peculiar instances and reminiscences of Chinese practices in the disposal of their dead. Many centuries ago the then *parvenu* dynasty of Mongols, to put a check upon the emigration of subjects, encouraged in every possible way that article of faith introduced by Confucius, that no Chinaman could enter heaven who died outside his own country. Like many customs, social and religious, of this and other races, the spirit of this doctrine became merged in the letter, and its object was supposed to be fulfilled by the interment in China of the bones of those who died abroad. This practice is still religiously carried out by the Asiatic aliens in our midst. There are, too, thousands in this city who will remember, even less than a score of years ago, the existence of the public Yerba Buena Cemetery upon the sand-lot now occupied by the new City Hall. Any inquisitive person who cared to peer beyond the high fence which inclosed the graveyard could see the Chinese in the act of disinterring half-decayed corpses, cutting the flesh from the bones and scraping them clean for transit to China. Even at this very day Mongolians may be perceived on the homeward journeys of such cars as run to the vicinity of Lone Mountain, conveying with them loaded sacks upon the rear platform of the car, the contents of which, if known to the occupants, would not be calculated to produce the pleasantest mental emotion.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1880.

If Richard Grant White were editor of the *Argonaut* he would not write two columns to the *New York Times* with the following inane conclusion: "Thus it is that letter-writing has become a mere business proceeding. Usually, letters are now merely dunning in some form or other. If they do not ask for money, either as a due or a gratuity, they ask for something else—a favor or information. Rarely they give information; not news, but instruction; and more rarely—most rarely—they offer help. But all letters like these, even those of the last sort, must be classed as business letters; for they are written merely to make the necessary communication about some fact or some transaction. They are not the flowering of friendship into words, as letters were, or were presumed to be, in the days when Swift and Pope and Bolingbroke and Atterbury and Gay and Gray and, finally, Cowper, most charming correspondent of them all, wrote as much for their own pleasure in writing as for that of their friends in reading. For the writing of such letters, indeed, those who nowadays could write them have not time. Their work would go undone, or, what is worse, half done; the world would fly swiftly past them if they were to undertake such correspondence. And with the lost art of letter-writing has passed away a grace of social life which it is beyond the skill of social science to restore, and for which modern life gives us rich exchange indeed, but not exactly compensation."

Will L. Marple, a St. Louis artist—late of this city—has applied for a divorce from his wife. One of his grievances is that she sent a broken frying-pan to an art show, where some of his pictures were on exhibition, with a request that the hanging committee would give it a position as "an example of the way in which the talented Mr. Marple provided for his family's necessities."

NOTES HERE AND THERE.

Mr. Forney says, with more or less justice, as it may seem more or less good to his readers: "No longer by degrees, but rapidly—as rapidly, in fact, as the light clears away the clouds from a great mind—do fair men accept the choice of Presidential electors by districts, as members of Congress are chosen, as a perfectly legal and easy and honest solution of our Presidential complications. It is a plan that stands on all fours, and holds water as safely as an artesian well, and stands equally bold against all comers or arguments. Why anybody should rave against a remedy so peaceful and so just, and so perfectly sure to remove all cause for complaint, passes my comprehension." It depends somewhat as to the majorities of the districts concerned whether the scheme be a wise one or no. Surely, one could scarcely have a less trustworthy mentor in the premises than John W. Forney.

The Arlington, in Washington, has been crowded since the opening of the season, and the assemblage of guests is brilliant. Senator Sharon and family, Senator Farley and family, and others well known, are making their headquarters there, and the coterie of society people attracts a crowd of fashionable visitors. A correspondent of the *Burlington Hawkeye* writes: "Senator Sharon is accompanied by his daughter Flora, a girl whose brilliant brunette beauty argues a beautiful mother in the premises, for the bonanza king, as one looks down on him from the gallery, is by no means a handsome man. He seems to have been overtaken by that all-pervading grayish tint that comes to men of a certain complexion when they begin to grow gray."

It is paragraphed by the *New York Star* that: "New appliances for keeping beef sweet for export purposes continue to be offered; indeed, the ingenuity of the country at this moment is mainly directed to the question how to get beef to England cheaply and wholesomely. If somebody would invent a means of getting it into New York cheaply, he would be a benefactor of this city. At present we pay more for our meat than any city on the globe, and we defy any one to give us one good reason why we should." We can give many reasons. In the first place, New Yorkers do not eat beef, living habitually on fish to give them the brain requisite to grapple with the English of New York editors. And then—but you have your "one reason."

"Live nothing down, my son, that you can possibly avoid. It is an expensive habit. It generally includes the direct purchase of all the daily newspapers in town, and an annual gratuity to their brothers in truth who preach from the pulpits. Better to be open and above board in your disrepute than try to live down the honest convictions of a virtuous world. For there is always some queer old chap left whom you can't buy, and when he has given you away the other fellows consider themselves absolved and bark afresh." The foregoing advice was a part of the last words of the late U. S. G. Rant. What he also said was: "A trifle less water in it, thank you."

A pretty American girl in Rome went frequently into the streets unattended, contrary to the custom there. The young Romans followed and annoyed her, until she invented a novel method of rebuffing them. She provided herself with a pocketful of centesimi, each the value of a fifth of a cent, and whenever a man spoke to her, pretending to utterly mistake his words, she gracefully extended her hand and dropped this fifth of a cent in his hand, saying in her broken Italian: "Hungry, are you, poor man? Well, take this and buy some bread." Very ingenious, but why do anything "contrary to the custom there"?

A dispute having arisen in Wales over reforms in the management of Bala College, a Welsh paper is moved to say: "It is well known that three demons have dwelt in Independia for some time, namely: the inquiry demon, who induces members of choirs to quarrel; the pew demon, who causes members of the congregations to fall out with each other, and the particular demon who infuses an evil spirit into meetings held for the purpose of electing deacons. These three, having prepared room, have now introduced a few others, who are named 'Bala College demons.'"

The village of Gabbegood, in the State of Arkansas, is the happy possessor of a very well husbanded old lady, who is now living with her fourteenth helpmate. Mr. Forney—who has a weather eye for this sort of item—says that this pious old lady cherishes the memory of her earlier husbands in a peculiar fashion. In her entrance hall she has placed a row of pegs, on which are hung the thirteen Sunday tiles of the lamented gone before. It must be a touching spectacle to the old gentleman—if he drinks.

San Francisco is not quite the benighted city, intellectually, which a careful reading of our daily papers would justify Eastern people in thinking. We are led to hazard this statement in face of the awful menace that "Caliban" has escaped from his dungeon cell and is about to write a poetical life of Mr. Denis Kearney. We predict that the latent literary sense of the community will refuse to submit to this outrage.

George Eliot says, with her usual profound lack of clearness: "The strength of the donkey mind lies in adopting a course inversely as the arguments used, which, well considered, requires as great a mental force as the direct sequence." This truth applies with great force and distinctness to both the friends of the attempted Lake Merced steal and the boomers for a third term.

Rev. Brother Lane, of Westchester County, New York, has been tried before a clerical conference, charged with kissing the pretty women of his congregation. The judgment says, in substance: "Guilty of indiscretion, but not with evil intent." We think the verdict should have gone further—should have condemned the pastoral partiality no end. Wherefore pretty women?

LITERATURE.

Ten unpublished letters by Voltaire have been sold in Paris for four hundred francs. Good text for the religious weeklies, which know Voltaire only as an enemy to the Christian religion—know nobody, indeed, except through some connection with, or hostility to, their dogma.

Guizot's daughter has completed Guizot's history. Tremble, historians, who have daughters.

Mr. Henry James, Jr., having sat in judgment upon Hawthorne, the *Hour* has sat upon Mr. James's judgment. Really, the spectacle of Mr. James in the attitude of a censor of Hawthorne is not without its ludicrous aspect. He is better competent to criticise the young Americanesses of his imagination in a European *pension*. In short, Mr. James is a literary "prig."

Anton Langer, the Viennese humorist, just dead, was jocular to the last. While on his death-bed he was fond of repeating, with great relish, a joke made upon his obesity by a certain theatre director, who said that a physician of his acquaintance, being asked for advice by a gentleman whose ailments proceeded from want of exercise, ordered him to take a walk three times a day around Anton Langer.

Lady Verney says in the *Contemporary Review*: "The United States, though in the springtime of its national existence, a season which among other nations is that of their greatest artistic vigor, has never produced a poet, painter, sculptor, or architect above mediocrity." We answer this in four words: Corlett, Tojetti, Mezzara, Laver!

Liverpool opera-goers recently had the pleasure of hearing an orchestra conducted by a nobleman—whose opera they were listening to. Title of the nobleman, Earl of Dunmore; title of the opera—doesn't matter.

Walt. Whitman has unfortunately recovered.

Kinglelake, the historian, is a lawyer, as well as the heir to a large property. He has all his life long studied plans of battles in war, and he rode beside Raglan in the Crimea. He is very slow, conscientious, and patient in his work, requiring twenty years to finish two volumes of his *Crimæan War*, which, after all, is not history, it being neither true nor even probable. Mr. Kinglelake habitually disparages England's allies, slanders her enemies, and relates stories of British prowess that refute themselves by their own extravagance.

A work on *The Philosophy of Handwriting*, by Don Felix di Salamanca, which recently appeared in London, finds in Lord Beaconsfield's writing signs of "flashiness," in Carlyle's "originality and causticity," and in Mr. Bright's a "straightforward and decided temperament." Just what qualities the author would have discovered in these various chirographies if his researches had been confined to an inspection of the writers' wasbing lists is a matter of conjecture.

Mr. James Redpath gives, in last Sunday's *Chronicle*, several columns of the private history of Joaquin Miller. Mr. Miller is not an interesting object in any case, but Mr. Redpath's information is simply untrue. For example, Mr. Miller was not with the filibustering expedition of Walker in Nicaragua, nor was he a chief of any tribe of Indians. He was a "squaw man," however, and our only reason for doubting that he was a horse-thief is that he says so himself.

A few years since, a Doctor Wolf, of Cincinnati, published a volume purporting to give certain spiritual communications and manifestations at his house. Among the rest were some fearful revelations, so-called, from dead members of the Bonaparte family. They were so vile that the poor doctor's book came under the head of obscene literature. Now the strange fact appears that precisely the same statements made to the doctor by the so-called spirits appear in Madame Rémusat's memoirs.

Mr. Charles G. Leland has in the press a book called *Minor Arts*, the aim of which is to urge the superiority of hand work over machine work in art. He hopes that it will result in providing employment for a great many young persons who now have nothing to do. The book will contain one hundred illustrations, all his own.

By the way, Mr. Leland is coming to California, "the blains across," next spring.

Mr. Tennyson is a great poet, but he does not know anything about falconry. In his poem-play, *The Falcon*, which has been a failure, he makes "Federigo," a practiced and enthusiastic falconer, address his precious bird as a "king o' the air," and indeed throughout treats the creature as a male, as for that matter does Mr. Longfellow in his version of the same story from Boccaccio—

Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird
Dreame of the chase, and in his slumber heard
The sudden scythe-like sweep of wings that dare
The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of air.
Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,
Tinkled his bells, etc.

In spite of these two great poets, a falcon is always feminine to a falconer in language as in fact. The female bird is a third larger than the male, and altogether his superior in beauty, fierceness, and strength. Indeed, as a pleasant writer in the *London News* points out, she alone is a "falcon," the male bird being a tercel. Coventry Patmore preceded both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Longfellow in choosing Boccaccio's story for treatment in English verse, and was himself preceded by Barry Cornwall, who founded a dramatic scene on the story in 1820.

It is said that Mr. Eugene Schuyler receives from *Scribners'* eight thousand dollars for his "Life of Peter the Great," with all rights of publication in book form reserved; but it is such an inveterate habit of publishers to overstate

the sums they pay to authors, and so rare a thing for authors to correct the statements, that one can seldom get at the truth of such matters. The advertising methods of publishers, theatre managers, and cheap clothing venders show a marked similarity.

The *Spectator* would like to see Grimm's "glorious collection of nursery legends," with designs by Miss Greenaway's hand. Why, it asks, should there not be an *édition de luxe* of Grimm, "a grown-up people's Grimm, with a full and accurate translation, which we have never had yet, and a store of first-rate pictures?"

Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, and Others.

Among the London celebrities I was not fortunate enough to see was Charles Dickens—though I confess to loitering around Tavistock Square, upon one of those foggy evenings that he could describe so well, in the hope of a glimpse of the lion. I did see and hear him afterward, in one of his readings. Dickens was reputed the finest amateur actor in England, and one could believe it who heard him read. Of course the text of his own stories was so familiar to him that he could almost discard the book; and he walked about the stage, gesturing, and making effective use of those large and flashing black eyes, and *personalized* rather than read. His elocution was noble—occasionally marked with some English peculiarities, an inexplicable lilt at the end of a declarative sentence, for instance, giving his climax an interrogative force. What a treat it was to hear him in his own Christmas stories; and how much Christmas is shorn of its pleasures now that his hand will never write again! How sad to think that the writer could never have been the man we would all like to have him.

In this respect there is no disappointment in reviewing the life of Thackeray—or what we know of it. In dress, manner, and conduct a *gentleman*, he was the farthest possible remove from the snobs he so honestly exposed. It seems to me that those who find a cynicism in his writings may be sure that it is because they wince beneath such truthful revelations of human frailties. Surely, he was no more a cynic than the Mr. Addison whom he loved to praise. In that charming lecture upon "Charity and Humor," who could forget his description of a gentleman, and his manner throughout. In that lecture—how harsh a name for such a sweet discourse—he repeated Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" with most exquisite taste, because in a severely simple style and yet with the utmost feeling. At the close of his lecture he paid a beautiful tribute to the writings of Charles Dickens.

The late Mr. Reed, formerly our Minister to China—an intimate friend of Thackeray—told me that the novelist at one period seriously designed taking up his residence in America. It is hard to fancy Thackeray at home out of England; but genius belongs to no country. Would that he could have lashed American social life as he did that of England.

These reminiscences bring to mind the tragedienne Rachel. What was her peculiar charm? Possibly it lay in her wonderful power of posing. To watch her attitudes was to gaze at a gallery of Grecian statues. Her management of drapery was an art. Her tragic power was never more thrillingly shown than when she declaimed the *Marseillaise*; she seemed, then, the very spirit of the French Revolution, and often made every Frenchman in the house spring to his feet. From the descriptions we have of Sarah Bernhardt there may be a physical resemblance between her and Rachel. The latter was slim and lithe, but there was something about her movements and individuality strangely suggesting the panther, which, it is to be hoped, the fascinating Sarah does not betray.

Allusion has been made to Macready. Boy as I was at the time of the Astor Place riots, my honest indignation was stirred by the treatment he had received at the hands of the adherents of Forrest. We all know how the riot ended—how Macready fled in disguise from the theatre to the house of Mr. Emmet, and, at an early hour of the morning, took the cars for Boston, and thence to England. Mark how Time brings about his revenges. The quarrel between the actors arose from Edwin Forrest's marked disapproval of Macready's acting in Hamlet. It was asserted that the great American tragedian hissed at the Englishman for his rendering of the scene where the king is betrayed by the mock play. The school of artistic Macready is the school of the day, of which Fechter and Davenport were exemplars, and the acting of our Edwin Booth the best existing exponent. The school of Forrest is obsolete. "Even the masses look with derision at the unearthly stride, and jeer at the stagey elocution, of the few who still copy the great American actor." I am informed by one who heard Irving, some two years since in London, that he is of the mouthing sort, and that the Londoners half confess it; also, that Mr. Irving fears an American verdict on this very account. Can it be that this saucy republic is becoming the umpire in dramatic strife?

BERKELEY, February 10, 1880.

JOHN MURRAY.

TENNYSONIAN OLD FAVORITES.

Songs from "The Princess."

As thro' the land at eve we went
And pluck'd the ripen'd cars,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple gings replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingerest she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

"Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

"Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me."

"Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me."

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

The March number of THE CALIFORNIAN will be issued next Thursday, the 19th inst. Among the attractions are "Certain Phases of the Chinese Question," by Gen. John F. Miller; "Our Relations with Mexico," by Henry S. Brooks; "First Love and Last," by Kate Heath; the concluding chapters of "On with the Dance," and a San Francisco society sketch by Miss Kate Bishop, entitled "Clouded Crystals." See table of contents on 16th page.

The Grant mechanics give the machine another turn. We have been informed that General Grant would not consent to become the Presidential candidate unless chosen with almost unanimity by the Republican Convention. We heard of the possibilities of "nomination by acclamation," of a "spontaneous uprising of the people," of being the "choice of the nation," and those who did not know the infernal tricks and subtleties of the scheming political villains who are and for eight years have been engineering the Grant machine were so far misled as to believe that Grant was neither himself plotting for a nomination nor allowing his confederates to scheme for him. The Pennsylvania Convention took the lid from off this seething pot, and allowed the outside innocents to catch a glimpse of the political hell-broth that was bubbling in it. Pennsylvania was stolen by the party banditti, of which Cameron is the chief. There was no acclamation, but a closely contested fight, out of which General Grant came rent and torn. In New York and Illinois the same rôle is to be enacted. In New York the illustrious candidate will sit upon the knee of his bottle-holder, Conkling, and snuff vinegar from his sponge as ballot after ballot sends him groggy and bleeding to his corner. He will win, and then he will pass on to Illinois to endure the same punishment, and perhaps with the same splendid triumph over the people. The New York Times says—and it knows—that an intimate personal and political friend, speaking by authorization of General Grant's candidacy, says: "Should the Republican National Convention nominate him in the same manner as any other candidate 'would be nominated, he would deem it his duty to the 'country and the party to accept.' Of course he would, and anybody except the blindest of political bats and the most innocent of party idiots knew it all the time. It was determined by General Grant and his confederates that he should succeed President Hayes if money, brains, and skillful party manipulation could produce that result. Every breath he has drawn, every speech he has made, every movement he has taken, the things he has not done, the remarks he has not uttered, his departure from the United States, his absence, his return, are all movements of the machine under the direction of skilled engineers. When it was ascertained that the Cincinnati business would not work, and that the people would leave him toiling at the plow, the programme was changed, and General Grant is beginning to take the more open, and we must say the more manly, position of avowed candidacy. He and his friends are drawn from the ambushade to fight in the open. We thank God that General Grant is not to be raped for the third time, and that we may be hereafter permitted to discuss him and his claims and his qualifications and his availability without fear of hurting the feelings of those who have affected to think that he was being violated by Cameron, Conkling, and the other lesser Jakies who run with the machine. If the Presidency could be regarded as, under any conditions, a reward for military and patriotic service, General Grant for his distinguished achievements would be entitled to consideration; but we refuse to so regard it. General Grant demonstrated in eight years of executive service that he did not possess either the virtues or the qualities necessary to a successful civil administration of our national affairs. He is not the choice of a majority of the Republican party, if an honest

expression of opinion can be obtained. He is not our choice, and we feel at liberty to discuss the merits of General Grant, his qualifications and character, as fully as those of any man in the commonwealth. General Grant is not the choice of Californian Republicans, and if by any manipulation a single delegate shall go to Chicago in the interest of the Grant machine it will be by procurement, fraud, and secret management.

The hounds are at it again. The sand-lot is in convulsions. Mayor Kallloch is playing the demagogue worse than ever. The Chronicle, having recovered from its scare, is endeavoring to incite a riot. It prints its daily eulogy of the "stalwart German," Hans Steinman, and of Mrs. Smith, the "neatly-dressed matron." The Call is growing timid as the Chronicle grows audacious, while the Bulletin is endeavoring to carry Kallloch. The truth of our situation is this: There are, in a population of three hundred thousand—most of whom are employed, and all of whom might be—about one thousand idle and discontented persons, male and female. Of this number, some are misguided dupes of artful demagogues, and some are vagrants and vicious idlers, not looking for work, and not willing to work. This crowd meet and threaten violence, make speeches, pass resolutions, and form processions. They demand impossible concessions. Kallloch flatters them and lies to them. The Chronicle publishes their proceedings, and the Call and Bulletin follow timidly in the wake of the Chronicle. Out of this there may come a riot, and it is perhaps just as well that it come now as later. If it does come, the journals we have named will be responsible for it. The condition is anomalous, and if our authorities would display a bold front it would be ridiculous. Within the last thirty days the Irish citizens of San Francisco have sent over £15,000 to Ireland for relief, and a thousand Irish (mostly) parade our streets demanding bread. Potatoes costing ten cents a bushel are being manufactured into whisky, and not a gin-mill or dead-fall has closed its doors on account of bard times. A Jesuit church has just been completed at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000, and consecrated with music and banners in the presence of thirty thousand well-clad, well-fed, and well-behaved Irish men and women, who had cause to be grateful to Almighty God that they had been permitted to immigrate to this land of plenty. There are more men born in Ireland to-day holding office in California than can be induced to form in procession to march to the City Hall. There is no class in California so rich as the Irish. There are more Irish millionaires in San Francisco than of all other nationalities. The richest bank in California, with nearly \$15,000,000 of deposits and property, is the Hibernia, and its depositors are mostly Irish, of the working class. A majority of the city officials, including the police, are of Irish birth. There are free lands in Marin, Sonoma, Napa, and Mendocino Counties, and Peter Donahue, a wealthy Irishman, owns an unincumbered railroad to them. He would refuse no honest man a passage to the country. There is near San Francisco a great unoccupied ranch, of fertile lands, owned by David Mahoney, and knowing his charitable desire to give employment to the poor, we are sure he would allow them to till his ranch at a nominal rent. Messrs. Lux & Miller, men of German birth, have four hundred thousand acres of fertile valley lands. They will aid any industrious family to acquire a home. To the willing and hard-working honest man they will advance seed and farm implements, and build a cabin, till money to pay for the land may be earned from it. Within a day's walking distance from San Francisco there is abundant labor on farms. Wages can be earned all along the northern coast by wood-chopping. In the foot-hills of the Sierras, free, fertile lands, in the best climate, and well adapted to fruit-growing, invite occupation. There is no suffering in California from cold or heat; there is no part of the State unhealthy. Life can be maintained for ten cents a day. Twenty-five cents will provide all the necessities of existence, except gin. Life is too easy in California, and that is what's the matter. There will be no riot in this city, or if there is it will be quickly crushed by the police, and that without anybody's interference.

"The best way is to afford relief until the present distress 'is abated, and then to do precisely what the Irish in this 'country are doing, namely, to forward money to aid the 'people in removing to this country, where they can earn a 'living.'—Morning Call. We are sorry to differ with the Call upon the question of Irish immigration, but if the servant girls will not put their advertisements in our journal they must take the consequences. We are not convinced that there is any such condition of destitution in Ireland as justifies the raking of America with a fine-tooth comb for alms. We are quite willing that the Call, Chronicle, and New York Herald should advertise their warm sympathies for small advertisements. We are willing that Irish people, out of their abundant wealth, should aid their less fortunate fellow-countrymen. We would commend to the Celtic family in America an entire abstention from gin and other alcoholic drinks, and suggest that the money be remitted to the Green Island for potatoes and bread. We would recommend that the money now being raised for Parnell and for

Denis Kearney—the money spent in political agitation—be directed into this charitable channel of relief to the Irish poor. We would have preferred that the money expended for the immense cathedral building on Fifth Avenue, and the immense church built on Van Ness Avenue, had been given to the starving worshippers on Irish soil. But Ireland is rich, and England is rich; and the rule that ought to prevail is to allow charity to be exhausted at home before it is exercised abroad. The class of Irish that is pinched at home by the misfortune of a bad season is the same that has, by its malicious and devilish agitation, reduced real estate values in San Francisco, and thereby brought poverty and distress to our own city; and we are selfish enough to think that not one dollar should be sent abroad till there are no suffering and destitute poor within our own town who deserve relief; and while the Chronicle, Call, and New York Herald are advertising to receive remittances for the Irish poor, with offers to print in Roman capitals the names of the generous donors, the Argonaut will do the same thing to those charitably inclined who will send aid to the deserving and unfortunate poor in the city of San Francisco.

European immigration of the class likely to be sent to America by political revolutions, financial disturbances, failure of crops, famine, and distress, does not commend itself to us as desirable. In truth, we think it unwise and altogether impolitic to endeavor to stimulate immigration from Europe to America; and especially do we think it unwise to aid that kind of people to come to our country who are unable to be self-supporting in the places of their birth. We hope we are not entirely unmindful of our duty to our fellow-men, and that we are not destitute of sympathy for the sufferings of any part of our race, but to send our money to bring from Italy its lazzaroni, or from any European State its worthless, bigoted, ignorant, pauper class, is, in our judgment, a crime against America, and a crime against those succeeding us, who have a right to take their inheritance from us unincumbered with this weight of bigotry, ignorance, and crime. There is a class of European immigrants that would be of service to us, and advance our progress—men of intelligence, skilled mechanical qualifications, industry, and good morals; men who bring money to make money, and who are content to allow Americans to control and direct the politics of America; capitalists, to establish banks, insurance companies, commercial houses, to engage in trade and manufacturing, to purchase and cultivate land. Of this class, and of that large, industrious, working, middle class, we can not have too many; but of that great other class we can not have too few.

The controversy between Messrs. Mahoney and Kallloch is a personal matter over Mr. Mahoney's personal business. Mr. Mahoney is endeavoring to sell Lake Merced to the city, as is very natural. The Mayor thinks it an undesirable purchase, and opposes it—opposes it by saying some unpleasant and uncomfortable things about the lake and its owner. Mr. Mahoney retorts, through the Chronicle, with some very unpleasant and uncomfortable things concerning the Mayor. We delight in the existence of this quarrel; we are rejoiced to see our sand-lot husband in the grip of the Irish bear. We say, "Go it, hubby! go it, bruin!" We don't care a tinker's imprecation, so long as we are not compelled to take our water from Mahoney and our politics and religion, mixed, from the Mayor. Mr. Mahoney is right when he calls Kallloch a demagogue, and is a demagogue himself when he blarneys over the "little Irish drayman." Mr. Kallloch is right to feel and express sympathy for honest, sober, family men out of employment, if they are willing to work; Mr. Kallloch becomes the demagogue and plays with fire when he recommends mass-meetings, processions, and agitations. Mayor Kallloch is right when he reads a practical temperance lecture to our foreign idlers and tramps, and counsels them to drink less beer and gin, and advises the unmarried to go to the country and to the mines for labor. Mayor Kallloch has a right to go to Sacramento to lobby the passage of a law to compel corporations to discharge their Chinese employees. Such a law ought to pass, if the Constitution demands. It ought then to be interpreted by the courts, and if it is good law the Chinese ought not to be employed. Mr. Kallloch is right to seek labor for working men, but he will be wise if he has the capacity to understand that the best way to make work, make good times, and make money plenty, is not to threaten the peace of the community, not to drive rich men and corporations out of business by prescribing whom they may hire, how many hours they may work their employees, and how much they may pay them.

Political England is again convulsed by some miscreant's malevolent revival of the question, "Did Mr. Freeman ever say: 'Perish India!'" It is a question of magnitude, certainly, but hardly so important, all things considered, as the question, "Has India been and gone and done it?" This greater conundrum should have precedence of consideration, and in the light of the answer the bearings of the lesser one on the interests of the British Empire—upon which, we hasten to add, the sun never sets—can be more accurately determined.

AFTERMATH.

Some two or three years ago Mr. Edison burst upon the world like a dazzling meteor, and every now and then since his first appearance he turns up with a new surprise. Mr. Edison has accomplished too much, and invented too many new things, and improved on too many old ones, to be rated as a visionary or set down as altogether a failure; but, after all his duplex telegraph business, his telephone invention, his stock indicator, his discovery that was to make deaf people hear through their open mouths, his headache panacea, his cure for neuralgia, his reproduction of the human voice from paper slips, and, lastly, his repeated failure in giving us an electric light, there is just the least suspicion that Mr. Edison is not quite as successful or scientific as his admirers would have us believe. His admirers, by the way, were shareholders in a stock company that is to grow rich just in proportion as stockholders in gas companies grow poor. Mr. Edison has now for the third time proclaimed his discovery of a cheap electric light. Three times he has raided upon gas stock, and three times he has been exposed to the humiliation of failure.

In the civilized world there are some two billion dollars of value in gas property, of which some four hundred million are in the United States. If a cheaper and better light can be discovered this property will decline in value; and had Mr. Edison a proper regard for his own reputation, or for the interests of his fellow-citizens, he would have been very careful before he allowed himself to be used as a hear to the gas stock market. So far, it is not demonstrated that he is an electrician; he has displayed an ignorance of the science that has subjected him to the criticism we print in another column from the London *Saturday Review*. The reader will, after perusing this article, come to the conclusion, as we have done, that he is not likely to invent a substitute for gas, or make progress in the discovery of a cheap electric light. The holder of gas stock that reads this article will not be likely to sacrifice his stock till some more trustworthy scientist than the electrician of Menlo Park proclaims the discovery of "the domestic sun."

In two columns of Sunday's *Chronicle*, side by side, occur the following: One is headed in startling capitals "Work or Bread," and then follows the account of a mob of men and women, numbering some hundreds, lead by a stalwart German named Hans Steinman, forming a procession to the Mayor's office to demand "bread or work." The other, also in bold lines, is headed "The Starving Irish," and then follow the names and amounts of money subscribed by persons in San Francisco to send to Ireland, with the announcement of \$7,651.35 as the sum total. Our comment is this: If there are hundreds of working men and women in San Francisco starving for bread, it is criminal to send money to starving Ireland.

While up in heaven the greater lights
Rule, one the days and one the nights,
The small-fry stars rise, one behind
Another of the self-same kind—
Following each lesser light a lesser—
So John McComb's his own successor.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. Yet their growing is "less than a circumstance"—whatever that may mean—compared with the growing of Miss Lutie Lagrange, who lives in Leadville, Colorado. Miss Lutie is not yet eleven, and weighed, at the last writing, three hundred and ten pounds. To those who appreciate the existing differences it may be comforting to know that Miss Lutie Lagrange is a prize Suffolk pig.

There is a warm controversy going on between General Sherman of the Army and General Boynton of the Press. So far, the quarrel illustrates the superiority of the pen over the sword in the hands of men who are entirely great; and, while General Sherman of the Army has lost his temper, General Boynton of the Press has preserved his dignity. General Boynton charges General Sherman with being vain, and, in his narration of the "march to the sea," of elevating himself to the prejudice of his comrades in arms; and General Sherman charges General Boynton with being a libeler, and one who for a thousand dollars would slander his own mother. We may be excused from passing judgment on the merits of this regrettable controversy between two brave soldiers and able men. General Sherman's *Memoirs*—out of the publication of which the controversy arose—were full of inaccuracies, as was to have been expected of a man who does all his thinking while talking, writing, and acting, as he needs must if he do it at all; but of intentional misrepresentation or injustice, either he must be acquitted or we must ascribe to his victims—Grant being the chief of them—a meekness and good nature which their champion might advantageously emulate.

If Grant, for example, has been as badly treated by General Sherman as General Boynton says, one would expect from him some sign of resentment, whereas he and Sherman have remained the warmest personal friends. All the same, General Boynton's criticisms on Sherman's *Memoirs* were made in permissible temper, with an apparently honest purpose, and were in many cases eminently sound. We think

him entirely justified in demanding Sherman's trial by court-martial for assailing his character as an honest man and truthful journalist. His charges and specifications, we observe, are so drawn as necessarily to entail an examination of the whole matter of the truth or falsity of most of Sherman's book. If the trial is granted history will therefore be the gainer, no matter whose reputation loses.

The Mayor of Montreal has decided not to take any official part in the reception of Mr. Parnell. This is in respectable contrast to the action of the United States Congress in giving him the use of the Representatives' hall for no other reason than that he is a traitor to the British Crown, to which he has sworn allegiance. This country, an asylum for the suppressed of all nations, always hastens to mark in some public way its sense of the merit of every notorious enemy to other nations who can get together enough money to come here for more. If any European nation dared publicly and officially to honor the declared enemy of another and friendly people, an army of a million men would be set in motion to avenge the insult. Our remoteness and insignificance have hitherto given us impunity, but what we need is a good, sound, wholesome licking, to teach us manners.

A damboy sat on a coping,
And his bad, naughty brain was hoping
That the washman, Lop Hay,
Would happen that way,
For laggard was he, and moping.

Lop Hay was a shier of stones,
And supple the brawn on his bones;
And a limp damboy lay
At the feet of Lop Hay,
Who chuckled in tune with his moans.

Núñez, convicted murderer, tore up his shirt, soaped the shreds, twisted them into a rope, and by the aid of a broom-handle and a hole in the wall succeeded in producing such a stricture of the thrapple of him that he went to glory without any expense to the county, or any unpleasant exhibition of that efficacy of death-drop repentance which so discourages those who think, with us, that in the case of murderers the Lamb should be deprived of the pardoning power. We are entirely serious in the opinion that convicted murderers ought by law to be supplied with handier and surer appliances for suicide than broom-sticks, shirts, and soap.

John Paul Jones Saltpickle was not a had man in his way, but he had a consuming thirst for notoriety which nothing but his absence from the centre of population continued in full force. He lived in the wilds of Saucelito, and owned a duck ranch. He was a man of the times and believed in progress, and his latest scheme had been to manufacture a fowl combining the succulent delicacy of the turkey with the provident habits of the duck. The idea was praiseworthy, but his methods crude. Reversing the usual order of arrangement, he persuaded one of his best behaved lady ducks to sit on a baker's dozen of bronze turkey eggs. In due course the bronzelings came into the Saucelito sunshine. Unfortunately, the quackative mother persuaded them into an early still-hunt after crablets, and the ruthless flood tide blotted out the fair experiment in moribunded duckturks. Mr. Saltpickle, however, was not to be disappointed of his notoriety, and floated gracefully out with the sad ebh tide—a banquet for the shrimps.

The New York *Sunday Times* begins a column with the heading "A Column of Truth," but incontinently leaves off at nearly a quarter of a column from the bottom of the page. There was not enough truth in New York to fill it out.

The Irish societies have determined not to parade on St. Patrick's Day, and we are grateful that they have come to so wise a determination. In view of the present destitution in Ireland, it is a more fitting and graceful thing to send money to their suffering countrymen than to spend it in making an absurd display, that offends half the Irish-born citizens, and all that are born out of Ireland. A Catholic parade, with priests in open barouches and pictures of saints, is an offensive sight to all who are not Roman Catholics, while the flaunting of foreign flags is offensive to all citizens who are American horn, and the parade of military companies not in American uniform is an insult to the land that gives all foreigners an asylum and a home.

In the case of Samuel J. Tilden it does seem to us that Republicans protest too much. That Tilden, or "Sam Tilden," as party opponents familiarly style him, is corrupt, old, sick, unscrupulous, unpopular, can not carry Tammany, and is utterly weak and unavailable as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is the ever-chanted burden of the Republican party song. Now, if he is so unpopular, it would seem to be good policy on the part of Republicans to allow him to become the Democratic nominee. But he was elected Governor of New York, and made the best of financial exhibits. He quarrels with Tammany, and that raises a presumption in his favor. He received in the nation two hundred and fifty thousand more votes than President Hayes. This would seem to indicate his popularity. We know of nothing he

has done since to forfeit the popular regard, unless it is to fight Tammany. Hence we question whether, under the circumstances of his eight to seven defeat, he would not be the strongest candidate the Democracy can present. He is the choice of the party, rank and file, in California, although we understand that ex-Senator Gwin, Senator Farley, Governor Irwin, and many other leading Democratic politicians have soured upon him. It is our opinion that Governor Tilden will be the next Presidential candidate of the Democratic party.

The Rev. Mr. Ward Crowley, we learn from New York dispatches, is under indictment for starving and otherwise annoying children under his care in the "Shepherd's Fold," and has been admitted to bail, one of his sureties being the godly parson of "the Church of the Heavenly Rest," who qualified in the sum of ten thousand dollars. Clearly the Rest is an opulent institution, and we may reasonably hope that the Fold will in time achieve an equal temporal prosperity under the economical régime of its pastor, approved by the other concern. We like to see brothers stand by one another under malicious prosecution, and so great is our love of justice that if it shall appear that the Rev. Mr. Ward Crowley is innocent, we shall hope he will receive a light sentence.

The opposition to the State Normal School has finally taken a practical shape: the building was burned down the other morning. We are of the opposition, but hope we shall not be understood as altogether approving the destruction of the building; it will probably entail another appropriation by the Legislature, which will somewhat cripple that body in its proposed endowment of a Chair of Pedagogy at the State University—a scheme of which we are avidly enamored. We have a blind old horse of irreproachable morals and honorable record, whom we favor for the professorship.

If there should arise any conflict between the sand-lot and the authorities, what position would Mayor Killoch assume? His duty would be at the head of the law-and-order forces—would he dare take any other position? These are mere conundrums. No conflict is likely to take place. There is no mob element in San Francisco. There are idlers, vagabonds, and ill-disposed persons, but no rioters—no desperate men to take their lives in their hands. We have a strong, well disciplined, and brave police force. Chief Crowley is a cool, self-possessed man, who has no sympathy with disturbers and who will think it humanity to fire low with cartridges of lead. Captains Lees, Short, and Douglas are bold, experienced, reliable, earnest men. So Mayor Killoch had better look to himself and think twice before he undertakes to lead his unwashed gang against the authorities of a city of which he is unfortunately the Mayor. His most equivocal and outrageous speech of Sunday justifies us in suspecting that he is a villain, and is plotting mischief.

Boston, following the Quincy plan, has discontinued the teaching of vocal music in the public schools, and Mr. Lowell Mason, who has for a quarter of a century imposed his not valuable services upon the tax-payers of the "Hub," has now been imposed upon the public purse of Japan at six thousand dollars a year salary. We thank the good God who made the earth that west of us he placed Japan, so that some of the Boston nonsense may drift by us. Herebefore the Yankee singing-school masters have all stopped in San Francisco. We wish they would all go west and teach the heathen how to sing.

The following is vouched for by a reputable clerk in one of our leading music stores: Madame F— M— M— came into the store to order some music. While there, Mr. X—, a pianist, was introduced to her. She had recently given a concert at which she had sung a *Bacchanale*. Mr. X— had been at the lady's concert and praised her voice, no end. "But the composition," said he, "the composition was certainly very bad. How could you have chosen such stuff? Who could have written it?" "It was written by my former husband." "Surely? I thought I recognized some good things in it; but they were all drowned by the insufferable roaring of the *basso*. Who is the fellow?" "Oh, he is my present husband."

A Chinese proverb says that the conjuror does not deceive the man who heats the gong for him. Are we to suppose that Mayor Killoch's tonguing and posturing are not "understanded" by Mr. Denis Kearney?

They do say that the last feather which occasionally breaks the back of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction is a cock-tail feather.

Twixt Grant and Von Moltke this difference fine
The deaf may discern as they run:
Von Moltke is silent in languages nine,
And Grant says nothing in one.

"McDade" considered the bill "unconstitutional," and who in the devil's name is McDade, and what does he know about constitutional law?

HIS LETTER.

A San Francisco Teacher to his Friend in Los Angeles.

I am writing, dear Dan, in my garret—
A den you would call it—and, lo!
The tallow-dip melting beside me
Has blotted my sheet in its flow.
These Minna Street lodgings, O Daniel,
Are simple and rustic, you know.

The truth is, old fellow, I'm skipping
A dance on that shadowy line
Which separates beefsteaks and plenty,
Good lodgings, good cheer, and good wine
From stomachs atwist and atremble,
From pawn-shops and straw-ticks like mine.

You see, they have shaved us. The city,
In some unaccountable way,
Has chosen a Board of Directors,
Of whom there are seven who say—
That *conscience*—that *aviv* most *rare*—
Compels them to cut down the pay.
Just think of it, Daniel!—a school board
Encumbered with conscience that way!

My room-mate is Jack of the Union;
We taught for a season or so
In Stanislaus County together,
Some five or six summers ago.
Poor fellow! he's under the blankets,
And dreaming of oysters, I know.

We've skirmished the city all over;
We've panned every rag in the fold;
And Jack has a list of the places
Where fifteen-cent dinners are sold.
But Spring Valley water and turnips
Fill out, in the absence of gold.

John Swett called to see me last evening,
And borrowed my only white vest;
And I fear he will lend it to Denman,
Who suffers for clothes like the rest.
The fact is a trifle, but shows you
How closely the teachers are pressed.

The ladies, dear creatures—the "schoolmarm's,"
As Wadham would sneeringly say—
Are also distressed and distracted,
And fear is the rule of the day.
I'd marry them all, if they'd have me,
And start for Salt Lake right away.

Good-bye, dear old fellow—I'm going;
My wash-woman treads on the stair;
She had on her war-paint this morning,
And threatened to claw me right there.
I will leave her to Jack's tender mercies;
He knows how to deal with the fair.

Just this, ere I wind up my letter:
If you are approached with a plea
To succor the suffering Irish,
Or any one over the sea,
Just turn a deaf ear to entreaty
And send all your surplus to me.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1880. D. S. RICHARDSON.

THE GREAT EDISON SCARE.

What a happy man Mr. Edison must be! Three times within the short space of eighteen months he has had the glory of finally and triumphantly solving a problem of world-wide interest. It is true that each time the problem has been the same, and that it comes up again after each solution, fresh, smiling, and unsolved, ready to receive its next death-blow. But this peculiarity of his triumphs, though interesting from a practical point of view, is doubtless of too trifling a character to damp the joy of victory in Mr. Edison's own mind, since it appears in no degree to interfere with the plaudits with which his followers hail each fresh achievement—or, as we should rather say, bulletin—from Menlo Park. And thus not only is Mr. Edison to be congratulated on the happy past, but his friends may look forward to a long and equally happy future, crowned at periodical intervals by similar dazzling and final triumphs; for, if he continues to observe the same strict economy of practical results which has hitherto characterized his efforts in electric lighting, there is no reason why he should not for the next twenty years completely solve the problem of the electric light twice a year, without in any way interfering with its interest or novelty.

But all this, we are told, is altered now. We are given to understand, by accounts from head-quarters, that this time Mr. Edison really has done it; and descriptions of the perfection and economy of the light are showered upon us which quite take away one's breath. That the light itself is all that its inventor could by any possibility desire will not surprise any one who has had experience with inventors; but it does startle us to be told that its cost will be only one-fortieth that of gas. In the face of such definite assertions incredulity would seem to be a crime, and it would appear to be the duty of all gas directors to make forward contracts to deliver old iron, in view of the immediate future when gas will be spoken of as a thing of the past. Curiosity, however, is such a persistent trait of the human mind that one can not repress a desire to know the exact details of this all-transforming discovery, and to form one's own opinion of the sources of its transcendent merits. Fortunately, the veil of mystery that has so long hung over the doings of Mr. Edison's laboratory has at last been drawn aside, and we are in full possession of the magic secret. It does not sound very wonderful after all. There is nothing new in the lamp. It is an ordinary incandescent lamp, with a slip of carbon as the substance to give forth the light. The sole secret is that Mr. Edison makes the carbon out of burnt paper.

The discovery bears strong marks of Mr. Edison's bandiwork. Like all the other so-called discoveries of his in connection with electric lighting (with one exception, of which we will speak presently), it is wholly without novelty, unless there be some unimportant details in the particular form of the connections and regulating mechanism, in which he has chosen to exhibit that ingenuity which he undoubtedly possesses, but which could have been as well arranged in a thousand other ways. The idea of a lamp consisting of a piece of carbon placed in a vacuum and rendered incandescent by the passage through it of a strong galvanic current is at least as old as 1845, when it was patented by King, and

similar devices have since been continually proposed and employed by others. Experience, however, taught inventors (as it will probably teach Mr. Edison when he has a little more acquaintance with the subject) that a vacuum is a very awkward thing to deal with, and that much more satisfactory results could be obtained by placing the carbon in a non-combustible gas, such as nitrogen, or carbonic acid. Accordingly, recent lamps in which incandescent carbon has been used have generally been of that type. Such was the Sawyer and Mann lamp, which excited so much attention in New York some twelve months ago, and which consisted of a thin rod of carbon in a receiver full of nitrogen. Of late we have heard nothing of this lamp, and we very much fear that it is another instance of the fatal gulf between theory and practice, and that its disappearance from public view is due to the existence of some practical difficulties in the application of what seemed to be an ingenious idea. Other lamps are upon similar principles; the most successful one, so far as we can judge by report, is a French one, in which there are three small carbon rods in a closed receiver, the oxygen of which is consumed by the combustion of one of the rods, leaving the atmosphere in the receiver incombustible during the incandescence of the other two. Nor is there any more originality in the idea of procuring the carbon for such lamps from burnt paper or cardboard. That such carbon was very suitable for producing light by incandescence has long been known to electricians. Mr. Swan used it fifteen years ago for an electric lamp on the incandescent principle, and, curiously enough, used it in the shape of a horseshoe, exactly as Mr. Edison is now using it; so that there must be something more than a resemblance between the two lamps, seeing that the carbon and the enclosing glass vessel (which may be of any shape) constitute the whole of the lamp proper. The use of this carbon was given up because of its want of durability—a difficulty which, however, Mr. Swan says that he has now got over; and it seems to be tolerably evident from Mr. Edison's own account that he has done little or nothing to remedy this defect, of which he is probably not fully aware. At any rate, it is clear that the carbons he uses are fragile in the extreme, for he says that they must be taken out of the mould with the greatest care, to prevent their falling to pieces.

The general result, therefore, is that Mr. Edison leaves the subject of the electric light precisely where he found it, so far as discovery is concerned. He has added nothing to our knowledge. The next thing to consider is, whether or not his lamp performs the practical service claimed; whether, in short, the method he adopts—by whomsoever invented—will in fact accomplish what is alleged of it. Considered in themselves, there can be no doubt that the tales that have come over to us about Mr. Edison's new discovery are in the highest degree improbable. The use of incandescence as a means of procuring light from electricity, without breaking the continuity of the circuit, has been known from nearly the beginning of the century, and all its advantages and disadvantages have been thoroughly studied. The result has always been to show that it is a very wasteful method of using the electric current when compared with the electric arc or the broken circuits of such lamps as the Regnier and Werdermann, which hold an intermediate position between the two classes. It possesses great advantages, which are obvious at first sight; but so great is the disadvantage of which we have spoken that its use has been very limited, except for special purposes, as, for example, the little medical lamps for illuminating the cavities of the body to facilitate diagnosis. That this principle should turn out to be the enormous commercial success that Mr. Edison's lamp is represented to be is in the highest degree unlikely, seeing that, as we have said, his lamp differs but slightly, if at all, from lamps previously known. Nor do the accounts themselves that have reached us tend to reassure us much. They show clearly that this lamp is more fragile and more difficult to handle than any of its compeers. They do not give us the least reason to think that it has any elements of success in it other than the bright character of the incandescence of carbon made from paper; and as such carbon can not materially differ in its qualities from other kinds, and is even more liable to be heterogeneous and uncertain, this small advantage seems to be a very slight matter to build such high hopes upon. They do not suggest any way of getting over the difficulty which is met with in lamps constructed on this principle, of keeping the glass from getting dulled by particles of carbon coming off from the incandescent mass within it—a difficulty which would be peculiarly fatal to a vacuum lamp like Mr. Edison's, which can not be cleaned on the inside. But, above all, there is a strong flavor of humbug about the whole matter. Every account—even those which Mr. Edison himself seems to have authorized—is written in a way in which no good electrician could write. We have a sensational account of the supposed discovery, where a thin filament of carbon is represented as having been accidentally tried with a strong current, and we are told, as of a newly discovered marvel of science, that this carbon filament resisted an intense heat, and "proved in reality more infusible than platinum." As though every school-boy who has dabbled in chemistry did not already know that carbon was incomparably more infusible than platinum, or indeed than any other substance.

Then there are references to other electrical phenomena which have about as much to do with the matter as the processes of electrotyping would have, but all of which are ingeniously identified with the so-called discovery, as though they specially belonged to Mr. Edison's lamp. Thus it is explained that the current can be made to run a sewing-machine; and other potentialities are vaguely shadowed forth which are said to be dependent on a knowledge of the laws of electricity. Of course, a continuous current can be made to do work in a thousand different ways; but what have the marvels of electricity in general to do with the question whether Mr. Edison's lamp is a good one? Again, there is the new dynamo-electric machine. Mr. Edison must, of course, come before the public in a state of complete independence of all other inventors, so he must not even get his electricity from the same sources as others. Hence, for a second time, he produces a dynamo-electric machine, which he calls by the pompous title of the Faradaic machine. It merits this title only in virtue of its representing a state of knowledge more nearly that of Faraday's time than any machine in use at present. It is strange how Mr. Edison's efforts in electric lighting seem cursed with a total absence of originality. This

machine, both in its separate parts and its general arrangement, is the merest copy from other machines. Its principle, its arrangement, and everything about it are so utterly unoriginal, that really it is difficult to understand how Mr. Edison himself can fancy he has any claim to be considered its inventor. It only differs from the machines at present in use in that it is much what they must have been in their early forms, before their makers had learned how to intensify the magnetic field in which the armatures rotate. He drops hints of machines that utilize ninety per cent. of the power applied to them. The correctness of this figure, if it is intended to apply to this machine, we cannot believe in. Such a percentage is about what is expected from a good machine on the Siemens's Gramme or Brush principle, and it is simply absurd to suppose that this blundering imitation, which is destitute of all the special improvements which experience has suggested to their makers, can contend with these machines on equal terms.

All these circumstances, and many others, cause us to regard with utter distrust the glowing accounts of Mr. Edison's invention (if it is entitled to be called such) that reach us from New York. And, added to this, there is the remembrance of what happened some eighteen months ago, at the beginning of Mr. Edison's experiments on the electric light. Every one recollects how, in October, 1878, there came a telegram from New York that Mr. Edison had completely solved the problem of electric lighting, and how this telegram caused a tremendous panic in gas shares, sending them down to two-thirds of their previous value. Even the instructed, who could detect, in the very language in which the telegram was couched, evidence that it was framed either by or for persons who were ignorant of the subject, scarcely dared to imagine that such a telegram could have been allowed to go forth, or to remain uncontradicted, unless Mr. Edison had really obtained most important results, and was in a position to effect practically electric lighting at a reasonable cost. It is fortunate for Mr. Edison that public attention can not remain very long fixed upon any one subject, and that by the time that a few months had elapsed people had ceased to think of him or his telegram; for we now know in what position he stood when that outrageous telegram was sent. And it is well that we are able to arrive at this from sources directly connected with Mr. Edison himself, for it would otherwise be impossible to convince any one of the true state of the case. Some six or eight months after this telegram two patents, representing the latest completed results which even then Mr. Edison had obtained, came over to this country, and were made public amidst the universal derision of all who knew anything about electricity. The wonderful secret that was to solve completely the problem of electric lighting was the use of incandescent platinum (or an alloy of platinum and iridium, we forget which) to give light. It would seem that Mr. Edison has an irresistible passion for electrical antiquities. Not only is this one of the very oldest devices known, but it was actually patented in 1848 by Staitte, though we doubt whether such a principle could even then have been the subject of a valid patent unless there had been something special in the form in which it was applied. We forget whether Mr. Edison attempted to patent his lamp, or even if he had any lamp at all at the time; but he certainly patented a regulator, which was intended to turn off the current when the heat of the platinum got too intense. This was a simple instrument, of little or no merit, and deserving of no notice. We really do not know whether it was able to do its work; we have heard that it failed even to do that; but whether or not this was the case is of no moment, for, so far as we have been able to learn, both the lamp and the regulator have, for all practical purposes, proved abortive. We have never heard of their being tried on any practical scale, or even of their being used at all outside of Menlo Park; and, whatever may be Mr. Edison's love of perfection, we do not believe for an instant that, if he had got a really practical lamp, capable of doing a fraction of what that was represented to do, he would have let months pass without its coming into the market.

But these two were not the only precious gifts which were then bestowed on the world by Mr. Edison. There was a third, to which no disparaging remarks as to its extreme simplicity could be applied. The second patent then taken out by him was for a wonderful dynamo-electric machine of a wholly new construction. We willingly give Mr. Edison credit for originality in this machine. Coils were fixed to the vibrating arms of a monstrous tuning-fork more than a yard long, and these, by the vibrations of the fork, were made to approach or recede from magnets, and thus currents were generated. If it were not actually in a patent taken out on Mr. Edison's behalf, all instructed persons would hesitate to believe that such an absurd arrangement could be seriously proposed at a time when such machines as the Gramme, the Siemens's, the Lontin, the Brush, and a host of others were in existence, much less that it could be proposed by a man of Mr. Edison's advantages and fame. It is difficult adequately to express the ludicrous inefficiency of the arrangement; but one thing is abundantly certain, and that is, that the person who seriously proposed it was wholly destitute of a scientific knowledge of either electricity or the science of energy. It is clear that he was tempted by the hope of getting out of the vibrations of the tuning-forks something more than the force he expended on them. No doubt he thought that vibration was so confirmed a habit with tuning-forks that they would vibrate on the merest hint being given to them. To those who remember the amusement that this wonderful invention excited among English electricians, it will be interesting to read the following passage from the latest authentic American account: "Mr. Edison's first experiment in machines for generating the electric current did not meet with success. His primal apparatus was in the form of a large tuning-fork, constructed in such a way that its ends vibrated with great rapidity before the poles of a large magnet. These vibrations could be produced with comparatively little power. Several weeks of practice proved, however, that the machine was not practicable, and it was laid aside." We should very much like to know when these weeks of practice (not a very long trial for a new invention) took place. Not before the patenting, or it would never have been patented. Then it must have been after the patent was taken out—a matter which confirms the opinion held by most persons in England who were competent to judge of it, that no such machine had at the time ever been made (except, perhaps, on a small scale), and that the whole matter was a pure speculative sug-

gestion. Remembering the unrivaled opportunities for experiment possessed by Mr. Edison, the fact that he took out this patent without any adequate preliminary trial—and we are convinced that a most superficial investigation would have demonstrated its worthlessness—is a striking lesson as to the reliance that must be placed on the accounts of the extent of the preliminary experiments to which his so-called inventions are subjected. We can assure Mr. Edison that it will require a long list of successes, not only announced, but realized, to counteract in the minds of those capable of judging of it the effect which that absurd patent has had in convicting him of being a man with no scientific knowledge of electricity, and either so incapable of judging of the value of his work or so careless of his own reputation as to be ready to patent a machine which on a few weeks' trial proves itself, on his own confession, to be an utterly worthless device.

These petty results, or rather the small fraction of them that he had obtained six months previously to their publication, represent all that Mr. Edison had actually completed when the famous telegram was sent. In other words, he had not the slightest ground for announcing that he had made any substantial advance in the treatment of the electric light, much less that he had completely solved its difficulties. Now we do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Edison would aid in giving currency to a report which he did not believe to be true. The most probable hypothesis is that he is an inventor who is absolutely intoxicated with his own reputation, and who has an unlimited belief not only in the efficiency, but also in the novelty of all that he proposes. In no other way is his conduct comprehensible. The exciting cause of the celebrated telegram could not have amounted to more than that, having thought a little over the difficulties of the rival plans for producing the electric light, he resolved to concentrate his efforts upon the oldest and the easiest—namely, incandescence in the continuous circuit. Having resolved in his own mind that this was the best form, his vanity treated success as so certain that we honestly believe he viewed it as a grand new departure in electricity, whereas it was only what hundreds had done before, and hundreds will do again. Then he went on floundering through all that his predecessors had gone through before him; advancing knowledge not one whit, inasmuch as all his results were old, but still pressing on with the profoundest conviction that everything that came upon him as a novelty was new also to the world. It is only by keeping these things in mind that we can judge of the value of the recent reports of his successes, and we can come to no other conclusion about them than that without independent confirmation they are not worthy of credence. It is not that we do not think that Mr. Edison is likely to help in the development of electric lighting. On the contrary, considering his unexampled advantages, it is matter for surprise that so ingenious a man has not discovered something worthy of remark by this time. For he is undoubtedly an inventor of exceptional merit. Independently of the important share he has had in the development of quadruplex telegraphy, his success in the carbon and loud-speaking telephones shows that he is possessed of great inventive power and remarkable mechanical ingenuity. His other great achievement, the phonograph, would alone go a long way toward justifying his enormous reputation. But these successes seem to have completely turned his head. He allows the wildest reports of his doings to obtain currency. The same account to which we have referred speaks of his having recently invented an air-pump, a method of utilizing mining tailings, a sextuple telegraph, and a specific against headaches. This last child of his fertile brain is old enough to be christened, and rejoices in the mysterious name of Polyform, and the reporter goes so far as to state that Mr. Edison takes it himself. But this must surely be an exaggeration. Altogether he reminds us forcibly of the White Knight in *Through the Looking-glass*, and we expect soon to hear that he has—

"Completed his design
To save the Menai Bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine."

It will be remembered that the White Knight also had invented devices for the preservation of his health. All these things make us feel that Mr. Edison is not capable of judging of his own performances, and confirm us in the belief that his latest idea is but a doubtful rival of many lamps that are already in the market. The calculation as to its costing one-fortieth the price of gas is an utterly absurd one, even when read by the light of the meagre details on which it professes to be based. The most economical form of electric light is, and in all probability always will be, the arc-lamp, where it can be used on a large scale, and no form of incandescent lamp can approach it in economy of production. Yet engineers are very well satisfied if they can bring down its cost, even under the most favorable circumstances, to between two-fifths and one-fourth the price of gas. We feel tolerably certain that the cost of Mr. Edison's lamp, even if it is otherwise practicable (about which we have a good deal of doubt), will be many times this. The only good point about the news is that Mr. Edison seems at last to have settled down to the useful detail work of trying various methods of improving the manufacture of carbon for electric purposes. This is much wanted, and Mr. Edison is exactly in a position to do it. But, supposing that a manufacturer of artificial carbons were to discover that it was better to use barley-meal than wheat-flour, or lump sugar than moist sugar, in their preparation, we should be considerably surprised to find him announcing himself to the world by telegram as being the greatest inventor of the age. In our opinion, Mr. Edison's pretentious announcements are as little justified by the fact that he has satisfied himself as to what is the best form of carbon to use in the ordinary and well-known incandescent method of electric lighting, as a candle manufacturer would be justified in announcing that he had completely solved the problem of domestic lighting because he had devised a slightly improved candle-wick.

In an article on "The Literary Calling and its Future," in one of the current English magazines, Mr. James Payn, the novelist, makes a vigorous attack upon the *laus temporis acti* as applied to literature, and asserts categorically of modern periodical literature that, "however small may be its merits, it is at least ten times as good as ancient periodical literature (that of the early *Edinburgh Review*, for instance) used to be."

CURRENT COMMENT.

Says the New York *Dispatch*: "Out, damned spots! But the spots will not out. The sons of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—Prince Albert Victor and his brother George—serving as 'middies' on board one of her Majesty's ships, the *Bacchante*, have actually been tattooed, and now their royal noses bear the protuberant proclamation of England's power and supremacy in 'broad arrows' of the approved gunpowder tint of royal blue. Surgeons have been consulted and physicians advised with, but not all the medications or machinery at the service of science can efface the evidence of boyish folly in the cockpit of that war-ship."

Says the New York *Mercury*: "The Shah of Persia has written a book which shows that he is fond of the Koran, ballet girls, and of pictures that would cause Comstock to shudder. In St. Petersburg His Majesty was shown the elephant and the ballet by the sedate Grand Duke Alexis; at Vienna he was charmed with the most fascinating and lively belles of the blue Danube; at Berlin Prince Fritz revealed to him all the delicacies of the season; and in Paris he fairly went wild over the opera ballet girls and numerous other Parisian eye-openers. The Shah seems also to have fallen in love with a picture of 'Venus Rising from the Sea,' in all her fresh and roseate beauty, which the Princess Mathilde presented to him."

Says the New York *Tribune*: "The cave-openers are at it again. Closely following the announcement of the wonderful cave in Adams County, Ohio, where was found the recumbent figure of a colossal Mercury, winged helmet and all, and a nine-foot mummy, there comes news of the exploration of a rival cave in Missouri, where is found a beautifully finished temple, cut from solid granite, a model of architectural splendor, with colonnades and arches, naves and transepts, and carving on the walls in 'characters closely resembling the Phœnician.' One of the apartments is described as 'a room hewn out of solid limestone, thirty-five feet wide, fifty feet long, thirty feet high, and vaulted to the centre, the ceiling being forty-five feet from the floor in the middle of the room. At intervals of ten feet are graceful slender columns of granite, with square base fantastically carved in imitation of some unknown plant. The shafts, like the shaft supporting the arch, are surmounted by capitals.' Nothing is known at this moment against the veracity of the reporters, because they are too modest to give their names to the public."

Says the Washington *Republic*: "Now and then crime holds a special carnival. On one day last month a New York lawyer shot himself, a retired army musician hung himself, the dead body of a man was found hidden among the rocks at Paterson, in Milwaukee a man killed his wife and then himself, a woman confessed an eight-year-old murder, a negro in Maryland assailed a young lady and was lynched, an old man was murdered by tramps, a clergyman at Syracuse went to the insane asylum, woman case, the moonshiners killed two marshals in Tennessee, a man in Georgia blew his brains out in the presence of his wife and child, one in Indiana stabbed a man in a quarrel about a dog, a lawyer in Fort Scott was shot and killed by an unknown man, a boatman in Georgetown committed suicide, and the lover who kills himself in the presence of the girl who refuses to marry him turned up in New York."

Says the New York *World*: "Some fatality has attached itself to the number three during the year 1879. Serious attempts have been made upon the lives of three of the crowned heads of Europe—the Emperors of Russia and Germany and the King of Italy. Three potentates have been dispossessed—the Ameer of Cabul, the Khedive of Egypt, and the King of Zululand. Three famous actors have died—Falconer, Buckstone, and Mathews, and the 'fourth estate' is not without its fatal adhesion to the unlucky numeral. Three editors or proprietors of our foremost newspapers have bidden 'a long farewell to all their greatness'—Lawson, Delane, and Sergeant Cox."

Says the New York *World*: "Some London wag has executed the following skit at Henry Irving and his great admirer, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts: It is said that the baroness, hearing that there was discontent in her servant's hall, so that, in fact, the whole corps had determined to leave, sent for the butler, and inquired: 'Now, Jones, what does it mean?' Butler—'Beggin' your ladyship's parding. Which we humbly desire to explain our conduct, having hony one complaint to make. We do not hobject to Mr. Enery Irvin at breakfast, though hevery day; nor we do not hobject to Mr. Enery Irvin at lunch and dinner, though he do rarely miss. Nor we do not hobject to Mr. Enery Irvin at supper hevery night. But what we do most respectfully hobject to is that, whenever any one of us las a hevenin' hout, we should be expected to go to the dress suckle of the Lyceum and clap continuous.'"

Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "If there was a conservative Czar, his son was sure to be a reformer; if he had Western ideas and a turn for constitutions the Czarowitch was impressed just as strongly with the folly of putting a new piece into an old garment. As far back as the fifteenth century we hear of serious disputes between the Czar and the Czarowitch; and now we find the Emperor of all the Russias and the heir to the throne still at loggerheads. 'Ah! you find fault with my political acts,' cried Ivan IV., when the Czarowitch asked leave to go and fight the Poles. 'This is treason! Who knows if you have not already conceived the design of raising the standard of revolt against me? Rebel! you are leagued with the boyards in a conspiracy to dethrone me.' A goodly array of historians are pretty well agreed that it was no hatred of the Czarowitch's person that prompted the savage blow with which Ivan clenched his argument. The Prince was the one object that he loved in the world; and we read that when it was too late he fell upon his body in a paroxysm of despair, and, for once, Ivan the Terrible became Ivan the Tender. He called surgeons and sorceresses, and promised treasures and titles to any who would conjure back to life his son."

OUR BITTER HALVES.

Michelet says woman is the Sunday of man. A stormy Sunday she is, too.

Of all the animals, cats, flies, and women lose the most time at their toilet.

When a woman falls, all pardon her in their hearts and condemn her for their lips.

A man in Illinois has had five wives. Probably nobody knows what that man has suffered.

If you have a pretty daughter you will have a brain full of anxiety and a house full of scented note-paper.

Otway: "To represent the beauty of the angels we paint them like women." An ox would paint them as cows.

In marriage is required the same quality essential to the satisfactory gustation of sausages—perfect confidence.

Victor Hugo said, on seeing a pretty woman take the veil: "When one is not ugly, one has no right to espouse God."

The Spaniards have a saying: "In choosing a wife, shut your eyes and commend your soul to God." That's a good rule, too, in being hanged.

The least coquettish of women knows when a man is in love with her long before he has any idea of it himself. That is to say, she knows it before he *is* in love.

A stupidity must be as big as a house for a man to see it, coming out of a pretty mouth illuminated by pretty teeth, and from between two rosy lips.

A comparison of the women of the Eastern and Western States credits the former with greater devotion to study, and the latter with superior enthusiasm. We prefer—and hope we inspire—enthusiasm.

Anklets, with small bells attached, are worn by English ladies at skating parties. They jingle with every movement. We read of one lady who went even farther, and played castanets as she glided along.

They say "Mrs. Langtry can be more graceful in stubbing her toe than most women can be in throwing a kiss." We are backing the other woman.

The New York *Tribune* is authority for the announcement that "Roman striped stockings are the favorite style in New York at present." We have been sighing for a change.

Another too zealous colored brother near Nashville has blown the whole top of his wife's head off because she will not accompany him to church. She is believed to have chosen the lesser evil. He was himself the preacher.

A girl in Massachusetts who painted pottery has become insane. And in the horrible dreams and hideous fancies that glare upon her darkened mind she imagines she sees all the things she has painted.

In their passion for "diminutives" the young ladies are neglecting perspicuity. Who can guess the baptismal name of Miss "Tallie"? Did her father—perhaps an iron-founder—name her "Metallic"?

The wife bears testimony for or against her husband. If he is savage and gross, she is ugly and sad; if he is rude and sensual, she is deceitful and vicious; if he is without heart and without sympathy, she is trifling, corrupt, or silly. The woman is the living manifestation of the conscience of the man.

Parisian ladies—and American ladies who go to Paris, Olive Logan and Clara Louise Kellogg for example—smoke cigarettes with their own intimate friends. According to the *Parisian*, one can smoke with cleverness, with sentimentality, with roguishness, or with dreaminess.

The great rage in toilets at Monte Carlo is a stuff they call "Rajah," of which all the fashionables and celebrities wear *cassequins*; and it is exactly like what men's dressing-gowns are made of, but looks very "fetching" on pretty women, especially those with pretty figures. But what does not?

One day a woman who had a grudge against Alphonse Karr tried to stab him. She was secured and the knife taken away. But this was not enough for Karr; so he had the knife always hung up over his mantelpiece with the inscription underneath: "Given by Madame — to Alphonse Karr—in the back!"

A negro clergyman appeared in a Newark court the other day, and charged his wife with atrocious assault and battery. His wife, calmly defiant, remarked: "I don't go much on these 'ligious coons, anyhow." This is a sad companion picture to some of the pretty, sanctified groups in the novels of negro character.

An estimable and well-known young lady of New Orleans is about to lose her right arm, as a result of the boisterous and rude conduct of one of her boy friends. In exhibition of his superior strength, during a recent visit, he twisted her right arm in such a manner that one of the larger blood vessels near the elbow was ruptured. Well, he proved his strength, anyhow.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines cherishes a project for constructing in Washington a Congressional hotel or boarding-house, where all Congressmen can live at reasonable rates in handsome rooms, provided they subject themselves to the rules she proposes to establish, one of which is that every occupant must be accompanied by his wife. The wives will perhaps object to the presence of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines.

The great Napoleon, with trembling Europe at his feet, was not high enough to be above being annoyed by two women, De Staël and Récamier. He never liked the former, and she never forgave him for his indifference to her fascinations. The favor of the latter he had courted in vain, and that was sufficient reason, even though she had not been the friend of Necker's brilliant daughter, for visiting her with his displeasure. Said Madame De Staël bitterly: "The coalition of two women on the banks of Lake Geneva frightened the master of the world." A coalition of two women will frighten any man. They are the flint and the man is the powder.



The past week has not been prolific of the highest order of dramatic and musical entertainments. What with the commencement of the Lenten season—a year dreaded by all theatrical managers and "stars"—and the disintegration, founded on professional jealousy, of the Wilhelmj troupe, the local amusement world is in temporary partial eclipse. In order to bring herself to perform at all in Lent, Miss Clara Morris would appear to have had as tough a wrestle with her conscience as that experienced by "Launcelot Gobbo," when he found "the devil pulling him one way and his conscience the other." But so as not to disappoint Manager Maguire, and to fill an ugly gap caused by the Wilhelmj break-up, the lady so far compromised with her conscience as to act for just three nights, the last of these being the opening one of Lent.

Augustin Daly's version of the French drama *The Countess of Somerive*, more commonly known as *Alixé*, was the *pièce de résistance* during the first three nights of the week at the Baldwin. The play is of the French, Frenchy, in which airiness, sprightliness, frivolity, and extreme improbabilities all emanate from a plot of the slimmest texture. Like most Gallic dramas, however, the construction is commendably close, not a word being wasted in the development of the story, such as it is. The piece is by no means new to a San Francisco audience, having been performed here as long ago as 1874, and it has had one or two brief runs since. Nevertheless, as it has just been rendered by a different cast, with the exception of Miss Morris, it will bear a little fresh handling. *Alixé*, as we will call it, will, like *Article 47* and *Divorce*, betenacious of life among society plays, lasting as long as there are essentially society actors, of whom Miss Clara Morris is the type, to enact the leading feminine roles. We will not stop to inquire into the quality of the public taste which delights in witnessing such productions, in which there is more ephemeral enjoyment than solid instruction. Indeed, there is altogether too much cant uttered concerning the "legitimate drama;" for, despite of all preaching to the contrary, the public will take leave to stamp as "legitimate" that which pleases it best, and will bestow its patronage accordingly. The author of *Alixé* has kept aloof from a practice, founded on the pernicious modern "star system," of writing a play in which most of the characters are kept quite subordinate to a principal lady and gentleman. It is true that of all Shakspeare's works there is only one—*Othello*—in which two male "stars" will appear, the part of "Iago" being considered as great as the title role. But nearly all the characters in every one of the great dramatist's productions call for good actors. The same may be said of *Alixé*. The attention of an audience is by no means absorbed in the nervously sensitive young lady of that name, and her eccentric lover. All the other characters evoke a considerable, if a lesser, interest than the unhappy couple.

As the confiding and betrayed "Alixé," Miss Morris has an opportunity to exhibit all the phases of her peculiar talent—filial and other love, strong emotion, tenderness, the power to evince and conquer intensified feeling, to forgive a generally considered unpardonable wrong, magnanimity, devotion, and finally despair which overwhelms and crushes her and leads to her self-destruction. This pretty well covers the gamut of feeling. We assume that most play-goers are familiar with the plot. To put the gist of it in two or three sentences: "Alixé" is in love with and is loved by "Henri de Kerdran," who has previously been betrothed to "Lucienne," the daughter of the "Count de Somerive." His wife, "Madame de Valery," had run away from him, and she turns out to be the mother of "Alixé." She discovers that "Henri de Kerdran," her lover, is likewise the lover of her half-sister "Lucienne." By a strange fatality all these meet on common ground, as the guests of the "Marquis and Marquise de Cesaranne." Here, of course, is abundance of combustible material, and, after several scenes, the only short cut which "Alixé" sees out of the trouble is for her to destroy herself, and she does so accordingly, thus leaving the field clear to her half-sister "Lucienne." In all the scenes, from the opening one, in which "Alixé" receives a letter from her mother, to the *dénouement*, when she is carried in dead from a neighboring pond, Miss Morris was the centre of interest. Her corpse-like appearance was only tolerable to be gazed at on the ground that it was known to be unreal. The water-lilies which she had convulsively grasped in her death struggle she still clutched in her hands, and the curtain fell on a sorrowful group.

Mr. James O'Neill is usually considered the *beau idéal* of a stage lover, one fashioned after Michael

Cassio, who was "framed to make women false;" but he by no means sustains this reputation as "Henri de Kerdran." True, he found himself in a very embarrassing dilemma, similar to that occupied by "Captain Macleath," in *The Beggars' Opera*, when he exclaimed: "How happy could I be with either were 'tother dear charmer away." It certainly is awkward to be engaged to marry two ladies at the same time, and to have them both meet and discover the unpleasant fact. Nevertheless this does not furnish a reason—nor does the play demand it—for storming in their presence, and there and then quarreling with a rival. Mr. O'Neill evidently disliked the role, and what one dislikes he seldom performs well. His pathetic reading, however, of the poor suicide's letter, in the last scene, as she lay before him a ghastly corpse, made amends for some of his previous shortcomings. Mr. Lewis Morrison, as the wealthy old *roué*, the "Duc de Mirandol," rather overacted the character, especially in his boisterous love-making with "Alixé," whose opposition to his suit he could not understand, as he declared that he had succeeded by similar means "with hundreds of women before."

Social Sacramento.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—You are wise (you *think* you are, which amounts to the same thing!), can you tell us how people dance all night, three and four times a week, look bright the next day, and charming and fresh, in new toilets, every other evening? How do they do it? We wish they'd stop it, they do make us so tired! And where do you suppose all that energy comes from?—and those floating, fleecy dresses, that make girls look as if they had Heaven in their memories?—and those heavy, handsome toilets, that make matrons look as if they had three hanks to back them? And who toils for all those lovely things? Be it father, or brother, or husband, or lover, we say it is a shame that Miss M. wore a point-lace overdress at the Undine party, and Mrs. W. diamonds as big as hazelnuts, while Ireland is starving for flour, and Sacramento newsboys go cold and ragged! Yes, we howl and rant and rage—it's a burning shame! And we would accept so graciously the exquisite overdress, and imagine we looked bewitching 'neath its filmy folds; and we would shine so brilliantly in the hazelnut diamonds—if we could. But as we can't, we're going to screech "vanity" and "selfishness" after these be-diamonded and be-laced women. That's the way the world does, and we're of the earth, earthy.

Well, after all this little moralizing, we'll tell you about the Undine, Monday night, which was really worth seeing and hearing about. You must know that it is a boat club, and they row on the river in their pretty little boats in the summer, probably stowing away muscle for these parties that they give every winter. Formerly they were very, very swell, very dress, very—very—ten dollars! The older portion of aristocracy frequented them. Now, they have rather given place to younger, nimbler members; and these same members are not miserly, and are quite content with one dollar and a half per man. But they are just as swell, just as successful and entertaining. They give them in Turner Hall, which is our best dancing hall; and they decorate the room so prettily in flags and flowers and mirrors and bird-cages and *tele-a-letes*. After supper, this year, it was converted into a leap-year party, and all those dear damsels had to solicit programmes and bow thanks and stand up while gentlemen were seated, and fan them devotedly, and bring them ices, etc. It was real sport, too, and they carried it on perfectly—perhaps because they had such a good leader or floor director, Miss Jennie Lindley; and she was just the one, too, to blow that whistle gracefully when all was ready, and to walk up to strange gentlemen and introduce them to wall-flowers to make out the sets. All the young people were there that attend parties—the Misses Milliken, Acock, Felter, Johnson, Cosby, Arnold, Quinn, Garfield, Seelye, Bonte, Lyons, Minis, Tyrell, Tyler, Henley, Ramage, Edwin, and hundreds of others, both married and single. They all were attended by their cavaliers; and so much bright young beauty, seen all at once, made it hard to decide which beauty was brightest, which face fairest. And the toilets were all so very tasteful and becoming. How they must have racked their fertile brains to devise them!

Of course you heard of the Governor's reception, Friday night. Every sister and cousin and aunt and attendants was at that Pavilion. It was crush and cram and crowd from ten P. M. until three A. M. Certainly two thousand five hundred people tried to shake the Governor's hand that night—poor hand! The Governor gave his friends a feast, and the caterer gave the Governor a bill for \$7,000.

Breathe it not to Ada Ven, but we are, we are invited to a "two-and-a-half" tea. BETSY AND I.

Surely the many friends of the late William V. Wells—and no man in this community had more while he lived—will be glad to hear that a number of our best musical artists have arranged a *matinée* for the benefit of his widow, to be given at the Bush Street Theatre (kindly furnished by Mr. Locke) on Thursday afternoon, 26th instant. The programme, which will be ready for distribution early next week, will contain much that is excellent and well worth hearing. Meantime tickets can be obtained at the leading music stores.

PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

Mr. Max Vogrich, who had already, during the first series of Wilhelmj concerts, made friends and admirers of the entire musically cultivated portion of his audiences—probably all the more in that he stood as an embodiment of the truly intellectual artist alongside of the mere *virtuoso*, who had nothing to show excepting his dexterity upon his instrument, and whose single composition that has been heard was a veritable Achilles heel of weakness—has at last been enabled to let us see the best and strongest side of his talent in the *Symphonic Overture* for orchestra that was performed at the *matinée* concert of last Monday. In producing his work Mr. Vogrich was at the disadvantage of having to do so with an orchestra entirely inadequate to carry out, or even fully appreciate, his intentions; a few excellent players in an orchestra cannot make amends for either the incompetency of others, the want of a proper balance between wind and stringed instruments, or the lack of sufficient rehearsal. So that what we heard of "Marnion" was, after all, but a second or third reading, with the orchestral coloring barely suggested, and with so much left to be filled out by the imagination (provided it was one that was able to see and follow the intention of the composer) that the really great impression produced by it upon a mixed audience may be regarded as a test of the inherent quality of its composer. Mr. Vogrich's composition is one on which I should not wish to—indeed, could not—form a final judgment on hearing it but once, under such adverse circumstances, but it impressed me as having many qualities that betoken great talent, and the promise of fine things in the future. Thematically it is fresh and interesting, without being strikingly original; the themes have, however, the genuineness and spontaneity of real thought that is quite sure ultimately to find its own forms of expression. The instrumentation seems to be clever and shows considerable routine, as well as feeling for orchestral effect. Of this, however, one was compelled to judge more from what was suggested than what was done, which was frequently not at all what the composer had evidently designed.

The weak sides in Mr. Vogrich's work seem to me to be a certain want of repose—especially in his harmonic construction, which is exceedingly restless—and the absence of complete certainty in his own mind with regard to his form. Not but there is discernible in this *Overture* a clearly defined formal intention, rather successfully carried out, but there is also to be felt throughout it the fact that Mr. Vogrich is not yet quite clear as to his models; his evident predilection for the *Poemes Symphoniques* of Liszt struggles at times with his recollection of the great *Leonore Overture*, and again with the *Introduction* to "Tristan" of Wagner, and between them all he has evidently not yet entirely decided where to cast his lines. I hope he will think better of it, and conclude to stick by Beethoven in the end. I think it will be the safer anchor for him. For he has undoubtedly much talent of a high order and beautiful quality; he is of the stuff of which great artists are made. That he did not play the Weber *Concert Stuck* well does not signify; he was evidently unprepared, tired, and wretchedly accompanied. But he *can* play beautifully, and in time will write beautifully. In his interest I can not wish it, but for ours I should be glad if he could remain in this city. We should be the gainer for the constant activity among us of such an artist-nature allied with the freshness and hopefulness of youth. Naturally, it would not last; the sordid, superficial nature of our life and work would soon either destroy the quality of the work or drive the artist from us. But while it lasted it would be helpful. And I know of no place in the world that needs an infusion of new, healthy artist-blood more than the one we live and write in. Those of us who are here have grown to be mere hacks who work for a living, and exhaust ourselves doing that. The artist has been either starved or frightened out of us; we dare no longer sit down to write without considering how much the thing written will bring in the market. And one doesn't write *Symphonic Overtures* with one eye on the cash book.

Instances of young singers who carry the evidence of their unripeness on to the concert stage are so frequent with us, and what is said or written about the critic who happens to take enough interest in them to tell them candidly of their mistake in doing so, or the faults they display, is mostly so entirely misunderstood and so rarely attributed to what seems to me the only motive one could have for writing about them at all, that I am often half-inclined to wish there were no such things as *debutantes*. Certainly, the most of them would, at least, be much the better off without either the teachers who push them prematurely before the public, or the foolish friends who, out of sheer ignorance, flatter them into the belief that they have the power to sustain themselves there; the flattery of friends and honeyed promises of designing or misguided teachers are generally more palatable than the truth, and while one is young one is very apt to prefer the sweeter meat to the more wholesome. I think it must be about a year since I wrote of Miss Annie Gleason that she had a pretty, light, flexible, soprano voice of very little *timbre*, and scarcely any charm of tone-quality; that she had evident talent for a certain kind of florid singing, and that, with much

work of the right kind, she might hope some day to become a very good singer in what I consider an utterly worthless and unmusical school. This, or something to the same effect. And this—after hearing her performances in the two Wilhelmj *matinées* of this week—is what I have to say to her to-day. Miss Gleason has still her pretty, light voice, and does some of her passages and scales quite neatly—her trill is frequently very good, her downward scale generally clear (the upward one mostly the reverse of it), and her *staccato* at least promising. But, as a singer, this is all there is of her. And of true singing—the *cantabile*, that is after all the foundation of all singing and the only thing worth seriously considering—she has not the first or remotest idea. If she has ever been taught how to properly make or sustain a tone, she certainly forgot all about it in public; from the beginning to the end of her work I could see nothing of it. Her *attaque* is mostly bad (false), and, as a natural result, her intonation at times inaccurate; her *legato* and *portamento* (the things she should have been taught before ever a scale or trill was thought of) in the crudest condition, and—what seems to me to be the worst blemish in her work—her idea of phrasing is none at all, or, rather, at times, positively abominable. This was most noticeable in the two ballads that she sang as *encores*; her numbers on the programme consisted only of worthless, unmusical variations. If progress in the bad direction in which she was when I heard her a year ago is progress, or if a somewhat improved trill and somewhat greater flexibility of voice is improvement, then Miss Gleason is progressing and improving. But in all the essentials of a good vocal school of style she seems to me to stand just about where she did, with very little to hope for out of the present direction of her training.

At the Bush Street Theatre H. M. S. Pinafore has been succeeded by *The Chimes of Normandy*, which has been, in the main, a very pleasant performance. Next week's repertoire will be made up of the *Bohemian Girl* and the *Grand Duchess*, in the latter of which Miss Melville made a great success at the beginning of her San Francisco career. I hear from Mr. Locke that he expects shortly to produce Sullivan's new opera *The Pirates of Penzance*. WEIL.

Professional Etiquette.

We poor outsiders know very little about it. It begins, if I mistake not, at the court of the Romanoffs, and ends at the tip-end of Herr Wilhelmj's fiddle-stick. When you are in the presence of the Autocrat of all the Russias you are forbidden to be seated, or to speak until you are spoken to; and on the play bills, where the name of the great fiddler appears in large type, the names of all other artists are to be printed in smaller type. If you violate the rules of the court of the Czar you are provided with a dead-head ticket to Siberia; and if the printer does not vary the type on the play-bills of His Immense Highness, the fiddler, H. I. H. foams at the mouth, and tells the printer, the manager, and the public to go to a very much warmer place than Siberia. The printer made a mistake, and Mr. Wilhelmj, being professionally affronted, declined to appear at the Baldwin, for which theatre he was announced last Monday. Well, well, we must bear it. We are accustomed to such nuisances as Kearney; why shouldn't we tolerate the arrogance of a Wilhelmj, who has talent, if we can stand the mouthings of the sand-lotter, who has not? But this overweening arrogance of "the profession" is rapidly passing the bounds of endurance. Our greatest writers, the most profound philosophers, men who by their brain power and erudition control the world, keep in the shade, and are, as a rule, the most diffident and unassuming of mortals; but the moment the critic or *claqueur* has put the stamp of greatness in art on men or women, they become the terror of all managers, the insolent masters of the common people who pay to see and listen to them. And the manners of their betters are imitated by the small fry, from the leading man to the coryphée. Miss Clara Morris receives \$500 for every performance; Miss Adelaide Neilson, sixty per cent. of the gross receipts, with a guarantee of \$500 per night; Edwin Booth, Jefferson, and Sothern would scorn an offer of less than \$3,500 a week. They are the absolute rulers of the entire theatre and the manager while their engagement lasts, and woe be unto any one who presumes to differ with them in any single particular. As with "stars," so with the stock company: Mr. Jones is engaged as "leading man," and will play only such parts as suit him; Mr. Smith, who is the "juvenile," will only play light and gentlemanly parts; and Miss Sophronia Brown, the "leading lady," indignantly thrusts such parts as seem beneath her dignity upon her second. It is not a matter of art with them; it is a question of professional etiquette. Instead of making much of an inferior role, their aim seems to be to make nothing out of a good part. They, as a rule, depict a character as a sign-painter paints his sign—in flaming letters, with his own name conspicuous at the bottom. They seldom lose themselves while acting; it is not "Ophelia" we see; it is Miss Sophronia Brown, who recites the part. And if a critic allows himself to point out their errors, they throw their play-books at the head of the stage manager, and tell him that the part is not suited to them.

STEPHANOTIS.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

No satire, says the *Capital*, ever penned struck so hard blow at the follies of the dancing world as the *Little-Tin-Gods-on-Wheels*, a trilogy after the manner of the Greeks.

Our Little-Tin-Gods-on-Wheels are running round at a rapid rate. The day for their race is near its close, and then comes the season when repentance will be *de rigueur*. There is in our midst a large number of wall-flowers who, like Miss Tiger-lily, loudly bemoan their fate, as did she and her companions:

We, the unfortunate, dull and respectable, Good, but not beautiful, no one will speak to, Fearing lest they will be struck on us during the Whole of the evening. Men are but simpering Idiots anyway. Little we care for them. Rarely we think of them. All our delight is in Culture and intellect, sense and refinement; We should not wish to be worldly and beautiful, Foolish and frivolous. No, not for anything.

Young Dazzle, a lieutenant in the navy, just returned from a cruise on the Mediterranean, which was a great frolic, as his vessel stopped at the noted places, and gave him opportunities of seeing French society at its best and worst, is a familiar person to us. Mr. Carnation, a kind-hearted but inexperienced youth, we meet daily; while Mr. Crocus, a worldling of some years' standing, may be seen each morning wending his rheumatic steps up the entrance-way of the Club House, on H Street. Mr. Souvenir, "a howling swell," is on duty in the State Department, and may be saluted any afternoon near the Arlington. Miss Jacqueminot, a raving beauty, daily takes her walk toward the English legation, to meet her lover, forbidden the house by a savage papa.

As for Miss Bouseline, a "tearing bud," she is too well known to all old *habitués* of Washington society to need description. Has she not for years and years been acting bridesmaid to all the young and pretty girls? Is she not continually "au le promenade," where she makes the mistake of supposing that holdness is simplicity, and in fashionable salons, where she indulges in the equally grave error of assuming impertinence and be-sprightliness, and trying to pass insouciance for wit? We all know her. And then the *chaperones*! Look at the etching in the trilogy, and at the german to-morrow night, cast about for prototypes of those whose miseries the artist has so vividly depicted. The Fathers indulge in the following:

Look here now, we are decidedly sick of this; It's the last time that we mean to put up with it—Sitting up this way till two in the morning! One must be made like the Archangel Gabriel, Blessed with Job's patience and more than humanity, Not to get mad at this wildly preposterous, Perfectly scandalous state of society; When we were young would our parents have winked at it?

Not they, the sturdy and strait-laced old Puritans. We will not either; and this is the last of it—This is the last of it, you bet your hat on it!

Chorus of chaperones—mothers:

Come, dears, it's time to be putting an end to it; We are all getting as sleepy as pussy cats. Lulu must be up, all fresh for her practicing, Early to-morrow, and Peep has harmony; Oh, it is hard on our pitiful chaperones, Sitting alone in our slumberous solitude; Oh, we are somnolent! Where are the carriages? Once we were charming and lovely young damosels; Once we were raving and tearing and beautiful.

(Party breaks up. Miss Tiger-lily and Miss Bouseline shake and wake—one her father, the other her mother—and in a jaded manner they proceed to the dressing-room.) Read the little Tin-Gods.

If the gushing critic of the *Alta* knows anything about it—which I think he does not—Mr. Wilhelm played the Mendelssohn violin *Concerto*—matinee of last Tuesday—like a "semi-god," whatever that may mean. Also, he played the *Chaconne* of Bach in response to a demand for encore; which I am sure he did not, since I was there and heard what he did play. I did not think he played the Mendelssohn *Concerto* particularly well (not at all well for him), and believe he thought so himself; the *andante* (in which the tempo—a little slower than either Wieniawski or Urso—pleased me very much) was dull and lifeless, and the *finale* at once too slow, too heavy, and frequently inaccurate. It is, perhaps, the first time that we have heard anything slovenly from this great violinist, and I instance it mainly to show that even so great an artist who has his moments of carelessness or unreliability. Also that, as I said before, the *Alta* man—whenever he may be—doesn't know anything about it. On Tuesday the *Otello Fantaisie* made ample amends, however, and on Thursday everything, for Wilhelm played superbly, as is his wont. Again I say, hear him everybody, and hear everything you can of him, for it may be a lifetime before you get another opportunity to hear anything as well done as he does it, even when not at his best. O. W.

John-ny's mam-ma passed the plate to John-ny. There were two apples on the plate. One was a nice, large one; the other was small and speckled. John-ny was too po-lite to help him-self be-fork his sis-ter Jane was served. She was too po-lite to take the big ap-ple. She took the lit-tle speckled one. John-ny had the big one left for him. John-ny was a good boy. I know you are glad his po-lite-ness and good-ness be-re-wa-rd-ed. It was hard on Jane. Yes; but this is not a story for girls.

The celebrated Marshal Narvaez would appear to have been a man who understood his country and his time. On his death-bed his confessor asked him if he freely forgave all his enemies. "I have no enemies," replied the dying Marshal, proudly. "Every one must have made enemies in the course of his life," suggested the priest mildly. "Oh, of course," replied the Marshal, "I have had a great number of enemies in my time, but I have none now. I have had them all shot!"

The Racket is the latest dance: one and a kick; two and a kick; one, two, three, and a kick.

The question that agitates the young female mind is, "Can the electric light be turned down to the faintest kind of a glimmer?"

The young man's first razor—her father's boot.

To those who wish to have removed permanently superfluous Hair, Freckles, Liver Spots, Black Worms, Moles, etc., I will send you a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by PROF. E. HINNA, the great Chemist and East India Plant Discoverer. This great discovery is guaranteed not to injure the skin in any way whatever. Send a self-addressed envelope to V. POPPER (General Agent for the United States and Canada), 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A Danbury man can kick eleven inches higher than his head. During good foot years he hopes to make considerable money in traveling through the State and kicking boys out of trees.

There is one thing about the California Street Railroad that we cannot understand. From its present terminus to First Avenue the company have built an extension; the distance is only six blocks. The thing that gets us is this: It is a wide track, and is run by a regular broad-gauge railroad locomotive. This would indicate, not the extension of an avenue road, but the beginning of a new railroad. Then, where is it going? To the ocean beach, perhaps? To Santa Cruz, perhaps, along the beach? When we find out we will let our readers know.

\$3,000 LOST.—"A tour of Europe, that cost me \$3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters. They also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness, and dyspepsia."—Auburn, N. Y.

"Bee-ware!" he cried, pointing to a pot of honey.

STRATFORD, ONT., August 1, 1874. Having become almost entirely cured of extreme debility through the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, I feel it but just to put the fact on record. My case had resisted all other medicines, but succumbed to three bottles of Fellows' Hypophosphites. CHAS. H. ROBERTSON.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, had having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Hackett & Dean, dentists, 126 Kearny Street, Thurlow Block.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between J. V. Hart and W. W. Phelps, under the firm name of Hart & Phelps, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. J. V. HART, W. W. PHELPS.

Mr. J. V. Hart can be found at No. 27 Second Street. SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19, 1886.

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SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms \$50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 2001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

DANIEL GIOVANNINI,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Wood, Coal, Charcoal, and Coke, 816 Pacific Street, between Stockton and Powell. Charcoal Depot.—Charcoal for sale in lots to suit, from 1 to 10,000 sacks.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth day of February, 1886, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents (50¢) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1886, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1886, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth day of February, 1886, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents (50¢) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1886, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the first (1st) day of April, 1886, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.

Dividend No. 81.—The monthly dividend for Jan., 1886, will be paid on Feb. 10, 1886, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary. San Francisco, February 6, 1886.

NEW BOOKS.

Autobiography of Prince Metternich. Edited by his son. 2 vols., 8vo. Cloth. \$5 00
Hawthorne. By Henry James, Jr. 1 vol. Cloth. 1 00
England. By T. H. S. Escott. 1 vol., 8vo. (Uniform with Wallace's Russia.) 4 00
Great Lights in Sculpture and Painting. By S. D. Dornum. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth. 1 00
Great Singers. By G. T. Ferris. 1 vol. Paper. 30
Progress and Poverty. By Henry George. 1 vol. Cloth. 2 00
Queen of the Meadow. A Novel. By C. Gibbon. (Franklin Square Library.) 15
Sebastian Strome. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. 1 vol. Paper. 75
The Amazon and the Coast. By Herbert H. Smith. 1 vol., 8vo. Ill. 5 00
Camps in the Caribbees. By Fred. A. Ober. 1 vol., 8vo. Ill. 2 50
Four Months in a Sneak Box. By N. H. Bishop. 1 vol., 8vo. Ill. 2 50
Hawthorne's. By Mrs. Burnett, author of That Lass o' Lowrie. 1 vol., 12mo. 1 50
The Army of Virginia: from Cedar Mountain to Alexandria. By Geo. H. Gordon. 1 vol., 8vo. 4 00

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A RUSSIAN DUEL TO THE DEATH.

A Twice Told Tale.

"One of our brother officers, named Vetsky, had a brother officer in the civil service, who was an especial favorite of mine. He was a man of singular intelligence, but I never saw a man so full of physical imperfections. Ill health had rendered him a species of abortion. He knew his weakness and his natural defects, and carefully avoided all effort and all gymnastic exercises, leading a life of the utmost precaution. On horseback he was a terribly comic spectacle, and whenever we arranged a riding party he invariably chose the oldest and least spirited of the horses. He had also a defect in his pronunciation, which obliged him to speak very slowly in order to keep from stuttering. You may imagine what a figure this unhappy man made, with his ailments and his precautions, among a band of vigorous young men, who never looked before they leaped.

"Vetsky was nevertheless a good companion. We all were fond of him, but we made no allowance for the infirmities of his constitution, his awkwardness, and his excessive prudence, that bordered on cowardice. Vetsky took all our jokes in good part, sometimes wittily retorting upon us, sometimes joining in the laugh against himself. Nevertheless, it frequently occurred that when some sudden raillery attacked him he found himself at a loss for a reply. It seemed as if the faculties of his mind, like those of his body, suffered occasional paralysis. He was one of those men whom it was easy to unseat with a word, and who have not the power of immediately regaining the saddle. In cases like this, Vetsky evidently suffered very much, however strongly he forced himself to conceal it under a cold and calm exterior. Every one could see that he made every effort to remain master of himself, because, as he would say with a forced smile, 'To get angry would be to injure my health.'

"I had observed since a certain epoch that my brother was one of the most pitiless persecutors of poor Vetsky; but we had all so fallen into the habit of laughing at our *petit maître*, as we called him, and made this jocularity so much a regular pastime, that I paid no attention to this childish waywardness. It seemed to us so perfectly natural. All things, however, have a secret cause; and the secret of this was, that my brother was desperately in love with a lady who, by a singular caprice, gave a marked preference over the elegant Vetcheslaff to the distorted Vetsky.

"When officers are newly appointed, it is the custom among us Russians to expect them to 'baptize their epaulettes,' as we say. As we had some new-comers in the regiment, days were fixed when we should dine successively with each of them. You have some idea of the style of what our *fêtes* used to be. You have been ten years absent, and in Russia ten years is an age. The time has gone by for those wild, frenzied revels that you knew once. Now young men are very rational, even over the bottle, and good taste reigns in their orgies. Their wives might preside over them without blushing. It is not that wine is wanting. They do not drink at present, it is true, until they are under the table; but they drink enough to become gay and quarrelsome, and foolish sometimes, and to say things in their cups that they regret in sober moments.

"We dined one day in a little country house (it was the period when the troops were encamped in the suburbs of St. Petersburg for the summer review), and our host was liberal of his champagne. The dinner lasted a considerable time, and all of us, including even Vetsky, were, to use a military phrase, charged up to the muzzle. It was two o'clock in the morning. The room was close, and I felt as if I was suffocating; so I left the house to wander through the fields and fresh air. I remember it still. The skies were pure; the country silent. A faint morning breeze was arising, and I hailed it with voluptuous delight. The field, bathed in the purple rays of the rising morning, made a delicious picture. Not a sound was audible, except in the direction of the cottage where we dined, through whose open windows fragments of laughter and snatches of song floated. Suddenly song and laughter ceased. This unexpected change from noise to profound silence alarmed me, and I shivered involuntarily. My heart beat as if I had just learned evil news. By an involuntary movement I returned to the cottage. At the moment of crossing the threshold I met Vetsky coming out with his hat in his hand. He did not speak to me; but his face was white as a sheet, and he sought to dissemble some agitation beneath a smile. My presentiments were verified!

"My companions related all that had occurred during my brief absence. It was a boyish freak, but one that I feared would lead to bloodshed.

"Some of them had opened a window that looked out on a court-yard, and one young fellow, in a fit of gaiety, leaped from it. A second followed, then a third. The window was a considerable height from the ground, and whoever was unfortunate enough to miss his footing would certainly be hurt. The laughter provoked by the falls that some received, and the danger of the jump, excited in all the young men present a reckless emulation. Each tried if he could not break his neck in this foolish exploit.

"Now, what are you going to do?" said my brother to Vetsky, when all had tried the peril, with a loud laugh.

"I will not leap," answered Vetsky, coldly.

"No! But you must leap!"

"I have told you that I do not wish to leap."

"You don't wish to leap," answered my brother, in the heat of wine, 'because you are a coward.'

"I advise you not to repeat that," said Vetsky.

"My fool of a brother knew not what he said or did."

"I not only repeat it," said he, putting his arms akimbo, 'but I will tell it to the Countess M—— [the lady that both were paying their court to]. I will say to her, Your adorer is a coward! What will you bet that I will not tell her?'

"Vetsky, in spite of all his *sang froid*, could no longer contain himself. He caught my brother by the throat.

"You fool!" he cried, 'if you dare—'

"A blow on the face was the only reply."

"What remained to be done? For a moment I thought of reconciling the adversaries, but how to accomplish it? To force my brother to apologize was impossible; for his uniform had brought with it the most exalted ideas of personal dignity. He felt that he was wrong, but to com-

mence his military career with what might be called an act of cowardice, to recede from his position—no power under heaven could have made him consent to it. As for me, I had not the courage to face such an idea; and my only chance was to attack Vetsky, whose prudent timidity, instinctive moderation, and general good sense gave me some hope. In my selfishness I thought that, in order to save my brother, this man would, as I would, recoil from nothing, not even public contempt. Stiffening my pride, I proceeded to Vetsky's house.

"When I entered his room, I found him seated at a writing-table, tranquilly smoking a cigar. His calmness disturbed me.

"I wished," said I, 'to have an interview with you rather than your second. You are a man, and certainly must look upon my brother's conduct as nothing but the rudeness of a boy, entirely unworthy of your attention.'

"Vetsky looked surprised, and smiled.

"Sir," said he, 'you do not think what you say. Be frank with me. What is the matter?'

"These few words gave me a new idea. I would endeavor to touch his feelings. I pictured our situation, my mother's feeble state of health, her farewell to us, and the promise she had exacted of me. I did not spare poor Vetcheslaff. I called him a fool and a scamp. I believe that I even muttered the word 'pardon.'

"A moment," said Vetsky, with the cold smile that had never for an instant quitted his face. 'Is it on your brother's behalf, or on your own, that you apologize?'

"I knew not what to answer. He fixed a penetrating look upon me, and continued:

"I understand your position perfectly. I understand that your brother will never apologize—he can not. I pity you as much as him. I am not a fire-eater, and duels are not in my line. I have always laid down as a rule for myself to avoid every thing that might conduct to one; but, he added earnestly, 'not to recede a step when a rencounter became inevitable. Put yourself in my place. How many times have I not been forced to turn off in a joke words that, if addressed to another, would have provoked twenty duels with your brother? I took pity on his youth, and I acknowledge, pity on myself also. Life is already sad and short enough, without sacrificing it still further for a folly. But this affair is more serious. What would the world—which already finds me too prudent—say of me if I were to let this affair pass as something not meriting attention? You know what prejudices exist. I would not know where to hide my head. Every finger would be pointed at me! I would have nothing left but to blow my brains out; and that, you know, would not be prudent in a man of so much prudence.'

"These words were delivered coldly and disdainfully, but I felt that I could not reply.

"If it is to be so," I cried, angrily, 'it is with me, sir, that you will have to settle.'

"If it is agreeable to you," said Vetsky, shaking the ash off of his cigar; 'but not before your brother and myself have finished. Besides, I am certain that your brother would not listen to any other arrangement. I have now to apologize to you—but I have some letters to write.'

"He bowed coldly, and I left the house with a despairing heart.

"One hope remained to me. Vetsky was a bad shot. I would naturally be my brother's second—it was a natural duty that I owed him. Wishing, therefore, to give my brother all the advantages possible, I proposed that they should be placed at twenty paces, each advancing ten paces after the word was given, and firing at discretion. I counted on Vetcheslaff's quickness and correctness of eye. Vetsky's second accepted these terms.

"We had scarcely finished this bloody compact when Vetcheslaff entered. Bocks bounded before him, barking with joy. My brother tried to put a brave face on the matter, and played with the dog; but one could see that he could scarcely restrain the interior emotions that agitated him. Poor young fellow! Life was, perhaps, never so attractive to him as at that moment. Who would blame him if he grieved at the chance of quitting it? When I saw his fair young face, my heart bled. In the few hours that preceded the duel I grew twenty years older.

"In a few minutes after this we were on the ground. The thought that it was I who led my brother to take his stand before a pistol, deprived me of the faculty of either thinking or acting. In vain I forced myself to exhibit the *sang froid* necessary under such circumstances; but I was no longer myself. Vetsky's second had to fulfill my duties. The fatal moment arrived. I gathered all my strength, and examined my brother's pistols; they were in excellent order. Vetsky was cold as ice. An almost imperceptible smile wandered over his compressed lips. One would have thought that he was merely warming his back at his drawing-room fireplace. I looked at Vetcheslaff, and saw with terror that his hand trembled.

"The signal was given. The antagonists approached each other slowly. The sight of the danger had driven from Vetcheslaff's memory all the instructions that I had given him. He fired precipitately, and Vetsky staggered, but did not fall. The bullet had broken his left shoulder. Controlling his agony, he made a sign to his antagonist to advance to the fixed limits. My brother obeyed, with a convulsive and involuntary movement.

"I felt as if petrified. A cold sweat bathed my body. I saw Vetsky advance, step by step, pistol in hand; I saw his cold, pitiless eye. He was only two paces distant from my brother. Then I thought of my mother—her last words—my oath. I felt as if I were going mad. A mist swam before my eyes; I forgot everything—honor, reason, the regulations of the duello. One sentence only rang in my ears: 'Your brother is being murdered before your eyes!' I could no longer support this agony. I sprang before my brother, and making a rampart of my body, cried out to Vetsky:

"Fire!"

"Vetsky lowered his pistol.

"Is this according to the rules of the duello?" he asked, turning calmly to his second.

"A cry of disapprobation came from every mouth. Some of the by-standers dragged me away from my brother. The next instant a pistol-shot was heard, and Vetcheslaff fell—dead."

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

Lord Vere de Vere to his spouse—"Pardon me, your ladyship, I did not say that I knew you were the worst woman on earth. What I did say was that you were the worst woman on earth I knew."

Lady Clara—"Wretch!" (Flies to mantel-piece and hurls at him a life-size cast of Vere de Vere.)

Discussion having arisen as to the age of a sovereign, the *Almanach de Gotha* is referred to.

"He is twenty-three," says one of the parties, "he was born in 1857."

"Bosh! I knew he was twenty-four—that is last year's almanac!"

Sainte-Beuve used to be pestered by a lady who laid great claim to literary pretensions and had a mania for match-making.

One night she happened upon him in a *salon* where there was no possibility of escaping, and asked him point-blank: "Seriously, now, I want your candid opinion about Homer."

"Why, whom are you thinking of marrying him to?"

Not long after Beaumarchais's famous comedy had been reproduced at the Comédie Française, a friend of Samson, the actor, meeting him, shook hands with him warmly, and cried with enthusiasm: "How glad I am to see you! Let me congratulate you! You never played *Figaro* as well as it was played last night."

"But," gasped the actor, "I didn't play it—Monrose is playing it."

"That makes no difference. You never played *Figaro* as well as it was played last night!"

At the office of a charitable society which delivers orders for fuel to the poor:

Shepherd [to first sheep of flock]—"Well, come now, what do you want, eh?"

Sheep—"Some coal, your reverence, please."

Shepherd—"Coal, coal, nothing but coal. And I suppose every one there in the line behind you wants coal, too! Just like you, all coming for coal at once. Why couldn't you have a little forethought? Never catch you coming for coal in July, when we have leisure and coal is cheap; no, you never think about coal then!"

A Bohemian artist had written to Baron Taylor that he was down on his luck, had a heartless landlord, and asking for three hundred francs to enable him to leave the dwelling where he was daily insulted.

The Baron was touched by the letter, and at once sent the money. The first intimation of this that the Bohemian received was conveyed by his landlord, who handed him his bill receipted, saying, "Your friend, Baron Taylor, has paid your rent for you in full—three hundred francs!"

"——!" yelled the artist in an uncontrollable paroxysm of gratitude; "why didn't the —— send me the money—you'd have been glad enough to let me move out for nothing!"

Scene—Dinner-party at a rich bourgeois's house. Prosperous advocate recounting his career.

"When I took my first brief," he says, "I was excited and nervous, especially as my client was a consummate scoundrel—a bad egg, any way you took him. But then I was beginning my practice. He was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted, so I took the case and got the rascal off."

After dinner enter an important personage, great friend of the host, who presents the lawyer to him.

Great Personage (*patronizingly*)—"I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman—I met him long ago. In fact I may say I gave him his first start in life. I was his first client."

Dumas, the elder, had a weakness for placing himself and his friends at the service of every new acquaintance he made.

Once upon a time he sent to a friend an ornament of the swell mob, as it afterward appeared, with one of the most gushing of letters of introduction—"Throw wide open to him the doors of your house and your heart; treat him as you would me," and so on.

Shortly afterward Dumas encountered his friend, who was decidedly frigid, and on his demanding an explanation of this coolness, his friend said: "Don't you remember sending me a gentleman with a very enthusiastic letter of introduction?"

"Yes, yes; fine fellow—real heart of gold—full of wit—charming companion."

"Yes, I desay; but he stole my watch from off the mantel-piece."

"What? Your watch, too?"

A gourmand was asked what color he preferred.

"Rose," he answered, passing his tongue round his lips, "rose-beef!"

The sick man had been brought back as if by miracle from the very gates of death.

"It is too bad," says the clergyman; "he'll never be half as ready to die as I had him this time. I never took such pains with a sinner before."

Verse from a popular song:

To make this little nest of moss
What do we need, my partner fair?
The whitest wool we can come across,
A deal of love, a deal of care.

Though how on earth a nest of moss is to be made out of wool, even with love and care, is not explained by the young people who carol this gem of minstrelsy with their eyes full of love, trust, and household hints.

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Nos. 1 (March 25), 4 (April 15), of Vol. I of the ARGONAUT for 1877. Twenty-five cents will be paid for each of the above numbers at the ARGONAUT office, 522 California Street.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 21) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-fifth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
J. N. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER
Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of Two Dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the 4th day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

EXCHEQUER MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Mining District, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 15) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the ninth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, the dividend No. 12, of fifty cents (50) per share, was declared, payable on THURSDAY, February 12, 1880, at the office in New York, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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A SPLENDID NUMBER FOR MARCH.

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RAVEN BLACK AMERICAN SILKS are now being retailed by the following established firms:
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THE TEST.
Hold a slip of silk in a blaze of fire. On removal, if it ceases burning at once, it is positive proof that such silk is not adulterated, and will neither cut nor grow shiny in actual wear. Otherwise, if on removing a slip of silk from the blaze it continues to burn, it is positive proof that such silk material is from 1-3 to 3-4 adulteration, and will either cut or wear shiny.
Cutter's Samples for the trade.
ALLEN C. REID & CO.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER
Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 15th day of Jan., 1880, an assessment (No. 40) of Fifty Cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco California.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE WILD-FLOWER SEASON.

From "The Californian" for March.

It is a trite saying, but nevertheless a true one, that this section of the world in which we live is peculiar and distinctive in many ways. Mineral wealth, luxuriant vegetation, transparent air, genial and balmy temperature—all attest this fact. Nature, at some prodigal moment, seems to have lavished her favors upon sub-tropical California. Nor, while producing fruits of prodigious size and in extraordinary variety and abundance—while rearing the stems of wheat, corn, and oats to unheard of heights, and filling their ears with wonderful store of grain—did she forget to add beauty and grace of countenance to the more solid charms of her person. In the spring-time of the year our meadows and pastures literally shine and glow with beauty—leagues upon leagues of radiance. The bountiful lap of Earth is filled with bloom; her breast is adorned with living jewels; she is literally smothered with flowers. Such is Nature's exuberance in this respect that botanists have been compelled to introduce new names into their text-books—to christen, in fact, these strange flowrets kissed by California suns and baptized in California dews. The world-wide *species* and *genera* of the flower kingdom are here blessed with new family members—productions of or variations caused by sun, soil, and climatic conditions. March is the flower month *par excellence*; central California the chief field of its display. Not that other portions of the State are not here and there bedight with all the colors of the rainbow; but not in such lustre and luxuriance as the grass-meadows of the San Joaquin and its tributaries, which, over all their flats, present a wilderness of bloom. The plow may plow them down, herds innumerable of sheep and cattle crop them close, still their tenacity and vitality go to prove that the deep foundations of nature were not laid for individuals, but for species, and not for the animal more than the vegetable kingdom. But the *Papaveracea* please not the farmer; the *Geraniacea* grieve him sorely; and the *Violacea* vex his thrifty soul. It seems to be a fundamental rule of nature—why or for what purpose it were hard to guess, but so it is—that utility and beauty can not walk hand in hand; that either mind or matter must go down; that aesthetics can not coexist with practicalities, facts with fancies, or champagne with shabbiness. The husbandman can not fill his gunny-sacks with poppy-seed or monk's-hood, and command as wide a market as he can with grain.

The *Papaveracea*, or poppy family, are well represented in this State. First and largest, we have the *Eschscholtzia Californica*, whose capsules are curved, whose flowers are two to four inches in diameter, of a bright yellow, shading off into a brilliant orange toward the centre. Then there is the *Platystemon Californicus*, or cream-cup, whose petals are pale-yellow, and whose tints, like those of the *Copo de Oro*, turn to orange at the centre. Then the *Platystigma Californicum*, with pale-green leaves, and long pale-yellow or creamy-white flowers; and the *Meconopsis Heterophylla*, whose flowers range all the way from scarlet to orange, glorify alike their *genus* and the fields where they grow.

Of the buttercup family, we have the *Ranunculus Californicus*, its flowers bright-yellow. Then we have the *Aquilegia*, or columbine, with nodding flowers, usually red, frequently tinged with orange or yellow; the *Delphinium*, or larkspur, with its tall stalk, and dull-bluish velvety flowers; and the *Aconitum*, or monk's-hood, its flowers also blue.

Of the *Violacea*, or violet family, there are the *Viola Adunca*, with violet or purple flowers; the *Viola Pedunculata*, yellow, veined with purple; and the *Viola Sarmen-tosa*, with small, tiny, yellow flowers.

Turning to other *genera*, we have the *Polygala Californica*, with flowers of a greenish-white hue; the *Silene Californica* (of the *Caryophyllaceae*), with its large, deep-scarlet flowers; and the *Dodecatheon* (of the *Primulaceae*, or primrose family), with a pink corolla. Only some of the varieties have been here enumerated, the object of this paper being rather to confine itself to such as are more peculiarly Californian in their character, and such as are thorough representatives of their *genera* in form and color, than to ransack botanic vocabularies for a complete and Solomonian list, ranging from the Calaveras Big Trees to the exotics in a Nob Hill conservatory.

It will not do, however, to dismiss this subject without a cursory glance at some of the less showy but more useful constituents of our pastures; those which make beef and milk, and wool and mutton.

This class is likewise well and strongly represented. The *Leguminosae* muster strong in many and frequent varieties of clover. There is the *Melilotus*, or sweet clover, with very diminutive yellow flowers, scarcely a line in length; the *Trifolium Macraei*, with dark-purple flowers; the *T. Gracilentum*, a pale rose-color, and many others, whose modest attire may look dingy beside their more gorgeous sisters of the meadows, but whose unattractive appearance, nevertheless, as it so often does in other circumstances, covers a large amount of solid worth. Take, for instance, one of the most unassuming of the *genus*—the *Medicago Denticulata* (*Anglice*, bur-clover), the distinguishing characteristics of which are small, yellow flowers in auxiliary clusters, and spiral pods, armed with a double row of hooked prickles. This unpromising exterior conceals beneath it qualities without which the flocks and herds of California would have but a hard time of it—in fact could not exist through the

long, dry months of summer and autumn. The bur-clover is the stock-raiser's best friend.

Visitors from other parts of the world can not understand how stock keeps fat, and in better condition even than on green feed, upon seemingly bare, brown plains. The solution of the mystery lies in the little dry, prickly, brown bur. There is, however, another auxiliary to the *Medicago Denticulata*, and this auxiliary hails from the *Geraniaceae*, or geranium family, and answers to the name of *Erodium Cicutarium* in Latin, *alfilarilla* in Spanish, and pin-clover, wild geranium, or flaree in English. Stock of all kinds are very fond of it when young and green, but still more so when it is dry, and in this condition it becomes a valuable adjunct to the bur-clover, being, like it, licked off the ground and places where it has settled, and whither it has been blown by the wind.

Speaking of wild-flowers, I have in my mind's eye a level expanse of pasture-land, lying between the Merced and San Joaquin Rivers, near the two or three empty houses called Dover, which, for various and multitudinous color, kaleidoscopic permutations, and general rainbow effects I have never seen equaled. Thousands of acres—not hundreds—dotted with the orange of the poppy, the purple of the violet, the yellow of the buttercup, the pink of the clover, the blue of the larkspur, and the deep scarlet of the silene, seemed to weave a carpet harmonious in color and exquisite in its blending and contrasting tints; such as Pan and his attending satyrs might have reveled and danced on to their heart's content; such as Arcadia itself could not have rivaled; while the new-risen sun gilded the vivid emerald of the grass, and the dew from the recently dispersed mist decked every bell and every petal with a diamond.

R. V. BOUDET.

A Very Feminine Protest.

DEAR OLLA-PODRIDA:—You are very bright and witty, oftentimes profound, but you are also most certainly malicious. Is it not enough that other men should proverbially hide their inconsistencies behind feminine petticoats, that you, too, of whom we hoped so much, should thus turn traitor? I verily believe you are the man who jilted that old maid (happy woman!), and a benign providence has only preserved you from your deserved fate, of hanging, to punish you in some more frightful and effective manner—probably by being talked to death by your victim's revengeful sisters. I sincerely hope the punishment may be sure, and the torture long-continued. That I may have the satisfaction of seeing the siege fully opened, I fire the first shot myself.

I am young, at least, if I am not pretty, and I am a woman, and I have worn fine dresses. But I do not, and I never did, and I never will, wish to see my appearance discussed, or my "exquisite toilet" paraded in a newspaper.

I am not logical, of course, being a woman; but I am very positive, and force sometimes has the effect of reasoning. Therefore I protest against any such sweeping assertions as those you made in the last issue of the *Argonaut*. As you are so superior to our weaker sex, in this matter of "dress parade," at least, rest in peace on your pinnacle of glory, and let more lowly and unfortunate mortals fight out their sham battle alone. Sincerely, opposedly,

BUTTERCUP I.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 17, 1880.

Eminent Republicans.

Rinaldo Rinaldini, not he of Ariosto—nor yet the story-telling Munchausen of our boyish days, when we delighted to have our hair stood on end by the murderous and bloody recitals of incidents in enchanted castles—but Rinaldo Rinaldini, a San Francisco correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record*, gives us an entire column concerning the opinions of our "eminent" men concerning Grant. The most eminent of our eminent men is the Hon. John P. Jones, of Nevada, and he thinks, and this most sapient and knowing Rinaldini thinks, that Grant is favored by a majority of the Republican leaders. Now, who are the Republican leaders? First, ex-Governor Rodman M. Price, ex-Governor of New Jersey and "venerable statesman." A Democrat, who has not been in California for nearly thirty years, never was a "venerable statesman," so far as we are advised, and favors General Hancock for President. And now we quote Mr. Rinaldini:

"From Governor Price I walked out Sutter Street to the palatial home of William F. Higgins, the 'Man of Destiny' of the Republican party of California. Mr. Higgins has never occupied office, but any position within the gift of his party is at his command. Nothing and no one in California can withstand him. To my regulation question, 'Who is going to be the nominee of the party?' Mr. Higgins replied: 'Have no choice. The party is full of eminent leaders—all available men. Any one of them can carry this State.'

Our friend Higgins must have invited Mr. Rinaldo Rinaldini to dine with him, and there must, we think, have been gin in the soup. The next "eminent" gentleman among "leading" Republicans was Alexander Campbell, the criminal lawyer, who is not a Republican at all, but a late defeated "Honorable Bilk" candidate for judge, and who "preferred Blaine to Grant." The "next gentleman" was Mr. M. M. Estee, not "eminent" and he favors either Blaine or Washburne. The next was the Postmaster, "who owes his official position to a sore eye," and he is for Grant, who ap-

pointed him. The next "eminent" is William Sherman, the "Treasurer," and as he holds his office from Sherman, he goes for Sherman. Collector Shannon is the last of the eminences, and as his term of office expires very shortly, he has taken a very bad cold, and can not smell at all, and him Mr. Rinaldo styles "Tactful Tom."

So, of all the eminent and leading Republican politicians on this coast, only two pronounced Grant men are found, and they are both in office. We will venture this remark: There is not one leading Republican in California, who is not at present in office or who does not desire an office, that favors the nomination of General Grant. We invite Rinaldo to mention half a score of names in his next communication, and send us a marked copy.

How We Saluted.

In '58 or '59 the nomination of John Conness for United States Senator was a decided victory for the boys in the Fire Department of Sacramento, as they had striven tooth and nail to bring about this happy result. One dodge was admitting members to their companies for their votes. Among these was a man commonly known as "Glass Pud In," on account of his vocation, who was notoriously poor and terribly out of luck; but some of the boys paid his dues and promised to find him work if he would just vote for Conness. No. 1 Engine Company had a cannon, of the old-fashioned make, which had been bought from the early Spanish settlers, and into which you could put a pretty good-sized boy. It was mounted on two wheels, and when fired recoiled so that the boys built a little earthwork about one hundred feet behind it, as a kind of short stop. On the occasion I mention we ran it out of the engine-house and fired a light charge, to call enough men together to man the ropes. Fifty or sixty responded—Tom Rooney, "Glass Pud In," and a man known as "Jersey" being the leading spirits. Away we went, down J Street to the river, stopping at every saloon to warm up. We fired away until all but three charges of powder were gone. These Rooney wanted to save to fire on our return to the engine-house; so we manned the ropes again and started for the Union Hotel, where Mr. Conness was having a reception. He was up stairs in the parlors with all the wire-pullers; liquor was free to every one, and the place was packed.

We made such an infernal racket that Conness came out and invited us all in. All accepted but "Jersey" and "Glass Pud In," who stayed to "mind the gun," by Rooney's orders. Every now and then we would hear "Jersey" yell at the top of his voice: "I say, ain't any of you fellows coming out to give me a show?" This added to the merriment, as the boys thought they had a fine joke keeping "Jersey" out in the cold while all the liquor was being drunk. I finally went out on the sidewalk to get some fresh air, and found that "Jersey" had pointed the old cannon at the hotel! I hailed him:

"Hallo, 'Jersey,' what are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm going to wake those fellows up pretty soon."

Into the gun went a second charge of powder.

"Say, 'Jersey,' don't you fire that gun, or you'll shake the whole building down," I said, approaching him.

"Look out, boss," he said, as he rammed in the third charge; "if those fellows don't hear this thing in a minute and a half, I'm a liar. 'Glass Pud In,' old fellow, I'll give you a job for six months. Just move off a little, for she kicks like the devil!"

I was afraid the old thing would burst, with three big charges of powder in, so I moved off lively. When about fifty yards from it, away she went, and for fifteen minutes, from the sound, you would have thought it was raining glass. The concussion knocked down about twenty men in the bar-room, broke most of the glasses, tore the doors off, shook most of the plastering down, and scared every man in the building out of a year's age. The old cannon ran back through a Jew's second-hand clothing store, carrying away counters, tables, and chairs, and was found in the back-yard on top of a stove. And there stood "Jersey" in the middle of the street, shaking hands with "Glass Pud In." "Didn't I tell you, old fellow, when you joined the company, that I'd find you work? And hain't I done it?"

"Jersey" was right; there wasn't a whole pane of glass within two blocks, and his partner reaped a rich harvest.

AN OLD BOY.

The Church of England has two archbishops, twenty-eight bishops, four suffragan bishops, thirty deans, seventy-four archdeacons, six hundred and ten rural deans, twenty-three thousand clergy of all classes, one-fifth of whom have no parochial charge. One archbishop—Canterbury—and twenty-four bishops have seats in the House of Lords. The incomes of the prelates range from seventy-five to twelve thousand dollars a year; that of the deans, from fifteen to one thousand dollars. The number of churches is sixteen thousand. The gross income of the church, from all sources, is about forty million dollars per annum. An established church and a standing army are two expensive and useless institutions. Put all the world's soldiers at labor on the farm, and all the priests and preachers into school-rooms to teach, and the world would be more peaceable, prosperous, and better fed; and not half as many souls—if people would get into hell—if there is a hell.

BEREAVEMENT.

Is heaven far away, O my dead love?
 If thou couldst see
 The agony of longing in my soul,
 The misery
 Of life without thee, thou wouldst lean from heaven
 To answer me.

How dost thou know that I am faithful still
 To thy least word?
 How do I know that my heart-stricken cry
 Is by thee heard?
 If thou canst see my grief, is not thine own
 Tender heart stirred?

How can it be that thou art happy, love,
 From me apart?
 In every hour of life thy heart didst grow
 Nearer my heart;
 Thou canst not know, beloved, that mine will break,
 Where'er thou art!

It was not like thee to be cold or grave
 With loved ones near;
 How can it be thy silence shall incline
 My heart to hear?
 How can I follow thee without a sign
 To find thee, dear?

Oh, reach thy hand for mine, and I will go
 Where thou shalt lead,
 With blinded eyes; for I shall know thy touch,
 Dear one, indeed!
 And that I may with thee find heaven, wilt thou,
 Love, intercede?

NORTH COLUMBIA, Cal., February, 1880. MAY N. HAWLEY.

HER SACRIFICE AND MINE.

My sister Alice—my gentle and sweet sister Alice—came into her true nature forty years ago, and then she was twenty years old. As a child she had been peevish, as a girl willful, selfish perhaps, but oh, what a glorious woman blossomed from that earlier life! When she was sixteen, after spending her petulance on a rose-thorn one day, she lifted her vexed and brimming eyes to me. "Margaret," she said, "it is these little things which try me so. Were great trouble, great sacrifice, great work, to descend like an avalanche upon me, I know I could meet such avalanche with a brave heart." Heaven forgive me! but I laughed and shook my head.

From the beginning of her early teens, Robert Moore had been almost a lover to my sister Alice. What a handsome pair they were, she with her shining dark eyes, he with his tender blue ones—it yet gives me a pang to think of them as then they were. For, two years older than she, I loved him so well, too, that seeing him thus with her was a pain second only to seeing him not at all. To see her tease him so prettily, to note how every day she won him anew, to watch her so lovely, and so all but loving—ah, my heart rose and sank, and sighed out its pain in a sea of its own bitterness. How Alice knew I loved him I could never guess, but by and by I knew that she knew it.

It was when she was twenty years old, then, that she bowed her head, and the avalanche broke over her. I looked into the arbor one day, and half-hidden among its vines she knelt, her face in an agony covered with her hands. I know now she was enlisting a power mightier than her own to aid her in the renunciation of Robert Moore, for from that hour began her great work. And I? I saw it, and in the spirit abased myself in dust before her, but in the flesh I was not strong enough to refuse her sacrifice.

Repelled gradually by her continued and quiet coldness, Robert sought me for unspoken comfort, as nearest her. Then was the opportunity of a lifetime, but tremblingly I thrust it away and deafened conscience. How easily I might have brought them again toward each other; but I loved him so, I loved him so! I twined my hair upon my fingers; I wore my brightest ribbons, and with smiles I dimpled my face that he might think me lovelier than Alice. But I was not, oh! I could not be, for I could see, though others might not, the opal heart of the sacrifice that had opened in her eyes and breathed between her lips.

Oh! the bitter-sweet of those days as they must have been to her! Men's eyes are blinded to the good and bad in women, and so Robert did indeed turn from Alice to Margaret. What wound must have bled in my sister's soul when by and by he bent over me as he had bent over her head when I wore the violets he brought in his hand—when tenderly and softly he wrapped me in shawls, and together we wandered away like young love with spring. And all the time I was beating with joy from head to foot: no voice was to me like Robert's voice—life could not be life without him. But Alice must have loved him just the same.

One night we had been away among the paths. I scarce knew where nor cared, and the moon was shining, shining on us as though it were almost full with happy tears. The love that was in me shook me like a leaf, and if I half listened I knew I should hear it spring and flutter, I could taste its sweetness on my lips. I could see it like a star in my own eyes, I could feel it hovering on my hands and rosy my finger-tips. When we stood again at the small piazza, Robert took me in his arms and my head lay against his strong heart; then, standing so, he kissed me.

"My little Margaret!" he said, and then I heard a rustle, and my sister Alice, within the shadow of the passion-creeper, had seen it all. Humbly I crept up the stair with her to bed in our chamber under the roof; in look and action I begged her to forgive me for the happiness once hers, now mine; but I could not even then have released the cord that bound him to me.

When the village bells rung in our marriage-day there in the early morning Alice had risen to prepare the bride-maid's dress—her own dress. Fairer, far fairer than the bride was she as down the lane we went, and as if to give me courage to accept the gift of her life, she beld my hand in her own warm pressure, and her eyes were like unto heavenly eyes. She listened to the marriage service with a smile, as if in that moment she had grown a very old woman; out of her great age she seemed to look down upon us and say: "My children, God grant you happy years, my dear, dear children!"

When my first-born came he lived a little while, and now in heaven I feel that he is Alice's child, not mine.

at all. He should have been hers on earth, you know; but I sinned, and I know he must be hers in heaven. Yet still the same rapture ran over me like a flood when my husband's voice came floating in to me. And when I stole toward him in his chair, and my arms crept round his neck, ever his hand came up to meet mine with the same sweet thrill in its touch.

"My wife!" he would say, in his tender, reverent tone, and then I thought: What if it were Alice standing here! Why, Alice should be his wife! Can it be Margaret whose love is thus to the world woven round him? Ah! and Alice was shut away from him, a lonely life chosen for my sake, and in that great trial she was victorious.

We were still in the old house, the three together, but Alice never flinched as day after day she stood by and saw our happiness. She was sister Alice—the old maid sister Alice as time wore on—the angel sister, as well I knew.

And then came our last child, my little girl, my wee woman, my baby with the face of Alice and Robert's eyes. From the day she was born there was a dumb prayer in my heart: "My God, let her be my child. Now Alice has one, let me have one. The other one I gave; don't take this one."

When the baby opened her eyes and first took notice of a face, they rested upon her Aunt Alice standing near, and then the first smile dawned on her little red lips. Oh! that first smile should have been mine! It was for Aunt Alice she cooed and crowded, and held out her flower-like hands; it was for Aunt Alice her first tottering step was taken; "Alice" was the first word she learned to speak. Then I knew this one was not my child either, and I wrapped myself close—oh! so close—in Robert's love. But to her he was "papa," and twin with that love for him was her child-love for Alice.

Then she, too, drifted out toward the unknown heaven, but even there I knew that Alice's love had followed her. "Aunt Alice! I want my own, my own Aunt Alice!" she had whispered with her latest breath, as filled with a great weeping I stood over her, and so I stepped aside, and Alice took the mother place. Alice now has two children, and I am childless.

I am getting to be an old woman now, and Alice is gone, and Robert is gone—both gone to the children. The passion of my youth is dead, and I feel the pure unselfish love that filled the heart of Alice once. I wish now I could have that same choice again. I know I should give to my sister her own place. But in my heart I have given it to her for eternity; all time lies before me and for all time I will take my stand, as sister, by Alice as wife and mother.

The peace of a great renunciation is mine now. I think of Robert as my husband no more. I give him, with all his store of tenderness, his wealth of love, to Alice. Not even in name will I call the children mine, and now I have no dead—they are all each others.

Think of it! never to think of them in heaven as mine—not my husband, not my babies, not even my sister! Oh, the agony of it, and yet the joy of it! Thank God, the greater sacrifice is mine. I have won sweet peace where once I warred within myself. Greater than Alice suffered I have suffered, but I know somewhere is my recompense, and on my knees I thank my God it was given me to choose again.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 15, 1880.

KATE HEATH.

A Deuced Good Yarn.

The following odd bit of legal flotsom—here reproduced as nearly *literatim* as the resources of a modern printing office will permit—has been borrowed from *A Treatise of Testaments and Last Wills*, "compiled out of the Laws Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Canon, as also out of the Common Law and Statutes of this Realm," by Henry Swinburne, Judge of the Prerogative Court of York, and printed for "Elizabeth Lynch, law Bookfeller to his Majesty's Courts of Law in Ireland, at her shops, No. 6 Skinner-Row, and in the Four Courts, Dublin, 1793":

"At Paris one Morning a hungry poor Man, begging his Alms from Door to Door, did at last espy very good Chear at a Cook's Houfe, whereat his Mouth began to water; and the Spur of his Stomach pricking him forward, he made as much Haffe towards the Place as his feeble Feet would give him Leave: Where he was no sooner come, but the pleafant Smell of the Meat and Sauce did catch such hold of the poor Man's Nose, that (as if he had been holden with a Pair of Pinfers) he had no power to pafs from thence, until he had (to stay the Fury of his raging Appetite) eaten a Piece of Bread which he had of Charity gotten in another Place. In the eating whereof his Senfe was so delighted with the freth Smell of the Cook's Meat, that tho' he did not lay his Lips to any morfel thereof, yet in the End his Stomach was so well fatisfied with the Smell thereof that he plainly acknowledged to have gotten as good a Breakfast as if he had there eaten his Belly full of the best Chear. Which when the Cook had heard, (being an egregious Wrangler) he in hafte steps forth to the poor Fellow, lays hold on him, and in a choleric Mood bids him pay for his Breakfast. The honest poor Man, amazed at this frange Demand, could not tell what to fay: But the Cook was so much the more earnest, by how much he perceived the good Man to be abashed at his Boldness, and did so cunningly cloak the Matter, that in the End the poor Man was contented to refer the Deciding of the Controverfy to whatsoever perfon should next pafs by that Way, and abide his Judgment. Which Thing was no fooner concluded, but by and by cometh to the Place a very natural Fool, and such a notorious Idiot as in all Paris his like was not to be found. All the better for me, thought the Cook; for more he doubted the Sentence of a wife Man than of a fool. To this aforefaid Judge they rehearsed the whole Fact; the Cook complaining, and the other patiently confefling, as before. To conclude, this Natural perceiving what Money the Cook exacted, caufed the poor Man to put so much Money betwixt Two Bafons, and to fhake it up and down in the Cook's Hearing. Which done, he did award, that as the poor man was fatisfied with the Smell of the Cook's Meat, fo the Cook should be recompenfed with the noife of the poor Man's Money."

The author of the phrase "shoot the hat" was an Austrian tyrant named Gesler. More than this it is unnecessary to Tell.

THE COUNTRY.

A "slough of despond" in winter, a Sahara in the summer, the country as portrayed in idyllic verse and arcadian romance has charms. Its green fields and shady hedge-rows, its sylvan dells, its fair meadows, daisy grown and smelling of new-mown hay, fascinate the imagination of the monotonous plodder in the highways and byways of the city. We read of pretty milkmaids tripping through dew-tipped clover; visions of modern Bopeeps, in short shirts and pinafores, mix themselves up as inextricably as "Buttercup's" babies, with dashing *vagueros* in gold-laced velvets and picturesque *sombreros*. As we contemplate on city tables rich fruit and luscious wines, we are carried away in spirit to a Utopian land, and we dream dreams of fair *bacchantes*, crowned with purple grapes, whirling in the mazes of an endless dance. We think of the country as the home of rosy-cheeked lassies, with flashing eyes and heaven-tuned voices; and brave lads, with sun-browned faces, fine physiques, and sturdy, manly hearts, whose cheerful whistle echoes over the hillsides and dies away in melancholy cadence with the glory of the setting sun. It is a very charming view of the country, I confess, and when I read I am almost tempted to believe.

It may be true to nature, but the original studies were not made from Californian country life. Our pictures resolve themselves into elements less pleasing. The dashing *vagueros* is transformed into a dirty, ignorant, drunken, quarrelsome "greaser;" his mettled steed into a meagre, gaunt, woe-stricken representative of the financial difficulty under which his master labors. The green fields, on closer scrutiny, develop an amazing tendency to tar-weed and bur-clover, and the shady hedge-rows lengthen into straight, flat, dusty, uninteresting lanes, with a fringe of half-burnt stubble on either side, and a dilapidated fence to stop the depredations of wandering cows. The pleasant pastime for which city-bred people sigh, of gathering fruit fresh from the trees, is accompanied by disheartening trudges over acres of plowed land, with the sun broiling your face to a crisp and unbecoming brownness, and the goal once reached, the topmost bough is the bearer of the reddest cherries and the ripest peaches. After sundry scratches and much fruitless climbing, in your inmost heart you form new opinions less flattering to rural life; and if you are a Kearneyite you forthwith reform, and record a solemn vow that as long as you are a "noble voter" and fruit-trees bear fruit, the "moon-eyed Mongol" shall stay to gather in the harvest. The brawny harvesters of romance are less romantic when you discover about them an odor unmistakable, and far from faint, of bad whisky and worse tobacco. Well-packed lunch-baskets for a country picnic make you dream of green oak groves and trickling streams, but they never make you think of ants and bugs that will infest your treasure and viands; of the slippery, hot, baked earth on hillsides that have scorched for weeks under the blaze of an almost tropical sun; of the flushed faces and cross looks that always grow out of burned cakes and unsettled coffee. The "honest granger" with a halo around him changes into a very ordinary, ignorant backwoodsman, who smokes his bad tobacco in a murderous clay pipe, who uses his sleeve in lieu of his handkerchief, who eats with his knife, whittles sticks, and murders the Queen's English. His wife, poor woman, with her multitude of cares, oftentimes has a soul above her work of patching, darning, scrubbing, cooking; but her aspirations are smothered and her ambition killed, until she settles back into the groove where chance or an unkind fate has placed her, and wears out her meek and uncomplaining lot till death relieves her from the drudgery her life imposed. The "sturdy, manly, country lads" you would never know in the shuffling hobbledohoy you meet in the dusty roads, still less in his Sunday attire of much-puffed shirt, liberally oiled hair, and high-heeled boots. And the "buxom country lassies"? In this glorious climate of California they have white, pinched faces, walk with a shuffle, and sit with a stoop. Aping the airs and follies of their city cousins, they plaster their complexions with harunful cosmetics, and tie themselves into tight veils until they exclude the last ray of sunshine. Poor, pale, delicate girls, with no muscle and many nerves! Their intellects on a level with their bodies—as ignorant as sickly.

Ah, the country is beautiful in the abstract; but take the country without the newspapers, without the stock reports, without the business excitement, without dressing, shopping, calls, without variety or change, divested of the legendary brightness of novels and poetry—in fact, the country as it is, with the dust, mosquitoes, and heat of summer; with the mud and monotony of winter, and the picture is disenchanting. True, there are compensations: in the absence of book-agents and bores in general; in long drives after the sun has gone down, and the kindly dusk hides the unsightly blots of farmhouses; when the stillness and hush bring peace to tired heart. A warm, bright fire, built of blazing logs, glows brighter when the family circle narrows around it, and the rain pours down in productive copiousness, and all the world is shut out. But these are only oases in the desert of country existence. Give me the city's wind and sand and fog, and with it life!

VACAVILLE, February 1, 1880.

The gift of ten thousand dollars, by John W. Mackay, to the suffering poor of Ireland, was a graceful and generous act. The gift of twenty-five thousand dollars, by the Nevada Bank, was also appropriate, and entitles the donors to the gratitude of a distressed people. The establishment of an Irish relief fund, by the New York *Herald's* princely donation of one hundred thousand dollars; is an act of which Americans have a right to be justly proud. Mr. Mackay is of Irish birth, Mr. Flood of Irish descent, Mr. Bennett of Scotch and Irish descent. Want of bread should level all class distinctions, and it is well that these gentlemen are not unmindful of the sufferings of the country that gave them and their fathers birth.

The following is copied *verbatim et literalim* from the letter of a Rochester newsboy: "Dear Brother I taught I would rite to you and let you now how I am getting on Mother and Sister ellie are well Mother is marridd to a farmer down by aunt hanna im in rochester dear Brother Could you send me five or ten dolars do you rember taking that two dolars from me Ellie is not got no close I want to Byhersom."

POOR IRISH LANDLORDS.

The almost universal interest which the condition of Ireland has excited in the United States during the present unhappy crisis in the former country has left but few aspects of the situation doubtful, or even imperfectly known. Yet, in the necessarily broad grouping or contrasting of the parties, social and political, several misapprehensions may readily have arisen in the minds of people unfamiliar with the actual condition of land in Ireland—that condition having reference to its tenure and obligations. For instance, the American people, in classifying the occupiers of Irish soil in the two relations of landlord and tenant, is apt to accept these words as synonymous with "rich and poor." This is a fallacy. It is true that many landlords are rich, and many tenants poor; but, while it is also true that most tenants are poor, it by no means follows that most landlords are rich. The records of the Encumbered Estates Court, from its establishment down to to-day, give an often pitiable insight into the actual poverty of the owners of the soil. Boulogne, Malaise, a hundred cheap French, German, and Swiss resorts, have their circles of Irish landlords—absentees, not from choice, but from necessity; living abroad because they can not, even in the most modest manner, keep up the state which they conceive their dignity demands at home. And the truth remains—a ghastly and appalling truth to landlord and tenant alike—that agricultural Ireland is a bankrupt country. It may be stated as a broad fact, and one whose few exceptions are no more than sufficient to prove the rule, that every landed property in Ireland is well nigh swamped with debt. The fair acres are mortgaged up to the park wall or beyond it; the lien of the mortgage rests on the broad green lawn and on the graveled sweep whereon the carriage of the landlord drives to and fro while waiting for its owner on sufferance to issue from the mansion which perhaps bears his name and of which he is in reality only the tenant. Outside the domain the property is let, perhaps well, but very often on a lease for a mere nominal rental. This last is a method of handicapping Irish property which is little understood in America. A landlord, in pressing need of ready money, grants a lease of a hundred acres for "three lives, or thirty-one years," at the nominal rental of, say, half-a-crown an acre, receiving an immediate consideration of, perhaps, £1,000 from the incoming tenant. Of the three lives which have to drop before the lease expires, his (the landlord's) son and heir is commonly one, some member of the royal family—frequently the Prince of Wales—is the second, and the third is either the lessor or the lessee. The stipulation of thirty-one years marks the minimum of the lease in case all the lives should lapse within that period. This kind of lease was very common during the last generation, and the present generation of Irish proprietors is suffering accordingly. Their fathers granted the leases, pocketed and spent the ready money "fines," and left to their heirs a property whose fairest farms are tied up in these iniquitous leases. The present owner has little hope of better things during his lifetime, for was not his life—when still heir—inserted in the lease? And the best he can hope for is that, after he is gone, there may not be yet a third life to impoverish the inheritance which passes to his son, and emphasize—like an Hibernian Nemesis—the curse that "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children."

This condition of things, bad as it is, must in the course of time rectify itself, for these leases, and they are the commonest in Ireland, do not last forever. It may be, of course, that the first owner who receives his property free from such encumbrance will again put up these leases for sale to the highest bidder, receive his "fine," and "revel as free as his fathers did," but at least he will have had the opportunity to keep his property free from encumbrances of this nature. But the mortgages—what will clear away the mortgages which lie like a shadow across the fairest town-lands of the finest Irish estates! Americans would be surprised, would be incredulous, were the statistics of some of the county families in Ireland presented in these columns. Select one at random—it is not an isolated, it is not even a particularly aggravated case, for the family in question still manages to remain at home, and has not been driven out by that terrible pressure which fills Boulogne and kindred resorts with absentee Irish landlords. The property is not in Connaught, where the distress is now epidemic; it is in the comparatively prosperous province of Leinster, and here is its exhibit: The estate in question covers something more than six thousand acres, of which a very fair proportion is good land, with only a sufficiency of bog and bottom land, and there are no mountains in the neighborhood. The rental at present is £4,700 per annum—a small return for six thousand acres; but many of the choicest farms are held on the "three-life" system, at nominal rentals. The mortgages on the estate amount to about £60,000, which, at the prevailing rate of mortgage interest in Ireland—five per cent.—calls at once for £3,000 from the annual rental. There are five younger children, who draw from the estate £200 per annum apiece—£1,000 per annum in all—leaving the nominal owner £700 a year to maintain the position in the county which is in a manner demanded from the representative of one of its oldest families and the possessor of an estate which every one remembers to have yielded £10,000 a year. This is not an isolated instance, but might be duplicated, aye, triplicated, in most Irish counties. And many fine properties have been brought still lower by ancestral extravagance and the sale of leases.

How, then, does a season of famine affect the Irish landlord in this or a similar predicament? Of the sufferings of the poorer tenants, "of the humble bed and the fireless cot and the bread so hard to find," we know much. We have seen harrowing pictures drawn and heard heart-sickening tales told of the poverty and distress of Ireland during a famine year. But the landlord, too—at least the landlord in such a situation as that outlined above, and that is unhappily only too common a one—is not he in a situation of difficulty? Perhaps the American people, opening their hearts and purses with their wonted warmth and liberality for the relief of the starving poor in Ireland, wonder that more is not being done at home—that the landlords who receive the rent of the soil can not do more to tide their dependant tenants over a single bad season. But let them read the true picture sketched above, and imagine it repeated, with often more sombre coloring, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and they will realize how mutually dependent are the landlord and tenant upon each other. How can the land-owner, whose in-

come is derived from his rent, relieve the land-holder, whose first indication of mendicancy is his inability to pay that rent? How is he to meet his mortgage charges? How is he to maintain the fight that he has so long maintained, waiting for the time when the leases shall lapse and he can bequeath to his son a comparatively unencumbered estate? There is nothing for it, if the rents do not come in, but foreclosure and a sale in the Encumbered Estates Court, where the property may or may not yield sufficient to pay off the charges—for it need scarcely be said that land in Ireland, just at present, does not offer a very tempting inducement for even the most speculative capitalists. And when the property is gone, whither shall he go—brought up as he has been to no trade and no profession, with the faulty, useless education of Eton and Oxford? Ask Boulogne; ask Malaise; ask any of those strange, out-of-the-way little places which we occasionally meet, when we "do" Germany with a knapsack or Switzerland with an alpenstock; or ask the mines of Nevada or Colorado, or the great pasture lands of Texas. There are many men there who have known better days; and the sterner material, after the stroke of ruin has fallen, gravitates thither, while the inert and the feeble wears out a fretful existence at the cheap continental resorts. Or ask many of the Western newspaper offices, aye, or of New York for that matter; there are many men with histories there.

So that the poor landlord is to be pitted as well as the poor tenant, and it may be that a finer organization intensifies the pang of his fall, though he may not be called upon to endure the actual physical suffering entailed by the empty potato barrel, the "boneens" seized in a distress for rent, and the hungry, leaden months which intervene between now and the next harvest.

"The Dampools are Still Quite Numerous."

A sleek individual (says the *Capital*) with his seedy coat buttoned up to the chin, and having the appearance of a statesman in impecunious circumstances, unlatched the station-house door, walked over to the stove, and picking out the easiest chair, sank into it with the air of a man who felt that he was of importance to the world. After toasting his shins and warming the soles of his feet, he arose, and turning his back to the stove, placed his hands under his coat-tails, spread his feet apart, and viewed his surroundings with great satisfaction. The door was again opened by a hesitating hand, and a tramp with a dejected countenance shuffled up to the railing and muttered that he wanted lodgings. The station-keeper was about to enroll the new-comer's name among the legion of tramps who had had lodgings before him, when the man at the stove cleared his throat. Then he paused and remarked: "Lodgings! Do you know, my friend, of what lodgings consist? Do you know the legal definition of lodgings?" The tramp murmured that all he wanted was a place to lie down until morning; but the man at the stove, not heeding the interruption, withdrew one of his hands from beneath his coat-tail, and describing a graceful parabola in the air with it, proceeded: "Do you know that the word 'lodgings' has been clearly defined, interpreted, and explained, so that no mistake can be made in the meaning of the term? It has. When a traveler drops into a station-house and asks for lodging, what does he get? He is permitted to perch on a bench all night, and wait till the janitor comes in the morning and turns him out into the street. Is this lodgings? The law says no."

The dejected tramp brightened up a little as the orator proceeded, and he dropped his little bundle and opened his mouth in wonder.

"In the case of Skimmerhorn *versus* Buglehorn," continued the man at the stove, "a case which I had the honor to decide when I was on the bench, the opinion of the court was that the law required the station-houses to furnish lodgings, and, as to lodgings, the opinion was that lodgings means a warm place by the stove until such a time as the lodger desires to retire, some one to look after your baggage, a feather bed with clean sheets and three quilts, and some one to black your boots in the morning. That's the law, gentlemen. If you go to a hotel and pay for lodgings would you consider that you had received lodgings if the clerk put you in the cellar and gave you a corner of a bench to sleep on? No, sir; you would demand your money back, and any court in the land would sustain you. Now lodging is lodging, whether it is in a hotel or in a station-house. Law, majestic law, that holds the universe together, interposes and says what lodging means."

The dejected look had now left the tramp's face, and as the last words dropped from the mouth of the man at the stove, he shuffled over to him and grasped him by the hand, looking up at him as a great benefactor. Then he shuffled back to the rail, and throwing his bundle upon the desk, remarked to the station-keeper:

"Look here, Cully, I guess I will stay here to-night."

"What?"

"I want lodgings—do you understand? and you can't fool me. I want a bed. You had better hustle around and shake up a bed for me while I sit down and warm myself." And the tramp drew a chair up to the stove and proceeded to divest himself of his shoes.

The station-keeper smiled a strange smile as he started up stairs. The tramp shouted after him:

"Be a little careful of the sheets, Cully, for I am very particular about the sheets; and, mind you, tell the boy to be gentle with these shoes when he blacks them, for they are a little shaky."

There was a noise of feet on the stairway, and the station-keeper returned. He was accompanied by two policemen. The station-keeper stood over the tramp and remarked:

"He wants a bed."

There was a momentary struggle, and a hurrying toward the door, and the next moment the tramp was landed with his bundle in the middle of the street. He yelled back at the officers:

"Yes, I want a bed!"

And the door was closed. The sleek expounder of the law then moved up to the rail, had his name put down in the book, and as he stretched himself on the bench in the lodgers' room it is reported he chuckled several times and remarked: "The dampools are still quite numerous."

The man who never smelt powder never came near a woman's cheek.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Writing of Eugénie's visit to the scene of her son's untimely death, the *New York Tribune* says: The class in England and France who are always roused to a blind fury by the mention of a Bonaparte still find it impossible to dissociate this widowed, childless, aged woman from the spoiled beauty of the Second Empire, and loudly denounce the whole journey as "sham grief," "a bit of stagey posing for popular effect." Surely there is no longer any need of this vulgar personal abuse to sustain the cause of liberty in France, or England, or anywhere else. When it pursues this woman, just now, it is what Whitman would call a barbaric yawp in the most vehement Republican. Eugénie had her day of triumph, supreme in beauty and power. She enjoyed it, and abused it perhaps, but no more than any other woman of mediocre intellect, bigoted prejudices, and narrow, strong affections would have done. The beauty and the power have gone; her last ambition and hope died with her son. No man has anything to fear from her; why not, then, leave her alone in her grief? Her loss and sorrow have been great as was her triumph, and, to be just, she has borne them with a humility and a patience befitting a nobler nature than hers. Not a word of reproach from her was added to the weight which the coward Carey had to bear. This journey to the other end of the world, only to kneel where her son died, is a fond and very foolish fancy, perhaps; but not unnatural in a woman who has nothing left but her boy to think of, and who, unlike the majority of mourning mothers, can afford both time and money to make him alive to her a little by such expedients as this. Nobody need envy her this luxury of grief. If she were a poor washerwoman, with a dozen other children to feed, she would have learned by this time to think of her boy with a cheerfulness, more healthy regret. But as it is, her worst enemy should have the decency not to make a party cry of her grief, but at least to pass by on the other side in silence and leave her to mourn her dead as seems best to her.

The Earl of Longford has just entered upon a legal action of curious origin. In November, a workman busy in an old house on Rutland Square, London, discovered a cash-box of antique structure, concealed beneath a step leading into a strong-room on the ground floor. Colonel Palliser, the owner, then in Ireland, was written to about the box, and the particulars of the discovery were published. Thereupon several persons, including the Earl of Longford, put in claims to the treasure. The late Earl and his son occupied the house until 1848; and the late Earl told his wife previous to his death that he had in the house a large sum of gold in case of need. At his death the Countess instructed the executors to search for the money, and a careful but fruitless examination was made. In 1848 the house was let to Mr. George Willoughby Hemans, son of Mrs. Hemans the poetess, from whom it was subsequently conveyed to a Miss Cookson. When the box was opened it was found to contain, besides money, an envelope addressed "Earl of Rutland," the remainder being torn away; a letter beginning "My Dear Lord Longford," some Parliamentary papers of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and a plan of the upper story of the house, showing certain partitions which had been put up by Thomas, Earl of Longford, and having some writing upon it, sworn to be that of his lordship. The present Earl, Colonel Palliser, and Miss Cookson are now all contending for box and contents.

Miss Helena Bradford (says the *New York Star*) is announced as the latest addition to the American colony in Paris. Some years ago this charming young person was the acknowledged head-centre of the class of female propagandists known as Bloomerites. It may be ungallant, and so we will not say that it was fully thirty years ago that this delightful creature scorned long dresses; and if she did not display her charms in tights, she at least thought the bifurcated garment the most becoming. Time works a large assortment of wonders. In this case we would not suggest that Time has anything to do with it, and so it must be Worth who has reconverted Miss Bradford to the adoption of dress *en train*.

A few days ago (says the *New York Times*) the wife of one of our most millionaire millionaires gave a luncheon party at her Fifth Avenue home to seventy-two ladies. There were twelve tables, each table arranged for six guests, with differential service—the cloth, napkins, glass, china, flowers, every bit of equipment and garniture, indeed, even to the gas-shades, harmonizing in color and design. The glass and china were of novel pattern and the costliest kind, and the napkins and table-cloths elaborately wrought. Instead of the ordinary cards, with the names inscribed, were cards finely and specially painted, deserving to rank as works of art, the subjects suggested by gastronomy in some form or other. As mementoes, various trifles, as they were called, were placed beside the plates. They were fans, bouquet-holders, ornamental glove-buttoners, and the like, each and all of curious and dainty workmanship. The effect of the twelve tables and their varied service, with the guests in rich visiting dress of the latest mode, must have been ravishing to the feminine eye, though it is doubtful if the masculine mind could have had any just appreciation of the ingenuity and expense of the entertainment. It was intended to be, and probably was, the most elaborate luncheon-party yet given in the city, and luncheon parties have been a feature of metropolitan society this season. We are obviously not drifting toward rigid economy and Spartan simplicity.

"Little Bopeep" (says "Grandma" of the *Boston Courier*) is a name that has a sweet and pastoral sound to the father of a family, and suggests an inexpensive costume in which he would willingly see his daughter clothed for a fancy ball; and so when a certain young lady on a certain avenue asked her father's permission to go to a recent New Year's ball as the aforesaid shepherdess, he said, "Yes, my dear." He said something else when he received a bill for a green silk gown, trimmed with platings of pale rose color; and a cambric under-dress with ruffles of Valenciennes, a French hat with a knot of roses, made especially for the costume, and a basketful of roses and mignonette, and a crook wreathed with roses. But then men are puffed with bills, and the young lady looked pretty in her dress and had plenty of partners.

A TRUE STORY.

Barring Names and Localities.

The Widow Bufford lived at Smithsville, in the State of New Hampshire. She had a nice old broad-acre farm, inherited from her father and out of debt. On a knoll, back from the highway—surrounded by garden, lawn, and orchard—was a great, old-fashioned, comfortable farm-house, painted white, with green blinds, as every farm-house ought to be. At a little distance were a spacious barn and outhouses, well filled with hay and grain and farming implements, with borses and carriages for summer, and horses and sleighs for winter. The widow had one daughter, Cleanthy, who had married John, who managed the farm. He and Cleanthy were to inherit the farm, as a matter of course, when in the fullness of time the widow should climb the golden stairs up to that Presbyterian heaven where golden yellow is the prevailing color.

But the widow was a worldly-wise woman, and she beld on to things, and John was compelled on the first days of each year to account. He was allowed for wages and management; he was charged for his and Cleanthy's board, and for that of the children; and annual receipts were exchanged. This was all ship-shape and friendly, but it left the widow mistress of the position; for she owned the farm, and the bank account was in her name.

The war broke out. The old lady was past ninety. She had always been a Democrat. John was a Democrat also. He was worse, he was a Copperhead. But the widow was a War Democrat. She was tinged with Abolitionism. She was down on Jefferson Davis. To see the country triumph, the Union prevail, and the slave-holders' rebellion put down became the absorbing idea of her life. She had just made her annual settlement with John. When receipts were as usual exchanged, the old lady wiped her spectacles and said: "John, I have been thinking quite seriously about this dreadful war."

"Yes, mother," said John, "it is a wicked war. It ought never to have been begun, and it ought to be stopped."

"Well, John, I am glad we agree."

"Yes, mother, if it had not been for the Republican party and Abe Lincoln, all this money and all these lives would not have been wasted."

"I don't like," said the old lady, "to see the Union destroyed. My father fought in the Revolution and my husband fought in 1812; they fought to make the Union, and I think every man in the country ought to fight to preserve it. Don't you think so, John?"

John scratched his left ear with his right forefinger.

"Well, yes, mother; somebody must fight for the Union if the war goes on."

"It will go on, John, you may be sure of that."

John thought it well enough to humor the old lady, for he had his weather eye on the farm.

"If I could get away, and could leave things, I would enlist myself; but that is impossible, and I must not think of it."

"Well, I don't know, John, I guess Cleanthy and me could manage for a spell, if you think it your duty to go."

"I didn't think of enlistin'," said John; "it's goin' to be a busy summer, and I shall be needed on the farm."

"I guess Cleanthy and me can get on, John, if you feel as though you must go; and since you have suggested it, I will tell you I was thinkin' the same thing, and I had made up my mind to speak to you about it. If you go, I will make a clean deed of the farm to you and Cleanthy as soon as you get home; but if you don't feel like tearin' yourself away from Cleanthy and me and the children, I can sell the farm and give the money to the Government to hire men to fight for it."

John saw his patriotic duty in a new light. He enlisted, and when the hundred days were out he re-enlisted, and fought through the war. He was honorably discharged, and when Lee surrendered and the Confederacy collapsed, John came home.

The widow hung on till ninety-eight years of age, and her only prayer was that the Rebellion might be crushed; that John might be spared to his wife and babies, and that she might live to welcome him home and see the war ended. Lee surrendered in April; the old lady made the deeds over to John and Cleanthy and died in the following May.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1880.

P.

Pious Blackmailing.

The zealous reformer is commonly a most unpleasant person, and the missionary spirit has in it some of the essentials of a vice. The zeal that induces your neighbor to labor with you in order to make you something other than you have chosen to make yourself is a part of the same quality that under other circumstances will impel him to put his finger into your private pie for a less commendable object than your moral or social regeneration. The best men we ever meet are the men who, if they do not "mind their own business" at any rate do not mind ours, and can contemplate us going to the devil according to the dictates of our own consciences, with unruffled composure and smiling assent. We are moved to these remarks by the doings of a brotherhood of New York zealots calling themselves "The Society for the Prevention of Crime," as if the whole nation, except the criminal class, were not a society for the prevention of crime; as if all the legislatures, the courts, the prisons, the churches, schools, families, and asylums had not that object in view!

However, there is always room and scope enough for organized effort in the direction of reform, if it is made with some regard to the rights of the reformers and the decencies of social life. But the New York society goes to work by employing detectives to "spot" the *habitués* of disreputable houses and "work up a case" against them, with a view to holding it *in terrore* over their heads. The manager of this worthy institution then approaches them and (having previously terrorized the keepers of the houses) suggests that they give him pecuniary assistance in "closing out" the houses. By discreet revelations of the information he has obtained, coupled with an ingenuous expression of reluctance to proceed to such extremes as would entail publicity in the papers and newspapers, the holy sneak commonly obtains

what he wants—by downright blackmailing makes his victim "shell out." This sort of thing is of course much applauded in religious and goody-goody circles in New York, and we confidently look for its speedy importation to this coast. Couldn't the bald-headed inquirers of the Young Men's Christian Association undertake it, and make themselves even more popular than they now are among the three tramps whom they are certainly known to have benefited? Besides, they would thus win their own respect, which, in the absence of ours, might perhaps be almost as agreeable to them; there is no accounting for tastes.

The current number of the *American Art Review* fulfills the high promise of its initial issue. It contains several important contributions to the literature of American art, prominent among them the concluding paper on the late W. H. Hunt, with an admirable portrait and two successful reproductions on wood of his great mural paintings in the State Capitol at Albany, "The Flight of Night" and "The Discoverer." The first of these is especially well and spiritedly given, as from its superior excellence it deserved to be. There are two etchings in this number—a portrait of Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, good as to face and bad as to hands, and a street in Algiers. We conceive it to be a mistake, however, to print etchings on paper of so pronounced a tint. A. L. Bancroft & Co. are the agents here.

While the wise men of Alexandria were still puzzling over the supposed Masonic emblems found under Cleopatra's Needle, Boston was being entertained by a divulger of Masonic mysteries. He calls himself the Rev. D. P. Rathbun, a Wesleyan Methodist minister, of Illinois, and is actuated by religious scruples. A large audience gathered in the Chambers Street Chapel, attracted by his promise to "still further expose the secrets of Masonry, and to 'work the third degree.'" The pastor of the chapel opened the proceeding by expressing sympathy with the expositor's purpose. Mr. Rathbun began to "work the third degree" by declaring that Masonic oaths were profane oaths, much better broken than kept, and some person in the audience helped him "work" it by adding: "Yes, when you're a liar." Interruptions then became numerous, and increased to an uproar during the working process—a boy having been hired for two dollars to take the part of the candidate for the degree. The police were called in, but did not suppress expressions of disgust. In the midst of the "disclosure" a vote was taken on the question of confidence in the way in which the degree was being worked by the orator. Some thirty persons, including two ladies, showed their belief in the speaker's veracity, but nine-tenths of the audience voted in the negative, and called him a liar and a perjurer. Mr. Rathbun worked out the degree, but the audience refused to withdraw, and found a champion in a man who denounced both clergymen, during great excitement interspersed with cheers.

The Freemason question, by the way, seems destined soon to supersede the Catholic question, the Woman question, and the other old favorites of contemporary discussion. The other day a man from California threw himself under the cars on an Eastern railway, and, rather naturally, was killed. He left a memorandum: "I killed myself because I knew the Masons would when I got to Chicago." He had perhaps been "working the third degree" somewhere. Gone to meet Morgan.

A correspondent in Tuesday evening's *Bulletin* makes some very sensible suggestions concerning the employment of our present idle laborers, by extending the sea-wall westward from Meigs's Wharf to Van Ness Avenue or Point San José—"Black Point." There is in the fund set aside for this purpose now some \$420,000, and it is increasing by monthly net earnings some \$25,000. The Governor, the Mayor, and three Commissioners have control of this fund and can declare the work; contractors stand ready to bid for it, and laborers by the hundreds are desirous of the chance to go to work. This would give temporary relief to our unemployed, and would tide over the crisis.

"Sir," she said; and the music of her voice thrilled the car; "sir, is this seat engaged?" He looked up at the vision of glowing cheeks and laughing eyes, marble brow and clustering curls, and he relented; even the masher's heart warmed toward the lovely girl, the latest victim of his manly charms. "Oh, certainly not," he said, and his bow was a study of grace for the steam man; "oh, certainly not; you are entirely welcome; I shall be only too happy—" "Then," cried the charmed victim, "mother, you can sit here beside this gentleman." And an old woman, seventy-three if she was a day, with no teeth and only one eye, a small box, a big hand-box in a bag, a green reticule and an umbrella, two paper bags, and a piece of calamus root, tottered into the proffered seat and sat down and piled her things into the young man's lap. And the girl, the beautiful girl, went and sat down beside the passenger with the sandy goatee, who was so bashful that he couldn't and didn't say a word to his companion all the way to Newark, and blushed to his ears every time the fat passenger winked at him.

There is no doubt that there are many persons out of employment in San Francisco. Times are hard. But these are not the persons that are parading the streets with banners, proclaiming their unwillingness to beg and indicating their unwillingness to work. When, in a great city of three hundred thousand people, there are less than one thousand men and only a score of draggled females who tramp the streets, there is slight indication of very dire distress. The real suffering is out of sight, among those who are too proud to tramp the highways and too sensitive to make their wants known. The man who, with beery face and slouching gait, with a cigar in his mouth, or the woman who forgets her sex to walk the streets, has not our pity or sympathy, while every poor and honest man and woman who needs employment for bread has our deepest, warmest, kindest compassion.

Sarah Bernhardt could never play the part of "Mazeppa" successfully, unless before an audience sufficiently sympathetic to compensate for apparent deficiencies by a vivid effort of the imagination.

"THE CALIFORNIAN" FOR MARCH.

This magazine improves with age. In the March number Mr. Gally's story, "Sand," is continued, abating nothing of its interest. In the matter of "heavies," the number is especially rich. Mr. Henry S. Brooks discusses "Our Relations with Mexico" in an interesting way, his paper being full of facts, statistics, and conclusions of great and permanent value. His exposition—or rather *exposé*—of the revenue system of the "Sister Republic" is no less than startling. General John F. Miller presents "Certain Phases of the Chinese Question" like a politician, and Mr. Highland tells us something about the past and present of Ireland—tells it well and with knowledge. Among the lighter articles is a paper on "Sheep-berding," by Mr. Milne, which, in a taking way, rather rubs the bloom off that romantic and classic vocation. Mr. Milne rapes the roses off the shepherd's crook without compunction and without remorse. "Nine Days on the Summit of Shasta" gave Mr. Colonna enough of it; but he imparts only a portion of that quantity to the reader, who—in his dressing-gown and slippers—could endure a good deal more of Mr. Colonna's hardships with fortitude and delight. In an old darkey '49er, Mr. Cbeney finds material for a striking personal sketch. "The Wild-Flower Season," as the briefest prose article in the book, we have reprinted on our first page. Mr. Edward Belcher has something readable to say about the "one-poem" poets—who are not poets at all, by the way, any more than the man who makes a magnificent "scratch" is necessarily a billiard player. The second and last installment of Mr. J. F. Bowman's extraordinary paper "On with the Dance!" leaves the reader with some slight hope of recovery. In fiction, we have two love stories by two ladies, one (of the stories) a deal better than the other. The same writers, by a coincidence, can be compared in the present number of the *Argonaut*. The "Outcroppings" do not crop out this time; why, we do not know. The poets, too, are mostly absent, although a Mr. Kouns—who is he?—contributes some notable verses, entitled "*Lex Scripta*," and Miss S. E. Anderson a sonnet of promise. Altogether, the March number is the best so far. To the experienced eye of the journalist (our eye), which discovers something more than meets it, and is given to reading between the lines, this present number of the magazine evinces a vitality and mettle which assure its permanence and prosperity. The unerring instinct of the literary purveyor has had its will of the materials, and the editorial judgment has been on duty for their preparation. It is a good thing—this *Californian*.

Every poet is a mutton head. The mutton head is a genus; the malicious mutton head is a species. This moral maxim is not gratuitous. It is in payment of a long outstanding debt. It means that this office has been a second time invaded. This time there was no music in either the voice or the reputation of the storming party. It meant business, however, and its business was blood. Three writers were at work "doing" the heavy moral, and our poetry editor was in the waste-basket, trying to find a "Sonnet to Sarab Ann." At the first glance the visitant seemed not at all dangerous. It was an ulstered figure, presumably feminine; but there was an ominous hiss following the first sentence, which smelt like the powder of the first volley from a skirmish line. "Who's yer poetry man?" There was a squeak from the depths of the waste basket, and our poetry editor emerged, clad in the engaging modesty which made him so almost invaluable. "I am he," said our poetry editor. "And yer the man which left out 'Dear as Remembered Kisses after Deth'?" It seized him in its willowy hands and thrust him in the blazing grate. Its fingers, cruel as steel bands, bruised in his throat the wail of fate. And this office is now in need of a young man with a more perfect memory, and in whose mutton head there is no malice.

The appointment of James Russell Lowell to the Court of St. James (says the *Stock Report*) has caused an eruption of rhyme, blank verse, and prose rhapsody over Lowell and Boston and Boston and Lowell. One eruption, an excellent example of Boston literature and sentiment, we reproduce. It is poetry:

O, Boston!
O, certain intense young women with blue goggles; ditto as to the color of their stockings, who "admire" (not "like") to look wise.
O, Commons!
O, prodigious immensity of illimitable conceit; mastodontic prodigiousness of o'erwhelming conceit!
O, beans!
Baked beans!
With brown bread!
O, Oliver Wendell Holmes; and that breakfast at which the things which were said caused the ashes of Solomon themselves, in all their glory, to chill with envy!
O, James Russell Lowell!
Yum!
Yum! Yum!
Hub!!!

Professor Hilgard, of the State University, makes the following sensible suggestion in regard to the ornamentation of the college park: "The varied nature of the University grounds offers locations suitable for a great variety of economically important trees and shrubs; and as they can be utilized for ornament as well by a skillful landscape gardener, I trust that in the planting of the University grounds, outside the portion allotted to the agricultural department, this important consideration will be steadily kept in view. It is certainly eminently desirable that the University Park should not only be made attractive in an ornamental point of view, but should simultaneously be made to subserve, as much as possible, the primary objects of the University. This is the more necessary because of the unfavorable nature of the soil in the greater part of the agricultural grounds proper."

"Annetta" wants to know if there is "a healing cure, a tender balm for a love-stricken heart?" Annetta, child of the usual destiny, there is—you just bet your ethereal language there is a cure, there is a tender balm. Get sea-sick, go to sea for a week; and if the blue Pacific serves you as it served us, you will spread it on the record that it is just a little the balm balmedest balm you ever plastered on.

THE ARENA.

"Judith" vs. "Growler."

SAN FRANCISCO, February 16, 1880.

Ab, "Growler," how bad you are! Why, bless your heart! I know it, even from your own telling. You are a scamp, from the crown of your bald head—"just half enough to be domestic"—to the tips of your un-domestic boots. The girls court you, and so spoil you. But let me tell you—you "big, healthy, loving, generous, clean Man"—that "Judy dear" don't have to "reach" for her kisses, even in leap year; and were "Judy dear" to kiss you, it would make the hair of your head—what there is of it—stand upon end till it broke off. Then you'd be bald indeed. And now, you make me happy with suggestions of a "Mrs. Judith Growler" in the uncertain future, and in the next breath spoil it all by telling me you are leaving me in sorrow—just my luck! Everything that makes life beautiful comes floating to my feet. I stoop to grasp it—when lo! it floats away again, and mocks me from afar upon the bright waters. I look, and my very soul cries out in agonized longing for the lost happiness in prayer to the Lord. But it's all the same. He knows His business, and will do as He pleases.

"Temper!" Yes, indeed! "Judy dear" has the best and worst temper you ever saw. It bears patiently till "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and then—well, the Lord has need to look after the offender.

"Ada" and "Gany" would like me, though; they would say all sorts of charming things about me were I in a ball-dress—anything lovely—except that I was *putty*. Bah!—pretty! Is it complimentary to say of these fashion-dolls, with their stuffing of saw-dust, that they are pretty? And yet, poor souls, it makes them happy, and that's what we are here for. No one ever said I was pretty but once—and that was the morning after a carnival. I forgave them for that, for I had retained the mask of satin and lace throughout the night. I excused them, for the white satin dress was short, with a Pompadour-cut neck, bordered round with rare old lace, and the rounded arms bare, from the tops of the ten-buttoned gloves to the shoulder. And I forgave them, for even I looked and wondered if I *gave* I, for there was nothing like unto me, from the creamy rose-buds garnishing the hair to the golden sandals that graced the feet.

Next for "the man who struck the woman in the face." I won't tell you who he was, but the woman was "Judith." Shall I also tell you how bitterly he was punished? The mark stood there many a long day—the mark upon "Judith's" face—and finally sank out of sight, down in her heart, never, never, never to be wiped out. But "Judith" bent down and kissed the dear, fair hand with the blackened, swollen lips, and buried the loved one deep in her heart beside the blow; and these two will walk, to the end of time, in two separate ways. Is "Judith" a woman?

No, "Growler," we won't get married; we won't settle on Tehama Street; we won't fight; we won't get drunk; we won't get a black eye till you let another woman whip you, and we won't be kissed, even on paper. But we will shake hands, and I will think how lovely (you say) you are, and wonder whether you die a natural death, or get swallowed up by "horned toads, dusky maids, or divorcees."

That same old sixpence,

JUDITH.

There, "Judith," there, "Growler," we have had enough of this. We do not keep a matrimonial agency, nor a sugar shop.

Letter from a Lunatic.

STOCKTON, February 18, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I have been sent here because I am a poet. The reason may be good in law, but it does not sound just right in writing, for I have been searching for "Caliban" and Will Pollock and the lady poets of the *Post* ever since they locked me into the noisy ward, and not one of them is here. Oscar S. Tuck and Mr. Shinnie have both called since my arrival, but they were both guests of the Superintendent. One of them wanted the doctor to teach him how to develop the "Sideral Sanity of the Red Beet," and the other wanted him to subscribe for the "Anthomystery of a Dead Beat." Mr. Tuck left the following sonnet on the doctor's desk, and that kind-bearded old gentleman flipped the fragment of prospectus on which it was written into our ward:

TO MY LITERARY FAME.

If I had loved you less I should not care
Though you should think my folly worse than weak,
Though you for me should paint each rounded cheek
With the red pigment, shame. I should not fare
A whit less jocund if—beyond compare—
No love for you had thrilled, like rarest wine,
If hope to have and hold you, and to dare
All things for your dear sake had not been mine.
I may not lure the past from out its cave,
I may not set the future on its hill,
I may not name the present as it flies,
Though, with wild looks and wilder words, I rave
With my vain love I may not mate your will,
Or comfort hope that broods with helpless eyes.

I did not see Mr. Shinnie while he was here, but the kindest and prettiest of the matrons gave me the following "elegant extract" in the very neat handwriting of our most excellent young friend:

IN 1881.

In 1881
Brown shall we all be done.
So Mother Shipton said—
Who, happily, is dead,
This 1880.

In 1881
No single mother's son—
Or double mother's sons—
Will "racket with the buns,"
As now in '80.

In 1881
We'll have no end of fun,
Harping on big, damp clouds,
In pretty flannel shrouds
Saved from old '80.

In 1881
Pick, with Old Nick will run
A Hades "go-as-you-please"
Beneath the brimstone trees;
And the Deacon dank will freeze
The torrid furnace breeze.
While we, from clouds of gold,
Will watch these pined-lot-sold
Cheap ghosts, so sanctified and old,
From 1880.

I like Mr. Tuck's best. Don't you? Don't you think they might let me out?

"THE MAN WHO GRINS."

Sweet Belle Jangling.

"Oh! who does know the bent of woman's fantasia?"

SAN JOSE, February 16, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The above line from Spencer is to let you know that I know "Ajax" is a woman. No man would have written so cruelly, so heartlessly, about the "opposing sex"—at least no one but a very bad man, and bad men are never good writers; while, as you very well know, naughty women have been the cleverest with the female pen, so far as literary history gives any clue.

That, however, is neither here nor there. What I wish to quarrel with in you is the lack of manly spirit—of firmness, perhaps—permitting you to print such writing merely because it is clever. You have more appreciative women readers than you evidently think you have. Or do you think we read "Ganymede," "Hebe," and the "Chips from Other Blockheads," to the exclusion of all other reading in the *Argo-*

naut? Why—if you do know how much we like you—why do you permit another woman to insult the intelligence of every thinking woman reader you have?

I like "spice" as well as any of your readers, but I don't like red lead in my cayenne pepper—do you? Now, if Mistress "Ajax" knows anything about social science—which I doubt—she knows how idle, rapid, and vainglorious her conclusions are. It is true that polygamy is the practice—secret or avowed—with a major portion of existing peoples. It is also true that polyandry is the practice in parts of Thibet, in New Zealand, and in various other places. Further, it is true that drunkenness, or improvidence from alcoholic indulgence, is a habit of mankind. But experience has proven each habit to be a vice, and no person, no community, no people has, in modern times, prospered, in any high sense, under the corroding cloud of any of all these habits.

To go into the detailed statistics social science has tabulated for the investigation of the marriage subject would be to monopolize more space than you would, or well could, spare me; and the doing so would accord to Mistress "Ajax" a consideration that her flimsy flings at argument do not deserve. But for the earnest consideration of the marriage question—which this breath of controversy does not even outline—the safest place in this world is the silent chamber of the chastened heart in the God-given attitude of prayer.

[Well, what would you have? You admit that "Ajax" wrote well; we assert that he (or she) wrote without indecency. *Au reste*, we are not concerned about the opinions of our correspondents, and supposed that by heading "Ajax's" screed "Letter from a Brute" we had sufficiently expressed our sense of his (or her) moral condition.]

Meant to be Hard Knocks.

LOS ANGELES, February 16, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I take the liberty of calling your attention to a letter entitled a "Letter from a Brute," dated Oakland, February 9, 1880, signed "Ajax," which appeared in your last issue. If published as a joke, it is entirely too gross and indecent to appear in the *Argonaut*. If earnestly written, and published as the true views of some one on the subject, then I think it is time for you to give your communications a little closer scrutiny before sending them to print. Any man who would pen such an article in jest, endangers his reputation for decency, character, and morality. Any man who would pen such an article in earnest, either wilfully falsifies the truth, or is void of all respect for humanity, all faith in virtue, and all honor for the sex to which the mother that brought him into this world and nourished him in his infancy belongs. I know, Mr. Editor, that you do not entertain the same opinions expressed in that letter; if you do, you fall far from practicing what you preach, and are one of the boldest hypocrites of the age. No decent man or woman honestly believes but that there are many good and honest people in this world, even in this age, who sacredly and religiously observe their marriage vows, and who are at the same time happy and contented, and belong to none of the classes into which your correspondent divides mankind. Your paper has done much good work, socially and politically, and I, for one, think you owe it to a community that largely patronizes you to "sit down upon" all such contributors, by utterly ignoring their communications.

YOUR CONSTANT READER.

Another Wounded Moralist.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 16, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—I am surprised that you, who I know keep a shotgun, should permit that preposterous fellow, "Ajax," to have his being when you know him to be within range. Confound the fellow, what does he mean by giving us away to the women? Is there no honor among thieves, then? Why, this traitor in the camp, who betrays us to the enemy, ought, as a traitor, to be "shot to death at sunrise." Kindly undo the miscreant's labor by telling the ladies it isn't so. By the beard of the prophet, I think the publication of such atrocious sentiments immoral. Besides, it's really nonsense to say that the average man is not satisfied with one wife. Give him his neighbor's, and see if he will rustle round to get another of his own.

A MAN.

An Always Seasonable Suggestion.

CITY, February 10, '80.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—You know—as all San Franciscans know—what a deucedly windy, foggy, disagreeable city ours is during portions of the summer months. Do not you think that a belt of the swift-growing Australian gum-trees, planted just west of the city, along the ridge of which Lone Mountain is a part, would break our summer winds, absorb our summer fog, and make us a deal happier than we are—who can not afford summer lodgings over the bay?

FRISCAN.

An Oaklander's Protest.

OAKLAND, February 18, 1880.

EDS. ARGONAUT:—Between one and two years ago the City Council of Oakland entered into a contract with the *Tribune and Times* of that city, by which those papers were to do the city printing at certain rates, for the period of five years. The tax-payers denounced the action of the Council in making a contract which should last for years after its term of office had expired, and at rates which were outrageously exorbitant. It was reported that Mayor Andrus shirked the responsibility of signing, or refusing to sign, the obnoxious ordinance, by absenting himself from the city at the time. During such absence the ordinance became a law, without any other action on his part, as provided by the charter.

Andrus was re-elected Mayor by the non-tax-payers of Oakland, assisted by those whose interests he had as faithfully served. The existence of the contract, as well as the circumstances attending the passage of the ordinance, are almost forgotten by the general public of Oakland; but the owners of real estate are frequently very forcibly reminded that the contract is anything but a myth.

By order of the Council a sewer has just been laid in a street, fronting upon a small lot, of which I have the charge. I examined the books in the Marshal's office to ascertain the cost of the sewer. These are the figures:

For lamp-hole, man-hole and covers, and superintendent's salary, \$47; for sewer, and all the labor performed in laying the same, \$62.04; for advertising, \$63.32. The advertising, therefore, came to more than the sewer, and about three-fifths as much as all other things combined.

Advertising of street work now in the city of Oakland costs the property-owners about five or six times as much as it did formerly, when newspapers were allowed to compete for the advertising. Either of these papers will do the same amount of advertising for private individuals for \$10. In looking over the files of the Oakland papers, it will be seen that much of the street work is done in small pieces. The cost of advertising for these is as much as for larger pieces, and proportionally much higher for the tax-payers.

The sewer referred to in this article is only about one hundred and twenty feet long. A protest was presented against sewerage such a small part of the street, when contiguous portions of the same street needed sewerage equally as much, and could be included in the same contract without injury to any one and proportionally at much less cost. The protest did not even receive a respectful consideration. The letting of these small contracts still goes on. The owners of the papers are profited thereby. Do any others receive a profit from it?

I remain, an indignant, though powerless, TAX-PAYER.

The Puff-Ball in Politics.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 20, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The markets of this city are at present insufficiently stocked with the puff-ball, an edible fungus of pronounced socialistic utility. Mr. Justin P. Moore, of San Rafael, has printed a valuable paper on edible fungi, in which he shows clearly, and I think convincingly, that a great many varieties, not only of true mushrooms, but of what are commonly known as "toad stools," may be eaten with impunity when young. In regard to the eating of puff-balls, it is explained that they must be perfectly white inside, the yellow interior of those some days old indicating their unwholesomeness. It might simplify existing labor complications if those color-blind capitalists who persist in employing Chinese should go a puff-ball picking. The noxious fungus would be all of a "whattness" to them, and in their descent of the yellow stair there would be great joy.

MRS. SMITH.

An Old Maid's Plea for Her Guild.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 19, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—"Thoughts are so great. They seem to come upon us like a deep flood."

While quite alone this evening I took up one of George Eliot's works. I always find in this writer many very true sentiments, very touching truths, especially to a woman. The one above particularly moved me; it seemed as though I had paused a moment to look back over the waste of waters—my past. Trifling joys, deep sorrows, alike "lay upon me like a deep flood," almost drowning me by the surging of the waters.

"An old maid, jilted more than half a century ago." Perhaps I am mistaken; it may not have been a beautiful thought of a gifted woman, but the careless slur of a man, in his criticism for a brilliant journal, that caused the floodgates to break open, letting me see the wrecks of many years still floating on the waters. Man is ever ready with his unjust interpretation of motives, ever ready to catch at a straw, to let it fall, and then to think of it afterward as a log of wood so heavy as to bend his back in carrying it.

To me, nothing is so offensive as the epithet "old maid." Because I am one, and the home-thrust cuts deeply? Not so, but because it is ever given as an opprobrium. Young girls are duly educated, introduced into society, *advised* with an idea to escape the fate of an "old maid," to make the best "catch" of the season. Young men can find no pleasure in "old maids' company, no matter how cultivated or intellectual they may be; life is short, their purses but scantily filled; it is time for them to angle for "gold fish."

Did it ever occur to you that the title of "old maid" could be one to be honored. Did you ever imagine its bearer to be a noble woman who has suffered—a woman, perhaps, whose bright, best days may have been devoted to the demands of duty? Many women, not mothers, have fulfilled a mother's trust; and when later they find themselves supplanted by ties newly formed, they feel the want of the *right* to the sacred name of mother. Then—can you blame them? They remember a love crushed down, while duty stared them in the face. Then they feel that they had had the pain—they *might* have had the joys. Did it ever occur to you that some women had such strange ideas that neither money nor position were equivalent, indeed synonymous to "love, honor, and obey," and rather than be mistress of fifty palaces, they chose to be "old maids"?

Every day the papers are describing brilliant social entertainments. Can you see behind the door when society is absent? Does the old-fashioned sentiment of love pervade those fashionable households? Are the husband and father, the wife and mother there? Perhaps so, too often they are not, for what thoughtful father would allow wine to flow freely? What old-time mother would put temptation in her dear child's way?

Have you ever thought where your sons go after these entertainments? Have you cared? Oh! if mothers would think of the lives dependent on them for all that is best helpful in the young lives they rear. Will mothers always be content to see their daughters the mistresses of one man's wealth, of another man's heart? Will they remain content to see their sons bereft of reason, lower than beasts in their excesses?

Let no mother laugh at an "old maid." It is better that daughters were such, with nothing to fill the void caused by loneliness, by the lack of all that to woman is most beautiful, than to see them whirling in the vortex of fashion, dragging so many down. How many less divorces, how many less heart-aches, how much more self-respect would there be in the world to-day, if *gold* were not the god, and an "old maid's" fate less dreaded.

ZETTA.

A Quadrangular Fight.

SACRAMENTO, February 16, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—We like the "Sore-head Warble" (and what a "sore" warble it was, anyway!) of poor Prod—we mean "Pauline" and the virtuous "Virgie." We like to be noticed by two so well known in fame. We think we're on the road to fame and fortune. Do it some more! We'd like to "pepper" them in French, but this article is entirely too "sacred," and as they tell us there is no one in the city to translate their native language for them, we'll stick to the old Saxon, which is very good in its way. Sorry we can't accommodate them in Dutch, but *pate de foie gras* is better to our palate than *sauer-kraut*! We wonder if "Virgie" and "Paulie" are so old in virtue and years that they have forgotten their respective *mammies* were Madame de la Tour of Normandy, and Margaret of Brittany?

BETSY AND I.

Art and No Art.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 9, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—A number of "our own painters," who do not condescend to "draw" at all, may read the following testimony of William E. Marshall with possible profit. Speaking of Couture, one of the art-ions of the season 1850-65, Mr. Marshall says:

"Couture's method in art has often been inquired about. It was as simple as it was effective. Absolutely perfect drawing was the first requirement. The subject was outlined on canvas with a crayon point in every general feature; it was then painted in light and shade with bitumen, after which it was finished in pigments. His only principle was never to correct; if the beginning was imperfect, commence a new picture."

To me, good drawing is as vital to the integrity of painting as is grammar to the worth of literature. Is the art school wise in permitting its pupils to use the wings of painting before they have mastered the use of art's every-day legs—drawing?

S. F. H.

SACRAMENTO, February 18, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—"To the beautiful, all things are beautiful." If this rule works both ways, what a nasty appearance the world must present to "Ajax."

PAUL AND VIRGIE.

A "Railroad Employee" writes, asking if it "Be not practical to create a fund out of the surplus earnings of servants of railroad companies which shall to some extent assure them against the time when they are no longer able to perform active duty?" We think such a scheme, if judiciously managed, might be productive of great good. We think, however, that some system which comprehended the insistence upon frugality as a factor of continuance in employment, and a moral system which compelled wives and children to look always to the husband and father as bread-winner—compelling him to provide or else cease to create—would be the best system for the servants of the railroads, and for all servants.

"J." is informed that the "Marseillaise" mentioned by our contributor is the famous revolutionary hymn. It's a tolerably good thing, too, when well sung.

The gifted author of "The Lay of a Carpet" is requested to add a few lines explaining whether it was tacked down at the edges.

"Pond Lilies." The MS. is found, but we have lost your name and address.

No, "Parsee," we will not print your "Hymn to Fire;" we will refer it to the subject of it. Couldn't you favor us with an "Ode to the Waste-basket"?

CXVII.—Sunday, February 22.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Vermicelli Soup.
Potato Salad.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms.
Boiled Rice. Green Peas. Celery with Cream Sauce.
Roast Chicken. Potato Croquettes.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Ice Cream. Brandied Peaches. Orange Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Oranges, and Bananas.
To MAKE ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups sugar, two and a half cups of flour, five eggs, half cup of water, the grated rind and juice of one orange, and one teaspoonful yeast powder. Reserve the whites of two eggs for soft icing. Beat the eggs together; add sugar; beat again; put in the orange water, and, lastly, in the flour. Make in two tins for twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the two eggs, with the grated orange and two cups of sugar, until thick; then spread the cakes when cold, and ice the top with the other half, and decorated sugar.

AMERICANISM IN LETTERS.

Mr. Richard Grant White in the New York "Times."

Some ten or twelve years ago I found in the corner of a stray newspaper that fell into my hands some verses entitled "Her Letter." I read the first three or four stanzas, pleased and amused with the light social satire veiled under the supposed writer's description of her new position in life. But when I came to that which tells her memories of the dance in Harrison's barn, lit by tallow candles, and

"Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee!"—

I said to myself, Is there not here something new? and has not this rhymed produced, although in a small way, the "something American" in literature for which so many people both in Europe and in America, but chiefly in Europe, have been asking so long? At that time the very name of Mr. Bret Harte was unknown to me, and when, a few days afterward as it happened, a copy of the *Overland Monthly Magazine* fell into my hands, and I read a story, or sketch, in which the experiences of a Mr. John Oakhurst and his companions, who went astray in the natural wilderness of the West, as some of them had gone astray in the man-made maze of life, the question came up again, Is this a new thing under the sun? Has there appeared in California the beginning of an American literature?

Of course it was not long—only a few days—before I found out who it was that had given me this new pleasure. But before I had made that discovery I had answered the questions which he had provoked, and the answer was, No—surely, unmistakably, No. Nor was this answer at all biased by displeasure—a displeasure which had in it an element of sadness—at the obtrusive ugliness of the fact that this new and seemingly "American" literature owed its distinctive qualities chiefly to the fact that its subject and its substance were furnished by vulgarity glaring in the unaccustomed light of newly-bought diamonds, and by a remnant of unextinguished human emotions of blacklegs, demireps, hoosiers, and hoodlums. For, although it was not pleasant to believe that an American literature must needs find its exciting cause, and its material, in coarse and degraded forms of life, it was clear, upon brief reflection, that subject, with its adjuncts of manners, customs, habits, and costume, is neither the source nor the sign of a distinctive literature—or as it is generally, but wrongly, called, a national literature—and therefore that the question of Americanism remained unaffected in any way by these vivid, picturesque, and humorous sketches of Western life.

In all these writings, whether in the originals or in the many clever imitations which their success has called forth, it will be found that only the subject is new. The personages and their surroundings make up a striking picture, which has the zest of novelty. In them we make new acquaintances, and are brought into contact with strange manners and unaccustomed habits of life—an experience which is more likely to be agreeable in books or on the stage than it is in real life. Hence the peculiar interest of these writings, and that sense of freshness which they brought with them, and which caused so many persons to welcome them as the bright dawn of a new and national literature. They are, however, nothing of the sort. They leave the question of a new and so-called "national" or "American" literature as untouched as it had been before left by Mr. Curtis's charming *Howadji*, and by his humorous *Potiphar Papers*, or—to take as an illustration the greatest work of prose fiction given to English literature in the last half century, and the most American in its subject—as it had been left by Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*.

The scene in Harrison's barn, with its flags and tallow candles, its mining desperadoes mingling with pretty women, who bear easily sudden transplantation to the somewhat crude splendors of the Fifth Avenue, is new; but so it would have been new if Mr. Charles Reade, having lived in California long enough to be familiar with its peculiar customs, had written a sketch of life there in prose or in verse. In all this literature there is nothing new but the subject. Any man of English blood, gifted with the faculties of observation and narration, with humor and with literary skill, and who had lived in California for a few years, and had made life there the subject of his story, would have produced what would have differed in no essential element, even slightly, from Mr. Bret Harte's work. The differences that might have existed would have been the result of individual peculiarities—merely such differences as distinguish any two British or any two American writers from each other. But if a Frenchman had undertaken the same literary task, there would have been a great and highly distinctive difference, a difference not at all dependent upon the language in which he wrote, but which would be plainly apparent, even in a perfectly idiomatic English translation of his work. And if a German writer had done the like, we should have had yet a third variation. The German work would differ from both the French and the English, and these differences would be in a literary way essential and characteristic. No such differences would exist between the writing of an Englishman and a so-called American, nor is it possible that they should exist.

Now, it is in such characteristic traits as those which produce these differences between the treatment of the same subject by writers of various races, that what is mis-called national literature has its origin, and, indeed, its very existence. It is French wit, French felicity of phrase, French subtlety, French finish, the absence of a certain humor and a certain homeliness, and, above all, French spirit—as appreciable and as unmistakable, but as indescribable, as the perfume of pinks or of primroses—which makes French literature French, and different from English literature or from German, in something other and far more important and significant than either its language or its subjects. Charlotte Brontë's *Villette* is not French literature because of its French scene and its French personages; nor, in like manner and for just the same reasons, is *The Luck of Roaring* an American literature because of scenes and personages found in the Far West of America. On the other hand, it is the scene and its personages which give *The Sentimental*

Journey its French-like character. That is due to the French cast of Sterne's mind, and to an intentional imitation of French manner. It seems plain that in writing this book Sterne deliberately and easily cast his thought into a French mould. This peculiarity of style, which is a mental manifestation of difference of race, is so great in some writers that they can not be translated into the languages of peoples very foreign in spirit to their own. It is impossible to express the spirit of Shakespeare's poetry or the humor of his personages in the French language—absolutely impossible; all their distinctive qualities vanish in the translation. So, I am sure, must all the best part of Dickens be absolutely untranslatable into French. Imagine the result of attempting to give a French dress to the *Pickwick Papers*! Could the wildest grotesque of masquerade be anything beyond it! To this untransferable spirit alone does so-called national literature owe its individual character.

Those who cry out for an American literature, and particularly for an American drama, and who prescribe, as a means of attaining this, the treatment of American subjects, must do so surely in absolute ignorance or in utter forgetfulness of the teachings of English literature, and in particular of English dramatic literature at its best period in this respect. Of Shakespeare's fourteen comedies, only one is English in subject, and that one is not among the best of them, and was, according to tradition, written to order. All the rest have Italian or French subjects. Of his thirteen tragedies, not one has an English subject, for even *King Lear* is not English. Of his two poems, neither is English in subject. His historical plays were written hardly as works of imagination, but with the deliberate purpose of putting events in English history visibly before the people. They were called "histories." They do not properly come under present consideration. Of Marlowe's eight plays, only one has an English subject, and that one is a "history." Among Chapman's sixteen tragedies and comedies, not one has an English subject. Massinger wrote nineteen plays, of which one only has its scene laid in England. Not to weary the reader with a superfluity of such detail, the whole range of Elizabethan literature, as well narrative and poetical as dramatic, presents a like un-English choice of scene and subject on the part of writers of whom it may be said that they are at once the greatest and the most distinctively English that the English race has produced. It is not until we descend to the lesser lights of the Restoration and of the last century that we find the successful dramatists selecting their subjects from English contemporary life. And the contemporaneity of the subjects of their comedies (for in tragedy they and their successors in the present century went abroad for their subjects) is very important to us in our consideration of this question; for dramas and novels founded on American subjects must find them, to all intents and purposes, exclusively in contemporary life. For America has no history to speak of; none at all which gives any peculiarity to mental tone or manners.

It can not be too clearly or too constantly borne in mind that the term "America" has marked, hitherto at least, no other peculiarity than that of place and political condition. Now, distinctive character in literature is the product, not of place or of political independence, but of race. Englishmen write as Englishmen because they are of English blood and their minds have been formed by English literature, just as Frenchmen write as Frenchmen because they are of French blood, and have been intellectually trained by French teachers and French traditions. It is impossible that a people mainly—and until of late as to the formative element, wholly—English in blood, English in speech, English in mental training and tradition, should produce anything but English literature—literature English in spirit, no matter what its subject. And if the spirit be English, what matter for the rest? That is but accidental, the substance of which is moulded into the work of art. Our dramatists may present us with American scenes; but unavoidably they will do this only as English writers. The distinction between British politics and American politics is very clear. A distinction between British literature and American literature does not exist; it is purely fictitious. The great grammatical historian of the English language, the German Maetznier, recognized this truth fully. His authorities are, for his later period, equally American and British. He makes no distinction; both are English.

There can never be a distinctively American literature until there is a distinctive American race to produce that literature. It need not be said that no such race now exists. When Anglo-Saxon and Hollander and German and Irishman and Negro and Chinese have so blended their blood, centuries hence (may it be cycles!), that from the fusion a new race shall have sprung, with a new heart, new senses, and a new brain, then there will be an American literature which will come, as all originality comes, unsought, unknown, the mere utterance of the inner consciousness of a new soul.

One day, some years ago, when her majesty was standing on the public road, near Balmoral, sketching the castle from a particular point, a flock of sheep approached. Her majesty, being intent on her work, took little notice of the flock, and merely moved a little nearer the side of the road. A boy in charge of the sheep shouted at the top of a stentorian voice:

"Stan' oot o' the road, 'oman, an' let the sheep gae by!"
Her majesty not moving out of the way quite so fast as the shepherd wished, he again shouted:
"Fat ar' ye stan'in' there for? Gang oot o' that an' let the sheep pass!"

One of her majesty's attendants, who had been at a distance, on hearing his royal mistress thus rudely assailed, went up to the shepherd and thus addressed him:

"Do you know whom it is you have been speaking so rudely to, boy?"

"No; I neither ken nor care; but be she fa' she likes, she sudna be i' the sheeps' road."

"That's the Queen," said the official.

The boy looked astonished, and after recovering his senses said, with great simplicity:

"The Queen! Od, fat way disna she pit on cloes that foulk can ken her?"

Every bird has its decoy, and every man is led and misled in a way peculiar to himself.—*Goethe*.

SOCIAL AFFINITIES.

Some Nice Reading for Our Nice People.

The belief is so widely held (says the orthodox New York *Times*) that all men like all women that it has come to be regarded as a self-evident truth. But a little observation shows that the belief may be erroneous; that it can not by any means be accepted in its universality. Indeed, there is reason to doubt whether, in high civilization, the reverse of this may not be sustained. In a state of nature the sexes are indisputably drawn together; they are mutually dependent; each gives what the other lacks; their correlation is a need no less than an affinity. They are forced by instinct as well as meagreness of environment to like one another; a certain affection is begotten of requirement. They quarrel violently; the men are irrepressibly brutal; they beat their women; and from such savagery emotional reaction is inevitable, and goes by the name of love.

In enlightenment, amid the epicureanism and artificiality of great cities, the sexes are more separated; their spheres are distinct; their duties and their pleasures do not clash. Men have their daily round; women have theirs: the two need have nothing in common, unless they be so inclined, and many men evidently are not so inclined. What a host of men there are in every commercial centre who seem to have no association with women! They are very justly called men's men, as others are called women's men—because these are forever dangling after petticoats, and appear to be bound by fluttering ribbons. The men's men are not bachelors or widowers only, as might be surmised. Many are husbands and fathers, in the sense at least that they have been married and have children; but they are never seen with their wives; their marriage rests not on proof, but on tradition. They are not misogynists—misogyny is usually a transient condition, tending to the opposite extreme; they do not even disapprove of women as a body or in the abstract; they simply feel no interest in them personally, and keep out of their company. They fail to like women. If they were obliged to be much in their society they would dislike them heartily, and would in time become their bitter foes. Women tire and annoy them, and these men preserve mental peace by letting women severely alone. The fault is with the men; but the absence of all partiality for the other sex is undoubted and undeniable.

It may be said that this dislike of women on the part of men is the result of the artificiality of modern society; that if men did not cultivate false tastes, were not corrupted by dissipation and unwholesome pleasures, they would not have such feelings. Unhappily for this argument, their indisposition to the other sex is unmistakably manifested in childhood, when nature reigns supreme. Small boys of a healthful, normal kind hardly ever like girls of their own or any age. In truth, they detest them, so far as eagerness to get away from them can express detestation. They can not be induced to remain any time in their company on any terms. Their presence is an annoyance, and to be forced into it would be a chastisement. In many rural schools, in fact, boys are made to sit with the girls as a punishment, which usually proves effective in preventing the recurrence of the offense of which they have been guilty. "You are a regular girl," is one of the severest things a boy can say to another; so severe that it is taken, as it is intended, as a gross insult, and usually brings on active hostilities. Girls are commonly spoken of with supreme contempt, with a sarcasm designed to be withering, by nearly all boys from six to sixteen.

Boys do not reach the spoonery stage generally until they are out of their teens, and then a little feminine society goes a great way with them. They cherish in a very awkward manner a stupid sort of sentimental attachment, but they retain their appetite for rough sports, and often, on the eve of twenty, would prefer hanging cats, breaking street-lamps, and fighting with other striplings, to kissing the rosiest lips that sixteen summers had ever sweetened, or holding undisputed possession of a score of school-girls' hearts.

The period when men are fondest, or least averse to women, is commonly between twenty-five and thirty-five, and even then they can seldom be long absorbed by one passion, or by many passions. At forty, having at that age usually escaped the perils of matrimony, they are firmly fixed in the routine and habits of bachelorhood. Men are frequently very foolish, and make themselves ridiculous enough, about the other sex; but they rarely have the folly and take on the ridiculous aspect more than once in an ordinary lifetime. Their grand passion is apt to be short, and they are subsequently so sensible of what has been its effect upon them, are so conscious of the ludicrous part they then played, that they do not repeat it. Marriage cures them of any tendency to relapse; or, if not marriage, the observation of the conduct of others in similar circumstances. To have been once in love, and to have climbed out by dint of reflection, and with unassisted effort, is prone to keep a man forever after, as he would probably put it, in the paths of common sense. The fact that he has made an ass of himself, and is conscious thereof, renders him merciless to all other asses from the same cause.

That the great majority of men have continually recurring spasms of tenderness, of affection, of ardent love, for women, it would be idle and absurd to contradict; but this is very different from liking them generally or uniformly, from wanting to be with them, from experiencing pleasure or happiness in their habitual presence. Even the men who admit their delight in feminine society are easily satisfied, not to say surfeited, with it. Their highest raptures do not hinder them from hankering after masculine friends and masculine modes of killing time.

Club-houses, whence women are rigorously excluded, never lose their allurements for men; few homes can compete with those successfully; the joys of the club-house seem to the average man to be perennial. Inconceivably, all this is due to the ineradicable barbarism of our sex, to their inferior moral nature, to their animal instincts and selfish natures. Men are as well aware of this as women are. But their undeveloped morality, their lack of complete civilization, is not at issue. The question, "Do men, as a rule, like women?" is certainly an open one.

An Arkansas woman is now living with her fourteenth husband, and has only worked one county.

"THE LORD OF ALL THE DEVILS."

And Other Brief Personal Anecdotes.

An altogether jovial fellow was the Chevalier de Forges, Louis XV.'s favorite valet, who had conferred upon himself the titles, "Marquis of the Earthly Paradise, Viscount of the Infernal Regions, and Lord of All the Devils," and wanted to have the law of a priest who would not allow him to sign these titles at length on the parish register as witness to a baptism. When the city of Paris laid out the plans for a new market, he refused to sell one of his houses, the site of which was needed. He went to law with the city, beat it, and compelled a modification of the plans, celebrating his victory by having painted on the wall of the contested building a life-size picture of a sheep shaving a wolf.

He went to do his own marketing in his "thousand-crown coat," so called because he had saved a thousand crowns' worth of other coats by wearing it. He was commissioned by a bashful friend to go and ask the hand of a young lady in marriage, and, finding her pretty and pleasant, he married her himself. Having married her, he naturally fell in love with and abducted a beautiful girl, a young Jewess. Her parents went in pursuit of her, and prosecuted the search with such keenness that it was necessary to take heroic measures. Accordingly, M. de Forges went to the Archbishop of Paris, and represented that a certain ecclesiastic had been laboring with a young Hebrew woman, and had well-nigh persuaded her to turn from the errors of Judaism and embrace the Christian faith. Unhappily, her parents were endeavoring to persecute her into steadfastness in the tenets of their religion, and so it would be proper and laudable to furnish her with an asylum.

The unsuspecting Archbishop thereupon found her a refuge in a convent, and thus the pursuers were completely baffled. Only for a time, however, because they found out the Chevalier, and worried him so excessively, with the assistance of his wife, that he agreed to abandon the girl to them. The girl, furious with him, and as furious with her parents, refused to give him back a large sum of money he had entrusted to her keeping, abjured the Hebrew faith, and took the veil. Only one thing was now possible to complete this complicated drama. The Chevalier had given his ecclesiastical friend, the pretended convert of the girl, a benefice for his assistance in bamboozling the Archbishop. Now the honest abbé came upon the scene, and eloped with the new-made nun!

The youth of men who have achieved distinction seldom fails to be interesting, because it is very apt to show the stuff they are composed of. An account has recently been given of the first engagement in which Farragut took part. It was in 1813—Farragut was only twelve years of age, and had been less than twelve months in the navy—when the American vessel *Essex* was captured by the *Phæbe* and *Cherub*, of the British fleet. He saw the hostile ships approach with awe, and read with precocious perception the hopelessness of the forthcoming combat in the faces of his surrounding elders. He experienced sickening horror when the first man was torn to pieces by a shell, before his eyes, but felt the steadily growing firmness of his nerves as the battle deepened. He was actively occupied in carrying orders, serving the guns—in any service, indeed, that might be required—and was knocked down the companionway by the corpse of a man falling on him, but escaped with a few bruises. He afterward called to a sailor to dodge a ball, and drew him aside, though not quickly enough to avoid a wound in the leg.

After the capture he went on board the *Phæbe*, and was so mortified that he could scarcely refrain from tears. Observing the pet pig of the *Essex* on the enemy's ship, in possession of a young reefer, he claimed it, and was told that he might have it if he could beat its captor. A ring was formed, and in a few minutes the American lad was pronounced the victor. Having been sent for by the Captain of the *Phæbe*, he went into the cabin, was asked to take some breakfast, and his chagrin being visible, was encouraged by the British officer with the words: "Never mind, my little fellow; it may be your turn next." "I hope so," answered the lad, and hurried off to hide his emotion.

Sothern once asked six men to dinner. By the appointed time three had arrived, but the others were late. After waiting for some time Sothern and his early guests began to grow impatient, but were relieved by bearing a ringing and knocking at the street door. "Here they are, confound them!" said Sothern. "Look here, you three men get under the table." Knowing the actor's capacity for joking, and expecting something good, the three early guests got under the table, and had just stowed themselves away when the three late arrivals were shown in. "How are you?" said Sothern very cordially; "glad to see you, though you are a bit late. Now we'll have dinner. I have three other men dining with me to-night, and they've been here some time; but for some reason or other they've got under the table."

The *Diary of the Shah of Persia* gives to a waiting world the following anecdote:

"A smart soldier, very lightly dressed, without coat, and an old lady whom they addressed as 'Madame,' whose business it was to show the ruins, came out. The old lady, who spoke softly but eloquently, led the way. We walked some distance and reached a number of curious stones lying in the road. The old lady stood still after every pace she made, and said, slowly and quietly, that the stones resembled a human skull and skeleton. We then arrived at a great oak tree, and the old lady again stood still, and gave a long explanation to the effect that this tree was one that had been planted by Madame de Maintenon, one of the mistresses of Louis XIV. There was also a cave there. The old lady again stopped opposite to the cave, at a broken stone, and related how some king or another had sat there with his wife or mistress, both very much in love with each other.

"We passed this stone, and reached a piece lying a little higher than the surrounding ground, where a great number of large stone slabs were piled one on another, and from which we had a fine view of a part of the forest and some of the surrounding country. Here the old woman gave us such a long speech regarding ancient people and their virtues that I was completely tired out, and called

out to the soldier to run hard and fetch my carriage. The soldier went, but the old woman continued her course, and cried out: 'Come along, here are some caves and old ruins.' There was another slab, and as I did not go, she somewhat hastily came and told us that the stone resembled a mushroom. Besides all this, the weather was warm, and the forest was full of gnats, and I was very glad when the carriage arrived and delivered me from the interminable speeches of the old woman."

Grimod de la Reynière was, in every sense of the word, a literary epicure. His *Almanach des Gourmands* is still a text-book deservedly esteemed, and in nowise superseded by later treatises on the subject. An experience of sixty years enabled him to speak as a recognized authority, accepted by his contemporaries, and entitled by common consent to occupy the foremost rank among the "classics of the table." With him this prestige was hereditary—his father and grandfather, both members of the confraternity of *fermiers-généralistes*, were well-known and distinguished gourmands.

The latter died, it is said, in 1754, of an indigestion caused by an over-indulgence in his favorite dainty, *pâté de foie gras*. He may, indeed, be cited as one of the leading patrons of that famous school of cookery which originated with Vatel, and attained its culminating point of excellence during the reign of Louis XV. In those days the invention of a new dish was a brevet of celebrity, and the highest nobles in the land did not disdain to officiate as sponsors to gastronomic creations, due in most cases to the inspiration of their chefs. Were it not for the receipt of salt cod and cream which bears his name, who would have heard of the Marquis de Béchamel? And what other memorial have we of the Regent's lively daughter than the *filets de la perche à la Berry*?

Later still, we are indebted to the Maréchal de Richelieu for the incomparable *mayonnaise*, and to Madame de Pompadour for the *filets de volaille à la Bellevue*; nor should the legacies transmitted to posterity by three illustrious ladies of the court be forgotten, in the shape of the *cailles à la Mirepoix*, the *chartruses à la Maucoussell*, and the *poulets à la Villeroi*. Louis XVI. was no epicure; as far as he was personally concerned, the post of the royal chef was comparatively a sinecure, the exercise of his talent being usually limited to the daily supply of plain joints and other simple fare; whereas his brother, the Comte de Provence, and the future commander of the *émigrés*, on the contrary, established their reputation as *bons vivants* by respectively inventing the *potages à la Xavier* and *à la Condé*.

In London, Alfieri was introduced into the most fashionable and aristocratic society of the day, and for a time frequented balls, routs, supper parties, and all the scenes of fashionable dissipation. But after about three months of this life he became intolerably weary of it. Indeed, at all times he found what is technically called "society" to be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. And he then took an eccentric resolution: instead of acting the part of a fine gentleman at these festivities, he determined to play the coachman outside the doors! One of his intimates was a young gentleman of a noble Piedmontese family, and nephew to Prince Masserano, Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James. The young fellow was an Adonis in his way, and had no troublesome inbred genius in his composition to make him despise or mistrust the all-sufficing pleasures of a fashionable life. Him, therefore, did our Alfieri drive about London, hither and thither, late and early, to all the places of public and private entertainment frequented by the *beau monde*.

He boasts a little of the success he achieved as a whip, and being able to hold his own, even with the famous London coachmen. Many a time did he extricate himself from a crowd of vehicles waiting for the fine company at Ranelagh or the theatres, and come off with honor, and without damage to the carriage or the cattle. Surely this is as odd a kind of "haunt" as ever tragic poet frequented! Fancy the tall, fair, handsome, well-born Vittorio Alfieri, the future author of *Antigone* and the *Saul*; the melancholy, moody, sensitive, enthusiastic genius, fighting and struggling and swearing and cutting in and out, amid a mob of periwigged coachmen and powdered lackeys, and a mass of heavy, splendid coaches, and a clatter of stamping hoofs and rattling wheels; while fine ladies in hoops and fine gentlemen in their court suits, and with rapiers by their sides, crushed and elbowed each other in the alleys of Ranelagh or on the staircase of some grand mansion in the fashionable purlieus of St. James's!

Count Schouvaloff is quoted by the London *World* as telling this pleasant story: When he was comparatively obscure and unknown, he found himself at dinner one evening beside one of our so-called *grandes dames*, whose haughtiness piqued, while it amused, the discerning diplomatist. The fish disposed of, he hazarded a remark. No answer. An excellent *salade Russe* made its appearance, and the count politely asked permission to recommend one of the delicacies of his country. A blank stare rewarded his effort. Not to be beaten without a struggle, he ventured upon a third observation, toward the ices. With studied languor, the lady turned and yawned, slowly, systematically, capaciously in his face. "Ah, madam, I feel for you," cried the count in a loud voice; "I also have many teeth stopped with gold."

Droll stories have attained currency in Hartford anent Gilbert and Sullivan. It appears that during the rehearsals of *The Pirates of Penzance* one of the female chorus-singers was observed by Mr. Gilbert to be weeping bitterly, and refusing to be comforted by her companions. Feeling interested, he asked her the cause of her grief, but she rigidly refused to disclose it. All that he could learn from her was that the costumer of the theatre had insulted her gravely. "But what did she say to you?" persisted Gilbert. "Oh! I never will repeat it," was the reply that came through the tears that almost choked her. "I will not allow any of my people to be insulted here," said Mr. Gilbert, "and if you will tell me what was said I will see that amends are made." After considerable hesitation, the girl sobbed: "Well, sir, she—she—told me—I was no better than I should be!" "But you are, aren't you?" inquired Gilbert, with the most sympathetic earnestness.

THE OTHER POETS.

Lorelei.

[From the German of Heine.]

Ah, what all this sadness presages
That haunts my mind to-day,
With a legend of by-gone ages
I can not chase away!

The air is still, it is darkling,
And still flows the Rhine;
The sun on the mountain is sparkling,
Its mildest evening shine.

I see a charming maid reclining
So wonderful up there,
I see her golden jewels shining—
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a comb so golden,
And sings a song thereby;
And it sounds like a song of olden,
Of wondrous melody.

The boatman below is forgetting
About the falls that are nigh;
A wild spell his heart is besetting,
As he gazes on the sky.

But I fear he'll go to destruction—
Against the rocks he'll run;
And this with her song of seduction
The Lorelei hath done.

—Pacific School Journal.

That New World.

How gracious we are to grant to the dead
Those wide, vague lands in the foreign sky,
Reserving the world for ourselves instead;
For we must live, though others must die!

And what is the world that we keep, I pray?
True, it has glimpses of dews and flowers;
Then youth and love are here and away,
Like mated birds—but nothing is ours.

Ah, nothing indeed, but we cling to it all;
It is nothing to hear one's own heart beat,
It is nothing to see one's own tears fall;
Yet surely the breath of our life is sweet.

Yes, the breath of our life is so sweet, I fear,
We were loath to give it for all we know
Of that charmed country we bold so dear,
Far into whose beauty the breathless go.

Yet certain we are when we see them fade
Out of the pleasant light of the sun,
Of the sands of gold in the palm-leaf's shade,
And the strange, high jewels all these have won.

You dare not doubt it. O soul of mine!
And yet, if these vacant eyes could see
One, only one, from that voyage divine,
With something, anything, sure for me!
Ah! blow me the scent of one lily, to tell
That it grew outside of the world, at most;
Ah! show me a plume to touch, or a shell
That whispers of some unearthly coast.

—Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

Free.

Love holds me so!
I would that I could go!
I flutter up and down, and to and fro,
In vain—Love holds me so.

Love let me go—
I seek him high and low;
I wander up and down, and to and fro,
In vain, in vain—Life is cruel woe,
Since Love has let me go. —The Spectator.

Sooner or Later.

Sooner or later the storm shall beat
Over my slumber from head to feet;
Sooner or later the wind shall rave
In the long grasses above my grave.

I shall not heed them when I lie—
Nothing that sounds shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain;
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine,
Sooner or later in summer's air
Clover and violets blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose—
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Sooner or later the bee shall come,
And fill the noon with its golden hum;
Sooner or later, on half-poised wing
The bluebird about my grave will sing—

Sing and chirp and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music can mean to me,
None of those beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the silent tomb;
Peace shall be perfect to lip and brow
Sooner or later—ah! why not now?

Best.

"Love is better than house or lands;
So, Sir Stephen, I'll ride with thee!"
Quick she steps where the courser stands,
Light she springs to the saddle-tree.

Love is better than kith or kin:
So close she clung, and so close clasped he;
They heard no sob of the bitter wind,
Nor the snow that shuddered along the lea.

Love is better, than life or breath!
The drifts are over the horse's knee;
Softly they sink to the soft, cold death,
And the snow-shroud folds them silently.

Houses and lands are gone for
Kith and kin like the wild
Life and breath have fluttered
But love hath blossomed of

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

There is a complete and widespread misapprehension of the effect of the anti-Chinese clauses of the new Constitution. It is a popular error to think that a law is more sacred or more potent because it happens to have been enacted by a Constitutional Convention and confirmed by the people. Nothing is further from the truth. The law, whether created by the Constitution, or passed by the Legislature, or by the city and county Supervisors, or Board of Education, is at last only the law, and its power or efficiency cannot be increased or diminished by the imagination merely. The Constitution of the United States and the laws and treaties made in pursuance of it are still the supreme law of the land. If the Legislature of the State could not annul the Burlingame treaty, no more can the Constitution of the State. Now how does this matter stand? Under that treaty, Chinese subjects can come to the United States, of which, notwithstanding the new Constitution, California is still a portion, and when here have all the rights as to travel, residence, and employment that have native-born citizens or foreigners, subjects or citizens of the most favored nations. True, corporations are the creatures of the Legislature, and have only such rights as the Legislature chooses to grant to them. But in this case it is not the corporation that is injured, but the Chinese resident, standing upon his treaty rights, guaranteed by the faith of the nation. True, the Legislature could enact that corporations should not employ mules or use machinery, but mules and machinery are not residing in the country by virtue of the Burlingame treaty. Mules and machinery have no standing in court; they can not be brought up on *habeas corpus*. Judge Sawyer knows them not, except as mere chattels. The Chinaman can say, and will say, to the courts, both State and Federal: "When you enact a law which closes in my face, as a subject of the Emperor of China, an avenue of employment which it leaves open to the subjects of Emperor William, or Kaiser Francis Joseph, or Queen Victoria, that law is in violation of a treaty made for my protection, and this can only be done by the power that made the treaty, or at least by the Congress of the United States." It is not the corporations whose rights are infringed. Corporations have no rights that the Legislature, which makes them, is bound to respect; but the Chinese are men, and until the treaty with China is annulled or modified in that respect, stand before the law precisely as an Irishman, a German, or an American, and the Legislature of California, or even the Constitution of California, can not say lawfully that he shall not work for anybody who will employ him. It may be that a law forbidding corporations to employ anybody, natives or foreigners, might be constitutional—at least, such a provision would not conflict with the Burlingame treaty; but it can not deprive a Chinaman of any right of employment, or bread or rice earning, left open to an Irishman, German, or Yankee. This is the law, and it will have to be maintained. It will have to be so decided by our own Supreme Court; and it is all idle, and worse than idle, for any class to hope for or expect relief from clamoring around the docks, work-shops, or offices of our corporations.

The Chinese question is a national one, and we are compelled to look to the General Government for relief. It is well for us upon this coast to agitate, and even to clamor, for to us this Chinese immigration is a great evil. It is to us a great wrong. It is unkind and unstatesman-like for our authorities at Washington not to heed our complaints and consider some remedy for our wrong. We are making some progress, even by our own efforts, in resisting this invasion. We have made an impression upon the Congress of the United States, and had it not been for what we deem mistaken views by the President, the Burlingame treaty would have been so far abrogated as to have demanded revision. We only wish that our corporations might recognize the

fact that their prosperity depends upon the prosperity of the white people of this coast; that they might heed their wishes, so unanimously expressed at the recent election; that they would forego any contest, accept the situation, discharge their Chinese laborers, and employ white people in their stead. We wish they would be wise and bite into the sour apple at once, and accommodate themselves to the interests and wishes of the community in which they live. The argument of necessity for the employment of Chinese labor does not satisfy us. We have seen railroads built in other States without Chinese. Chemicals are assayed, minerals reduced, boots manufactured, woollen mills worked, clothes washed, windows scrubbed, in cities where the Chinese have not gained a foothold. We do not excuse ignorance nor violence for its unlawful acts, but we say to the intellectual and wealthy and thinking class of society that it is unwise and criminal if it does not seriously endeavor to find some remedy for what we regard as the beginning of a great national evil.

These things being remedied or controlled, what is there to hinder our prosperity or retard our progress? What is there to prevent our State from increasing in population and our city from advancing to wealth and commercial importance with rapid strides? Our mines are not decreasing in their yield or lessening in their profits; every year develops new processes and new machinery for their more efficient working. Our area of cultivable lands extends year by year, and our farmers are gaining year by year valuable experience, and know better how to adapt cultivation to the seasons. New lands are coming under tillage, new lands being reclaimed from the swamps, and new lands made available by irrigation. New crops are being raised; while the wine, raisin, and brandy production has within the last two years entered upon an era of profitable development. Improvement is noticeable in every part of the State among farmers, and we do not despair of yet seeing the small fruit-farms of our foot-hill belt becoming profitable under new and better processes of preparing fruits for market. When a larger population shall find its home in our State, and the profit of smaller holdings and better cultivation shall have been demonstrated, it will be well for us.

We are safely passing over the quicksand of agrarian agitation. It has, we think, had its day; and the scare is nearly over. The new Constitution is in some respects a protection against the dangers that threatened us from this spirit of unrest that disturbed our discontented class. It is almost impossible to create State or municipal debts. Legislation is guarded by some most stringent constitutional provisions, and all through the new instrument there is the spirit of economy and retrenchment. The new Constitution might prove a bad instrument if interpreted by ignorant and vicious men; but there is little immediate danger of evil legislation when it is considered that our Senate and Assembly are not composed of the worst material, and that there can be no snap-judgment through the action of the majority of an accidental quorum; but that each bill must be passed upon reading and roll-call of a majority of all the members elected to both houses. We have the good fortune to have chosen a Governor of intelligence and good judgment, who, by business, social, and political association, is identified with the best interests of the State, and who by exercising his veto power can for four years demand a two-third vote to secure the passage of any bad law. Our State is in excellent credit, and almost free from debt. Our city is in excellent credit, and almost free from debt. The Constitution limits the creation of a State debt; makes it impossible to create a city debt, except by a two-thirds vote of all the votes cast at an election held for that purpose. The Workingmen's party has so far kept its promise of good conduct, and, except for the accidental election of a preacher, a vicious and unprincipled political demagogue, as Mayor, we have little cause for disquiet or anxiety. We are to have a new charter, with two Boards, a longer term of office, increased members, and added checks to guard our city treasury; and it is probable that the new charter and the new legislative machinery will be an improvement upon our present condition. It is certain that our next Mayor will be an improvement upon the present incumbent.

General prosperity at the East and throughout the nation; commercial revival and general activity in the world's trade must be felt in San Francisco. National finances are in a sound condition. Money is abundant, and the rates of interest low. Money is keenly anxious for employment, and will flow to those places where it may be profitably and safely employed. Money is a coward, and will only venture where it thinks itself safe. So when these tramping idiots of our sand-lot shall find that they are driving money, employment, and bread beyond their reach by their threats of violence, we presume they will stop biting at their own dirty noses, and then prosperity will return. Our new southern railroad is being pressed with energy. It will give us a new trans-continental highway from ocean to ocean. The Atchison, Topeka & Kansas road is being pushed vigorously, and the more northern road to Puget Sound seems to have a vitality that promises a speedy consummation. The *Economist*, a paper published in New York, affects to believe that we look with anxiety upon a road that may terminate at San Diego, or at Guaymas in Mexico, lest it should, by the creation of

a new commercial city, threaten the supremacy of San Francisco, or the building up of a new city at Puget Sound in the north. We have no fears and no anxiety in this respect. All the money and enterprise that Boston people or anybody else may desire to expend upon any one of our ports will only increase the wealth, the population, and the trade of the Pacific Coast. If some enchanter's wand could set Boston down at San Diego, and transport Baltimore to the splendid harbor of Washington Territory, we should hail and welcome the event. We should endeavor to maintain ourselves as the New York of the Pacific, and endeavor to hold our way in rivalry with these two cities who have not as yet planted even the germs of their future greatness, while we have the honest start of three hundred thousand people and six hundred millions of wealth. We should be glad to have an interoceanic railroad on every parallel of latitude that crosses our continent.

Already we note improvement in our business prospects. We have been through a hard and pinching time. Reverses have overtaken many of our business men. But these hard times, these lessons that have come from stock gambling, these reverses that have checked our prosperous career, will have the effect to teach us wisdom in the future. We note improvements in our city; those completed showing that we have not stood still, even in the past three years; and others begun, indicating confidence in the future. The narrow-gauge railroad connecting us with Santa Cruz, and the new Alameda ferry, is a recent work, and is pressing to completion. The new road to Monterey, and the contemplated improvements at the old Spanish capital, are assuring to us that the railroad people are content with the business outlook. The southern road, and its prosecution and advantages, we have referred to. The construction of the California Street and the Geary Street railroads, the extension of our avenue roads to the Park and ocean, the Presidio road, and the one up Pacific and down Broadway, that ought to be granted by the Supervisors, are important works, and are building up our outside additions, and giving value to lands that have heretofore been unable to compete with our growing suburbs of Oakland and Alameda. The Donahue road has brought its terminus to San Rafael, and this town has within the period of our depression been a thriving village. The North Beach, for almost thirty years a dump for dead cats, has taken a new start and an impulse of fresh energy since the construction of the new sea-wall. New sections are contracted for. The sand-dunes off Black Point and the vicinity of Fillmore Street are moving to North Beach by steam and rail. Our rolling mills are doing a good business. The Mission and Pioneer woollen mills are concentrating at Black Point. Hallidie will soon erect substantial wire-works in the vicinity of Meiggs's Wharf, and there are rumors of important possibilities at North Beach, in locating there one of our largest steam lines. Montgomery Avenue, opened within the past three years, has already become an active business avenue, while the lower part of Montgomery Street and the neighborhood of the Post-office is getting back much of the business that at one time threatened to migrate south of California Street. The Appraisers' store is finished, and will soon receive the courts and government officers. The Post-office is being improved and enlarged. The new ferry-slips and wharves of our water front have undergone a transformation. Our city is not increasing its debt, and the spirit of economy and retrenchment is abroad.

That our city and State are destined to a healthful progress we can not doubt. In the development of an oriental trade, and a tendency of Australian and Asian business to pass through our city and port, we see the promise of an active and increasing commerce. The opening of an interoceanic canal, the completion of our own railroad lines and the building of the Canadian railroad, the increasing importance of the Hawaiian and other islands of the Pacific, the growing coast trade with the States of Central and South America, the closer commercial intimacy between our city and Mexico, and the rapidly developing resources of our agricultural lands and mines, all give us assurance of a splendid future, and one to which we may look forward with hope and confidence. The Republican party has a clean working majority in both houses of the Legislature, with a Republican Governor. Upon it has devolved the responsibility of carrying our State through the crisis of a Constitution enforced upon us by a combination of circumstances somewhat anomalous and unusual. It is the duty of the Legislature to give the new Constitution a generous interpretation and a fair trial. It is also its duty to put down the brakes where ignorance, passion, and demagoguery are likely to gain the ascendancy, and see to it that agrarianism finds no aids in the laws that are to be enacted under it.

In a memorial (anonymous) to the Senate and Assembly, praying that there be no anti-Chinese legislation, it is affirmed that this is the command of Jehovah: "Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger as for one of your own country." Can any one give the book, chapter, and verse? We should like to know if the command was addressed to the people of California, and with a clear knowledge of the Chinese character.

AFTERMATH.

The following gems of thought and settings of expression are taken at random from the *Call's* society columns: "A perfect picture of art from top to bottom." "The usual congratulations were indulged in." "The honors of the tea-table were performed." "Mr. Howell is the traveling representative of one of our largest wholesale hardware establishments"—a drummer. "He sent a polite and feeling note of regret." "Their assiduity and care conducted in no slight measure to the enjoyment." "The hall was magnificently decorated, the floor being canvased; the windows were hung with lace curtains"! "One of the most successful entertainments given to the Mission public." "Difficult lot to entertain? "Bewitching strains of music called the dancers to their feet and kept them entranced." "The ladies were elegantly attired." "Eclipsed every other social event that ever transpired in Sonoma County." "On Saturday evening next the annual ball of the Tripecleaners' and Boneboilers' Literary and Social Club will eventuate at Gluemsakers' Hall; and after the festive occasion a prominent and popular member of the club will conduct to the altar a fair and elegant daughter of one of our princely Dead-horse Knackers. After the preliminaries have been indulged in, the nuptials will be consummated in a neighboring temple of religion."

There is growing up in America an earnest, enthusiastic, secret order of native-born Americans, entitled "Sons of America." It demands of its members the qualifications of birth upon the soil, good moral character, the age of eighteen years, a belief in the existence of God. The organization is in favor of free education, is opposed to a State church, and is opposed to any ecclesiastic interference in the affairs of government. Its purpose is charity and patriotism in their broadest and most liberal sense. This organization is rapidly extending, and fast increasing in membership. It means not to relax its exertions until there is a camp in every township within the United States. The Rev. Horatio Stebbins will, on Sunday evening, deliver a discourse to the members of this order at his church on Geary Street. He will treat upon questions touching the order. It is a free lecture, to which all are invited. To-morrow evening at the Unitarian Church.

The General of the Army has been putting his foot into all sorts of hot water. Representative Spear, of Georgia, recently introduced a bill in Congress, the terms of which would abolish Sunday music by the regimental bands. The absurdity of such a measure he who runs may read; and General Sherman is one of those who run. But the method by which the great marcher indicated his dislike to the bill was perhaps the strangest on record in this country. The presence of a detachment of troops at Atlanta has been for some time a social delight to its citizens, its damboys, and its women. To give effect to his protest against the bill, the General wrote to the Congressman that, unless the bill was withdrawn, he would withdraw the troops from Atlanta. Earlier in our history, the Atlantease would have welcomed his resolve. But the great little man must remember that he is not Cromwell, nor Congress the "Barebones Parliament."

A person calling himself "Baillie-Grohman, of the Alpine Club," recently has been shooting in northern Wyoming and western Montana. He writes of his adventures to a London newspaper, boasting that he has killed four hundred animals during a "few weeks' shooting." The "bag" included four buffalo and over seventy Rocky Mountain sheep. Is it not time the hardy Western learned how to shoot, so as to have some of this fun himself? He might begin on this worse than "pot hunter," who has doubtless killed half a thousand valuable food animals for the sheer fun of the thing, leaving the "dead meat" to the coyotes. We wish the sharpest-fanged of that ill-understood fraternity had "Baillie-Grohman" by the throat.

Mr. Charles de Young, it is admitted, is now abroad studying up the life and history of our Rev. Mayor in God. His present field of research is at Leavenworth, Kansas. If Kalloch is all that De Young hopes to prove him, how does this help him, or justify the attempt on Kalloch's life? In the meantime, Kalloch complains, and justly, we think, of the law's delay. Charles does not seem anxious to avail himself of all his constitutional privileges, among which is a speedy trial. We should be glad to see justice done to both parties. We are malicious.

A war has sprung up in Germany against the Jews. It is a war of learned professors, of doctors and rabbins. It is a war of pamphlets and ink. There are some six hundred thousand of the descendants of the two tribes—that were *not* lost—in Germany. By the way, let us congratulate our fellow-Christians that, out of the twelve tribes, only two were preserved. If the whole twelve had been as prolific, aggressive; and prosperous as the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, there would have been but little chance in the world for us Gentiles. The German Gentiles say that the German Jews get all the best places, shirk all the heavy labors, won't become soldiers or sailors, are too sharp as traders, bankers,

and pawn-brokers; and they taunt their Israelitish fellow-citizens with a lack of patriotism and with a want of those qualities essential to a complete nationality. The German Jews, in retort, retail their persecution in times gone by. They reply that the essential facts of their history have developed those traits of which complaint is made. The descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob point out their achievements in arts, the illustrious names of their race, and claim for themselves virtues that do not distinguish their anti-Jewish neighbors. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and one which we will not endeavor to transplant to San Francisco by becoming the ally of either of the belligerent forces. We do not care if the Jews outwit the German Gentiles, or if the latter persecute the Jews. The only oppressed, down-trodden, persecuted race for which we are ever ready to take up arms and break a lance is the abused American, and just now our hands and brains are occupied with the Irish.

The sand-lot is reaping of the whirlwind it has sown. Never in the thirty years' history of San Francisco was there not remunerative employment for all its laborers till Kearney commenced his agitation. From that moment, labor has been in less demand at less wages. A day's work then commanded two dollars as the lowest daily compensation. It is now one dollar, and hard to get. The new Constitution now turns out some thousands of laborers under street contractors. Let the demagogues of the sand-lot explain to their deluded dupes this law.

Let us take a cue from the first Napoleon. There is crying need in this city of the "whiff of grapeshot." The question is, Should it begin first with the newspaper offices—the teachers and guardians of public morality, blind to their opportunities and false to their duty, or ought it to begin and end with the ignorance whose habitat is the sand-lot and whose prophet is Denis Kearney?

Parnell decided to accept the position of commissioner to assist in distributing the Bennett relief fund, provided he might appoint a substitute to act for him until he (Parnell) should return to Ireland. Good of him, but he shows only an indifferent knowledge of what was, or should have been, the object in "tendering him the position"—to get him out of this country.

Poor dear Mrs. Smith, in a sand-lot speech,
Concluded with this intemperate screech:
"I'm hungry; I want an ox killed and dressed,
To keep my jaws wagging—my tongue to give rest!"
O madam, pray do not regard the tongue,
For we don't, although in the middle it's hung;
But those jaws, if they ever get going on ox,
Will never let up till our herds and our flocks,
Our horses, dogs, pigs, and each several goat,
Shall have gone from our gaze down the golden throat.

The Rev. Mr. Cowley, of New York, mentioned last week, has been convicted of starving and cruelly treating the lambs in his "Shepherd's Fold," and will be sentenced to-morrow. When the verdict was announced he "wept bitterly." This is in perfect keeping with his other practices: we never knew a barbarian who was not a cry-baby, nor a sentimentalist who was not a brute.

We are sorry to know that Mr. Parnell, the quarrelsome Irish agitator, is coming to San Francisco. His untruthful assertion concerning the Queen's lack of generosity toward Ireland, his indecent reference to the Duchess of Marlborough, and his quarrel with Bennett, who has given a hundred thousand for charity and nothing for politics, all indicate the small-brained agitator and not the great-hearted philanthropist. The kind of men who will be prominent to receive and welcome Mr. Parnell to our city will not be from the better class of Irish gentlemen.

Presbyterian ladies will undertake to run Lent through the next forty days. Teas, kettledrums, *musicales*, and lunch parties will not be relaxed. Music and dancing will be dispensed with in deference to the opinions of our Episcopalian and Catholic ladies. Shrimps and oysters will constitute the principal diet.

Before the Legislature appropriates a quarter of a million of dollars to build a Normal School at San José, we suggest the appointment of a committee of inquiry, and submit for its consideration the following conundrums: Upon what principle of political economy does it become the duty of the State to educate school-teachers? How many thus educated at San José are now teaching as a fixed profession? What has been the entire cost of the Normal School since its establishment? We will serve on the committee without per diem or mileage.

The corpses in Marin County are unwaters, and so the wrath of the owner of the cemetery turns on its full-power hydrant against the water company. To think that so many beautiful bodies shall lie "under the sod and the dew," and "await the judgment day," unwaters, with no violets, no lilies, no roses springing from the turf which covers them, is bad enough; but when the man who owns the cemetery, and makes his living out of the sleeping places of the dead, quarrels above his corpses with a water company, the thing be-

comes objectionable. Where is Marin County, anyhow? and why do these people sound the tocsin, and bother other people about such business? A cemetery owner, no doubt, has a good billet. Probably people die to please him; but when the grim stranger grabs us we would prefer to fly up to heaven under the cool persuasion of a cremating furnace to hiring a hearse to convey us to that arid cemetery in Marin.

Women—if it please them—are not famous for "coming to the point" in a matter of business, but an incident occurred the other day that was pleasantly exceptional. While a committee of "the unemployed" were employed in palavering interminably with a manufacturer as to the advisability of discharging his Chinese workmen, Mrs. Smith, one of the committee, who had patiently listened to a general *résumé* of all questions immediately or remotely connected with the manufacturing interests of this coast, "spoke up," as our lamented "Little Johnny" would have put it, saying: "I think the main business here is to ascertain whether this firm is willing to discharge its Chinese." We do not quite know whether Mrs. Smith is an exceptionally hard-headed woman, or this business of menacing employers an exceptional business peculiarly suited to the powers and capacities of women.

Good Mr. Pickering does not like wicked Mr. George Augustus Sala, for that gentleman is not enamored of good Mr. Parnell. Sala, in his remarks on Parnell, as reported in a Chicago newspaper, said the Irish had to leave Ireland to get a square meal, and that Mr. Pickering has the intelligence to construe as an indictment against the British Government. Did Mr. Pickering ever have the advantage of reading and properly perpending Dr. Johnson's wise and well-known lines:

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure?"

"Wanted: five hundred workmen to unload schooners—of beer." So reads the sign of a "workmen's saloon" in this city. Less work of that sort, less tobacco smoke, less chin music, less running after strange gods—and goddesses, less spilling of milk and less crying for what's spilled, less of all things bad and more of something positively good, on the part of these schooner-unloading workmen, would drive Chinamen from our factories and rid the twaddle rostrum of Mrs. Smith and Mr. Kearney.

Resolved, that any reporter of any daily newspaper who, having occasion to record the meeting with closed doors of any committee of the Board of Supervisors, shall refuse, neglect, or omit, willfully or by inadvertence, to call it a "star-chamber" session, be, and hereby is, declared incompetent to hold any position of distrust or unprofit on the press of this city.

The splendid rains of the past week will beat the sand-lot by making potatoes so cheap that the most brazen-faced of the base and bog-born will not have cheek enough to promenade the street for alms.

"A lady recently had a premonition," says a contemporary, "that as soon as she should publish her volume of poems, she would die. And she did." We knew the lady—there is a mistake. She dreamed that her book would be praised by Sam Williams in the *Bulletin*. And it was. Gone to meet Corlett.

Says Kalloch: "De Young from the State has fled;
I'll bring him right back, alive or dead!"
Pray heaven you can't, for before he flew
We'd enough of him. We've enough of you.

A talented contributor writes us (enclosing some excellent verses) as follows: "Good or bad, it is the last I shall write. I renounce scribbling, and

'Swear by yonder starry roof
That henceforth I will be rhyme-proof.'

I want to give away or burn every manuscript on hand, and hereafter attend to my legitimate business."

Well, as the illustrious poet, Dr. Gally, would say, Who's holding you? We understand you are a lawyer—that is your legitimate business. That's first rate. In the pursuit of your vocation you will doubtless come across many interesting incidents which naturally and rightly you will wish to present to the world. Reminiscences and anecdotes of the Bench and Bar are just in our line. Nothing could be more fortunate just now than your entire application to business. The literary lay-out *isn't* a very good one, that's a fact.

A great author has said, doubtless for the benefit of young writers: "I have observed a fondness for foreign phrases in English writing, usually proportionate to the writer's ignorance of any language other than his—or her—own."

Which reminds one of the same great author's fling at a fellow writer, who builded more wisely than he knew: "Little cares he for congruity of metaphor when he's after alliteration."

It is to be made a felony to engage in any other than politics and sand-lot demagoguery. Possession of a sand-lot is to be declared presumption of theft.

REGULATING WATER RATES.

A New and Popular Form of Confiscation.

We presume there is no way that the Board of Supervisors or the Spring Valley Water Company can escape from that mandatory provision of the Constitution that declares that the Board of Supervisors shall, in the month of February, fix water rates in the city of San Francisco. The Legislature, by the defeat of the Tyler Bill, has virtually declared that it has no authority to intervene, and the power to fix rates is now vested in the municipal board. To us this whole water legislation seems most strange; and, in the position to which it has been driven by politicians, inimical legislation, and unfriendly journalism, most anomalous. To state the present position without going into the details of the company's past history, it is this: San Francisco, occupying a site upon an almost waterless peninsula, in a climate of two seasons—wet and dry—was destitute of water. In the olden time we who are of the earlier residents remember that water was peddled from door to door in carts, and upon the bills a patient, burden-bearing donkey distributed water from casks bound upon his back. Colonel William G. Wood and his associates formed a company to bring in the water of a little lake at the Presidio, and after expensive tunnels, costly aqueduct, and a large expenditure of money, failed to accomplish the work. The Bensley Company, following, was only partially successful, and it was soon apparent that the waters of Mountain Lake were inadequate to the supply of a prospectively great city. Ensign obtained the privilege of distributing the waters of a second spring, located near the corner of California and Taylor Streets.

Business men foresaw the necessity of a larger supply of water, and, with prudent forethought and at great expense, went out to the mountains of San Mateo, and from their streams and rivulets and grassy slopes established a system of catchment, built reservoirs, laid pipes, and conducted water to San Francisco at such a height above tide-water as to accommodate all parts of the city. Bensley's and Ensign's franchises were obtained, pumping works were built at Black Point, and after a large expenditure of money, running through a period of more than a quarter of a century, the result is the Spring Valley Water Company, and an almost perfect system that gives to our people an abundant supply of pure mountain water—water of the very best character. It will be remembered by all business men that, in the earlier stages of this work, wages were high, material was high, and every move was a costly one. Intelligent persons conversant with our mode of carrying on government know the annoyances to which this and all kindred enterprises are subjected by each recurring Legislature and each recurring Board of Supervisors. We know that all such companies are charged with lobbying in the Legislature and with bribery, but we know that no company is willingly dragged into a position where it must pay money to legislatures, boards of supervisors, or courts, to secure just legislation or decisions, or to defend itself against corrupt laws and indefensible decrees of courts. It may be unwise and impolitic and immoral to preserve one's property by such means, but if this company has been compelled to lay out money to protect itself, it has only done what almost every corporation has been compelled to do.

Glancing briefly over this history and coming down to the present time, we find a company that has had no subsidy from the State or city, an enterprise of private individuals, using their own means, who have gone out to the mountains of a neighboring county, where they have purchased some thousands of acres of land—land that the company now owns in fee—and have brought water to the city of San Francisco for the purpose of selling it. The municipal government has conceded nothing to this company in the way of exclusive privilege. It has the right to lay pipes under the streets, as has the gas company, but it must lay them at its own expense. The city gives to railroads the use of streets, and gives them a monopoly of certain highways without cost. The Spring Valley Company has the same right to distribute its water by pipes under the streets as has the milkman to drive his cart over them, and it has no monopoly. When the flippant politician, or the mercenary journalist, or the office-seeking demagogue, talks of the Spring Valley "monopoly," he uses a wrong term. It is not a monopoly, any more than the gas company is a monopoly; and the gas company is no more a monopoly than is Claus Spreckles a monopolist of the sugar industry, or in any other or different sense than any enterprising business man is a monopolist, who by his business sense and expenditure of money establishes a successful manufactory or a prosperous and remunerative trade.

Now comes the people, and by the adoption of a new Constitution declares that the Board of Supervisors, elected by the people who use this water, and legislating for them and in their interest, shall have the power to fix the rates which its people, its corporations, and itself shall pay for this water. This is an anomalous and most strange position in which to put this company. It deprives the company of all voice in the matter. It loses control of its property. The power to fix the rates at which any vendor may dispose of his goods is the power of that authority to confiscate the property. If the municipal government can fix the rent of a building, it takes it from the owner and gives to itself the property. If it can be rightfully done in the case of the water company it can be done to railroads, gas companies, all common carriers, all corporations, all public warehouses, all hotels, and all persons doing business that is in its nature of a public character. It is a dangerous power. In the hands of bad men it is an opportunity to confiscate private property. It is a temptation to which no legislative body should be subjected. It is an alarming stretch of power in the direction of agrarianism. No stronger or better illustration of the danger of this kind of legislation can be cited than the one we are illustrating.

We have a company the stock of which is scattered over the world, owned and held by foreigners, purchased in good faith. It has not paid an average of six per cent. interest per annum. It has never been, and is not now, above par in value. It has expended some fifteen million dollars in money. It has no public aid, no loan of credit, no subsidy; it is, and always has been, a private and personal enterprise. It drags water from its own property and in its own pipes to an adjoining county to San Francisco for sale, and the parties purchasing the water shall say what

they will pay for it, and that the company, its stockholders, and directors shall have no voice in the negotiation. The practical result is this: The Democracy and the Republican party each name twelve candidates for Supervisors; it is a heated and close contest, and they outbid each other for political favor by seeing which shall have the courage to do the greatest wrong—which shall steal boldest from the water company—which shall fix the lowest rates. This business, disguise it as we may, is unjust, immoral, and dishonorable. It is altogether dishonest and indefensible. It is dangerous, and opens the door to a kind of legislation that threatens every man's private property. If the Board of Supervisors was a disinterested judicial body, chosen by both parties in interest, or appointed by a disinterested and honorable judicial authority, there would be something more of sense and reason in it. It is a temptation to the Supervisors to do one of two things: To gain popular favor from the people and water consumers by fixing the water rates too low, or to accept bribes from the water company for fixing them too high. It is not for us to intimate what this result will be; but if the Supervisors of the future are as bad as the Supervisors of the past, and the water management is not immaculately pure, there will be such rates fixed as will not relieve us from the present tariff.

It is the duty of the Board, as we understand the law, to fix the rates this month. Then the question is, Under what general rule? We answer, There is but one just rule to be established; there can be no other. It is this: The Spring Valley Water Company to receive a fair and reasonable rate of interest for what its works have cost, its past earnings and dividends being considered, and in addition to this a reasonable amount for carrying on the business and a sufficient sum to keep the property in serviceable condition and good repair. We say the cost, because we are not willing to pay upon what might be esteemed the value of this property when we consider its future, or what it would cost to duplicate it. We would not regard its future, because the rates are to be fixed annually. We would not consider the value of the property to be its cost of duplication. It would cost the city of San Francisco forty million dollars to bring the same amount and quality of water from any other part of the State. The market value of its stock and bonded debt may not represent its true value. It probably does not. The stock is worth some ninety-two cents on the dollar. It is wonderful that it stands up as well as it does under the pressure that is brought upon it. Relieved from threats of confiscation and from political persecution, it would doubtless advance in value. The rate to be fixed should furnish a fair interest on what the work has actually cost.

We have avoided the question whether water is or is not property, because this question is not involved in this discussion—it is a practical one. The city is paying for the cost of bringing the water to the town. Water can have no fixed value; it may be worth thousands per drop to the man dying of thirst; it was worse than valueless to those during the Deluge who were left out of the Ark. The first duty of the Board, as we conceive it, is to pass a resolution declaring the rule upon which it will act, and by which it will be governed; then act upon that rule in fearless and just independence.

A True Story About Animals.

This is Burdette's latest:

"Do you know," said the spotted horse, who is considered a great philosopher by the rest of the menagerie, "that the groomiest hour is just before morning feed-time?"

"Aye," replied the trick mule, "there's the rub."

The zebra said that these remarks were too profound for animals that hadn't been through the entire curriculum.

The carrier-pigeon wondered if a steady course of that treatment would make bombing-birds of all of them?

"Combing birds?" asked the Poland rooster, "there's no carrier-pigeon in the menagerie can lay over me in that feature."

The Mexican dog said he would like to see any man, from the lion-tamer down, comb his hair with a steel curry-comb.

"No," the elephant remarked, "they would have to follow the old recipe for cooking a hare: they would have to first catch the hare."

The buffalo said that, speaking of combs, it was his bornest opinion—

"Hello," the elephant interrupted, "here comes the advertisement of the B. & M. Land Department. Say," he added, "does John Bonnell know you're out of your frame?"

The buffalo asked him if the use of celluloid in the manufacture of billiard balls had affected the ivory trade enough to sour his temper?

But the tiger said the discussion had wandered from the subject, and was growing too purrsonal. "And besides," he added, licking his chops hungrily, as the keeper passed too close to his cage, "it is about breakfast time, and as I don't feel very well this morning, a little manna will be about all I care for," and then, as he made a pass at the wary keeper and missed him, he added that if he couldn't have it, about thirty-five pounds of rare beef would do.

And then the keeper passed around the usual refreshments, and the menagerie speedily ate itself to sleep.

They have invented a gun in England without any lock, and any fool can point it at a person all day long without the usual result following.

It is not decided that women love more than men, but it is incontestable that they know better how—and whom—to love.

People who do not go into society become intellectually emaciated, forever breathing their own mental air, redolent of egotism.

When a woman goes out in a long ulster and a Derby hat, she looks enough like a man to get a seat in a street car. Almost.

Colonel Thomas Scott's first essay in railroad business was made as a station agent at Holidaysburg, Pa.

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

Whenever you see a nobby girl
In an awful nice silk dress,
A-sailing down the avenue
Looking too sweet to bless,
You can't most always sometimes tell,
Unless you happen to know her,
But that her tired old mother
Is home a-scrubbing the floor-er.

A victim of domestic infelicity, who is in the habit of dreaming, should never go to sleep in church. A congregation near Quincy was somewhat startled last Sabbath when a venerable member excitedly yelled: "Here, now! drop that skillet, old woman! If you throw it at me, I'll jam your old bald head agin the wall till you think it's a lodgin' house fur shootin' stars!"

A Manayunk maiden in love
Put some kerosene oil in the stove.
It is thought that her toes
Were turned up as she rose—
By the size of the hole just above.

When General Grant arrived in Cuba, the other day, the island was shaken from one end to the other by an earthquake. When Grant felt the jolting he took off his hat, bowed politely, and remarked to one of the attendants that this was the neatest personal compliment that had ever been paid to him outside of Philadelphia. He should have added, however: "I know that you do not intend this as a compliment to myself, but through me you honor my country."

A hoy arose one winter morn,
And came to breakfast rather late,
Yet raised a fuss because there was
No nice pancake upon his plate.
His father took him o'er his knee,
Raised he his hand off through the air,
And when the boy got loose from him
He hid his spunk ache in his chair.

Listen to this, ladies: It is said no woman who ever was elected to an office, anywhere, ever after received an offer of marriage. Now, don't you go and run for President, and get elected, and sit forever afterward like a lonely whippoorwill on a stump, or the last rose of summer on a picket fence, with nary a young man to come within forty thousand miles of you. Look at Samuel J. Tilden and take warnin'.

His hat sailed high in air, it did,
The hat which pleased his vanity;
Such things we see when winter winds
Do persecute humanity.
And she, poor girl, embraced a post
With tenderness quite curious;
Girls do such deeds when clouds of dust
Are blowing fast and furious.

A Quincy parrot has fallen into the habit of repeating every endearing expression it bears, and it is fun to see the young lady of the house hustle it into the garret every time she holds an extra session with her lover.

Like Brother B., of Pokomoke,
And Brother T., of Ho-ho-ken,
He kissed no aged women-folk,
And never, never kissed the men.
He chose the comely dame and miss—
Then why should people gossip so
About the merely-social kiss
Of Brother Lane, of Kensico?

Terrible vengeance of a husband whose wife has gone off with a bandsomen man: "Dear sir," he writes, "please hand the inclosed set of false teeth to my late wife, and ask her to be so good as to return my father's, which in the hurry of the moment she took by mistake."

There was a man who had a clock,
His name was Mathew Mears,
He wound it regular every day
For four-and-twenty years.
At last his precious time-piece proved
An eight-day clock to be;
And a madder man than Mr. Mears
I would not wish to see.

Mr. Tennyson's heroines "Minnie and Winnie slept in a shell" doubtless because they were afraid Hanlan would saw the boat.

When smug hank-tellers stoop to folly,
And find too late that hooks betray,
What grief can hide their melancholy,
Or make their fluttered souls so jolly,
As having something laid away?

Leap year hangs fire. So far, not a single marriageable man has accepted a diamond ring, or sent out notes announcing his engagement to Miss Japonica Puddifoot.

The girl with the sealskin sacque,
She cameled up her hacque;
She walked on her toes
And turned up her nose
As she stepped into the hacque.

Mrs. Ouray has banged her hair, but the leaders of Washington society cannot induce her to don a belt that will chafe her under the arms.

"It's the prettiest man that I ever saw,"
Said he, as he gazed at the long, lean paw.
Said she: "Don't be giving us so much gush;
You'd much rather hold a royal flush."

It was a Morton Sunday-school boy, who, on being asked what made the Tower of Pisa lean, replied: "Because of the famine in the land."

"Now, don't forget," the fond wife said,
To bring some sugar, tea, and bread,
And starch and prunes and liquid black:
Far down the street a voice yelled back:
"Oh, cheese it!"

It is said that Tennyson is worth one million dollars. The size of the bank account of the Sweet Singer of Michigan still remains a profound secret.

When you go to court your girl, young man,
Keep getting bolder and bolder,
And when the propitious moment comes,
Right in your arms enfold her—

and ask her if you dare hope to, some time in the sugar-coated futurity, swear her in to get up on cold mornings and start the fire, while you hold a private seance with old Morpheus pending breakfast.

THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

Related by Grant.

I received word that Lee would meet me at a point within our lines near Sheridan's headquarters. I had to ride quite a distance through a muddy country. I remember now that I was concerned about my personal appearance. I had an old suit on, without my sword, and without any distinguishing mark of rank except the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general on a woolen blouse. I was splashed with mud in my long ride. I was afraid Lee might think I meant to show him studied discourtesy by so coming—at least I thought so. But I had no other clothes within reach, as Lee's letter found me away from my base of supplies. I kept on riding until I met Sheridan. The General, who was one of the heroes of the campaign, and whose pursuit of Lee was perfect in its generalship and energy, told me where to find Lee. I remember that Sheridan was impatient when I met him, and anxious and suspicious about the whole business; feared there might be a plan to escape; that he had Lee at his feet, and wanted to end the business by going in and forcing an absolute surrender by capture. In fact, he had his troops ready for such an assault when Lee's white flag came within his lines.

I went up to the house where Lee was waiting. I found him in a fine, new, splendid uniform, which only recalled my anxiety as to my own clothes while on my way to meet him. I expressed my regret that I was compelled to meet him in so unceremonious a manner, and he replied that the only suit he had available was one which had been sent him by some admirers in Baltimore, and which he then wore for the first time. We spoke of old friends in the army. I remembered having seen Lee in Mexico. He was so much higher in rank than myself at the time that I supposed he had no recollection of me. But he said he remembered me very well. We talked of old times, and exchanged inquiries about friends. Lee then broached the subject of our meeting. I told him my terms, and Lee, listening attentively, asked me to write them down. I took out my "manifold" order-book and pencil, and wrote them down. General Lee put on his glasses and read them over. The conditions gave the officers their side-arms, private horses, and personal baggage. I said to Lee that I hoped and believed this would be the close of the war; that it was most important that the men should go to work, and the Government would not throw any obstacles in the way. Lee answered that it would have a most happy effect, and accepted the terms. I handed over my penciled memorandum to an aid to put in ink, and we resumed our conversation about old times and friends in the army.

Various officers came in—Longstreet, Gordon, Pickett, from the South; Sheridan, Ord, and others from our side. Some were old friends—Longstreet and myself, for instance—and we had a general talk. Lee, no doubt, expected me to ask for his sword, but I did not want his sword. It would only (said the General, smiling) have gone to the Patent Office, to be worshipped by the Washington rebels. There was a pause, when General Lee said that most of the animals in his cavalry and artillery were owned by the privates, and he would like to know, under the terms, whether they would be regarded as private property or the property of the Government. I said that, under the terms of surrender, they belonged to the Government. General Lee read over the letter, and said that was so. I then said to the General that I believed and hoped this was the last battle of the war; that I saw the wisdom of these men getting home and to work as soon as possible, and that I would give orders to allow any soldier or officer claiming a horse or a mule to take it. General Lee showed some emotion at this—a feeling which I also shared—and said it would have a most happy effect. The interview ended, and I gave orders for rationing his troops.

The next day I met Lee on horseback, and we had a long talk. In that conversation I urged upon Lee the wisdom of ending the war by the surrender of the other armies. I asked him to use his influence with the people of the South—an influence that was supreme—to bring the war to an end. General Lee said that his campaign in Virginia was the last organized resistance which the South was capable of making; that I might have to march a good deal, and encounter isolated commands here and there, but there was no longer any army which could make a stand. I told Lee that this fact only made his responsibility greater, and any further war would be a crime. I asked him to go among the Southern people, and use his influence to have all men under arms surrender on the same terms given to the Army of Northern Virginia. He replied that he could not do so without consultation with President Davis. I was sorry. I saw that the Confederacy had gone beyond the reach of President Davis, and that there was nothing that could be done, except what Lee could do, to benefit the Southern people. I was anxious to get them home, and have our armies go to their homes and fields. But Lee would not move without Davis, and, as a matter of fact, at that time, or soon after, Davis was a fugitive in the woods.

My anxiety for some time before Richmond fell was lest Lee should abandon it. My pursuit of Lee was hazardous. I was in a position of extreme difficulty. You see, I was marching away from my supplies, while Lee was falling back on his supplies. If Lee had continued his flight another day I should have had to abandon the pursuit, fall back to Danville, build the railroad, and feed my army. So far as supplies were concerned, I was almost at my last gasp when the surrender took place.

What a Sonnet Is.

For the instruction—and we hope encouragement—of our huddling poets, who have all gone sonneting, we reprint from the *Illustrated London News* the following statement of a few of the sonnet's essential qualities. Most of what else it is necessary to know about this "old favorite" of the young and confident bard can be learned from Leigh Hunt's *Book of the Sonnet*, to which we invite the attention of "aspiring youth," with the caution that it is published in this country in the same covers with a worthless treatise, by a person named Lee, on American sonnets, illustrated with frightful examples:

"The gentle reader" is a highly intelligent and well-informed person, who may not, perhaps, need to be remind-

ed what is the essential peculiarity of a sonnet. Let us be permitted, nevertheless, here to mention that a sonnet is a poem of fourteen equal lines, divided into two parts; the first section containing eight lines, while six lines form the concluding portion. These two parts are distinguished from each other by a striking difference in their structure with regard to the rhyming of the lines. According to the strict rule, there should be only two rhymes in the first eight lines; the first line, the fourth, the fifth and eighth should terminate with one sound; the second and third, sixth and seventh lines should have another similar ending to the ear. The effect is that of twin quatrains, bearing a close external resemblance and, as it were, a sisterly affinity to one another; and these are intimately bound together by the fourth and fifth lines, the last of one quatrain and the first of its successor forming a couplet of themselves. The second portion of the little poem is so designed as to give an agreeable relief to the prolonged stress of the two fourfold rhyming terminations, which have governed its major division. Three rhymes can be introduced, with some variety and freedom of placing them, in this minor division of the sonnet. It was probably suggested, as the Italian name would seem to imply, by a certain feature in the art and practice of bell-ringing, where the chimes for leaving off are different from the more sustained and uniform tune which has pealed from the bells in their principal performance. The concluding six lines may either present a quatrain of two alternate rhymes followed by a couplet, which suits a precise epigrammatic finish of the argument; or three lines, each with its own peculiar sound-ending, may be succeeded by three responsive lines, with a solemnity and tenderness of effect rather adapted to mournful themes. Or there may be only two rhymes, each thrice repeated in the Italian manner of *terza rima*, and the six lines may form a pair of interwoven triplets; this method gives the air of a perfect separate unity to the second part of the poem.

Now, these laws of metrical composition have a more important use than merely to gratify the ear. They provide, as it were, a singularly advantageous literary framework for the brief and expressive treatment, in a poetical manner, of any subject of imaginative meditation which can be disposed of by the utterance of two or three consecutive thoughts. The main statement of the theme, with its due illustrations and modifications, finds ample space for its development in the first section of the sonnet, which is often printed as a separate paragraph. The secondary part may then be devoted to some logical deduction or inference from the foregoing main proposition, or else to some practical application of it; or it may set forth an exception, if this be the poet's object, to the truth of the general assertion. In any case, the concluding six lines have to say something material, in answer to the sentiment or argument of the preceding eight lines. The whole poem thus properly consists of a strophe and an antistrophe, like those of the Greek dramatic chorus; to which the sonnet is nowise inferior as a vehicle of exalted moral reflection, adorned with pleasing musical effects of syllabic harmony.

"No species of poetry, then, is less frivolous or puerile; and none has been more largely employed for serious contemplative purposes, often dwelling upon the gravest themes of religion, of human duty and destiny, the problems of ethical and metaphysical speculation, and the profound mysteries of life and death. For such uses, and not unfrequently, the sonnet was handled by Petrarch and by Michel Angelo, in the language of its original invention. And it has been consistently applied to such high service by a large number of the worthiest English authors.

"Of the sonnet we could say a great deal more; of its unique structural beauty, like that of a miniature Grecian temple, perfectly proportioned, with a fair surrounding peristyle; of the triumphant grace and orderly force that its harmonized movement lends to a flowing strain of poetic speech; and of the stimulating effect it has upon the process of thought, by exacting the search for appropriate words, and in keeping the fuel of mental emotion held together, as in the bars of a grate, by the regularity of its external frame. These advantages, however, are little understood by any who have not tried experiments in the art, and those who have taken such pains will not require to be told what the sonnet can do."

The Reagan Bill has been defeated in Congress; and, if the argument made by the Hon. James Wilson before the House Committee on Commerce can not be answered, then the bill is justly killed. The Reagan Bill ignores that fundamental principle of transportation that "the longer the carriage the lower the rate." To charge proportionate rates for all distances is to destroy competition. If wheat grown in Iowa must be charged for carrying to New York in proportion to wheat grown in Genesee County, then the wheat-grower of Iowa can not compete with the wheat-grower of New York. It is a practical embargo that destroys the value of Western lands. The principle of cheap rates for long distances is the principle that gives value to distant lands and makes the settlement of the Western States possible. The *Record-Union*, in an able article discussing the Reagan Bill, says:

"A trial of less than six months would prove that its maintenance must result in the depopulation of the remoter parts of the West, in the ruin of now flourishing cities, in the abandonment of fertile soil, in the paralysis of the growth of the Union. It is a blind and foolish attempt to fetter transportation by applying to it arbitrary rules wholly incompatible with progress."

The Reagan Bill is a menace to the Pacific States. Its passage would not aid Nevada, and would be a calamity to California. The best thing, and the only wise and prudent thing, that Congress can do is to establish a bureau of information, or a national board of railroad commissioners, in order that facts and statistics may contribute to an intelligent understanding of transportation matters. Under the direction and restraint of a Reagan Bill the Southern Pacific Railroad would be of little service to our city of San Francisco or to the State of California.

Americans will not be hankering after the pleasures of Paris very long, now that naughty city is becoming so pious as to close its shops on Sundays, and only thirteen theatres giving matinees on the day of rest! Should this sort of Puritanism get fashionable over there we shall be obliged to stay at home to be really wicked.

LA CRÈME DES CHRONIQUES.

How commendable a thing is politeness between co-tenants!

The lodger on the second floor, looking out of his window, perceives the single gentleman from the fifth story cleaving the atmosphere on his precipitate passage to the sidewalk.

With a bland smile he nods to him, saying, "Ha, Smith! Is that you?"

Poet, who has been reading a few sample copies of his new poem to a friend:

"Come, now, tell me how you find it! Fine thing, isn't it? I always distrust my own judgment, which is apt to be too severe; but it seems to me that many of the lines are finer than the others, but nowhere do I find any that fall below the rest."

A new idea at the Paris Salon this year is the classification of the works of art, so far as is possible, into "sympathetic groups"—all the landscapes by themselves, all the portraits together, etc.

The *Charivari* depicts a sculptor, paralyzed, on wandering through the gallery, at the spectacle of his knight in full armor, with legs booted and spurred and widely spread, and a lance in his hand.

"What in the name of mercy have you been doing to my equestrian statue?"

"Oh, that's all right, monsieur; the horse is down stairs in the animal room."

At a gathering of ex-pupils of a famous school, two septuagenarians meet who have not seen each other since both were in the third form together, fifty-nine years before.

A common friend introduces them.

"Ah, Balochard, is that you? How you've changed! Hang me if I would have recognized you!"

"Hello, Ducerceau; I wouldn't have known you either. Why, old fellow, you're looking younger than ever!"

They were talking of M. X. "Luckiest fellow I ever knew," said one; "everything succeeded with him—turned out just as he wanted."

"I don't know," hazards the companion; "I know of some occasions when things went contrary with him."

"Bosh, bosh, my dear fellow. Why the last time I met him he said to me: 'Here I am, in perfect health, rich, with a charming and lovely wife, fine children, troops of friends, everything that man could wish. The only thing I have ever feared in my life is lingering illness, and that I have never had and hope never to have.' Well, sir, that night he was struck with apoplexy and died in ten minutes. There's luck for you."

A gentleman in search of a wife consults a matrimonial agency.

"We have just the article—the angel, I should say—that you want," says the manager, blandly, rubbing his hands; "widow lady of twenty-three; husband (aged sixty-eight) died thirteen months ago, during the honeymoon; large fortune invested in bonds and stocks; charming woman; accomplished; her only fault, perhaps, is the severity of her moral nature; but then, having been brought up in a convent—"

The gentleman marries her off-hand, and discovers that all these representations are strictly untrue. Furious, he hies to the matrimonial agency and reproaches the agent with his deception.

"You told me," he cries, "that she was the very paragon of women, that she would make a man ideally happy, that—"

"You illimitable idiot," cries the agent; "if I had thought she was, wouldn't I have married her myself?"

Here is a "local item" from *Le Figaro*. The translator has conscientiously done his duty—and no more:

Two pigeons were loving each other of love tender. These two pigeons named themselves the one Alfred R., journeyman cooper, the other Julia P., washer of fine. Since two years the two amorous were installed themselves street of Charenton, at the No. 290, when, it there is some days, Alfred quitted the dwelling conjugal. Julia, bitten by the tooth of the jealousy, sought, informed herself, wept an instant, silent, seated on a bench of the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir; then recoming street of Charenton, in the little lodgment where she had been so happy, she took one revolver, and, leaning it beneath the chin, she made fire.

The ball, deviating, came to lodge himself in the maxillary inferior, which was broken in four localities.

Transported to the Hospital St. Anthony, she demanded to resee, before to die, this Alfred of whom the abandoning had reduced her to a such despair. Alfred arrived yesterday night. In seeing him approach of her bed, the poor Julia had a lightning of joy; she stretched the two hands toward her lover, who took her in his arms, and, repenting, tightened her upon his heart.

But all of a blow he backed, frightened.

"Dead! dead!" he cried himself.

In effect, Julia had not had force against the joy of the return; she was dead—well dead.

Around of the bed the assistants wept of emotion.

Poor Julia!

L. J. Gannon and Peter Bell have made a respectful appeal to the President of the Central Pacific Railroad to consider Section 2, Art. XIX, of the new Constitution, and discharge the Chinamen in employ of the company. Governor Stanford in his reply says the company has but seven Chinese in its employ in this county, as against some thousands of white persons, and adds: "The company will ever be mindful of the laws of this State, and will endeavor cheerfully to submit to them as it understands them, or as the courts may construe them. In the management of its business it will be governed, under the laws of the land, entirely by a consideration of what it shall deem, in its own judgment, to be the wisest policy, having due regard for the rights and interests of its stockholders."

Edgar Fawcett looks more like a society man, but the divine afflatus must be there some body writes that his eyes "are as azure as his fringed with dark lashes!" So sweet!



The *Queen's Shilling* has fairly filled Baldwin's with audiences embracing some proportion of people that one meets. The scene of the play is laid in England; the people are English; the play itself is adapted from the French, therefore it is not English. It is, however, clever. This is the play: The father of "Frank Maitland" (O'Neill), having declined to pay "Frank's" debts, he—as a wholly fruitless youth—enlists in the army, and the regiment is stationed near "Kate Greville's" (Miss Jeffreys-Lewis) father's estate—the Grange. "Kate" sprains her horse's shoulder, and takes refuge in the "Chequers," a public house, where the mistress, "Jenny" (Miss Revel), lends her a change of raiment. Some men of the regiment, including "Maitland," look in for their regular beer, and there is some dialogue between him and "Kate"—in the guise of "Jenny's" rustic cousin. "Jack Gambier" (Welles), artist, and friend of the "Maitland" family, turns up on his way to visit the Grange, and strives to persuade "Frank" to cut the colors and go home. "Frank" agrees to be introduced at the Grange the same evening, in plain clothes, and is then clapped under arrest for being absent from parade. End of the first act. Second act—At the Grange, "Frank" and "Kate" recognize each other, and do a little chaff and a little spoons. Here he meets "Colonel Daunt" (Bradley), newly appointed colonel of the regiment, a martinet and a gentleman, who is to marry "Kate" and take the Grange out of pawn, toward whom "Frank" is made to conduct himself in the spirit of a cad at a chimney-sweeps' ball. In a friendly fencing match (off the stage) the "Colonel" prods him in the arm; the accident is announced, and, to demonstrations of emotion on the part of "Kate," the curtain falls on the second act. Third act—"Colonel Daunt's" quarters. Permission is received from the War Office for "Maitland" to receive his discharge, provided his Colonel shall consent. By this time "Colonel Daunt" has come to perceive the state of affairs existing between "Kate" and "Frank"—who, by the way, steals away from the hospital to have an interview with "Kate," and is concealed by her in a room at the "Colonel's" quarters. "Kate" has begged his discharge, offering the old gentleman her hand as a reward. He, in a benevolent speech, places her hand in "Frank's," and, in a strong moral atmosphere of Bless-ye-me-children, the curtain falls on the third act and the end of the play. The usual comic love business has, meantime, been proceeding on parallel lines between "Jenny," of the "Chequers," and "Sam" (Bishop) of Ours—"Colonel Daunt's" boy—which attains its happy climax along with the gentlefolks.

In its native French *The Queen's Shilling* must have been vastly entertaining and pleasing. The construction of it is well enough. The interest rises with the development quite to the neat and effective *finis*; and the dialogue is, presumably, light, elegant, and, if not witty, at least easy. It is done into English, and

It's oh, for a grace that is fled!
And it's ah, for a touch that is dead!

It was a light, full-flavored claret; it is a loaded port. For the retort courteous, we have the reply churlish; for neat repartee, we have wit in the plane of *tu quoque*, *tu mentiris*, *vos damnemini*. And finally, while we should discern nothing incongruous in the French Colonel's duel, or his self-conscious and slightly theatric sentimentalism in giving the lady away at the end of the play, both these touches are un-English, and grate on us. Maugre all this, the play was a mons'ous pleasing play, since, for the most part, it was uncommonly well played. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis as "Kate" was dashing without being horsey. The lady misapprehends the *optique de theatre* for Baldwin's. It is a very small theatre, and one needs to "make up" for it with a light touch. Nothing could have been more admirable than Bradley's testy, simple, explosive, dignified "Colonel Daunt"; a soldier and a tartar, yet never other than a gentleman. His sister, "Mrs. Major Ironsides," was well done by Miss Walters—barring a *bouffe* grenadier stalk that was quite uncalled for. Mr. Welles did the slight part of "Jack Gambier" in a slight way, that was in perfect keeping. And Thompson's "Sergeant Sabretache" demands praise. Mr. O'Neill can not do "spoons," but it would be unfair not to add that the part of "Frank Maitland" is hopelessly flat. But Bishop! "Sam" of itself is naught, but Bishop makes it a prime feature in *The Queen's Shilling*. Can any man wonder like Bishop? His face is his fortune indeed.

Shorne's *Blithedale Romance* is out of print, scarceable in England.

PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

The novelty of the week has been the Raff Violin *Concerto* (two last movements) played by Mr. Wilhelmj at the concert of last Sunday evening. It is a stupid composition, evidently the outcome of one of Raff's many dull and garrulous moods, in which he writes stuff by the ream, without having anything whatever to say. It was written some three or four years ago, and is dedicated to Wilhelmj, by whom—and I think by him alone—it has been played in Germany; is exceedingly difficult and not at all effective. At the same concert Mr. Vogrich repeated his *Marmion Overture* with a somewhat reduced band. Both the heauties and the faults of the work became more clear on a second hearing; it is full of evidence of a very decided poetic quality, as well as considerable aptitude in handling masses both in formal construction and in instrumental coloring. I am now, however, convinced that the weakness of the *overture* is in its form, which is too diffuse; it requires concentration, and—above all—a climax. What should be its climax, or central episode, is now cut up into three or four lesser ones which necessarily all fail of their effect. But, in spite of this blemish, it must be considered a work of great promise.

I wonder what our theatre-goers would say if Miss Morris or Mr. Barrett were to announce a performance of, say *Romeo or Hamlet*, and then, without any explanation whatever, give only the last two or three acts of the play? I fancy that there would be very little hesitancy in denouncing such a proceeding as a fraud, and very properly, too. Nevertheless, this is precisely what Mr. Wilhelmj has done in almost every programme he has offered to our public; he has announced *concertos* by Paganini, Lipinski, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Raff, Bazzini, and Bruch, and out of them all has played only one—that of Bruch—in its entirety. Of the others he has always—without any notice or apology whatever—given only one or two movements. This is the kind of thing Mr. Wilhelmj would not dare to do abroad, or even in the larger Eastern cities; it is evidently what he considers proper for a Western village, where the people do not know the difference between an entire *concerto* and a fragment of it, and where, in their enthusiasm over the elegant, gentlemanlike manners and profound intellectual qualities of a great artist, the honest burghers slop over into testimonials, silver bricks, etc., etc.

A propos, a late Paris paper brings the report of a suit brought against the director of the Grand Opera by a gentleman who, having bought seats for a representation of *La Favorita*, complained that the omission of an *aria* from the sixth scene (said omission not having been previously announced) was in violation of his rights, which were to a performance of the entire opera. He had bought his tickets on the promise of a performance of *La Favorita*, and not of such portions of it as the director or his singers chose to give, and in this the court sustained him, awarding him his entrance fee, besides damages. I wonder what chance such a suit would stand in one of our courts?

Mr. Henry Ketten took leave of our audience on last Monday evening, playing on that occasion a long and brilliant programme of piano-forte music with his customary brilliancy of style and powerful effect upon his hearers. His best numbers—always excepting his own compositions, of which the new *Marche Persane* was particularly quaint and original—were the Chopin *Impromptu* in A flat, the Bach *Fugue* in C sharp minor (charmingly rendered), and the *finale* from Schumann's *Carneval*. Mr. Ketten's stay in San Francisco has been marked by a most brilliant success, and I may say that we shall all be glad to see and hear him again whenever he may like to come.

The Handel and Haydn Society is studying Mendelssohn's *Saint Paul*, presumably for public performance. Now that this society has found, in Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, an able and competent conductor, it is to be hoped that it will see the wisdom of leaving the musical direction of its affairs entirely in his hands; in which case we may hope for an eventual good result from its work. Nevertheless, it seems to me as though *Saint Paul* were rather big game for it to fly at in the present condition of affairs. I wonder whether it is possible for any society of musical amateurs to be modest, or have any idea of its own weaknesses and shortcomings?

The programme for the matinee which is to be given at the Bush Street Theatre on next Thursday afternoon—for the benefit of Mrs. William V. Wells—contains, among other attractive numbers, Schumann's *Papillons*, for the piano-forte, to be played by Mr. Louis Lissner, which, as nearly as I can recollect, will be the first public performance in this city of that interesting and beautiful work. It is of its composer's early period (Op. 2), and was written before he had subjected his glowing fancy and poetic imagination to the restraints and limitations of conventional form; he was still at this time striking out lustily right and left into new paths and unsounded channels, both of form and technique, bringing to the surface many a bright pearl of thought or glittering gem of piano-forte effect, and horrifying the respectable Dryasdusts of German newspaper criticism by the

audacity with which he ventured to write what he thought and felt, instead of confining himself to what they had been taught to consider as proper and *regelrecht*. The *Papillons* is a series of vividly characteristic sketches in color, alternately grave, humorous, and sentimental; at times almost *bizarre* with the extravagance that is a part of Schumann's earlier method, and again tender and delicate, as he alone could be when in the softer mood. It is altogether a delightful work, and Mr. Lissner (whom I have heard play it in private) plays it with a full appreciation of all its subtler quality.

At this matinee, Mr. Ferdinand Urhan will also sing some *Songs* of Schubert, which I wish that all interested in song-singing would hear, since he sings them admirably. Besides his beautiful voice, Mr. Urhan has the advantage of having studied Schubert in Vienna—where Schubert lived and wrote, and where for many years past there has existed a sort of *culte* for his works—and consequently may be regarded as having the correct tradition regarding his *Songs*.

At the Bush Street Theatre the week has been almost entirely given over to Balfe, whose *Bohemian Girl* has been unexpectedly successful. The opera has been nicely mounted, and—as a whole—reasonably well sung; certainly quite as well as such puerile and insipid dramatic music is entitled to be. I do not know but for singers of the calibre represented in the Melville Company these English operas of the hall school are the best thing, after all; they are, as I said before, puerile, childish, and undramatic to a degree that makes it almost impossible to sit one of them out; but a fair representation of them is possible, and their very weaknesses are so many elements of strength with the general public, which likes tunes that it can readily catch and understand, few *ensembles* (and those as transparent and undramatic as possible) and plenty of high notes and *lours de force*. Of the latter we had a number from Mr. Turner—"Thaddeus"—who, for the rest, sang the part abominably, or rather didn't sing it at all. This gentleman, who has a really excellent voice and good stage presence, has almost everything still to learn; he sings at present almost constantly at the top of his voice, bringing down the gallery with his fortissimo A's and B flats, and at the same time makes it very clear that he is shouting away his voice as rapidly—and disagreeably—as possible. Miss Melville is in many ways a delightful "Arlene"; the part—a soprano—is somewhat high for her, but she gets through the music musically, and makes good her vocal shortcomings by her dramatic spirit. Miss Montague makes a fine part of the "Gipsy Queen," both dramatically and vocally, and Mr. Peakes's "Devilshoof" is on a line with the other exaggerations he has given us this season. In his confidence in his own ability to do, this gentleman constantly overdoes; his "Devilshoof" was a mere buffoon. Chorus and orchestra as usual beneath criticism.

The orchestra at the Baldwin Theatre has this week been playing an arrangement—by Mr. Widmer—of Mr. Ferrer's pretty Cuban song, *Los Lindos Ojos*; not well arranged, I think, and certainly not played at all in the spirit of the original composition, but still, even in this form, an exceedingly attractive and bright little piece. I was sorry during the run of *The Chimes of Normandy* to find Miss Melville using the same song—as an interpolated number—to bring herself nightly rounds of applause, without ever giving any credit to its author; as he gets nothing more out of whatever drawing quality his song may have, it seems to me that a word of acknowledgement, which would cost only a line on the bills and a few drops of printer's ink, would amount only to a decent courtesy which a singer ought to be happy to extend to a composer who has furnished the brains for a performance that she ekes out with her physical advantages.

But in this country we don't do things in that way; our singers take their cues from the publishers, and they are so accustomed to steal from foreign composers—who are without protection under our laws—and find this so much cheaper than the paying for the work done at home, that one can hardly wonder when the singers consider themselves entitled to appropriate anything they can lay hands upon, without even so much as "By your leave," or "Thank you." Mr. Ferrer might compose an hundred songs, of which every one should be as pretty as this *Lindos Ojos*, and probably the only advantage he would derive from them would be in the satisfaction of having written them. So long as the publishers can steal, Mr. Ferrer would not get paid for his work, and until they are compelled to do otherwise, very few singers will have the decency to credit him with his share of their success. O. W.

A short Italian prayer which is not without wisdom: "I pray that I may never be married."
"But if I marry I pray that I may not be deceived."
"But if I am deceived I pray that I may not know of it."
"But if I know it I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair."

The young man whom you saw carrying a blue handkerchief with a white border on two sides and a red border on the other, was not, as you unkindly insinuate, a relic of the old French Republican days, but simply one of those extremely fashionable youths who buy new things without regard to their prettiness.

To Miss Clara Morris.

To pay our debt to thee we vainly try.
We hear within a thwarted life's hard ache,
But thou our pangs that dumbly writhe canst make
A splendid, palpable, red agony.
Our hearts are lighter by thine anguished cry.

Thine all the senses' stormy symphonies,
The crisis of our morbid modern thought,
A panther's grace, convulsion overwrought,
Malady's haggard apotheosis—
These things thine art, thy nature more than these.

For oh, the whirlwind and the earthquake past,
The still, small voice of heaven's own tenderness,
Vibrating through with unshed tears' excess,
Fills the heart's hunger; memories thronging fast
Bring up the voiceless dreams that speak at last.

Hail, then, high Priestess at pure Passion's shrine!
Be martyr to the fame that wraps thee round.
Measure fulfillment, by our pulses' bound,
Of that Promethean destiny of thine,
O'er our chill clay to breathe the spark divine.

PHILIP SHIRLEY.

Social Sacramento.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—We went to a lecture last Wednesday night. We heard California eulogized and slandered; but we like your scatter-brained Mayor. We like your shot-scarred Kallloch. He is an orator, a scholar, a man of humor. His clerical robes, to be sure, aren't very long, and we've seen *whiter*; and preacher and politician doesn't sound very euphonic. But if he is called a bold, bad boy by that sheet of veracity (?), the *Chronicle*, Kallloch, "with all thy faults, we love thee still!" And honestly, now, faulty people are very much more comfortable to get along with; and people haven't any business to be perfect in this world, where, as Kallloch said, "climate nor anything else is perfect." These play-perfect people make us feel so lonesome; and it's real cruel of 'em, you know.

Ketten was here again last Saturday. Some people were mean enough to say he was an agent, on an elevated, aristocratic scale, for the Chickering. And that's all we're going to say now about these fellows who advertise preaching, politics, or pianos. Friday night we heard that a Miss Gee, a music teacher, gave a piano recital in the Congregational Church, for her pupils, and afterward entertained some of her select (we thought it must be exceedingly select, as we were not honored) friends. But as she didn't see fit to invite us, we don't feel under any obligations to do the "paradise" business for her. Monday night, Norton Bush followed in the wake of some of your artists, and invited many of his friends to a private view of his late paintings. He has very handsome rooms for his studio in the Masonic Building. Artists are always supposed to be in the last stages of starvation. But, goodness! you wouldn't think so if you should go into our tropical artist's rooms. They are elegant, no mistake; and we are perfectly confident that Mr. Bush lives in clover; and he ought to, too, for he's a right good fellow, and well liked by all the Sacramentans. He has wearied a little of his renowned tropical style, and showed us very creditable Robinsonian marine scenes, some still-life studies, also something in the charcoal line; and many of those little panels and palettes and things were scattered around the room. He had thirty-three pictures altogether, handsomely framed, and that's always half of the picture. His style of painting is very cheerful, and we think he is right to always make them so bright and cheerful. Who wants to look on his walls and see a scowl scowled all over the canvas? We admire his vermilion poses and his gorgeous suns. Heaven knows there's enough of clouds in life in reality without painting them. All the artistic people of the city were there. Mrs. G. W. Chesley, who really stands at the head; Mrs. Houghton, who has done some remarkably good work for the short time she has been studying; also Mrs. W. B. C. Brown; young Loomis, a boy of perhaps twenty years, who has exhibited unusual talent; our sculptress, Mrs. General Coshy; Mrs. Bin-gay, who paints so well in water-colors; Miss Kittie Almond, who keeps such a pretty studio on J Street, filled with all the pretty photographed faces, colored so nicely, and others; Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Beckman, Mrs. Reed, Misses Perry, Seeley, Tyrell, Russell, and Felter. Our host served us a delicious little supper, and, after two hours spent in delightful conversation, Mr. Bush's very appreciative visitors departed, leaving him certainly well pleased with his success as an entertainer, as well as an artist.

SACRAMENTO, February 16, 1880.

A Zulu youth can not marry a girl until he has whipped all her brothers, and given her father a fall, if demanded, in addition. This makes a courtship more exciting than chocolate caramels and gumdrops; but the Zulu maiden who has four brothers weighing one hundred and eighty pounds each, and measuring fifty inches around the waist, generally dies an old maid; while the girl whose brothers are weak and sickly, and whose father is sleeping beneath the daisies, is overrun with proposals. It is a queer custom, and if it were in vogue in this country a girl who is an only child, and a half-orphan on her father's side, would be at a premium.

If there be anything that will cure a man of the idea that he is a superior being, it is to be caught down town without his overcoat by a biting east wind, and to have his wife, warmly wrapped in seal-skin, come in to walk home with him.

"MOTHS" THAT CORRUPT.

Whatever people may think and say of Ouida and her writings, it still follows that she is popular, and every new book from her pen is a financial success to her and her publishers. We take this bit of gossip concerning her new book from the New York Times: Ouida's new novel, *Moths*, will see the light next week. Chatto & Windus are the publishers. A friend who has read the proofs tells me the story is "Pucky." Ouida does not now, and, I think, never did, go in for serial stories; so that her works come out with a special freshness of their own. She is never at her best unless she is nasty, and then, as Pat would say, she is at her worst. Her muse loves the nude. She is a female Swinburne among novelists. *Moths*, I am told, begins at Trouville, and, of course, among the fashionable sirens of that scandalous bit of court, where Phryne and Circe display charms which Conty indicates so cleverly in the *Thumbnail Sketches* of his little guides. The heroine is "Lady Dolly's" daughter, "Vere," and the book opens with the following discussion about "Miss Vere's" bathing dress:

"That thing!" gasped Lady Dolly.
"What is the matter?" said Vere, timidly and perplexed.

"Matter? It is indecent!"
"Indecent?"
"Indecent," reiterated Lady Dolly, "if it isn't worse; good gracious! it must have been worn at the Deluge. You shall have one like mine made to-morrow, and then you can kick about as you like. You shall see mine."

She rang, and sent one of her maids for one of her bathing costumes, which were many and of all hues. Vere looked at the brilliant object when it arrived, puzzled and troubled by it. She could not understand it. It appeared to be cut off at the shoulders and the knees.

"It is like what the circus-riders wear," she said.
"Well, it is, now you name it," said Lady Dolly, amused.
"You shall have one to-morrow."

Vere's face crimsoned.
"But what covers one's legs and arms?"
"Nothing! What a little silly you are! I suppose you have nothing the matter with them, have you—no mark, or twist, or anything? I don't remember any when you were little. You were thought an extraordinarily well-made baby."

"Might one then go naked provided only one had no mark or twist?" Vere wondered.
"I would never wear a costume like that," she said, quietly.
"You will wear what I tell you," said her sweet little mother, sharply; "and, for goodness' sake, child, don't be a brute, whatever you are. Prudes belong to Noah's Ark, like your bathing-gown."

Vere's serge frock provokes her mother's disdain:
"It is the cut," she said, dropping her glass with a sigh; "it can't be Morgan's."

"Who is Morgan?" asked the child, so benighted that she had not even heard of the great Worth of nautical costume.
"Morgan is the only creature possible for serge; you don't seem to understand, darling; material is nothing, make is everything. Oh, my dear child, cut your gown out of your dog's towel or your horses' cloths if you like, but mind who cuts it; that's the one golden rule."

"Lady Dolly" is one of those creatures who talk bastard art and cheap advertisements. Her conversation is loaded with references to well-known models, coupled with the names of composers, artists, Adam and Eve, and the Deity. "She is really very pretty," she says to her "cousin" as he cloaks her and pockets her fan; "really very handsome, like Burne-Jones's things, and all that, don't you know." How odd it is that the aristocracy of England should be supposed by the Jenkinses and fashionable novelists of the day to talk like that, and mothers of their daughters, too! "Vere" one day, with her bare legs in a sea-pond, is startled by a voice singing snatches from Mozart's *Requiem*. The singer is a Marquis, who is prouder of being tenor than an aristocrat. The girl calls him the "angel Raphael." She loves him. By and by, when she goes away from home to a distant land, he calls to say farewell. Of course, he brings with him a bouquet of stephanotis and orchids. Notwithstanding her love for the singer, "Vere" is forced to marry a Russian prince. She hated herself after that.

Then there is a complication, in which the lover (not the husband) considers he is called upon to defend the honor of the wife, much after the manner of one of Bronson Howard's heroines in *The Banker's Daughter*. The difference is that the lover fights the husband, and it begins in this way: The husband has allowed "Vere," his wife, to be traduced. The tenor can't bear it. He meets the husband and tells him he intends to avenge his wife's honor. "Her honor!" echoes the husband "mais c'est a vous, Monsieur." The tenor raises his hand and strikes him on the cheek. "You are a liar, you are a coward, and you are an adulterer," says the tenor, "in his clear, ringing voice, that rang like a bell through the silence of the assembled people, and he struck him three times as he spoke." The book is full of wicked, impossible people; women "like Rubens's figures," women "dark, full-lipped, almond-eyed," and mulattoish, "red and white actresses, gorgeous men, princes, marquises—heaven knows how many—and white, prancing mules, with Spanish trappings and mulatto servants dressed in scarlet, going about the Bois in Paris. Those readers who like *Puck* will be delighted with *Moths*.

The Literary and the Personal Dickens.

An Eastern newspaper critic writes: "It is a disagreeable thought to a large number of people who admire the works of Charles Dickens almost to the verge of worship, to be obliged to admit that their hero's fame is on the decline." The writer then quotes the following extract from one of Mr. Smalley's London letters to the *Tribune*, in justification of the assertion:

"Whether Dickens's fame has, on the whole, been increased by the publication of his letters may be doubted. I have often said that I thought his literary fame was declining; not rapidly declining, perhaps, but appreciably less from year to year. His admirers, who are still in the majority, have now to admit that, on his own testimony, their hero was considerably less heroic than they have heretofore maintained. There is a curious tone of regretful surprise in the notices that have appeared of this book and in the comments one hears privately. Your article on 'Dickens the Man' has been echoed here over and over again. The intense, overpowering egotism made manifest by his letters is a painful revelation—not to those who knew him best, but to those who loved

him through his books. Nevertheless, the two volumes of letters, published here in extensive form, have had a great sale. The first edition was all gone before it was out. Even the circulating libraries had to wait for full supplies till the second was issued, ten days ago.

"As for the new American notes in these letters, now first printed for general circulation, the feeling they excite may almost be called disgust. Any editors of less pious sentiments than Mr. Dickens's daughter and sister-in-law, would, it is felt, have suppressed them. To what purpose did Dickens utter his famous palinode and append his apology as a perpetual postscript to all future editions of that foolish book on America, if fresh expressions of his contempt and dislike are thus to be poured out after his death? On nothing have I heard harsher criticism passed than on his cynical remark that the United States is a good campaigning-ground—a good place to fill his own pockets—but an odious place otherwise. The time when such things would please the English, as a people, is gone by, and in Dickens's own interest it is a pity that some editorial discretion could not have been invoked in his behalf."

It may be, as Mr. Smalley suggests, that many—possibly a majority—of those who admire the work of Dickens the writer may turn with disgust from the life and opinions of Dickens the man; and, in so doing, overturn their idol from its lofty literary pedestal. The present writer does not like either the works or the character of Charles Dickens, but he protests against the uncritical tendency of the average reader to judge one by the other—the man by his writings. It is for this reason, chiefly, that contemporary literary and artistic judgment is so generally at fault. Posterity, in the mass, cares little for personal details, and compels each tub to stand on its own bottom. If we, as readers, cared less for gossip and more for good work, the printing of trash would have less moral countenance and posterity would have less to do with the reversal of our opinions.

R. S. S.

One of the wisest of existing corporation regulations is that obtaining with the management of the California Street Hill Railroad, which provides that all employes shall have one day of rest in each seven. By this rule every employe has a fair chance to preserve his health and present to the traveling public a respectable, well fed, well housed appearance. As a consequence of this beneficent rule, the conductors and engineers of this road are among the best looking railroad employes in the United States, and present an appearance in splendid contrast to the kindred muster of one or two other street railroad lines in this city.

"Phew-e-w! Laura, what *have* you been eating?" exclaimed a Hoboken mother, as her daughter sailed into the parlor, leaving an odor in her wake that would have made a Limberger cheese factory feel envious. "Why, ma, our pastor has promised to call this evening, and I have thoughtfully guarded against any—any—you know what—by eating a piece of garlic and a few onions."

JOSEPH A. EVANS, at Clifton, N. B., thus writes to Mr. Fellows:—"I believe, under a kind Providence, that Mr. Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites has been the means of restoring both my wife and daughter. The latter from Tubercular Consumption, and I hope the afflicted will avail themselves of its use."

The Life and Letters of Henry Thomas Buckle, author of *The History of Civilization*, by Alfred Henry Huth, was so much in demand in England that the first edition was sold on the day of publication.

GOOD ADVICE.—When you have taken all the vile stuff sold for medicines, and get no better, then take simple, pure Hop Bitters; that we know will cure you.

They say that Swinton, late professor of English literature in the University of California, has become so religious that he now spells his name with a cross in the middle.

French, Spanish, and Italian Conversational Lessons, practical method. Post-office box 1574.

Dr. Francis Lieber's *Miscellaneous Writings* are nearly ready for publication.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

To those who wish to have removed permanently superfluous Hair, Freckles, Liver Spots, Black Worms, Moles, etc., I will send you a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by PROF. E. HINNA, the great Chemist and East India Plant Discoverer. This great discovery is guaranteed not to injure the skin in any way whatever. Send a self-addressed envelope to V. POPPER (General Agent for the United States and Canada), 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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WANTED.

A YOUNG LADY, OF STRICTLY moral character, and of ability as a dressmaker, desires work by the day or week in a private family. Understands fancy work. Can furnish the best of references. Address DRESSMAKER, this office.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETO- fore existing between J. V. Hart and W. W. Phelps, under the firm name of Hart & Phelps, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent.

J. V. HART, W. W. PHELPS.
Mr. J. V. Hart can be found at No. 27 Second Street, San Francisco, Feb. 10, 1880.

OFFICE OF THE BODIE CONSOLIDATED Mining Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, San Francisco, February 17, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a dividend (No. 8) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the Company, payable MONDAY, March 1, 1880, at the office of Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., New York, only on stock issued from the Transfer Agency in that city, and at the San Francisco office only on stock issued here. Transfer books will close on Thursday, February 19, 1880, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. H. LENT, Secretary.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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Monday night, Feb. 23d, reappearance in San Francisco (after a protracted absence) of the world-renowned Comedian,

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Mr. Sothern will begin his series of incomparable representations with the performance (first time here) of his powerful characterization of

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HIS GREATEST AND MOST PHENOMENAL SUCCESSES.

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This (Saturday) evening, Feb. 21st, and to-morrow (Sunday) Feb. 22d.

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Sebastian Strome. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. 1 vol. Paper. 75
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PRECAUTION.

My sweetheart's eyes two robbers are,
And boldly play their part;
Defying law, they bid me stand
And give them up my heart.

So, to defeat their wicked scheme,
And hide it from their quest,
I've placed my heart secure within
The prison of her breast.

But since I fear its safety still,
Though in this dungeon rare,
I'll ask appointment of her soul
To be its warden there.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1880.

SIGNA.

"NO, 122."

A New Year's Day Idyl.

It was three by the French time-piece in Mrs. Ver Planck's reception-room on the first of January, 1880, and Miss Plumtree was weary. She was only a sort of aid-de-camp to the field officers of this pretty society review, but she had two things to sustain her: she believed in her leaders, and she had no special acquaintance whom she knew would call on her—so there was no possible chance for a disappointment. With her companions it was different. The laws of *meum et tuum* in the matter of New Year's callers can never be very clearly defined, and in this instance the self-constituted general of the day swept them to the winds, securing to herself the bravest of the brave soldiers who came and went in interminable procession through Mrs. Ver Planck's spacious rooms, and turning over to the rest of the staff the awkward squads remaining—to be defied into the dining-room or directed to their hostess. That lady was so gracefully gracious to the graduates of the goose-step that they almost forgot themselves and became brilliant—which was certainly the acme of result. But it did not quell the agrarian spirit in the rebellious staff.

Miss Plumtree was as verdant in this sort of business as was the day they were celebrating, but she smiled and bowed when she was introduced, fished up some idiotic platitude from her scant stock of small-talk, and, at the first hiatus, nervously proceeded to ask Mr. Mm—m—m—m if he wouldn't "come out and have a cup of coffee." The getting Mr. Mm—m—m—m settled and provisioned took up some time (Miss Plumtree was noble in the *role* of victualer), and at last she was rewarded by the welcome speech: "Well, I have a good many calls to make, and I won't get round at this rate." And Miss Plumtree would exclaim with earnest inwardness: "Thank heaven!"—and with polite outwardness, "What, not going so soon? Pray don't hurry."

She envied the absorption of some of the staff in the gentle, thin-necked youths who were handed round, as it were, for conversation and coffee. She envied the greetings, evidently hearty and sincere, between so many old friends.

Sometimes a wandering refugee from the reception-room would fix her with his eye, and in sheer pity for his helplessness, she would guide him to the person he was seeking, or, for a *dernier ressort*, show him "the view," or the "tropics" as pictured by the conservatory.

But the remarkable likeness of the young tuberoses and smilaxes one to another was so bewildering to her not over-swift mental eye, that at last it refused to assist her at all. The pageant was like a human kaleidoscope; you could not swear that this figure had ever been seen before, but bless us! how like the last.

"Was it Jones who was here a moment ago? I thought he came at noon, and his name was Brown," soliloquized Miss Plumtree, who felt paralysis creeping over her powers of identification.

The hum of conversation went on; plates rattled, callers bowed themselves in and bowed themselves out. The young lady who acted as commander-in-chief was languishing over a plate of chicken salad, and assuring her neighbor that it was the first morsel she had tasted that day. The army with its shoulder-straps, the bar, the bench, and even plebeian trade were meeting and mingling in amicable interchange of the season's compliments. Outside, the sun and a vicious north wind were doing the same. Everybody entered with blue noses and said: "What a charming day it is!"

The beauty of Mrs. Ver Planck's staff was drinking unreasonable cups of coffee to keep warm, and wrapping her graceful bare arms in a lace shawl to keep cool. The witty Athene was croaking with a cold, and even Mrs. Ver Planck acknowledged herself a victim to neuralgia. But they all talked and laughed, and vowed they had never enjoyed anything so much in all their lives.

About this time Miss Plumtree was seized by a bright idea. An inquisitive young lady undertook to count the cards of the callers, and announced the sum total as 120. A gleam of hope penetrated Miss Plumtree's softening brain—she would number her newly found acquaintances. Those gone before were lost to her—unknown quantities; but the rest should live forever. The plan worked to a charm. When the next lavendered young man was presented, she murmured sweetly, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. 121." The gentleman was too much occupied with himself to notice the change of name, and Miss Plumtree found an innocent pleasure in being able at once to keep tally for the staff and label her friends. But at precisely three o'clock there was nobody in particular who seemed to need Miss Plumtree—no wandering refugee, no quondam acquaintance to divert, so she dropped into a seat at Mrs. Ver Planck's side, helplessly wondering, for the nine hundredth time, at that lady's easy friendliness, alike toward old bores and young beaux, simpletons and savants.

The gentleman who was enjoying his hostess' attention at that moment was a rather distinguished looking man, faultlessly attired, save that he wore a brave diamond-pin in his shirt-front. Miss Plumtree's eyes rested on the pin and condemned the owner.

Mrs. Ver Planck leaned back in her chair. "Mr.—(name inaudible)—my friend Miss Plumtree. Mr.—" ("122," muttered Miss Plumtree mechanically)—"was just telling me, Amelia, of the contrast this scene presented to some entertainments he recently attended in Arizona."

"122?" said Miss Plumtree, languidly. She was too tired to take a trip to Arizona in search of conversation,

but she said to herself, triumphantly: "I knew he was a miner by the diamonds." At first she only listened; then she pricked up her ears—metaphorically, of course—for this grave gentleman talked wisely and well. He ate his sandwiches, too, with a self-possessed deliberation which Miss Plumtree noticed and admired. She grew interested in spite of herself. Here was somebody whom she could not possibly mistake for any one else. She dipped into the conversation animatedly; and when Mrs. Ver Planck went away to greet some fresh arrivals, and begged "Amelia" to take her place, the latter slipped into the vacant chair and lent herself to the fascination of studying this strange animal—who dared talk something besides commonplaces on New Year's Day.

A few deft questions opened a fresh world. To hear of camp-life and careless adventure in the midst of this hot-house atmosphere, to plunge into a discussion of personal likes and dislikes with a complete stranger, was the kind of sharp antithesis which Miss Plumtree especially enjoyed. She liked the way her nameless acquaintance talked to her. It made her feel as if she belonged somewhere, as if she were a sane being. After a while they went back into the drawing-room, where gay little knots of talkers were bivouacked on the satin *tête-à-tête* sofas. I am here bound to confess that a part of Miss Plumtree's indifference to her youthful surroundings lay in the fact that she was herself no longer young. To be *passée*, and know it, is paralyzing in a greater or less degree to every woman. Luckily, few women realize when youth goes from them; in fact, they refuse to say goodbye to it at all.

"It must be delightful to get away from all this sham gentility," sighed Miss Plumtree; "I have always imagined that I should like those semi-barbarous border lands."

"It is hard to come back into sham gentility after one has tried a semi-barbarous life," said her companion, who seemed in no hurry to leave the genteel circle in which he found himself.

"Do you return soon to Arizona?" asked Miss Plumtree, relapsing into conventionality.

"I am living at Bodie now, and shall be for some time. But I am a bird of passage. I live nowhere long."

Miss Plumtree was not geographical, and had not the slightest notion whether Bodie was a town or a mine; whether it was in Mexico or Montana; but she was ashamed of her ignorance, and only tried to look wise.

"Such a roving life must make one discontented," she said, carelessly.

Mr. 122 looked at her with an amused expression, and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, yes, it does," he admitted; and, without any egotism, proceeded to tell of some of his misadventures.

"It is like the *Arabian Nights*," thought Miss Plumtree, ecstatically; "and this is Sindbad the Sailor and nobody else;" for the man from Bodie related how he had fought under three flags—or perhaps it was four; how he had run away from home at a phenomenal youth to go to sea; and how he had sailed and sailed—like Captain Kidd—into strange lands. He hinted at a fortune lost; and, in telling how he retrieved it, happened to mention that a lamented banker was his good friend.

"He came to me," said Mr. 122, impressively, "and said, 'Vent'—everybody called me Vent—I am going to send this company'—"

But Miss Plumtree was so absorbed in wondering what his real name was that she lost the rest of the story. Perhaps she showed her abstraction, for "Vent" told no more adventures, and they jumped at once into literature, where he won Miss Plumtree's heart by liking a certain obscure author, who was a *protégé* of hers.

At last he rose to go. Mrs. Ver Planck happened to be coming in just then, and he bade her good-bye in a dignified way, which was also very restful after the jerky adieux of the Smilaxes *et al.* If Miss Plumtree had followed her instinct she would have said, "You have done me a great deal of good, and I like you immensely, and what's your name?" But, instead, she shook hands with him and murmured, demurely:

"Very glad to have met you"—which meant just nothing at all.

But she felt for the rest of the day as if she had taken a tonic. She even roused herself to have some show of interest in her tally-list, which she had kept faithfully. It was rather discouraging to find, on comparing notes at the close of the parade, that she had been bored by a millionaire, and amused by a petty stock clerk; that she had cut a sensitive friend dead, and had been especially confidential with a man who was very "bad form;" and she was ready to swear by all the society gods that ignorance was *not* bliss. Howbeit she consoled herself with the fact that her blunders were as tracks on the sand, and would be washed away by the next incoming wave.

"Who's your adventurous friend?" she said, curiously, to Mrs. Ver Planck.

"I don't know him—never saw him before," answered that lady, amused and interested.

"But his name—surely you remember his name?"

Mrs. Ver Planck knotted her forehead trying to think. "He said he knew Mr. Ver Planck very well, and wanted to know me. No, I can't remember."

And Miss Plumtree had to go away with unsatisfied curiosity. But her little adventure rolled itself up in her somewhat imaginative mind to Brobdingnagian proportions.

Miss Plumtree was always surcharged with some profound emotion, which lasted till another came to take its place. After she had told her romance to several of her friends, with thrilling effect, it began to pall. Then her *protégé*, the author, got into trouble, and the image of No. 122 began to look like a faded photographic negative. The third week it was an outline, the fourth a shadow, the fifth a memory. Sometimes Miss Plumtree wonders vaguely whether "Vent" was not testing her credulity with his Captain Kidd voyages and his protean uniforms. But all the same, when she gets distrustful and cynical, and after she has taken part in some of the social jousts which she so heartily dislikes, or after she has been laboring to graft some of Mrs. Ver Planck's amiable sacrifices on her own selfishness, she goes into her memory-closet and takes out, for refreshment and romance, her little drawing-room drama of "No. 122, or the man from Bodie."

BEALMONT, Cal., February 1, 1880.

THE PRIEST ON HIS ROCK.

Cashel is one of the interesting places in Ireland. It is in the County of Tipperary, and is famous for the Rock of Cashel, crowned with the finest ruins of the Emerald Isle. It has one of those curious old round towers, the origin of which is unknown, a splendid Catholic cathedral of the twelfth century, a monastery and castle of the same date. Here lived Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, and here the ancient sovereigns of Munster dwelt. Cashel is now the seat of a Catholic archbishop. His name is Croke, and it is the absurd and wicked conduct of "His Grace Archbishop Croke" that inspires this article. Irish people are starving, and the appeal goes out to all the world for alms—to the Protestant and the Catholic Christian, and to sinners of all denominations. There is printed in the city of Paris the most ultra Ultramontane journal in all Europe. It is the *Univers*, edited by Louis Veuillot. It claims that the Pope is the Vicegerent of God, and as such has authority to control all lands and all governments and all peoples from the Vatican. His spiritual authority dominates all civil government; his ecclesiastical power controls all nations. This journal is at war with liberty, freedom of conscience, and freedom of opinion. It is at variance with all liberal Catholics. It opposes republican government in France. It would give to the Hierarchy of Rome authority over education, religion, and arts. It would make the people of the United States of America acknowledge the authority of the Bishop of Rome, and take their laws from the palace across the Tiber. This editor has contributed two hundred dollars to the suffering, starving poor of Ireland, and the Archbishop of Cashel says: "I am more proud to receive this sum from France, through Monsieur Veuillot, than to receive twenty times that amount from any other country or through any other medium." We hope this is a Protestant lie, and that Archbishop Croke has not displayed such narrow-minded bigotry, such cold inhumanity as is properly attributable to him if this remark is truly reported.

What They Know About Everything.

Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

—Burns.

If Nature should one day be pleased to reveal her secrets to us, oh, heavens! what errors, what mistakes shall we find in our paltry sciences!—*Montaigne*.

The secret of being happy yourself lies in the capacity of being intensely disagreeable to other people.—*Outida*.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.—*Shakespeare*.

Error is worse than ignorance.—*Bailey*.

They who doom to hell, themselves are on the way;
Unless these bullies of eternal pains
Are pardoned their bad hearts for their worse brains.

—Byron.

Morality is the basis of society.—*Chateaubriand*.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.—*Burke*.

Ambition is a lust that is never quenched, but grows more inflamed and madder by enjoyment.—*Olway*.

Gravity is the twin brother of stupidity.—*Bovee*.

Charity is man's true touchstone.—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds;
A man's a god whose hogshead freely bleeds;
Champagne can consecrate the damndest evil,
A hungry parasite adores a devil.

—Dr. Wolcot.

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant; and of all tame, a flatterer.—*Jonson*.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.—*Shakespeare*.

A generous soul is sunshine to the mind.—*Sir Robert Howard*.

They truly mourn who mourn without a witness.—*Byron*.

Fashion! a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.

—Churchill.

The friendships of the world are oft but confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.—*Addison*.

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice.—*Jonson*.

The purely moral virtues are essentially frigid; it is the absence of vice, rather than the presence of virtue.—*Chateaubriand*.

The heart is the best logician.—*Wendell Phillips*.

Oh, flattery! how soon thy smooth insinuating oil supples the toughest fool!—*Fenton*.

I do pity unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.—*Lord Falkland*.

N. B. S.

SACRAMENTO, February 2, 1880.

The following telegraphic correspondence explains itself:

NEW YORK, February 13th.
LELAND STANFORD:—Won't you give us something for the Irish relief fund? The interest on the loan is deferred, but the security is good.
DION BOUCAULT.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 13th.
DION BOUCAULT, New York City:—For the suffering poor of Ireland I have the sympathy of common humanity, but there is an ample field nearer home for all that I have to give.
LELAND STANFORD.

The rule governing American native-born citizens ought to be, "Charity begins at home." Hence when we see good Christian men and women wasting their lives among heathen in foreign lands, or in the attempt to evangelize Indians in Alaska, we think they had better go out into the byways and hedges of their own neighborhood; and when they would give alms, they should not overlook their own suffering poor.

If a sweet, blushing thing gets down on her knees and implores you to be hers, saying she has seen only five birthdays since she was sixteen, remember it is leap year, and send her a birthday present on the twenty-ninth inst.

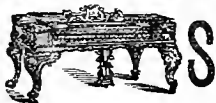
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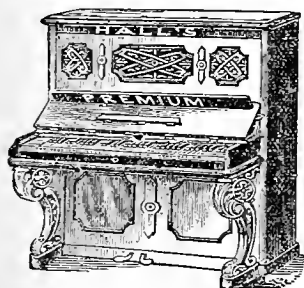
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BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 20th day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 21) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-fifth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

EXCHEQUER MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Mining District, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 13) of Fifty (50) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventeenth (17th) day of February, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the ninth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
CHAS. E. ELLIOT, Secretary.
Office—Room 4, No. 327 Pine Street, Stock Exchange Building, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, Feb. 14, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 52) of Thirty Cents per share was declared, payable on FRIDAY, February 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.
P. JACOBUS, Ass't Secretary.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the first (1st) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth day of February, 1880, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents (50c) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 7th, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—I take the liberty of sending you enclosed here-with a translation of "Erlkönig," by Goethe. It is a liberty, for I am a German, and you don't like Germans; at least when they have the audacity to make this country their second home. Still, I risk introducing myself to you with the confession of my nativity, as I have reason to believe that you are a lover of truthfulness and of a generous disposition (unlike the rest of your race that followed Jason many thousands of years ago, and have their places now "among the stars"), and that the openness of my introduction may diminish the odium of my birth in your eyes. I hope you will excuse me for the time I make you lose, and with the expression of my profound respect, remain
Yours,

Why so intelligent a person as the German gentleman who writes this note—and accompanies it with a charming translation from Goethe—should think the *Argonaut* does not like Germans, we can not understand, except upon the hypothesis that he has not read the *Argonaut*, or, being unfamiliar with our language, has failed to catch the spirit of our reflections upon his countrymen. If there is anything we have ever written—if there is a line or sentiment which, with its context and properly interpreted, carries with it the idea that we have intentionally cast odium upon men of German birth—we are unconscious of it. If there is a line or thought that is illiberal or narrow, or seems to reflect upon the birth-place of any one, we are unaware of its existence. That we have reflected most severely upon certain classes, and in our indignation have denounced foreign interference in our political affairs, we admit. That we have, with all the ability and earnestness that we possess, denounced those foreign demagogues and political agitators who have taken advantage of the political privileges with which the generosity of our laws has clothed them, we admit and justify. That we are earnest in our desire to maintain those republican institutions that our forefathers gave to us for an inheritance, we admit. That we have ever made any difference, or sought to deprive the intelligent emigrants of foreign European lands of any of the privileges and benefits that may come to them, or that we have denied to them an equal participation with the native-born in their enjoyment, we deny. No one more fully than we recognizes brotherhood and cousinship with the German family; no one appreciates more fully their claims to our good fellowship or our obligations for their part in aiding us to make the United States the home of a great nationality that shall give us all the strength, intelligence, and virtue that may be the outcome of cosmopolitan intermingling. But this very anxiety to secure to ourselves, our society and our country, an intelligent and moral class, makes us jealous of the introduction to our land of the vicious element of German society. We are not unmindful of the fact that from Germany there have come to our shores splendid specimens of men—men of education, genius, and high moral principle—men of patriotism, broad-minded, just, and generous. We are not forgetful of their patriotism; we are not ungrateful for their aid and service to us in our wars, nor indifferent to their exertions and achievements in all departments of science, literature, and statesmanship. We know, too, that from the lower and common classes of Germans we have had a vast immigration of industrious, law-abiding, worthy men and women, who, by economy, prudence, and toil, have aided in the physical development of our country, while at the same time they have grown prosperous and rich. All these things we consider, and, if it is any satisfaction to our German fellow-citizens, we are prepared to admit that from German land we receive the best material, and that we can more easily assimilate, in the formation of our national character, with the German immigrant than with most other foreigners. But all this being admitted, it does not follow that, from the hundreds of thousands of Germans who have crowded to our shores, there are not very many that are undesirable in every sense. We think we are not in error when we charge that it has become a part of the policy of Bismarck and his associates in the statecraft of the Fatherland to send to us his or their political malcontents and agitators; that within the last decade there has been emptied upon our eastern coast unprincipled political adventurers, socialists, and criminals, that are all hurtful to us; that these men, crowding together in cities, banding themselves in political societies, are a disturbing and dangerous element. The cities of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago illustrate this fact, and we as Americans have a right to be justly indignant thereat. The spectacle of a German society organizing in Chicago for a political purpose, and that purpose the avowed one of robbery under the guise of socialism, arming itself with guns and parading the streets to overawe their show of arms, is a disgraceful one, and one which every respectable and law-abiding German citizen should condemn—should not only condemn, but should arm against. It would be more becoming for honest men of German birth to put down this exhibition of alien ingratitude and shameful audacity than to illustrate their thin-skinned sensitiveness over journalistic writing that expresses its contempt for such devilish ingratitude.

If from America there went to Berlin a band of criminals, imbued with the idea that the accumulated property of Germany was theft, and claim that to them—equally with those who had toiled, or through inheritance acquired property—belonged the property of the country, and if the laws of the empire had clothed them—equally with the native-

born—with political privileges: if, congregating in low cellars, they should make of their bellies a god, and to this god, daily and nightly and on the Sabbath, sacrifice beer and blood pudding, and the smoke of the incense continually burning before this altar was the smoke of a stinking pipe; and if, in these underground temples, they should plot the overthrow of government and the destruction of social order, and from them emerge in armed bands to drill and parade and menace, would the good people of Germany think they had been blessed with this kind of American immigration? What if to some other German city a similar band of American-born criminals had gone, to whom the Government had said: "We welcome you to all the privileges of the citizen of the German Empire; we will give you land from our public domain; we will educate your children; you may take and transmit property by inheritance; you may have liberty of thought and action under our laws; you shall enjoy freedom of conscience; you shall be eligible to our highest offices; all emoluments of place shall be within your reach; your children shall be equal in all privileges with our children." What, then, would be thought, if this band of criminal Americans should, under the leadership of some herculean Yankee, gather upon some German sand-lot, from which they should daily parade, and, staggering under schooners of beer, smoking Chinese cigars, demand with blazing banners "labor or bread," labor for eight hours at two dollars per day, and should insolently say to the burghers of this German town: "If you have not labor for us you must make it; if you do not make it we will rob you, burn your property, and riot in your streets." This is the attitude of a small German element in this city to-day. It is small as yet, but evil things grow fast. This element is a disgrace and a reproach to every respectable German in California. It ought to be put down, and by Germans. It ought not to be the duty of Americans to treat with it. There should be, and that without delay, a counter German organization, who should say to the broad-shouldered Hans Steinman, and all other idle and vagabond Germans of the sand-lot, "Mind your business and go to work. You have no right to shame us and our nationality by your disgraceful actions. You lie when you say you can not get work; we will give you work—every honest man among you; we Germans will provide work for all willing Germans who desire labor; we have mills and factories, stores, warehouses and banks, farms, forests and vineyards, mines, ships and quarries, and you shall not be idle if you desire to labor, and if you do not desire to labor you shall not imperil the peace of this American city, that has been so generous to all of our nationality; we advise you to become and remain law-abiding citizens, and if you take up arms to fight, you shall first thrash us, your fellow countrymen."

When we reflect upon the broad opportunities presented for fortunes in this illimitable empire of unoccupied land, boundless forests, free mines, fisheries, and quarries, this climate, this land of fruit and grain and wine and gold, we become indignant to think that any broad-shouldered, herculean German should parade our streets with a lying banner, the inscription upon which proclaims his own mendacity, his own idle, worthless, disgraceful incompetence to make a living in this land of God's plenty. This is the "kind of German," my young friend, fresh from the German university, that we do not like; and because we believe that you and your kind do not like them any better than we do, we make this long explanation. In order that our apology may do for all nationalities, we recommend that each and every foreigner who thinks he has had cause to feel aggrieved may re-read this article, substituting similar and fitting terms for his own low and miserable countrymen. The Irishman—we mean the gentleman and good citizen—may find our apology to him by substituting Irish for German; whiskey, duceen, and shillalah for lager, pipe, and blood-pudding; and our Irish fellow-citizens may take the same advice to themselves that we extend to our German citizens. In seriousness and in good faith we say to the respectable portion of our Irish society that it is their duty to relieve the American part of their fellow-citizens from further apprehension by devising some means to suppress these criminal and disgraceful exhibitions of their ignorant and vicious fellow-countrymen. If they are starving, feed them. If they want work, give it to them, so that when they do resort to violence they shall have enough of gratitude to remember your generosity, and enough of decency to exempt your property and your homes from the destruction with which they threaten ours. One word of advice to our strong-minded women, and we conclude. Go for Mrs. Smith; go for the Amazons of the sand-lot. If Mrs. Smith is an honest, virtuous, poor woman, seeking employment, furnish it to her, and to all that are willing to work, and need bread. Deserving poverty must not go without remunerative labor in San Francisco; and when you have found out what is the matter with Mrs. Smith and her fellow female tramps, then look further, among the by-places, for modest, deserving poor women, who have too much pride to tramp the streets, and too little cheek to proclaim their necessities from the platform of the sand-lot.

There is a comical as well as a serious side to all this sand-lot agitation business. When our digestion is good we are disposed to consider the humorous side, and when our digestion is not good we are apt to consider it through blue glass. Only think of it—here we are, an hundred thousand stout

males. We have crossed the plains and endured the perilous passage of stormy cape and sickly isthmus. We have fed on mule meat, lived on beans, swung the pick, and rocked the cradle for gold-dust. We have created a State and made laws for it. We have built up a great commercial city. We have passed through flames and floods and earthquakes, and always with stout hearts. When suddenly from off a passing dray steps a small Irishman, gathers a few of his and our countrymen around him, frightens us with his blasphemies and his foul language, and lays the foundation of a party. He preaches reform, and announces himself as sent to teach an American people in an American State the principles of republican government. He gives us a new Constitution and a scare—and one other blessing we have omitted to name, a Mayor. Nobody has been hurt or hung, though ropes with villainous nooses have been dangled in our whitened faces, and the gallows, if not erected, has been threatened. True, there are not a thousand followers of this hero of the sand-lot, and they unarmed, while we have three hundred and fifty well-drilled and efficient policemen—ever so many hundreds of well-armed soldiers, under the leadership of such intrepid warriors as General McComb and General Barnes. We have the law and the State militia, and back of us the Government of the United States, capable of calling into the field a million of experienced veterans, and yet we are scared; property declines in value, money withdraws itself, and enterprise and business are arrested. If fat and honest Jack Falstaff, with his ragged regiment of drinkers of sack, had ever passed through our city, we should have been frightened to death.

Denis does not mean business—he never did; and if he did, he has been bought off. Look at him now: well-dressed and fat; well fed, and with a clean shirt. He toils not, neither does he drive a dray. He visits the East in palace cars. He looks sleek and oily, and has increased twenty pounds in weight. Contrast him to-day with one year ago. He was then poor. Now he can afford to drive his tandem in the Park. Within five years Denis will set up his establishment—coach with footman and tiger in livery, and will be one of our most conservative citizens. And then let us regard the meek and lowly man of Jesus—the pious, the devout, the unctuous Mr. Kalloch, with his ten or twelve thousand a year—his son in office, his darkey in office—living at the Palace Hotel; and ask ourselves the question, whether agitation for the benefit of the poor is not good business.

Certain principles must be kept steadily in view. The supremacy of the law must be maintained. The courts must be upheld; nothing but the existence, or immediate danger of violence, justifies the subversion or even temporary suspension of civil authority. No community can long survive the popular disregard of the rights of persons and property. In event of collision between lawful authority and criminal classes, the law always prevails. We have had riots in all the prominent cities of America and the world, and there is only one instance that we have in memory where the people triumphed over the administration of the law, and that was in San Francisco. This was a revolt in aid of the law and to strengthen the arm of justice. A riot in San Francisco against the Chinese would antagonize all who have occupation, who have property, who have families, who have hopes of the future. It would be an illegal war, not only against the obnoxious Chinese, but it would demand in their aid the assistance of all good citizens, of the municipal police, the military of the State, and, if necessary, the General Government. The result of such a conflict would not be doubtful: organized violence and criminal disorder bring nothing but disaster to all who thus unlawfully band together.

However, we are glad of one thing: There will occur now in a few months the simultaneous perihelion of four malific planets, and it is quite probable that this planet will be knocked into pi. One of the evidences that the disturbing elements are beginning to exercise their power is in the fact that Kalloch and Denis Kearney are possible, and that anybody is such an infernal fool as to be frightened by them.

Deposits in banks on the first of March will be taxed, and the depositor must pay the tax. They are assessed against the banker, too, indirectly. This provision of our new Constitution is an admirable one for the national credit; for in every bank in the city there is a steady flow of depositors, and a proportionate ebb of subscribers for United States bonds—untaxable. If it was the intention of the framers of the new Constitution to increase the State's revenue, they have missed their mark. It is safe to say that at the present rate of conversion the first day of March will dawn upon a State in which there will be not one cent on deposit in any bank. The question of the relative benefit to the State of many millions in bank available for investment and part of the permanent wages fund, and an equal amount locked up in United States bonds, is one of engaging simplicity and obvious solution. As such we commend it to the consideration of the statesmen, political economists, and financiers of the sand-lot.

Progress in spite of poverty is good. Progress without poverty is better. But poverty without progress is the worst this State has ever known.

AGAMEMNON.

From Rossiter W. Raymond's "Camp and Cabin."

I.—YOUNG BULLION.

"Hot? You bet it's hot! A cool one hundred and fifteen in the shade!" So Stephen Moore, the stage-driver, paradoxically described the weather, while he watered his horses from a rather slimy-looking spring by a solitary cabin among the foot-hills. Before him were barren reaches of dusty white ascending road, their ridges dotted with black spots of scrub-oak; then, beyond, all the blue line of the high Sierra. Behind him, the great plain of California, or rather that portion of it which lies around and south of Tulare Lake, shimmered in the heat, and sent up little dust whirlwinds that traveled hither and thither over its glowing surface like slender pillars of cloud. In a few years the desert would blossom, and miles upon miles of golden harvest would wave where now the wild oats and grasses, early browned by sultry summer, only mimicked the husbandry of man. A little later the locomotive would shoot and toot through these spacious solitudes. But that time was not yet; and, as it is said to be darkest just before daybreak, so it seemed most lonely in the land just before it was going to become most "lively."

"Yes, sir," said Stephen, "one hundred and fifteen, if it's an inch! But you don't feel the heat here as you do in the States. Why, ninety on Broadway just knocks the people over right and left with sunstrokes. But there's Young Bullion there, a-sleeping on the coach, with his hat off, and his face to the sun, and not taking any harm, either."

Stephen's remarks were addressed to the passenger who shared with him the driver's seat—a young man, of whose personal appearance at that moment little can be said, since, like everybody else who had traveled that day along the valley road, with the wind dead in the rear, he was so covered with dust as to be all of one color from head to foot, except where his eyes peeped out under their dusty lashes, like clean children at the window of an adobe cabin. It is not necessary to say much concerning this young man. He has little to do with the story, except to tell it—for the truth must out. It was the present narrator who sat as aforesaid, on the day above mentioned, while Stephen watered the horses, and Young Bullion slept sprawling on the top of the coach. Having confessed so much, it is hardly worth while to keep the traveler who tells this story in the chilly and unconfidential position of a third person any longer; and he will, therefore, with the reader's permission, speak of himself, as folks usually do, in the first person.

I was going up into the mountains to visit a newly discovered mining-district when Stephen first called my attention to Young Bullion, as narrated above. I had not noticed him before; but this was easily explained by the fact that I had only just got a chance to ride outside, the seat having been occupied from Stockton by an exasperating old cattle-breeder, who never wanted to change places with an inside passenger. Heat, dust, night, sleep, wind—whatever usually disposes the outsider to make such a temporary exchange—had no effect upon him. But at last we came to a ranch where the cattle-breeder alighted for good, leaving my friend Stephen free to offer the seat by his side to me, whom he called "Professor," because I was going up to inspect mines. In the Middle West it is "Judge" or "Kernel;" in the far West "Professor" has been added to the list of handy titles for strangers.

Stephen and I were not strangers, however. We had made many a trip together on the Wells-Fargo coaches in California, Oregon, and Nevada; and once we had started for a real vacation-spree, gone through the Yosemite, the Hetch-Hetchy, up to the head-waters of the Tuolumne, and so on through the high Sierra, away to the mighty cañons of Kern and King Rivers, camping on the bare ground at night, wherever we could find water and grass for our horses. So we had plenty to talk about now that we had met again; and, when I climbed to my place by his side, I paid no attention to the form that lay stretched on the still higher seat, behind the driver's.

But at the next stopping-place, as I have already remarked, Stephen mentioned the sleeping passenger as "Young Bullion;" and this caused me to turn and inspect him. He was so short that he lay at full-length upon the seat, without hanging over his feet or doubling up his legs, as experience had taught me I must needs do when I tried to sleep in that situation. The freckled face, light yellow hair, and brown stubby hand presented nothing extraordinary. It was evidently a mere boy, exposing his complexion in a way which his mother would have disapproved, had she known he was so emphatically "out."

"What makes you call him 'Young Bullion'?" I asked, surveying his coarse, patched clothes, and failing to see any special indications of the precious metal about him.

"Well," replied Stephen, as he swished the horses' legs with the water they had left in the pail, "it's a name the boys gave him, over at Pactolus District. He discovered the district; and he owns the best claim on the best mine there—the biggest on the coast, they say, next to the Comstock."

As this was a statement which I had heard concerning a score of mines at different times, I was not as deeply thrilled by it as a tyro might have been; and it was with some indifference that I said: "Ah! what's the name of the mine?"

"The Agamemnon," said Stephen. "It's named after him. Agamemnon's his real name."

That did give me a little start, for the Agamemnon mine, in Pactolus District was the very property I had been sent from San Francisco to examine. But I reflected that many claims might be located side by side on the same lode, and doubtless some other part than that which belonged to this boy had attracted the notice of my clients. At all events, I preserved a due professional reticence as to my own business, and remarked only: "Agamemnon is a queer name. Agamemnon what?"

By this time the driver was mounting again, and, before he could answer my question, he had to unwind the reins from the brake-bar, arrange them properly in the gloved fingers of his left hand, pick up his long-lashed whip from the top of the coach, then take off the brake, and tell the horses pithily to "Git!" These operations were scarcely completed, when Young Bullion suddenly sat upright and replied in person to my inquiry, which he must have overheard.

"Agamemnon Atrides O'Ballyhan," said he, with a twinkle

in his shrewd gray eyes. "The boys call it Bullion when the old man ain't around. 'Twouldn't suit the old man, you bet!"

"Who is the old man—your father?" I said.

"Oh, no!" he replied, gravely; "my son."

Seeing my look of blank amazement, Stephen interposed the explanation that this was the jocose way in which the camp chose to consider the relationship.

"Well," said Agamemnon, "how's a feller to know, except by what folks say? And think I'd let the old man play father around my place? He couldn't run the machine a day."

I was somewhat displeased by this disrespectful tone, but I let it pass without comment, partly because the atmosphere was not favorable to lectures on filial piety, and partly because I was following in my mind a suggested coincidence. To make myself certain, I took out my note-book and sought the address of the party to whom I was to apply for permission to inspect the Agamemnon mine. It was, as I had supposed, Mr. O'Ballyhan. Turning to the boy, who had watched my movements keenly, I said: "I think it must be your father with whom I have some business."

"Who? The old man? Business? Not much! If you've got any business, it's with me; you just rest easy on that! Come up from the bay to look at the Agamemnon ledge, now, hain't you? Well, I'm your man? Oh, you needn't go for to doubt my word. I'm the only first-class, responsible, business O'Ballyhan on the Pacific Coast. Bet ye what ye like. Put up yer money, 'n leave it to Steve. No, I won't! Don't bet; swore off. Never did, very heavy, anyhow. But Steve there, he'll tell yer it's all right. Go in, Steve! If he won't believe yer, bet with him yerself, 'n leave it to the first bull-wacker ye meet."

But I was ready to accept Steve's assurance that this premature young adventurer was actually the mine-owner with whom my clients were negotiating. A very little further conversation soon put this point beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"You've been pretty lively," said he. "Thought I'd be one coach ahead o' ye, and git a chance to open up the mine a little. But I had to stop over at Stockton to buy some powder and steel. Got a new kind o' powder—this yer giant powder; made the feller show me how to use it. We went out o' town half a mile, an' couldn't find no rocks, so we blowed a scrub-oak all to sawdust. That's how I lost a day."

"Have you been in San Francisco?" I inquired. "It is strange that my friends did not mention it."

"Think I'd let 'em know I was there?" he replied, with a wink. "I'll tell ye just what I did: went down to Stockton with twelve mules an' a big load o' first-class Agamemnon ore—this yer black sulphuret, free gold sprinkled all through it, an' put it in the fire an' the silver sweats out to boot; sent it down from Stockton by boat, an' sot on the bags myself, you bet, all the way, with a six-shooter in my pocket. Soon's I'd got it down that all safe, 'n locked up in a warehouse, I went off to git some dinner. When the waiter fetched the pork 'n beans, I kind o' liked his looks, 'n says I: 'I want a agent for a little bit o' business here in town, 'n I guess you're my man.' He laughed at fust; thought I was fool'n him, or else was a fool myself. But I fixed that quick enough. Says I: 'Now, don't go for to think you can take me in because I'm small. Ye can't come no tricks over me. I've got fifteen tons o' first-class Agamemnon ore to sell, all picked and sacked. Here's a fair sample, 'n there's plenty more whar that came from. If you want to sell it for me, 'n earn a hundred dollars easy, say so.'

"Well, his eyes stuck out so when he see my sample that he looked half scared to death. But he was glad enough to be my agent. He was a big swell when he was dressed up, 'n he could make a powerful impression, only not on me. 'I ain't what I was,' says he, while we was a-talkin; 'I've seen better days.' 'Now, you jest come down,' says I; 'I don't want no more o' that! Git enough f'm 'n old man. As for you, ye're putty nigh what ye always was 'n always will be, 'n y' hain't seen no better day 'n this one'll be, if ye behave yerself.'

"'Young man,' says he, 'you ought to be respectful to yer elders.'

"'Elders!' says I, hollerin' like mad; 'who d'ye call elders? I was born in the year one, 'n I'm eighteen hundred 'n sixty-five years old, A.D., U.S.; d'ye hear that?' Then I laid my six-shooter alongside o' my plate, 'n says I: 'I'll be obliged to you if you'll call me Mr. O'Ballyhan.'

"Well, that's the way I got my agent. He was the politest feller, after that, you ever see. When he went round to a big house in Market Street, whar they was a-buyn' ores to send to Europe, me 'n my six shooter just went along. 'No she-nannigan, James,' says I. 'We'll just wait on the doorstep, 'n protect ye when ye come out.' Well, after a few minutes he comes out 'n says: 'If the rest o' the lot is like the sample, they'll give a thousand dollars a ton for it.' 'Not much,' says I; 'they'll have it assayed, and they'll make a bid accordin'; that's what they'll do.' An' that's what they did do, 'n gimme twenty thousand dollars for that lot of ore, rather 'n lemme go. Wouldn't a' sold it for that, either, only they began to talk about the mine, 'n said they'd probably like to buy her. When my agent told me that, I says: 'Well, I hain't no partic'lar objection. She's a good mine, 'n I wouldn't retire from her for less 'n a hundred thousand dollars. If they want her at that price, they can take her—or they can leave her. An' if you sell her, James,' says I, 'you'll get a thousand on top o' your hundred.' Well, there was big talk an' lots of it for a couple o' days; but I kept quiet 'n out o' sight, 'n James he negotiated till you couldn't rest. Fust thing they wanted was a report. Sent 'em one that the old man wrote and printed in the Pactolus *Weekly Nozzle*. The old man is hefty on a report; he jist slings the ink, now, I tell ye! About all he kin do."

I remarked that I had seen the report. It was indeed an extraordinary sample, even of that extraordinary kind of literature. It abounded in gorgeous descriptions of the beauty of the natural scenery, the immense display of geological phenomena, the unlimited amount of "yet undiscovered" treasure slumbering beneath the rocky surface, the salubrious climate, the exactly central geographical position (proved by drawing a circle round it on any map), and the metropolitan future, of Pactolus District. I remembered particularly the glowing conclusion: "The Gulch, to the golden sands of which this marvelous region owes its name, has long ceased to yield a suitable auriferous return to the honest hand of labor. [Note by the editor of the *Weekly Nozzle*: "But it will pay big to hydraulic."] But in the gold and silver veins which lie along certain magnetic lines in the rocks there are

treasures surpassing those of the Lydian River, and which will be, in the words of the great Thucydides, *Ktema es aei*—a thing forever."

Agamemnon continued: "They said that report wa'n't enough; so I sent word to 'em to send up their own man, 'n I expect you're the feller."

I replied that I was the feller.

"Thought so the minute I laid eyes on yer. Well, now, we'll jest hev a few plain words about this business, 'n perhaps they'll save you the trouble o' goin' any farther. S'pose yer know I've got to pay yer fee? Left the money in bank down 't the bay."

I nodded assent.

"S'pose y' expect I'll give something extry if you make a good report, 'n the mine gets sold—hey?"

"Well," I said, gravely, "it would be reasonable, wouldn't it?"

"Reasonable?" said he, with a steady light in his gray eyes, as he turned and looked me full in the face. "I don't know about that. But it's jest impossible—d'ye hear that? You can go back to Frisco, unless yer want to examine somebody else's mine: yer can't git into the Agamemnon. There's goin' to be fair play with her, or nothin'!" And with that he turned his back to me.

After an embarrassing silence, I said: "But, Mr. O'Ballyhan, you made the offer, didn't you?"

"Wanted to find ye out, 'n I found ye out," he replied, without deigning to look at me.

"Well," I rejoined, "I wanted to find you out, and I've found you out. I'm very glad you regard it as dishonorable to give a bribe. If you had really tendered me one I should have reported it to my clients, and advised them to drop the business."

"Too thin!" was Agamemnon's sole reply; and I saw on Steve's face a grin of intense amusement at my discomfiture.

"Look here!" said I, as a last resort, "I'll leave it to Steve. He knows me, and he'll tell you that I am an honest man."

Steve could hardly resist the temptation to make matters worse by a dubious answer; but, seeing in my face that the trouble might be serious, he changed his tone, and gave to his remarks a satisfactory end:

"Well," he said, slowly, "I don't know; it's my impression that he stole my last pipeful of Lone Jack, and smoked it himself in camp on the Tuolumne; and a man that would do that—hey, boys? No, he's all right, Young Bullion; he'll do the square thing by you. I know him."

Young Bullion turned and held out his hand. "Put it there!" he said. And I "put it there," shaking hands with him in token of good faith. "Yer see," he continued presently, "th' ole man'll try it on. He's a disgrace to the family, he is. Don't you take nothin', I mean no promises—he hain't got nothin' else to give you—from th' ole man. I'm tryin' to reform him, I am; swore off lots o' things on his account—'n for some other partic'lar reasons. But soon's any stranger comes around, th' ole man slumps back agin into th' ole ways—goes to gamblin' an' drinkin'. Ever play poker?"

I said I had no knowledge of that accomplishment.

"Well, I can play it with any man in Pactolus, or anywhere else. Th' ole man taught me himself. But I swore off f'm gamblin'; I n' got all the boys to say they won't play with th' ole man; so he had to shut up. They wa'n't very sorry to promise—he used to clean 'em out every time. But it wa'n't the square thing, 'n I—I—the name o' the O'Ballyhans is goin' to be kept clean after this, by—!" Was I mistaken, or did I see this premature young person dash a tear from his eye? Instantly I heard him mutter: "Thar, now, I've sworn off swearin', 'n jist been 'n almost done it again!"

I need hardly say that by this time I was much interested in the strange character here presented for study. With mingled curiosity and respect I set myself to win his confidence, and extract an outline of his history. In spite of all his preternatural shrewdness and coolness, I found that he was at heart a boy, and required only the touch of sympathy and appreciation to make him talk freely. For more than an hour he ran on, with a queer mixture of simplicity and acuteness, narrating the experiences of an uneventful and yet heroic life, while Stephen and I listened without comment, except that the stage-driver nodded occasionally in confirmation of some statements that came within his own knowledge, or touched up his leaders with crackling emphasis when his feelings were particularly aroused.

II.—FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE.

I learned that Agamemnon Atrides O'Ballyhan owed his classical name to the fancy of his father—a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a careless, jolly spendthrift, who, after running through his own inheritance and a small fortune brought him by his wife, had taken sudden leave of his creditors and come to California in the early days, after the discovery of gold. His scraps of classical and mathematical learning found no market here. He had no solid attainments, no capacity for work, and no conscience; so, without much resistance, he yielded to the downward current, and became a gambler, perhaps worse. He was not fit to be an honest gambler, if I may use the paradox; that is to say, he could not rely upon skill and coolness to guarantee him a living in that profession without resort to cheating; for he speedily became a drunkard also, and no successful gambler can afford to indulge that vice. The result was inevitable—a vagabond life, interspersed with scenes of exposure and disgrace. From one mining-camp to another he dragged his wife and the young Agamemnon, who, born in the midst of these debasing associations, grew up to a premature knowledge of evil, and an utter ignorance of any higher code of ethics than the rude life of the miners illustrated.

Young Bullion was not explicit concerning these darker features of his experience. He seemed to avoid details with a sense of shame; and I fancied that the shame was of recent origin, that something had lately aroused him to a perception of the disgrace, and to an odd resolution, not at all like the usual repentance of awakened sinners, to clean the name of the O'Ballyhans. What this cause was I could not gather. He was silent on that point. But, whatever it was, it had made a man of him before his time. He was sixteen years old, though he looked both older and younger. He showed no trace of Irish origin in his talk, which differed from the mixed lingo of the Pacific Coast only in a freedom from coarseness and profanity which evidently cost him some

effort. I inferred that this also was a recent change, dating from the time when he had "swore off" from gambling and drinking, and had put his father in the strait-jacket of filial discipline. Of his mother he spoke with a queer, kindly indifference, saying that she "wasn't much account," had no "savey," but "th' ole man's goin's-on had been rough on her." He regarded his father as an *enfant terrible*, an unwelcome responsibility, the management of whom, nevertheless, gave him a certain sense of pleasure in his own skill. "Th' ole man's sharp," he said; "but he ain't no match for me!"

A year before this, the O'Ballyhans, with slender stock of household goods, had emigrated to Pactolus Gulch. It was not a promising field. The placer diggings were nearly exhausted, and the population had nearly all departed. But there was business enough still (there always is) for one liquor saloon; and in this establishment the elder O'Ballyhan became bar-keeper. His taste for whisky would have made him an unprofitable servant; but his dexterity with cards made him useful to the proprietor, who pitted him against all comers in the fashionable operation of "playing for the drinks." Now that the claims in the Gulch paid so poorly, and dust was not plenty, the gambling of the Pactolus people seldom went beyond these modest stakes; and, as O'Ballyhan was allowed to drink only what he could earn in this way, why, the more he drank, the better for the business.

Meanwhile, the boy, so far as I could make out, had turned his hand to whatever he could find in the way of occasional occupation. He had been a supernumerary hostler to the stage; he had worked a while in a played-out placer claim; he had caught trout in the North Fork, above the place where the tailings made it too muddy even for a sucker or an eel; he had hunted quail, rabbits, and gophers, and sometimes deer; once he had shot a grizzly bear.

When he mentioned that experience, I interrupted him to ask for further particulars. "How did I do it?" said he. "I just walked up within twenty yards of him, 'n shot him in the mouth. He rolled over quiet enough. Yer see, I had Jim Knowles's repeatin' rifle. A grizzly ain't nothin' if yer have a repeatin' rifle, 'n keep cool. 'F that shot hadn't fetched him, there was seven more ready for him; 'n there never was a grizzly that could swaller seven ounce-balls at one mouthful."

With the precarious proceeds of these industries he had—as I managed to make him own—kept his mother from starvation, and his quick wits and ready helpfulness had evidently moved all the Pactolians to admiration and friendship. He had never taken much to book-learning, having rebelled entirely at a languid attempt of the old man to educate him. "Educate!" said he, contemptuously, as he told us about it; "didn't want none o' his kind. Two fellers in one family slingin' Latin, 'n puttin' on the heavy genteel, 'd 'a' been too much gravy for the meat." But I gathered that there was a school now at Pactolus of which he had a very high opinion.

"Do you go?" I asked, forgetting, for the moment, that he was a capitalist and man of business.

"No," he replied, gloomily; "hain't got time. But I walk over there afternoons to see the teacher."

"Is he a very good teacher?"

"It's a lady," he said, shortly, and changed the subject, proceeding to tell of the great discovery which had in six months brought fresh life to Pactolus District, and changed the fate of more than one of its inhabitants, namely, the discovery of the Agamemnon lode, and the inauguration thereby of a new era of prosperous activity.

It was the old story, repeated in so many districts on the Pacific Coast in early days. Young Bullion had found the outcrop of the lode far above the head of the gulch, and had pounded up a sack-full of the strange, dark ore, and "panned" it in vain for gold. Disappointed, but curious, he had carried a specimen of it to the saloon, and passed it around among the loungers who sat sociably about the red-hot stove. They could make nothing of it. But O'Ballyhan, senior, who was mellow with a day's professional work, had got possession of it, and, with drunken eloquence, pronounced it to be *lapis philosophorum*—the philosopher's stone ("with a lot of other Latin," added Agamemnon); and, finally, seizing the poker for a wand, had opened the door of the stove, tossed the specimen into the blazing fire, and declared himself to be an alchemist engaged in the manufacture of *aurum potable*. This, at least, is my version of it, based on Young Bullion's attempt to repeat the jargon of his drunken dad. True, the ancient alchemist did not make *aurum potable* in the fire, but over it; not by fusion, but by solution; but O'Ballyhan was drunk, and so may have departed from the prescription. Nobody cared for his vagaries. Only his son, when the others had departed, raked over the embers to recover his specimen, and found it studded with globules of exuded silver.

He was too shrewd to make immediate outcry over the discovery. For several days he kept it to himself, while he meditated thoroughly his plan of procedure. Then, taking into his counsel a miner who had had some experience in "quartz," he arranged a programme, which was carried out to the letter. A meeting of citizens was held, the startling announcement of the existence of silver veins in the neighborhood was proclaimed, and a code of laws was proposed. The assembly, being fiercely eager to adjourn and go "prospecting," passed the laws in a hurry; and the first location recorded was the Agamemnon. A week later, every chunk or boulder of rock, in place or out of place, streaked, spotted, black, or white, that showed itself on that mountain slope, had been "discovered," named, and recorded. A fine crop of litigation and pistol-shooting about disputed titles had been planted. But the title to the Agamemnon no one disputed; its discoverer was the benefactor of the district. The saloon-keeper, deeply impressed by the incident of the stove, advanced five hundred dollars for a fractional interest in the claim; and with this money Young Bullion began operations. But, foreseeing that it would not last long, he called the miners together, and proposed that, instead of wasting their labor each on his own mine, they should unite to open the Agamemnon to a considerable depth, extract a lot of ore, send it to the bay, and sell it for the benefit of all parties. This they had done with unexpected success, and Young Bullion had been able to send by express from San Francisco a good round sum for each of them, besides opening the negotiation for the sale of his mine. Meanwhile, the news had spread, and the tide of population had turned again to flood. Empty houses were inhabited once more; the hotel was reopened; the *Weekly Nozzle* (christened in honor of a now defunct hydraulic scheme) began to play again, and

talked of expanding into a daily under the title of the *Morning Blast*; and the school-house had once more a teacher.

Listening to Agamemnon's story made the time pass rapidly, and, before we were aware, we were at the next station, where the horses were to be changed and the passengers fed.

I do not know why I have omitted to mention that the stage was well filled inside, but that the passengers were not a particularly interesting company, with the exception of one—a singularly intelligent and refined-looking young woman, who had joined us at the last station before that at which I went outside. A new-comer always has a great advantage in such circumstances. Even an ordinary woman, if neatly dressed, and spotless as to collar and cuffs, seems almost a saint or an angel by comparison with a thoroughly dusty load of travel-worn sufferers. But this lady was not an ordinary person. There was a—what's the use of trying to describe her? I will at least postpone the desperate task, and perhaps the progress of my story may make it unnecessary. Suffice it to say here, that an hour's sitting opposite her in the stage had quite filled my mind with a sort of tender curiosity as to her character, her history, and her errand into the rude society of the Sierra. But Young Bullion, with his quaint and vigorous narrative, had driven out her image.

It returned, however, with fresh force when we all alighted for dinner, and I hastened gallantly to help her out of the coach—on which occasion, let me say, I observed that her foot and hand were small, while her step and clasp were firm. (There's so much of my description unconsciously done for me, thank goodness!)

But surely it was not at sight of me that she blushed and looked confused? No; it was at some one behind me, to wit, Young Bullion; and, upon my word, he was blushing too, unless his complexion deceived me. The next instant my fair unknown (yes, she was fair—put that down in the description) walked straight up to him, and said, in her peculiarly sweet, clear voice (another item): "How do you do, Mr. O'Ballyhan? Have you had a pleasant journey? It is quite an unexpected pleasure to meet you here. I have been spending a day or two visiting some friends in the valley." [This with a graceful but indefinite gesture, which might indicate anything from Los Angeles to Chico.] "We have had a little vacation, to get a new floor put in the school-house."

It struck me that she seemed a trifle anxious to answer his possible questions before he asked them. If so, she need not have feared embarrassment from any inquisitiveness on his part. In her presence Young Bullion the capitalist, Agamemnon the ruler of men, was merely an awkward boy. It was all he could do to introduce me, at my request. But style was not important under the circumstances, and I was satisfied when I found myself on a footing of agreeable acquaintance with Miss Mary Carleton, the Pactolus school-teacher.

At the table I managed to improve a good many opportunities in the way of "passing" the potatoes, and such delicacies; and, as Young Bullion closely watched and eagerly imitated these courtesies, I fancy Miss Mary was waited upon as never before.

All the company resumed their places at the accustomed signal, and the rest of the journey passed quietly enough. Agamemnon apparently did not wish to talk, and, as evening approached, rolled himself up and went to sleep again on the upper seat. The shadows deepened in the cañons, and the red evening-glow slipped upward on the hills, and faded out at last from their summits into the sky, where it lingered yet a while before giving place entirely to the starlight.

Stephen and I chatted sedately and at intervals, until the spirit of the time charmed us to silence, and we smoked our pipes in placid reverie. At midnight everybody was aroused, for, with cracking of whip and barking of dogs and clattering of boofs and rattling of wheels, we drove up to the Pactolus hotel, and nobody was going any further. I lodged at the hotel, and saw no more of Young Bullion that night. Tired as I was, I noted, with a slight touch of envy, that he reentered the stage, for the purpose, as I inferred, of "seeing Miss Mary home."

Next morning, after breakfast, Agamemnon appeared, to "talk business." We walked through the single street of the town, along the edge of the irregular excavation which had been Nature's "gulch," and had become man's "diggins," until the last house was reached. It was the school-house; and Miss Mary, standing in the doorway, just about to ring the "second bell," waved us a greeting as we passed. (She had a pretty arm, too!) On a little height beyond we paused, and turned to enjoy the very picturesque prospect of houses and pine-covered hills, great red excavations, busy miners, and rolling foot-hills piled behind and below all.

"That's whar the O'Ballyhans live," said my companion, pointing to the house nearest the school-house—a low, large log-cabin.

"And whar does Miss Carleton live?" I asked.

"She boards with us," he replied, curtly, and faced about to resume the march.

The miners of the West have a notion that the richest mines are to be sought in the most inaccessible places. How far this might be recognized, if otherwise stated, as a fact with a scientific reason, I will not stop to explain. At all events, it was true of the Agamemnon, which occupied a very high and very bare mountain-spur of porphyritic rock, belonging properly to a more eastern belt than the granite and slate of the gulch proper. A lower summit and a heavy belt of pine timber separated this height from the settlement. One might say that the characteristic scenery of two States was here brought close together. Nevada peeped over a gap in the edge of the Sierra into California.

I began my examination at once, and soon became satisfied that it was indeed a mine of extraordinary value. How this conclusion was reached I do not need to describe here. But it was only after several visits, and many careful samplings and measurements, that my opinion became definite as well as positive.

III.—THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

On this first day we spent but a couple of hours in and about the mine, and then returned to town, where I had accepted an invitation to call on the O'Ballyhans. It was long past the dinner-hour. We had shared the miners' meal at their "boarding-house" on the mountain. As we passed the school-house, the hum of reciting voices told that Miss Mary was at work. Presently we entered the rude mansion of Agamemnon's family,

The door opened directly into a large sitting-room; and, as Young Bullion pushed it open without ceremony, we surprised the paternal O'Ballyhan, sitting before a pine table, and lazily engaged, pipe in mouth, in some sort of solitary game of cards.

"At it again?" said Agamemnon, angrily; "n you hain't copied them papers, neither!"

"*Remacu teligisti*; bedad! ye've touched the thing acutely, Aggy, me boy; *et nihit teligisti quod non ornavisti*, an' ye niver touched anything that ye didn't adorn. Come, now, that's rather nate, av' ye only understood it." This airy reply was thrown off like a soap-bubble from a pipe, with a wave of the hand and an affectation of easy unconcern. Nevertheless, the speaker managed with the same gesture to sweep the cards into a drawer, and it was not difficult to see that the theatrical side was really in awe of his practical son.

The latter paid no attention to the classical effusion with which he had been greeted, but continued, sternly: "Been drinkin', too. Look here, ole man, this has got to stop. You hear me!"

"*Vultus est index animi*," responded the awful dad; "sure it's me physiognomy betrays me sowl. *In vino veritas*; I couldn't tell ye a lie, me boy. *Ecce signum!* there's the bottle; *ehue! quantum mutatus ab illo!* an' divil a bit left in it!"

Agamemnon might have proceeded to further inquiry and rebuke, but suddenly recollecting my presence, he dropped, for the time, the process of family discipline, and introduced me as "the quartz-sharp from San Francisco."

The O'Ballyhan rose with exuberant cordiality, and skipped toward me as if I were his partner in a contra-dance. I despair of depicting him. Imagine a grizzly, rummy, bleared visage, surmounted by a shock of bristling gray hair; a short, fat figure, clad in a most dilapidated, but once gorgeous, large-figured, flowing dressing-gown, which did not pretend to conceal a very dirty shirt; tight pantaloons, of the cut and the pattern that were the rage a score of years ago; and a pair of slippers that flapped the floor at every step; in short, a person without the slightest remaining trace of dandyism. Imagine this being to talk and move with immense affectation of gentlemanly style, and you may gain some conception of the O'Ballyhan. I ought to add that his hands would have been white if they had been clean, and that his pipe was a common, short, black "cuddy." His profuse quotations of trite scraps of Latin, usually accompanied by free translations into English with a brogue, added to the *bizarre* and incongruous effect of his whole appearance.

"*Salve!*" he exclaimed; "ye're welcome to the castle o' the O'Ballyhans. *Non sumus quales eramus*; we're not ourselves at all since we left our swate anicstral hall, *natale solum*, so to spake. But *calum non animum mutant*; it's the climate, and not the character, they change—"

"*Qui trans mare currunt*, who come to Castle Garden," said I, finishing his quotation in his own style.

"*Dies faustus, creta notandus!*" exclaimed the old scapegrace, with a gesture as if he would embrace me; "it's a blessed day it is, an' we'll mark it wid chalk—that is to say, wid something better. Sure, Aggy, me boy, ye won't grudge yer old father a glass to mark the day. *Dote obolum Belisario*; there's no use translatin' that to ye, ye hard-hearted spalpeen."

The last part of this speech was delivered in an altered tone, caused by a frown and shake of the head from Agamemnon, who at this point turned to leave the room. "Where's mother?" said he.

"*In partis inferioribus*; it's the back yard I mane, sittin' in the rockin'-chair wid her *otium cum dignitate* an' a favorite author."

True enough, as Agamemnon opened a door opposite to that by which we had entered, I caught a glimpse of the matron, enjoying the pleasant afternoon air in the manner described. Her rocking-chair was the genuine article, city made, and doubtless hauled, with other household belongings, many a weary mile through one family pilgrimage after another. It bore the scars of age and trouble; but it was still able to rock, though in a somewhat rickety way. Mrs. O'Ballyhan was maintaining this motion by timely application of her toes to the ground, while her eyes were riveted upon a pamphlet, of which I could only see that the cover was yellow. Then the door closed behind Agamemnon, and I was left with the sinful sire.

"It's a foine boy," he began, "but clane spoilt wid consate, an' disrespect o' payrints. *Sequitur patrem haud passibus equis*—he takes after his father, but he can't kape up; and it irritates him. *Non tam Minerva quam Mercurio*; it's business he manes, an' not learnin'. But he wasn't born wid a rale jaynius for business, *non nascitur fit*—faith, that's a nate one, too—an' it's meself 'il show him a thing. Business is it? *Negotium?* *Si negotium queris circumspice*. *Siste viator!* Av' ye're travellin' on business, talk wid the O'Ballyhan."

Here he assumed a significant air, which convinced me that he intended some confidential communication. Suspecting at the same time that the tawdry adornments of Latin quotations and misquotations in his discourse were deliberately affected, I said: "Well, Mr. O'Ballyhan, if you have anything to say about the business on which I am traveling, it is my business to hear you. But we shall save time if we confine ourselves to English."

"*Lex loci*," said the incorrigible scamp, in a final effort to impose upon me; "it's the custom o' the country. These barbarians, *damnati ad metalla*, condemned to work in the mines, so to spake, pretend to talk nothin' but English, an' a voile mess they make o' that, too. But *facta est alea in mediis res*; I'll begin wid the business immitajly, an' it's dumb in the dead languages I'll be to plaze ye, till I have the honor to resave ye in Ballyhan Castle, County Clare, wid me complete edition o' the *Auctores Classici ad Usum Delphini* in the bookcase behind our two selves, an' the *amphora*, wid the sugar and the hot wather, on the table afore us."

After all, he seemed to take so much squalid comfort in his Latin, that I was half sorry I had tried to cut it short. But the voice of Agamemnon was heard outside, and the old man had only time to say: "Whisht! I'll mate ye *sub rosa*—beggin' your pardon—to-night in the little grane-room at the back o' the International Saloon, and tell ye whar's important, if true—an' true it is; an' in the best of English I'll tell it, on the wurd of an Irish jintleman!" The door opened, and Agamemnon ushered in his mother.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE HISTORY OF SPRING VALLEY.

An Interesting Statement by Mr. Howard.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard, as President of the Spring Valley Water Company—administering an institution of the value of thirteen and a half millions of money, in stock scattered over the world, a business connected with the supply of so indispensable an article as water, having relations with every family, house, and manufactory in San Francisco.—has done what he ought to have done years ago. He has communicated to the Supervisors, and through them to the people, an intelligent statement of the history, financial condition, management, and general relation of this property to its consumers. It ought to, and we think it will, contribute to a better understanding of the water question. There should be no difficulty in arranging water rates, and in providing for their collection, if the Board of Supervisors and the officers and directors of the Spring Valley Water Company come together in the spirit of fair dealing. The sense of fairness and good faith on the part of the general public demands only what is honest and reasonable. The company is fairly entitled to a fair rate of interest, a fair and reasonable operating and sinking fund. More it ought not to demand. Mr. Schuessler, the engineer, has also presented the Board of Supervisors a paper embodying facts and figures for its consideration.

To the Honorable the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco:

GENTLEMEN: I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity which your open sessions offer, not only to give you full information of the resources of the Spring Valley Water Company, its sources of supply, ability to meet the wants of the city, the value and cost of its works, the income which it receives, and the principle upon which its rates are adjusted; but also to correct many misapprehensions which exist in the public mind with reference to the above matters, and which a thorough investigation of the water question will, I think, largely remove.

The Spring Valley Water Company was incorporated under the laws of 1853 and 1858 with reference to water companies, and was the assignee of the privileges enjoyed by George H. Ensign and his associates, under an act passed April 23, 1858, which authorized George H. Ensign and others (owners of the Spring Valley Water Works) to lay down water-pipes in the City and County of San Francisco.

This act provided that the rates to be charged for water should be fixed by five commissioners, two of whom should be appointed by the Board of Supervisors, two by the water company, and the four to choose a fifth. The act also provided that the rates so established should not be so low as to yield less than twenty per cent. per annum on the cost of the works. It is true that this act was afterward declared unconstitutional, but I refer to its provisions to show what was then considered a reasonable reward to owners of water works for expenditures made and risks incurred in the construction of such works.

This act having been adjudged unconstitutional in 1874, the Spring Valley Company was obliged to look to the General Laws of 1853 and 1858 as the measure of its rights and duties. The law of 1858 also provided that the rates to be charged for water should be determined by a board of commissioners, to be selected, two by the city, two by the water company, and in case of disagreement, the fifth commissioner to be selected by the four. This provision was a fair one, for it left the rates to be fixed by arbitration between the city and the company. No action was taken, either by the city or company, to appoint commissioners until 1877, when a board of commissioners was appointed, as provided by law, which reduced the water rates ten per cent. Their action caused a reduction of the dividends of this company on its capital stock of eight millions, from nine per cent. to eight per cent., and resulted in giving to the company an income barely sufficient to pay its running expenses, the interest on its indebtedness, and dividends to its stockholders, leaving little or nothing for a surplus fund for future improvements, and nothing for a sinking fund to meet its indebtedness.

It was hoped that this action would meet the approval of the community, quiet agitation on the water question, and give the company an opportunity to borrow money at low rates of interest, and thereby enable it to reduce its rates to the consumer. But the subject was too fruitful of agitation, and the result is that by the provisions of the new Constitution the power to fix the reward to be given to this company for the expenditures made and risks incurred in its enterprise has been given absolutely to the very parties interested in making that reward as small as possible, viz: the consumers themselves, through the Board of Supervisors, who are their political representatives. The extent of this power is perhaps little understood. It practically makes the will of the buyer supreme as to the price to be paid. It would be regarded as an anomaly in business life if the man who buys should have the power to fix the price which he is to pay—that the purchaser of iron should have the power to fix arbitrarily its price per pound; that the laborer should furnish his labor and receive only that which his employer is willing to give—in other words, that the price of the commodity, in the one case, and the labor, in the other, should be absolutely in the control of but one party to the transaction, and that party not the one that furnishes the desired commodity or labor, but the one that requires it. Yet this is the extraordinary power vested in your honorable body over the compensation of this company—a power which involves the control of all the other powers of this corporation, which has existed for years, and which has expended millions of dollars in its enterprise; for as this company was formed for gain, the power to limit its income necessarily includes the control of all its other powers, just as the greater includes the less.

The new Constitution puts the rates entirely under the control of the consumers, and the effect of this was, that at the last municipal election each of the three political parties

then in the field offered the property of this company to the lowest bidder. By reference to the platforms of the various parties, it will be seen that their representatives were directly or inferentially pledged to a reduction of from twenty-five to twenty per cent. upon the present rates. It would be regarded as a shameful thing to pledge a judge to render a certain judgment. I refrain from comment upon the action of these political parties, which call upon their representatives, who act in this matter judicially, to render a preordained judgment in relation to the value and income of this company, without any knowledge of the facts, the amount of money expended in the enterprise, or the risk incurred.

The Supervisors, then, stand as the representatives, not only of the consumers, but of the city, and they are to determine the income of the Spring Valley Water Works.

If the pledges set out in the political platforms of various parties are to be observed, the net income of this company will be reduced nearly one-half; and the effect on the stock will be a reduction from nearly par to forty or forty-five dollars per share. In a word, by a stroke of the pen, between three and four million dollars of values, held by citizens of this community, will be stricken out.

But I will do more than make a general assertion. I understand that the Republican platform favors a reduction of twenty per cent. on the existing rates. Mr. Stetson has introduced a resolution which is in excess of the demands of either party, and if it prevails, disaster will necessarily follow. The income of the company, for the year ending June 1, 1879, was \$1,258,000. This sum was almost entirely expended as follows:

Operating expenses.....	\$300,000
Interest on debt of about \$4,000,000.....	287,000
Dividend on capital stock, \$8,000,000 at 8 per cent. per annum.....	640,000
Total.....	\$1,227,000

If the income of the company should be reduced twenty per cent., its total income would be about \$1,000,000.

Assuming that the operating expenses and interest during the coming year will be the same as during the last, this sum would be expended as follows:

Operating expenses.....	\$300,000
Interest on debt of about \$4,000,000.....	287,000
Dividend on capital stock, \$8,000,000 at 5 per cent. per annum.....	400,000
Total.....	\$987,000

In other words, this would leave almost nothing for future improvements, or for a sinking fund to meet the indebtedness, and would reduce the dividends from eight to five per cent.

The value of the stock would instantly fall from its present value to forty or forty-five dollars per share. Such a sweeping reduction this year would be regarded as a prophecy of a further reduction in the future, and would produce a feeling of great insecurity among stockholders. I call these facts to your attention for the reason that I assume that they were not known when the political platform in question was adopted. I feel assured that you will not deem yourselves bound to do a great and lasting injustice in order to comply with the provision of a platform which was probably inserted as a mere device to catch votes, without any responsibility on the part of those who framed it, and without knowledge upon which to base it. Taking it for granted that you intend to act justly as between this company and the consumers, and that you are not disposed to take away from the company its just dues in order to be liberal to the rate-payers, I will not dwell longer upon this matter. Permit me to add a few words, however, as to the nature and extent of this enterprise, its cost, the income that is required to meet its demands and contemplated improvements.

The Spring Valley Water Company has been in existence for more than twenty years. The moneys expended in the construction and maintenance of its works are far in excess of the sum upon which it at present receives an income. It has not received a dollar of subsidy. No gift whatever has been made to it by the public. It owns, by an absolute title, 18,000 acres of land in connection with its works, and a large amount of real estate in San Francisco, used for reservoirs and other purposes. The property which it holds is vested in it by a fee-simple title, with the exception of a few acres in San Mateo County, which it obtained by judgment in condemnation proceedings.

It is true the right has been given it to lay its pipes in the streets of San Francisco, but this is as much for the benefit of the consumers as the company. It was no exclusive privilege for any other water company has had and could have exercised the same right. It involved the city in no expense, for wherever the water company laid down its pipes it was obliged to repair the streets at its own cost.

Previous to the adoption of the new Constitution, the system of collecting the income of water companies was unequal, under the law, for whilst the larger portion of the outlay was for the purpose of supplying the city with water for protection against fires, cleansing sewers, and watering streets, yet this company was obliged, by its charter, to collect its entire income from the householders and rate-payers only. This has occasioned the controversy between the city and the company, and has been the cause of the excessive rates.

In other cities, the water works are generally owned and controlled by the municipalities, and the income necessary to pay the interest on the indebtedness incurred in the construction and the running expenses, and to form a fund for future improvements, is, in the main, collected by taxes on the general property, and by licenses on general occupations and business. Thus the burden falls very lightly on the rate-payers. Here, however, the whole income of the company has been collected from rate-payers. The fault of the system was in the law itself, yet the public has been impressed with the idea that the excessive rates arose from the extortion of the company.

The Spring Valley Water Company is content with a fair income upon its investment. It has never sought more. It seeks no more now. So long as that income was secure, and the public were contented with the system of distribution of rates, the company had no reason to complain, but when the cry is raised that the rates are excessive, that the Spring Valley Company discriminates as between rate-payers, then it becomes the privilege of the company to call the atten-

tion of the public to the real cause of the excessive rates, and to the greatest discrimination and inequality of all, namely, that between the great consumer, the city, on the one side, and the 18,000 rate-payers on the other.

The value of the Spring Valley Water Works can only be ascertained by comparison with the cost of other schemes. As there are no other water works in existence capable of supplying San Francisco, the only mode of determining the value of the Spring Valley Water Works is by ascertaining for what sum an equal supply can be obtained from some other source. This whole matter has been thoroughly investigated by the Water Commissioners, and by the able engineers appointed by them during the last few years; and it is safe to say that no water works can be obtained, or constructed, of a capacity equal to that of the Spring Valley scheme, for a less expenditure than twice its cost. But the objection is made to this mode of computation, that Spring Valley has prevented all competition, by obtaining all the available sources of supply within a reasonable distance of San Francisco. In reply, I would say that the company would have met with deserved criticism had it failed, in the exercise of an intelligent foresight as to the future wants of this city, to have purchased property necessary to its scheme.

It is a singular proposition that all other property in San Francisco should increase in value with the growth of the population, whilst the Spring Valley property is denied any increase whatever. The promoters of this scheme invested their money just as other people in San Francisco did in real estate, upon the faith of a large city being built up on this peninsula. They risked their money upon the enterprise, and had the city failed to develop, as it was once feared it would (during the Fraser River excitement), the property of the company would have been almost valueless. All property is valuable only in connection with the uses to which it is put. A lot may be valueless as a residence and yet valuable for business purposes. A lot which affords accommodations for a wharf may be more valuable than one which immediately adjoins it without any water facilities. So the property of the Spring Valley Company has an increased value in connection with the uses to which it is put. It consists of immense tracts of real estate upon which artificial lakes have been constructed, in which are stored waters collected upon the lands of the company. To say that these lands and artificial lakes have not a value commensurate with the enterprise displayed in their purchase and construction, their adaptability to the end desired, the growth of the city and the future wants of the community, is to strike out all the elements which constitute value in any business community, and to do away with all business-like modes of computing values.

As to the cost of the Spring Valley Water Works, I have to say that it has been estimated by experts and competent book-keepers, and has been fixed at a sum far in excess of the amount upon which the company at present realizes an income.

Permit me to say a few words with reference to the resolutions recently introduced by Mr. Schottler. They contain a recital to the effect that the Spring Valley Water Works were offered to the Water Commissioners for \$11,800,000, and conclude with a resolution to the effect that the income of the company should be limited to seven per cent. upon this valuation.

As to the assertion that "Spring Valley Water Works were offered to the Water Commissioners for \$11,800,000," I have to say that the lowest offer ever made or authorized by this company was \$13,500,000, and no lower valuation has ever been placed by the company on its works.

As to the income, Mr. Schottler doubtless lost view entirely of the operating expenses of the company, for an ordinance passed in accordance with his resolutions would give the company only seven per cent. on \$11,800,000, or an income of \$826,000 a year. This would not much more than suffice to pay the running expenses of the company and the interest on its indebtedness. But even were operating expenses to the extent of \$300,000 a year provided for in the ordinance that income would not be sufficient.

If the principle is to be adopted that this company is to be limited to an income on the cost of its works plus the running expenses, then I have to say that a fair rate of interest upon the cost of the works should not be less than nine per cent. Money is worth what it will bring in the market. The Spring Valley Company is at present paying upon a portion of its indebtedness nine per cent., upon another portion seven per cent., and upon another portion six per cent. The bonds which have been sold bearing six per cent. interest run for a period of twenty-five years from their sale, and were sold at a discount of twelve and one-half per cent. Scattering this over a period of twenty-five years, and bearing in mind the fact that it is paid in advance, makes the real interest on this portion of the indebtedness over seven per cent. per annum. The bondholders have the first mortgage upon the property. Their claims to the extent of \$4,000,000 are to be satisfied before the stockholders receive anything. They take, therefore, much less risk, and can afford to let their money at a less rate of interest than the stockholder. It would be the height of injustice to allow the stockholder, who stands all the risk of the enterprise, to receive only a rate of interest equal to that of the bondholder, and I claim that two per cent. advance is only a fair and reasonable allowance.

Let me add here that the agitation of this water question during the past four or five years is producing an injury to the community as well as to the company. The city is interested in the extension of the Spring Valley Water Works to meet its growing wants. In order to make the improvements that have been required, the company has been obliged to borrow money. It recently, with the view of taking up indebtedness about to become due, negotiated its bonds to the extent of \$4,000,000, upon which it was obliged to submit to a discount of twelve and one-half per cent. This was due entirely to the feeling of insecurity occasioned by the agitation of the water question. Capitalists were unwilling to loan their money to a corporation whose rates were at any time likely to be regulated to the point of confiscation. The bonds could not be negotiated in San Francisco at all, and were finally put upon the market in New York with the above result.

Agitation makes it difficult for the company to obtain money with which to meet the needed improvements. It increases rates of interest, and subjects the company to loss in

many ways. Such loss must eventually fall upon the consumer. For the cost of water to the consumer must increase just in proportion as the extension, improvement, and operation of the water works are made more expensive to the company. If matters were entirely settled between the community and this company, money could be procured for a much less rate of interest, and thus the rates to consumers be gradually diminished.

This agitation produces another injury to the company and to the community, and that is, that it forces the company into comparative inactivity with reference to needed improvements. For instance, the company has gone to great expense in constructing an immense artificial lake, called the "Crystal Springs Reservoir." It is now full, and contains 4,000,000,000 gallons of water. None of the water from this lake is at present used, for the reason that it is not connected with the city by a pipe-line. An expenditure of seven or eight hundred thousand dollars would conduct the water to this city, it would bring into employment a large number of men, and thus, for a comparatively trifling cost, amounting annually to between sixty and seventy thousand dollars, in the way of interest, the supply of the city would be almost doubled.

How can this company be expected to mortgage its property for an additional sum of seven or eight hundred thousand dollars, paying an interest thereon of six per cent. per annum, and submit even then to a discount in advance, which really raises the rate of interest to over seven per cent., when the interest on its investment is in danger of being so regulated that the company will receive less than it pays? What stimulus is there for enterprise, if the company is to receive only that rate of interest which it pays? The stockholders of private corporations do not conduct public works as public benefactors. Their object is to make money; and if they are deprived of profit, all stimulus to exertion falls to the ground.

In conclusion, permit me to say, that it is time that this agitation was ended. It is for the interest of both the company and the community that there should be peace. The company has been obliged, in years past, to oppose many oppressive bills in the Legislature, which looked to an undue regulation and the confiscation of its property. The company owns its lands and property by as absolute a title as can be held, and has been, and is determined to maintain and protect its rights of property as fully as any individual might do under similar circumstances. It is desirous, however, of meeting the community upon some just basis, and is glad of the opportunity now offered to correct, by a public investigation, many misapprehensions which exist in the public mind. All the company asks is a just valuation of its works, the allowance of a fair and reasonable rate of interest thereon—not less than eight or nine per cent.—its operating expenses, and a reasonable rate of interest on moneys expended in the future for construction. If the company is guaranteed just treatment, it will go on with improvements, which are necessary to the future growth of the city; and, as the company will be compelled to expend but a comparatively small sum of money within the next ten years for construction, the increase in the number of consumers, and a more equal apportionment of rates, as between the city and the consumers, will gradually bring about diminished rates to the rate-payer. Yours very respectfully,

CHARLES WEBB HOWARD,
Pres't S. V. W. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25, 1880.

Concerning "Sir George B. Green Bridges, Bart.," the distinguished English visitor who was for some weeks the social sensation of San Francisco, the *World* made inquiry a little while ago, being desirous of correcting its books of reference, which were as provokingly silent on the subject of this distinguished baronet as they are about a certain Lord Clifford of Lea, who recently married a Nebraska belle. Alarmed by the statistical suggestions of the *World*, the "society leaders" of San Francisco, it appears, have gone into the business themselves. They find that Sir George B. Green Bridges, Bart., is not a Sir, nor a Bart., nor a George B. Green Bridges, nor even an Englishman, but plain George Green, a music-teacher from Canada. The redeeming feature in the case is that this plebeian pianist did not assume a title, like Lord Clifford of Lea, to delude a credulous young woman, nor yet, like the Lord Gordon who took several hundred thousand dollars out of Jay Gould, to bamboozle a confiding railroad magnate, but merely to get better accommodations at a hotel. He had observed and pondered upon the deference shown by American hotel clerks and waiters to titled Britons, and so had been moved to perfect a plan as effectual as it was both simple and beautiful. But, oh, what ecstasies of rage must possess the mind of the splendid hotel clerk who for weeks past has been veiling his diamond breast-pin with his drooping chin when the Bart. condescended to nod to him, and who, with obsequious accents, has said, "Yes, Sir Jawge," and "No, Sir Jawge," whenever the great man addressed him, to learn that the occupant of the parlor suite was, after all, only a Canuck music-teacher!—*New York World*.

Why does the Kern County *Californian* think a journal, otherwise honest and independent, may not be both independent and unpurchased when it expresses opinions differing with it? The railroad questions as presented to the people of Kern County are necessarily somewhat different as interpreted by their application to San Francisco. Let us ask of our usually polite Kern County *Californian* whether the population and wealth of that county has not increased since the construction of the road; whether it is not now easier to reach, and whether freight and passage are not cheaper? Have not lands advanced in value? Have not the comforts of life increased and the cost diminished? Has not the taxable property of the railroad, and the increased taxable values it has created, contributed largely to the maintenance of its county government? Has the railroad ever cost the citizens of Kern any money? Has the county given it any subsidy? If these questions are answerable, as we suppose they are, may not we who live at the terminal point of this road be at least presumably honest when we think the road is a special and particular benefit to our city and not an evil to any part of the State? If the Kern County editor will change pulpits with us for one week we shall be pleased to sit under his teaching. Try it.

SOCIAL SACRAMENTO.

SACRAMENTO, February 22, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—You've seen those hangers-on of society's skirts; those smarties who stand on street corners, well dressed, with canes, and studs, and "all them things," who make dainty complimentary remarks about ladies passing, and that guffaw like their baboon ancestors; you've seen these kind of people, I suppose? Sacramento has a few of them. They're here to see that the legislators attend to their business properly. Well, I heard one of these missing-links remark the other day: "Say, Johnnie, the five fair female F's—his fling the festive foot to-night; I've got a bid to the feed, in the basement with the hackmen; want to go along?" Now, that mouthing fool had probably studied an hour and a half on the seven "F's," and imagined he had got off something very creditable. And do you suppose these "five fair" ladies can help their good names being banded about the street corners by such would-be gentlemen as these? Not if they had ten fathers and brothers apiece, as big as a house, could they help it! Free country, you know!—free speech, free press, free action, free fools!

The Misses Felter sent us their "R. S. V. P.'s"—and by the way, one sweet little miss, the blonded hair style, says to me: "What does 'R. S. V. P.' mean?" And she's a graduate of boarding-school, and papa is a banker. If we were not so mortally afraid of offending "Paul and Virgie" we'd tell you, for the benefit of some of these sweet graduated innocents, what "R. S. V. P." does mean. This party was a very pleasant affair. It happened last Thursday night, and they had decorated the house so prettily. Church & Jones discoursed their usual sweet strains of *Pinafore*. (Isn't it queer that people never—no, never—tire of that jingle-jangle? The miniature ship has been here this week, and people flocked to the theatre as if it were the newest thing under the sun!) We don't know which one of the gods it was that bestowed the rare good gift of entertaining upon this Felter family. They do entertain charmingly and perfectly. We think, however, this greedy god was insufferably unfair, and we feel like declaring a divvy with these favored Felters. For at no place in town do we enjoy more perfect evenings than there.

It was entirely a young folk's party—no married martyrs admitted. There were so many pretty faces, dimpling and laughing! We are sure no prettier class of girls exist than are to be found in Sacramento. We'd like to see you show us any one prettier than the Misses Susie —, Nellie —, Alice —, Annie —, Lucy —, Jennie —, Belle —, Florence —, and dozens of others there that night. And it's genuine beauty, too! The most prominent gentleman guest was Senator Baker. They tell us he is the brightest mind in the Senate. He ought to be. He has had every opportunity, has traveled abroad, and had all those advantages that go to make a man smart. I think we would all be illimitable idiots if we could not turn out something fair had we all the opportunity. Wilhelmj sets Sacramento by the ears this week, of which more anon. After which, I guess, Sacramento will be a little quiet, until, perhaps, the young gentleman New York bound returns, and bridal festivities follow.

BETSY AND I.

As far back as the writer of this paragraph—who is growing uncomfortably though picturesquely bald—can remember anything, he can remember Government expeditions and appropriations for the survey of a ship-canal route across some part of Central America. The whole country has had faith always in the practicability and eventual accomplishment of the scheme, but as it was not a faith that could remove mountains without pick, shovel, or blasting powder, nothing has come of it. It is entirely clear that nothing ever would have been likely to come of it if a famous French engineer and his backers, without so much as a preliminary flourish of trumpets, had not, in a business-like way, taken hold of the matter and gone to work without any assistance from any government. Then we began to howl them down; then we began to push—with our tongues—a rival scheme; then we drew forth from our scabbard that dull, rusty, and disreputable blade, "the Monroe doctrine," and brandished it bravely in the eyes of those who were seeking to do for us what we never had had the pluck to do for ourselves. The thing is disgraceful, and we stand in the sight of all civilized nations to-day in the attitude of yapping curs snatching at the heels of our benefactors. We have an army of twenty-five thousand men, a navy that will not float, and a bad cause. This journal had the honor to remark, the other day, that what we need is a good, wholesome licking. We are now inviting it, and will apparently get it.

Speaking of New York's renewed prosperity, as indicated by the advance in real estate values and rents, the *Tribune*, of that city, says:

"Among purchasers of houses are said to be a number of capitalists from California, who have concluded to transfer themselves and their possessions to a place where the Kearneys and Kallochs of the Pacific Coast can not apply their communistic experiments."

We have not a doubt that this is true; indeed, we know it is true. Capital is going out of this State like sand from a tilted dump-cart, and with every thousand dollars that leaves us goes some working man's hope of wages—some woman's and some child's hope of bread. It is a good game to play for those who like it, but it is the New York bystander who gets the stakes.

The remedy for all the uneasiness that arises from sand-lot and Kallochism rests with the daily press. If the *Alta*, *Call*, *Bulletin*, *Chronicle*, and *Post* would for thirty days pay no attention to the agitators, print none of their speeches, give publicity to none of their acts, the agitation would die of its own weight. It would be smothered in its own smoke, and expire for want of ventilation. It is not the three hundred and fifty loafers in procession that terrifies the people who see them—it is the extravagant exaggerations of a sensational press that alarms the people who do not see them.

Making light of the horseshoe—"A mule's head is not as light as his heels."—*Edison*.

WHAT THEY KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING.

Oh cursed love of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds:
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.—*Blair*.

There's a deal of goodness that the world never sees, as there's a deal of viciousness it never guesses.—*Ouida*.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

Death is the privilege of human nature, and life without it were not worth our taking.—*Rowe*.

Experience wounded is the school where man learns wisdom out of smart.—*Lord Brook*.

But human bodies are sic fools
For a' their colleges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them.—*Burns*.

How sad a sight is human happiness to those whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour!—*Young*.

Matrimony is the axis upon which the whole social economy revolves.—*Chateaubriand*.

Hope is such a bait—it covers any hook.—*Ben Jonson*.

Extreme love breeds satiety, as well as extreme hatred; and too violent rigor tempts chastity as much as too much license.—*Chapman*.

'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-creatures;
And all are to be sold if you consider
Their passions, and are dextrous.
Most are bought by ready cash—but all have prices,
From crowns to kicks—according to their vices!—*Byron*.

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.—*Havard*.

Half of the ills within our hearts are ills because we hoard them.—*Proctor*.

The horn of plenty is ever held fast in the hands of vice.—*Ouida*.

Some falls are means the happier to rise.—*Shakespeare*.

Life is arid and terrible; repose is a chimera; reason itself serves only to dry up the heart; there is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of self!—*Georges Sand*.

The highest grade of ecstasy is silence.—*Spielhagen*.

The effect of religion upon the world has been less to make men love their equals, than to excite the various sects to a hatred against one another.—*Countess Guiccioli*.

We never speak our deepest feelings,
Our holiest hopes have no revealings.—*Mrs. Hale*.

So things seem right, no matter what they are.—*Churchill*.

With fame in just proportions, envy grows,
The man that makes a character, makes foes.—*Young*.

SACRAMENTO, February 22, 1880. N. B. S.

"There's something about your daughter," said old Mr. Wanhop, who had called to ask her in marriage for his son, "there's something about your daughter—" "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is; I have noticed it myself. It comes every evening about eight o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about two. And some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the gate, and see what there is in it."

Obscure Intimations.

P. AND V.—The great case of "Paul and Virgie" vs. "Betsy and I" is closed. Prosecution and Defense will please unbend in a quadrangular kiss of peace, pending the decision.

M., San José.—Pardon, but a public journal is not the place for idle compliments to anybody's personal friends. For mere curiosity we should like to know, however, the name of the "distinguished visitor to our State" who said of this young lady: "The strength and originality of her mind and the polished beauty of her language, united to the charms of a bright, sweet face and a perfectly natural, graceful manner, place her favorably beside the celebrated Lady Blessington, the most brilliant conversationalist of her day." We do not question the correctness of the judgment.

CRITICS OF "AJAX."—You all reply: no one answers. If "Ajax" intended to disturb the mental equipoise of the "thinking classes" this office is as yet without evidence of his success. It was hardly worth his while to flutter the doves of sentiment or bait the bears of abuse.

PEDESTRIANS.—Strange that of so many names one could not have been signed to the manuscript.

N., Bodie.—We do not know which is "the best history of California." None, we think, are very good.

MISSUS DORPY.—He is unfortunately dead. Gone to meet "Towler, that's the dog died."

LOOKOUT.—You are not warranted in your conclusions by any facts within our knowledge. So far as we have been able to learn, Archbishop Alemany and all his clergy are on the side of good government and have counseled moderation. The result is that no good Catholic has taken a prominent part in this agitation.

L., Oakland.—If in our notice of the March *Californian* we were in error in attributing to Mr. James F. Bowman the authorship of the article "On with the Dance!" we are glad to be corrected. But if you know we were in error, you probably know who is the author. By mentioning his name you would have given your correction greater weight. The writer of our notice is not in the confidence of the magazine's editors, but thinks he discerned Mr. Bowman's ear-marks in the article. It is significant that the denial did not come from Mr. Bowman.

CXVIII.—Sunday, February 29.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup—Purée of White Beans.
Stewed Terrapin. Hominy.
Larded Sweetbreads, with Green Peas.
Roast Beef. Baked Mashed Potatoes.
Vegetable Salad.
Italian Cream. Wine Jelly.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Oranges, and Bananas.

TO MAKE A PURÉE OF WHITE BEANS.—Wash a quart of beans, and put them in a stew-pot, with half a pound of salt pork (previously washed, and soaked for an hour), a bunch of parsley, an onion with its roots in it, two leeks, a head of celery, two quarts of water, and a quart of milk. Skim, add salt, pepper, and two ounces of butter; cook for three hours; remove the pork and vegetables, press the beans and milk back into the stew-pot; if too thick, add more milk; if too long, skim again, finish with a little sugar, two small square fried croutons.

ERLKING.

From the German of Goethe.

Who rides so late through the forest wild?
It is the father with his child;
He has the boy well in his arm,
He holds him tight, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why hidest thy face in fear?"
"Seest Erlking not, O father dear?"
"Erlking, my father, with crown and crook?"
"My son, 'tis the mist hanging over the brook."

"Thou lovely child, oh! come with me!
I've many a plaything in store for thee;
My mother has beautiful garments of gold,
By the river grow flowers manifold."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What Erlking whispers in my ear?"
"Be still, keep quiet, dear child of mine;
The whispering winds through the forest whine."

"Wilt thou, little one, go with me?
My beautiful daughters shall wait on thee.
They lead the dance in the forest deep,
And kiss you and sing you and rock you to sleep."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not
His daughters there in the dusky spot?"
"My son, my son, thy mind's astray:
The ancient willows look so gray."

"I love thee, thy beauty has captured my heart,
And force I will use, if unwilling thou art."
"Help, father, dear father, he tears me away!
Erlking has hurt me—oh! save me, I pray!"

And fear strikes the father; he travels fast;
In his arms the boy is breathing his last;
He reaches the house in trouble and dread;
In his arms his child was cold and dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1880.

Y. E. S. G.

A COUNTRY BOY.

I must have been about ten years old when I made the acquaintance of Mr. Cicero Scoots, principal of the Mount Joy Academy, and the thorn of my boyhood. Of his personal appearance I have but a dim recollection, although, if the numerous monochromatic portraits of him we were in the habit of executing upon our slates could be relied upon as correct, he was indeed a remarkable man, being invariably represented without joints in either his legs or arms, and as the proprietor of a mouth which would have been an ornament to a threshing-machine.

These peculiarities, with the addition of a pair of spectacles and the explanatory inscription, "This is ole Scoots," completed a striking and easily recognizable portrait. Up to this time I had never shown any symptoms of the artistic tendency, and astonished myself by producing a portrait which far surpassed any previous efforts in that direction by simply adding a luxuriant tail to an otherwise orthodox portrait. This evidence of latent genius fell under the quick eye of Mr. Scoots, whose admiration of my artistic effort was so enthusiastic that I sat down with considerable difficulty after receiving his congratulations. My naturally desperate resolution upon this unfortunate termination to my career as an artist was to run away and turn pirate, but after talking the project over with my chum—who rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Coppery Joe"—I reluctantly abandoned the idea in consequence of his refusal to join me, and his threats to "tell on me" if I persisted.

Joe was a good-hearted little fellow, a few months younger than myself, and remarkable for nothing except his good-nature and his nick-name—this latter being acquired by the morbid tendency of "his folks" to flavor their food with strong charges of garlic; in consequence of which Joe always seemed to me to be surrounded by an odoriferous blue cloud. This peculiarity was in some respects a benefit to him, as he could leave his dinner-basket in the most exposed situations without danger of an attack upon it—an immunity possessed by no other boy in the school.

In spite of Joe's little weakness in this respect I was strongly attached to him, and we were associated in several important enterprises. The most important of these was a circus, which held matinees every Saturday in a vacant barn back of his father's home. The private entrance to this place of amusement was over a high board-fence and through a hen-coop. Admission, ten pence. Being rent free, and the performers not very clamorous on the salary question, this enterprise had a long and successful career, although the actors usually outnumbered the spectators. But a brilliant idea of mine finally terminated the existence of the association. This project was to tie my wrists to a rope which we had stretched across the barn, some six feet from the floor, and then to swing around after the style of a gigantic pin-wheel. Something of the sort I had seen at an actual circus, and the thing seemed so easy that I determined to practice it in private, and then astonish the neighborhood by my proficiency. To my surprise, after I had cast myself off the meal-bags upon which I had climbed to tie my wrists to the rope, I sagged heavily, and found the nearest approach I could make to the desired act was a series of painful squirms, which I finally varied by kicking up my heels and howling like a young panther, until Joe's father cut me down, kindly remarking that he wouldn't whip me that time, but that the circus would have to stop.

Joe met me at the end of the lane, and sympathizingly heard the story of my disaster, in which I carefully explained that I had at the very least broken my back-bone in two places, as I could plainly hear the bones grate when I walked. This appalling diagnosis staggered Joe for a few seconds, but, remembering he still had a surplus fish-ball from his lunch, he offered me the odoriferous bolus as being likely to assist in healing the fracture. This unusual prescription must have worked an almost immediate cure, as I was so far recovered as to be able to go for the cows with Joe, a few minutes after having assimilated the compound. Like all powerful drugs, however, it left some disagreeable traces, as I was convinced at supper by my mother saying, after a preliminary sniff, "John, you will have to take up your room again," from which I inferred the "scent of the fish-bone" round me still.

The cows took their meals in what we called "the far about half a mile from the farmhouse, and when we

had decided to bob for eels or go sucker-spearing we could make the trip in less than half an hour, but usually it took us about two hours, as, after attending to our musk-rat traps and stoning such frogs as seemed to be in need of our attentions, we took turns in riding "Skagaractacus" home. "Skag" was a young lady cow, of that particular pattern known to us boys as a sharp cow—anatomically, not mentally—being constructed upon the sun-fish principle as to her back-bone, and otherwise apparently modeled after a hat-rack. These disadvantages were balanced, however, by the numerous knobs and projections her scraggy frame offered as holding-on places. "Skag" was quite a fast trotter for a cow, and after having her tail thoroughly twisted a few times, would start off at a four-minute gait of the most complicated description. Unfortunately these bursts of speed rarely extended over a hundred yards, at the end of which she usually ran into a convenient bank, or rubbed us off against the fence; after which she invariably ran away, and we "tossed up" to see who would go back after the other cows, or doctored Joe's sore toe until they came up.

When the long winter closed in upon us, though, country life was quite another thing; and I remember that part of my boyhood as a very disagreeable experience—that is, after I was promoted to the responsible position of first chambermaid of the cow-stables. The light and gentlemanly duties of this situation vexed my spirit sore, and Saturday always brought with it visions of such relief as I imagined a pirate's life might bring. This piratical inclination must have been a natural impulse, as at that time my library was limited to Jayne's *Almanac*, and a fragment (I think about seven-eighths) of the *Three Spaniards*. To the best of my recollection, neither of these works was especially devoted to piracy as a profession. But Sunday always brought with it a partial rest, with the more soothing balm of a chicken dinner, as our minister made a point of calling on that day, and this sacrifice was offered in his honor.

But whatever relief the seventh day brought was in a great measure neutralized by the hardships of the following Monday, that being composition day, and one of suffering. Naturally, the boy who could invent any means of escaping from the infliction was regarded as a public benefactor, but old Scoots was thoroughly "up" in all such pieces of strategy, and such transparent excuses as being without paper, etc., only brought swift punishment upon the unfortunate who offered them. Then, too, in addition to the regular flagellation, he would add the terrible penalty of making the culprit write a composition upon the spot—which was something like being required to lift ourselves by our bootstraps.

Joe, through unusual good fortune, had escaped for the first three Mondays of the regular school term, and was valiant enough upon the fourth Monday to claim immunity upon the ground of the total destruction of his entire literary "outfit," through some terrible domestic convulsion. Up to this time no boy had ever been found brave enough to lose more than his paper or his pen, but to lose paper, pen, and ink, and to be completely vacuous as to a subject, was something new, and for a moment we hoped the situation was too much for Mr. Scoots. Joe stood uneasily on one foot, apparently bracing himself by holding on to the solitary suspender which supported his baggy pants, and then, after a sickly smile at me, broke into the customary hansee-like howl we were in the habit of indulging in when upon the verge of a "licking." Whether Mr. Scoots was in an unusually good humor, or the preliminary howls of my chum had decided him not to inflict the extreme penalty of the law, I cannot say. He simply said: "Very well, Master Peiser; you will stay in school until you have written something." Joe meekly answered, "Yeth, thir," and climbed on the high stool in the corner where we usually writhed during such enforced literary efforts. This was just after dinner, or about one o'clock, and he did not finish that composition until half-past four, when school was dismissed.

I think I see him yet, perched on the high stool, composing that essay. If appearances could be trusted, he might have been writing the history of England—when Scoots looked at him—from the scratching he made; but as he did not put his pen in the ink the result was not very startling, and when the old gentleman was not looking Joe had about all he could attend to in dodging spit-balls. His red head seemed to grow more lurid as the long afternoon dragged out its weary length, and even the spit-ball battery ceased firing, from sheer exhaustion. Scoots, too, was evidently becoming impatient, as at rapidly lessening intervals he would galvanize Joe into activity by calling out, "Peiser, haven't you completed that essay yet?"

"Be through in a minute, thir," Joe would promptly answer, and then his inkless pen would almost paralyze us by the rapidity and ease with which it noted down what was apparently the great literary effort of Joe's life.

At last, after he had been in the agonies of composition for over three hours, Mr. Scoots said: "Peiser, just sign your name to that composition, and read it aloud. It certainly ought to be a credit to this academy from the time you have devoted to it."

"All right, thir," promptly answered Joe, scratching down something which looked like the tracks of a pigeon-toed caterpillar.

"Are you ready?" said Mr. Scoots.

"Yeth, thir."

"Very well, then; stand on the platform, and read your essay aloud."

Joe left his stool, mounted the platform, made a kind of scrape with one foot, and jerked his head after the style of a goat about to engage in battle. Then in a perfectly clear voice he said: "Chickenth ith ittle henth," and then stopped short.

"Go on, sir," said Mr. Scoots, sharply.

Joe cleared his throat and repeated:

"Chickenth ith ittle henth."

"Why don't you proceed, sir," said Mr. Scoots.

"Thath all, thir," answered Joe, "cept my name, Joe Peither."

"Have you been three hours collecting this valuable piece of information?" asked Mr. Scoots, gravely.

Joe, elated over his success as an essayist, beamed on Mr. Scoots, and promptly answered, "Yeth, thir."

At which Mr. Scoots groaned, and then said, "School is dismissed."

SANFORD BENNETT.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1880.

THE OPPOSING SEX.

A discussion has sprung up in regard to the best methods for constructing ladies' riding habits, which seems likely to end in the usual fashion, in the discovery that the fair sex will do pretty much as they please, just as in other matters.

At a leap-year ball in Washington some of the gentlemen wore lace ruffles, and were too sweet for anything. Others, we grieve to say, did not seem to fully understand that the "ladylike" conduct required of them is not the same thing as "ungentlemanly" conduct.

In the cloak-room of a handsome mansion, on the occasion of a party given in honor of a bride, the husband was discovered with his feet on the fender, and in a state of brown study. He had married late in life, and was much older than his wife. When asked if he was "having a good time," he laconically replied, lifting his lack-lustre eyes to the inquirer's face: "Depends upon what you call a good time."

Queen Isabella has given Mrs. Mackay a fan of pearl and lace, regardless of the fact that there are hundreds of pretty American girls who have not half so many fans as Mrs. Mackay.

A Zulu princess named Amazulu has arrived in London, attended by three South African ladies and four men. She wears a kind of coronet, said to be of gold, as a head-dress, and a bodice even lower than the prevailing fashion in English circles authorizes. She has been mobbed in the streets by a ruffianly crowd, whose main object appeared to be to gratify their curiosity, and here this indignity with great composure, thinking it an "ovation."

A beautiful blonde is trying to bring "in" sapphire earrings by having the large single stones set like solitaire diamonds. The heavenly blue is most becoming to her golden hair and fair skin. Besides, it matches her favorite stockings.

There was a young damsel, oh, bless her!
It cost very little to dress her;
She was sweet as a rose
In her every-day clothes,
But she had no young man to caress her.

He who doth not smoke (wrote the late Lord Lytton) hath either known no great griefs or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. "What, softer than woman?" whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privileges to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman scolds and snubs us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that; Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if you give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles these, O Jupiter! try the weed.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* asserts that it is favoritism that makes it difficult for a sewing-girl who earns her living by piece-work to get along, and says that the girls who make presents to the forewoman obtain all the good work. Yet Jones informs us that he used to make presents to a forewoman, but never got any sewing to do.

A bride may wear a very plainly made dress at her wedding, but she wants to have it puffed in the papers.

Somehow, the ladies don't seem to grasp the leap-year as they should. They ought to fly around and spend their time and money on the boys, who have to do that sort of thing three years on the stretch. Leap year was designed expressly to give the boys a financial rest, as it were, and they need it, too.

A young woman of DeLand, Ga., was walking through the woods near her father's house, the other day. She held a copy of Longfellow's poems between her clasped hands, and was in a meditating mood. Suddenly a squirrel ran up a tree in front of her. Longfellow went up after the little animal like a bolt, and down dropped he.

It is said that the thirsty souls who attend the dinners of Mrs. Hayes in Washington welcome the Roman punch by the name of "the life-boat."

Queen pink of the feminine pinks in there,
Come out in the garden to me
In the velvet basque silk-lined you wear,
Queen pink and tulip you be;
Bob out little face running over with hair,
And let the hollyhocks see.

A distressing incident recently occurred in London, upon one of the skating ponds of that metropolis. A lady who was renowned for her charming figure, her elegance of dress, and her skill upon skates, was performing, in a Canadian dress, the most graceful feats at her command, when she suddenly stumbled and fell. Before assistance arrived, however, she regained her feet, but unfortunately the point of her skate had torn her stocking, though of the fact she was unaware. As she sped along again, however, a ripple of laughter ran in her wake, for her course was marked by a steady stream of sawdust from the shapely limb to which the wounded stocking belonged.

Maggie Mitchell writes to a Western paper: "I see by your paper, and others in Peoria, that my age is being discussed quite freely. I am in no way ashamed of my age—it is forty-four years." If Maggie don't care how old she is, we certainly do not.

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stebbins, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

She was really charming, and seemed greatly to enjoy the quail on toast, until her pearly teeth struck a couple of snot; then her countenance changed, and she said: "It's too mean to leave those nasty shot in the birds." "Why," said he, "they are good for digestion." "Yes, that may be, but I don't want to die just that way." And the pun withered the budding charm.

A Higham woman had all her teeth extracted a few weeks ago, preparatory to an artificial set. Since then, a new set commenced growing, and a part are already through. The reader must apply his (or her) moral.

THE GRAVE.

During my walks in a strange place, while in search of new sights as well as exercise, I have frequently passed a grave-yard—the old-fashioned term describes it exactly. There is a difference between this and the city cemetery, with its imposing entrances, its long roads, and when you have reached the abode of the dead, its dazzling monuments and heaven-aspiring shafts, all surrounded by that profusion of the rarest flowers that makes it seem more like a gorgeous, blooming garden of the living than the silent city of the dead.

There is a difference between that and the country grave-yard, enclosed, as this one was, by a rough fence; the entrance a little gate, peculiarly constructed in order to keep out the cows, that wandered all around, with their clanging bells sounding now near and now far away. Inside the gate the rows of neglected graves were not pleasant to look upon, for, instead of being covered with grass, and disguised with starry daisies and lovely pansy faces, until one might almost forget they were graves, they were bare and brown, with sometimes two rough boards to mark head and foot. No monuments were there, except the stately pines that lifted their heads toward heaven, whispering, "The dead sleep here alone." There were no eulogies to tire the eye and disgust the heart. For aught the stranger might know, one tiny grave I noticed might have had for its neighbor the bones of a murderer. Some innocent girl, who went so soon and so unwillingly from out her happy world, might be lying next the woman who waited long for the death she desired to snatch her from her miseries. And over all the pine trees waved and the birds sang, while all around the everlasting hills kept watch, and in the distance the blue mountains, with their white tops, stood like sentinels.

It is a dreary place, and it is not strange that the country people hasten by when compelled to pass it at night. I was passing one evening at dark, and in spite of the old stories that came to my mind, of ghosts and ghouls appearing at such a place and hour, I stopped to look over the fence, and while thinking how weird and strange the place looked in the half moonlight, half twilight, that struggled through its dark trees, I was startled by the opening of the little gate near me, and saw three young girls entering the dismal enclosure. As I watched them, wondering what had given them courage to venture there at such an hour, I noticed for the first time that they carried in their arms rough wreaths, made of such evergreens and hardy flowers as grew around. They stopped beside a grave near the fence, and, unobserved, I saw them carefully arrange their offerings upon the grave, which, from its size, I judged to be of a person near their own age.

"Some companion or school-mate," thought I, "whose young friends remember her, and show their love by these rude decorations." And as they again passed out of the gate and walked away, talking in subdued voices, I fell to wondering and conjecturing about the quiet sleeper who was not disturbed by the flowers upon her breast. Was she a careless, happy girl, snatched away from her pleasures before she had begun to tire of them?—one who went sadly looking back toward the earth she loved, thinking more of the joys left behind than of those beyond? But how far away are her joys of earth now! how stilled are all her heart-beats of pain or pleasure!

But perhaps—and by this time the moon had driven away the last faint light of day, and was shining alone—perhaps she went gladly; perhaps the heart, which is the life, was tired, was broken, was dead; for in spite of the great poet's saying, that "men have died and worms have eaten them—but not for love," there are broken hearts, and for what else do they break except for love? It is well written *men* have died; the gifted reader of hearts says nothing of women; he knew better.

As I had wandered thus far from the grave, in my thoughts, I went still further, and recalled that beautiful sketch of "The Broken Heart," and though I never cried over it, as a certain weak-minded poet is said to have done, I have often read it, and always believed it. And as I walked away from the place of graves, and looked back to see the now bright moon lighting up the grand old pines, and sending its rays over the desolate graves, I thought: "Are our hearts sad or gay when they cease to beat?"

"Every plan that hath been crossed,
And every hope that hath been lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled."

If that be true, what a joyful awakening some souls will have.

JACKSON, January 27, 1880.

The Baffled Suicide.

Gentlemen about to commit suicide should acquaint themselves with the history of Mr. Phillips, of Centreville, Wis., and resolve to respect the feelings and rights of other people.

Mr. Phillips was a young man of a very gentle and inoffensive disposition, who always manifested the most delicate consideration for the feelings of others. Some time ago he became warmly attached to a young lady, who failed to return his affection. Not only was she passively obdurate, but she was aggressively unkind. She openly said that Mr. Phillips was "weakerndishwater," and that she could not stand a man who had no sort of spirit about him. Moreover, she denied that he had sufficient ability to earn a living, and as she was an eminently practical young person, she said that no woman with any common sense could think of marrying so valueless a young man. These remarks, together with much other language of a cold, practical, and painful nature, were daily reported by officious friends to Mr. Phillips, who thereupon felt that he was a blighted being, and resolved to die.

It seemed to him, after mature consideration, that to blow out his brains in his bedroom, leaving a reproachful note for the young lady, would be the correct thing for him to do. Accordingly, he bought a pistol, and one evening, after solemnly saying good-bye to his fellow-boarders, went up stairs to write his farewell note. Mrs. Brown, the landlady, noticed his demeanor, and suspected that he intended to commit suicide. She went to his room, and, under pretense of

ascertaining if his pillow-case had been changed, led the conversation to the subject of a landlady's feelings and the respect which was due to them. She spoke of a rude and heartless man who had once shot himself in one of her rooms, during her former residence in Chicago. "He spoiled," said the indignant woman, "a whole set of bedding and stained the carpet with blood, so that it was good for nothing. It cost me fifty dollars to repair damages, and I've always said ever since that no boarder as is a gentleman will dream of killing himself in his room and doing damage which he is too mean to pay for." These remarks sank deep into Mr. Phillips's heart, and he felt grateful to Mrs. Brown for having saved him from the commission of an ungentlemanly act.

He next resolved to buy a bottle of poison and to take it in the young lady's parlor, and in her presence. There would be no blood spilled over the furniture, and the young lady could not fail to be touched by the sight of her dying lover. Congratulating himself on having hit on a brilliant idea, he hastened to the druggist's, bought his poison, and called on the young lady. In her presence he made a moving farewell address, and then, drinking a large dose of poison, sat down on the sofa and prepared to die. But it so happened that the young lady's father was a physician, and that she knew the proper antidote for the poison. She ran to her father's medicine case, procured the antidote, and requested Mr. Phillips to take it. "I am sure," she remarked, "that you have acted hastily. You must see that to come and die all over my carpet, and perhaps break the furniture with your rude convulsions, is inconsiderate and ungentlemanly. If you wish to die, I have no objections, but you shall not die here. Drink this antidote, and then go to some bar-room and take the rest of your poison an hour later. No one can object to your killing yourself in a public place, but I am not going to have people dying in my parlor, if I know myself."

Overwhelmed with remorse for his thoughtless want of consideration for the young lady's feelings, Mr. Phillips swallowed the antidote and promised to follow her advice. He walked about the streets for nearly two hours, and then entered the "Sherman saloon" and called for a glass of whisky. He emptied his poison into the whisky and swallowed it, when, to his great surprise, he was seized by the bar-keeper, who wished to know what he meant by coming into a saloon, among a lot of high-toned gentlemen, and insulting them by dying. "We don't allow none of that here," pursued the bar-keeper, "and I'm going to pump you out first and put a head on you afterward." The nearest doctor was sent for, and the stomach-pump was applied with much success, to the great interest of the spectators who crowded the saloon. In consideration of the fact that an impulse had been given to the liquor business by the attractive spectacle of the pumping-out of Mr. Phillips, the bar-keeper refrained from presenting him with a gratuitous and superfluous head, and after abusing him with great wealth of language for his ungentlemanly conduct, turned him into the street.

It was in consequence of these repeated failures that Mr. Phillips came to the conclusion that suicide is ordinarily an ungentlemanly act. No matter whether he should shoot, bang, or poison himself, he would in any event inflict upon other people the burden of disposing of his corpse. He finally made up his mind that to jump overboard at night from an ocean steamer is the only way in which a person with the instincts of a gentleman can kill himself, and he thereupon left Centreville for New York, with the intention of embarking on a Liverpool steamer, and surreptitiously disembarking when about a thousand miles from land.

This narrative, which is true in all its leading features, ought to do a great deal of good. The thoughtlessness, to give it no worse name, of men who have committed suicide has made an immense amount of trouble. To die in another man's house, or to leave one's corpse for other people to take care of, is to take a most unwarrantable liberty, and the example of Mr. Phillips, who is about to drown himself in mid-ocean, should be affectionately commended to all persons who have resolved upon suicide.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Clergy's Reward—An Epistle.

"In all your gettings, get money." Now, therefore, when you go forth on your ministerial journey, go where there are silver and gold, and where each man will pay according to his measure. For verily I say, you must get your reward. Go you not forth as those that have been sent, "without two coats; without gold or silver or brass in their purses; without scrip for their journeys, or shoes, or staves;" but go you forth in the good things of this world. And when you shall hear of a church that is vacant, and has no one to preach therein, then be that a call to you, and be you mindful of the call, and take you charge of the flock thereof, and of the fleece thereof, even of the golden fleece.

And when you shall have fleeced your flock, and shall know of another call, and if the flock be greater, or rather if the fleece be greater, then greater be also to you the call. Then shall you leave your old flock, and of the new flock shall you take the charge.

Those that have "freely received" let them "freely give," and let not men have your words "without money nor without price," but bargain you for hundreds and bargain for thousands, even for thousands of silver and gold shall you bargain.

And over and above the price for which you have sold your service take you also gifts, and be you mindful to refuse none, saying "Lo, I have enough!" but receive gifts from them that go in chariots, and from them that feed flocks, and from them that earn their morsel by the sweat of their brow. Yes, take you gifts from all, and take them in gold and silver, and in bread, in wine and in oil, in raiment and in fine linen.

And the more that the people give you the more will they honor you; for they shall believe that "in giving to you they are giving to the Lord;" for behold their sight shall be taken from them, and they shall be blind as bats, and "shall know not what they do."

And you shall wax richer and richer, and grow greater and greater, and you shall be lifted up in your own sight, and exalted in the eyes of the multitude, and lucre shall be no longer filthy in your sight. And verily you shall have your reward.

Selected by J. C. P.

PORTLAND, Oregon, December, 1879.

MINOR FAVORITES.

My Rose.

Over my mantel hangs a rose—
Such a great red-hearted and dewy thing
That, though on the wild air drive the snows,
In my room dwells Summer with folded wing.

Some painter painted it in a dream
Of a haunted dill and a spicy night,
His pencil lit by the flying gleam
Of bloom and fragrance and all delight.
—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

Meeting at Midnight.

The gray sea and the long, black land,
And the yellow half-moon, large and low,
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach,
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane—the quick, sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match—
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.
—*Robert Browning.*

Then.

And when you are old and lonely,
In memory's magic shine
You will see on your thin and wasting hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine.
And when you muse at evening,
At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips,
And kindle your heart to flame.
—*John Hay.*

Plucking Daisies.

On the grass my little love soft lingers,
On the dewy grass,
Plucking daisies with her dimpled fingers,
Smiling as I pass.

Ah! I would I were a simple flower
In her fingers prest,
If but for one brief and bappy hour
Folded to her breast.

Or if from me to the world so mazy
Hies this maiden sweet,
I would still be but a simple daisy
Near her dainty feet.
—*Marie S. Ladd.*

Fate.

These withered hands are weak,
But they shall do my bidding, though so frail;
These lips are thin and white, but shall not fail
The appointed words to speak.

Thy sneer I can forgive,
Because I know the strength of destiny;
Until my task is done I can not die,
And then I would not live.
—*John A. Dorgan.*

Seeing Through Tears.

Ah me! look not too fair!
If love could be a story, ending
At our two graves, out in the dark somewhere;
If, dying, I could know myself descending
Forever from myself, no cry
For wings would smite the sky.

No high reproach and fond
That souls and angels were frail human fancies,
That nothing sweet or bitter, was beyond
The Bible saints and their divine romances;
Al! I could feel were this, I fear:
That dust to dust is dear.
—*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

Major and Minor.

A bird sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree;
He sang: "I pour out my soul in song
For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sang: "I pour
My soul on the solemn solitude
For the springs that return no more."
—*George William Curtis.*

A New Year's Greeting.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the sovereign will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer, as you can;
But if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
—*Thackeray.*

The Coming.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.
—*Wordsworth.*

To the Desponding.

Take this for granted, once for all—
There is neither chance nor fate,
And to sit and wait for the sky to fall,
Is to wait as the foolish wait.

The laurel longed for you must earn—
It is not of the things men lend;
And though the lesson be hard to learn,
The sooner the better my friend.

That another's head can have your crown
Is a judgment all untrue,
And to drag this man, or the other down,
Will not in the least raise you!
—*A. A.*

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

The Rev. Mr. Kallloch, by operation of causes both accidental and anomalous, has become the Mayor of San Francisco; hence it is that his utterances become significant, when they would otherwise be unworthy of serious attention. His speech of Saturday night challenges this remark. His assault upon individuals, provoked by personal grievances, his versatile and eloquent blackguardism, we will not stop to discuss, lest it should be presumed that we were not altogether indifferent to such an attack from such a source. With the personal character or individual life of Mr. Kallloch we have no concern; concerning his antecedents, good or bad, we make no inquiry. Whether he be sincere in his religious belief or pure in his private life we are not investigating. It is his official and political career alone that we will willingly be induced to consider.

California has a profound grievance in the presence among us of the Chinese, and in the existence of an international treaty that lies beyond the power of our people lawfully to redress. Chinese are among us by our consent and our invitation. When San Francisco was young and California was sparsely settled—when labor was dear and opportunities for profitable work seemingly inexhaustible—we gave a welcome to Chinese immigration. When California was admitted to the National Union the Chinese were a feature of our parade in celebration of the joyful event. An international treaty, subsequently entered into by the two great powers, granting the Chinese a domicile among us with all the privileges of the most favored European nations, received the popular ratification of our city, expressed in a grand civic banquet to the author of the treaty—a banquet presided over by the Governor of our State and countenanced by the presence of our representative men. No journal, no party, no class gave expression to any dissent. The progress of events in a short time demonstrated that we had made a mistake—that Chinese immigration was an embarrassment to our working people; and they, the first to feel the contact, were the first to express inquietude. The writer of this article was among the first to catch the echo of this complaint; among the first to consider the consequences of this invasion; among the first to proclaim his sympathy with white labor; among the first to devise legislative remedies, and the first to seek for legal redress in the courts; among the first to feel the strong pressure of public indignation against his then unpopular opinions; among the first and stoutest to resist the plea of wealth and incorporated organizations that Chinese were indispensable; among the few that visited Washington to make our complaints known; among the first to write and speak and think for peaceful remedy of what in time came to be regarded by all Californians, men of all classes, parties, and sects, and all white citizens, as a great national evil and a threatening national calamity. It had been a steady, peaceful, triumphal march of public opinion from a small beginning. The hasty expression of a burning thought had so challenged and arrested public attention that a remedy for Chinese immigration had become a national sentiment. In California we had secured the press, the pulpit, the forum; we had stirred to rivalry the two great parties. We had secured the passage of an anti-Chinese immigration law through the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, and more recently, as an expression of popular opinion, we had at the ballot-box cast an almost unanimous vote in favor of restraining the importation of Chinese.

During all this time we had maintained order, had kept up the demand for labor, had sustained its prices; our city was progressive and prosperous; real estate values were high, property was in demand, manufactures were increasing; the rates of interest on money had declined, money had be-

come abundant, was flowing to the country, was being expended in reclamation and irrigation of lands, in extending the area of cultivation. A railroad had been built, others were building; steam lines to China, India, and Australia were advancing our commerce and increasing our wealth. The great silver mines were pouring their treasures into our lap; railroad and bonanza kings were rivaling each other in the building of palaces; our population had swelled to three hundred thousand people. While all this was being accomplished, the tide of Chinese immigration had been turned backward, or had been at least arrested.

Then came an almost rainless winter, and with it there came a period of pressure upon a small fraction of our unemployed laborers; out of this came the sand-lot, and out of the sand-lot came Kallloch. An adventurous Irish drayman had the gift to agitate, and toward him gravitated all the discontented, jealous, reckless, unprincipled, and malicious idlers of the State. Demagogues in politics, men of desperate fortunes, men of dull intellects and slow comprehension, crystallized into a political power. The stupidity of Democrats, the cowardice of Republicans, the desire for change, the avarice and jealousy of a vicious press, the murderous hate of a deeply insulted man, the reckless attempt at assassination—all had resulted in the change of a State Constitution and in the election of an unprincipled political adventurer, of empty head and brazen cheek and long tongue, to the mayoralty of our city. He had never preached nor prayed to restrain Chinese immigration. He had raised no hand in favor of labor. He found a ready-made constituency of foreign and native-born discontented people, and, with shrewd bargaining, and the loss of accidental blood, he stumbled into the chair of our municipal magistracy, and is now endeavoring to poise himself upon the top of this combing, angry, anti-Chinese wave. He is endeavoring to so stir popular passion, and so keep alive the fires of this class prejudice, that his short official term may grow into a longer one.

If the Argonaut could be read by other than "snoos" we should counsel the followers of our reverend Mayor to ask themselves what they have accomplished and what they propose. We should ask them to contrast the prosperous era that preceded the sand-lot with that which followed it; to-day with three years ago; the Chinese question then, with reference to a speedy and peaceful settlement by the National Congress, with its condition of to-day. Then labor was abundant, now hard to get; then two dollars was the value of a day's work, now it is one; then property values were high, now they are depressed. Money is difficult to obtain because of want of confidence. New enterprises are arrested, and the blood courses slowly through the veins of our longest established industries. Laboring men were the first to feel this blow; to the mechanics and manufacturers it has been most injurious; to the middle class of traders it has been depressing.

It would be amusing, if it were not a serious trifling with the general welfare, to listen to the farcical suggestions of revolutionary uprising, and the mock sentiment of our incendiary chief magistrate, pretending that he is holding the throttle-valve of this explosive popular engine. We know of but one peaceful means to arrest Chinese immigration; there is none other, and the Mayor of San Francisco knows it full well, and that is through Congress, the law, and the courts. Any other attempted measure will be futile, any other effort will be vain; any further agitation will continue to distress our laboring poor, depress our industries, and arrest our progress. The holding out of the hope of any other relief is dishonest, unmanly, and contemptible. It is either subtle knavery or dense ignorance. If the Mayor is honest in his opinions concerning a possible uprising, and really means that our city shall not be disgraced by riotous proceedings, he is at least prudent. While we are not indifferent to the calamities likely to result from a collision of forces between authority and violence, we are not doubtful of the result, nor do we question the good that would arise from such a collision. We mean, of course, if it must come. But it will not come. We know this people to its very heart, and there is no riot element worth fearing in our city. God, with his bountiful rains giving promise of rich harvests, is beating the sand-lot. The sober second thought, recalling the past grand history of our city, will he felt when the excitement and passion of the hour have passed. Mayor Kallloch will, if ever again he comes before the electors for office, be measured not by his promises, but by his achievements. He is making history for himself and for the city, and out of the three hundred thousand people who compose its population, who own its property, and who are interested in its welfare, a majority of the thinking, earnest, honest ones will not forget the valuable services of those who have done duty in this Chinese controversy, and will not be carried away by the empty declaration of this bran-stuffed figure of reform that the sand-lot has set up for our worship.

Mr. Kallloch is a man of confessed ability; his birth, education, association, and profession make him the natural antagonist of the class with which he is now associating, and the natural friend and ally of the class he is antagonizing. His birth is American, his religion Protestant, his party Republican, his choice to associate with gentlemen, his instinct to uphold the law. Hence, we inquire, how is it that this

man has so placed himself at variance with every honest sentiment of his surroundings? The answer is embraced in one word—it is "Demagogism." Over his life hangs a dark shadow. He may have made an honest exertion to rehabilitate himself and restore himself to the position from which he may have accidentally fallen, or from which he may have been unkindly driven. He came to our coast an adventurer, at war with society. He found this agitation, he welcomed it as his opportunity; he embraced it as his only chance for political advancement. Dirty as were the waters, he plunged in. His was the cheap and showy talent that caught the gaping, open-mouthed crowd. He out-bid Kearney; he out-agitated the agitator; he out-blarneyed him with his own countrymen; he out-played him with his own shillalah in the contest of political single-stick. Kallloch gets office, and leaves the drayman in the cold. Kallloch hates the Catholic, despises the Irish, contemns the mob, and down in his boots laughs at the poor fools who are the victims of his political manœuvring, and on whose necks he has planted his foot as the first step to further advancement. Kallloch knows that he is playing with fire—making promises that he dares not endeavor to keep; knows that any violence is his destruction, any *émute* his ruin. He knows that all his suggestions of a conflict are dreams, the awaking from which would be to him and his followers a calamity. He knows that any overt act brings him first in conflict with the police, next the people, next the State authority, and lastly the power of the Federal Government; and that a victory over any one of these would be to him a barren and fruitless one. He knows that this new Constitution has been a boomerang to his party. He knows that it has so tied the hands of municipal and State legislation that no debts can be created, no employment in aid of working men can be legally furnished. He knows that it has driven sixty millions of wealth from the State; that it has arrested street improvements in San Francisco, by reason of which thousands of laborers are turned out of employment. He knows that the provision to prevent corporations from employing Chinese is unconstitutional, or if not, that it practically makes certain industries unprofitable, by means of which white men must be discharged.

There is in this city a great, intelligent labor class, a class owning in the aggregate a large property. It is anchored here by every tie of family and interest. It can not get away; it must live and toil and die here. This class is reflective and honest. It may be temporarily imposed upon by this reverend artful dodger; but it will begin to think, and when it does, all the flippant rhetoric, all the eloquent blackguardism, and all the ingenious sophistries of this political mountebank and prestidigitator will be canvassed and considered. These thoughtful men and their wives and their grown-up children will take counsel together, and ask themselves: What advantage has all this party business been to us? what good are we reaping from this new Constitution? what benefit from this much promising Mayor? They will contrast the olden and the better time with this. They will ask whether the peaceful and legal solution of the labor problem is not better than violence, bloodshed, arson, riot, and a great future municipal debt to burden them and their children. They will consider whether the law does not promise a more speedy and peaceful solution of the Chinese problem than to declare as a nuisance a territory which embraces the Catholic Cathedral and Portsmouth Square; and it is not improbable that this intelligent, property-holding, and law-abiding element may hold in grateful contrast the unselfish efforts of old friends with the questionable practices of this ambitious political demagogue who is but a late comer among us.

The selection of Cincionati is a significant triumph over Tilden, in favor of Thurman. Mr. Thurman would be a strong Democratic candidate, and, in event of Grant's nomination, will give the General and his Republican party friends a very warm contest.

We are not at all apprehensive of trouble in San Francisco. We are mortified beyond expression that half a thousand tramping idiots should have been able to alarm our citizens. We are impatient at the existence of so serious a condition of things in the presence of so simple, speedy, and efficacious a remedy as exists. If Messrs. Fitch, MacCrellish, Pickering, De Young, and Colonel Jackson will abstain from printing any speeches, or the account of any incendiary utterances, the speeches and utterances will not be made. Leave the sand-lot to the police to watch, call off the reporters, and the whole agitation will end in thirty days and never again be heard of.

The New York Republican Convention has, by a vote of 217 to 180, expressed its preference for the candidacy of General Grant, Senator Conkling occupying a seat in the Convention, and leading his forces. Of this Convention, more than two-thirds of the Grant delegates were the direct result of official manipulation—the machine. The unthoughtful sentiment of the non-office-seeking element was overwhelmingly for Blaine. We are still of the opinion that General Grant will not be nominated at Chicago.

AFTERMATH.

Colonel Bee, in his open letter to Doctor Meares of the Health Office, makes it appear—till answered—that the Doctor is not altogether consistent, trustworthy, sensible, or honest; that he has misrepresented the condition of the Chinese quarter; that a law of his own, giving him absolute power to remedy the evils of which he complains, has remained unenforced; that he has removed Mr. Coe, an American deputy, to give the place to a relative of the alien Wellock, under pressure of the preacher Kalloch. And, by the way, this is a good time to remark that Kearney seems clean-handed so far as concerns asking for office or pitchforking his relatives into official positions. The Colonel also charges that Doctor Meares and his colleagues ended up their official labors at a Chinese restaurant, where they partook of Chinese delicacies prepared by leprous fingers, smoked Chinese cigars, and had a good time as guests of these moon-eyed barbarians, listening, doubtless, to the fiddle and the tom-tom, touched by the delicate fingers of the almond-eyed Asian maid. It won't do, gentlemen of the Health Board: anti-Chinese demagogues should be made of sterner stuff.

We commend to Senator Traylor and his associates in the Senate a very careful analysis of Mr. McClure's proposed charter. It looks to us very much as though some of the best of the Horace Hawes limitations of power and checks upon expenditure had been carefully eliminated from the proposed law. The community will look to Senators Baker, Hittell, Neumann, Dickinson, and other lawyers of good standing, that no accidents happen to this charter. They do not need to be reminded that Mr. McClure is more of a politician than a lawyer. Let the Republican majority in the Legislature remember that they are responsible for this and all other measures of a political character, and that the best policy of the party—we borrow the language of Brother Pickering—is that which is for the best interest of the people.

During the last week we have received from Mr. J. C. Duncan a very pathetic letter, saying that he had been placed in a cell seven-by-ten feet, with six other persons, and that he could neither sleep nor eat by reason of foul air and foul smells. The writer called on Sheriff Desmond with reference to this condition of things; the Sheriff treated him with great frankness, and admitted that it was true as stated by Mr. Duncan, but averred that it was not the Sheriff's fault; that Mr. Duncan was treated as were others in similar condition; that the jail was overcrowded. We are not in sympathy with the association of depositors who demand the punishment of Duncan before he is convicted of crime; our law presumes innocence till the accused is found guilty. But whether Mr. Duncan be innocent or guilty, it is inhuman and cruel that seven men should be thus incarcerated. Duncan's bail is excessive; it ought to be reduced, and would be if courts did not stand in awe of the sand-lot. Duncan has had two trials, juries disagreeing. It demands something of moral and physical bravery to-day to be just and humane in San Francisco.

"No"? Why not, an 't please you?
The sooner the better, I say.
Let it come, if it must, to-morrow;
Let it come, if it will, to-day.

"Out-vote us, and can out-fight us?"
Who uttered the cowardly lie?
We have man for man, and you know it,
And who is afraid to die?

Are you? Is your brother? Who is, then?
Who is a debtor to death—
That frees the world of his presence,
And purges the air of his breath.

For the bitter disgrace of dying
With back to the charging foe
Is better than living the craven life
Of the coward whom all men know.

But you are no coward; why start then
At the menace which lights the night
Like a tinge of fire on the edge of a cloud,
And means "surrender or fight"?

"Surrender!" "To hell" with surrender—
Fling back to them words they know,
And answer each alien's menace
With the logic that follows the blow.

The newly appointed Turnkey of the State Prison has stabbed himself. Delirium, they say, but we think not; he probably had not the heart to contemplate himself in the act of turning his keys upon mere felons while the sand-lot gang roam unmolested by the law. We should feel that way about it ourselves; and if respect for official tradition did not permit us to resign, should either commit suicide or pay some broken-hearted lover or disappointed candidate to commit it in our stead.

"To dare, and again to dare, and always to dare!" cried brawny Danton. To blow, and again to brag, and always to bluster, is the motto of pigmy Denis. And all the faithful flock to the standard of this red-faced witling—and we stand by and let them offend our nostrils as they will. "This sea-green incorruptible!" said Carlyle of Robespierre. "This red-mouthed mutton-head!" say we of Kearney. But the French craven, who hid in the cellars while the mob swept Paris like a whirlwind, helped drag half the intellect of France to the guillotine before his own head lay in the waste-

basket. And the Irish-American coward, who has been flung from platforms, cowed in the streets, kicked in the ante-chambers, snubbed from the rostrum, no end, is in a fair way to push his reckless following to the worst excesses to which ignorance and malice and organized lust for power can make men go. Perhaps, when the reckless, blinded fools before whom Kearney raves and to whom Kalloch preaches, shall have actually carried into execution some of the threats which their leaders have taught them to utter, we shall seek out this rat Kearney from some one of his myriad hiding-places and spit him like a pinned roach to the nearest wall—as we ought to have done eighteen months ago.

He was a disciple of Kearney,
His raiment was sad to behold;
He was fresh from the Land of Blarney,
And new to the Land of Gold.

He had a most famished expression,
With never a hat to his head,
When a "workmen's" procession
Came by, demanding bread.

They carried a banner emblazoned—
On each side a threat and a prayer;
The wrongs that the rich had occasioned
Were freely recorded there.

This statesman had never been troublin'
His head with readin' and such;
Thy University, Dublin,
Had never instructed him much.

He picked up and flung then a drown-ded
Cat in their faces, hurrahin':
"Down wid aristocrats! Down wid
Their purple and linen toine!"

The following society personals are out of the *Call*: Mr. Swivelneck Hellyeller, the eminent statesman, will go East as soon as he gets ready. Mr. John Smith is out of town. Mr. John Smith is in town. There was a party last week on Slinker Street. Vere ish dot barty now? Captain Slosbucker, U. S. A., is at the Haasch House. Miss Sweetie Gumchu is quite a belle at Jackous Gappe, and sets all hearts ablaze. The Rev. Doctor Whackbible sailed yesterday for Fresno County. Mr. Cribcrac Fakewipe is still confined to his room. Cards of invitation are out for a hanging in San Luis Smith. The hero of the occasion is to be selected by ballot. A sad accident befel Mr. Jared Ginswiler's liver-and-white slut last week. It was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. The untimely death of Mrs. Jemima Bladeface was an elegantly appointed affair. Dancing was indulged in. On Wednesday last the funereal obsequies of Joel James Grypes, Jr., came off at Laurel Hill. Great credit is due to the undertaker. The coffin was real wood. Lenten gayeties don't eventuate much.

Upon the authority of the Chinese Consulate, it is stated that there were only twenty-two thousand five hundred Chinamen in the City and County of San Francisco, embracing fishermen and vegetable gardeners, at the time of the last enumeration. That since then two thousand have left. From the same source we learn that many Chinese are going East, and more are returning to China than are coming. The Chinese problem is in process of speedy and peaceful solution; all that is demanded is patience.

So long as General Grant's candidacy seemed to rest with the people we used our best exertion to mould public opinion against him. Now that it has got out of the domain of public opinion, and got within the manipulation of machine politics, we feel ourselves powerless to influence a result. If Don Cameron, Roscoe Conkling, Senator Logan, and the class they represent, desire the nomination of General Grant, they can secure it. His election rests with the people.

About the cheekiest suggestion comes from the Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company. Its road is as yet some fifteen hundred miles from San Francisco. It telegraphs our Chamber of Commerce that if our city will give it a donation of land for terminal facilities and right of way, it "will consider whether the road will come here or not." This proposition exceeds, for its glacial coolness, any we have ever had presented to us. We advise our Chamber of Commerce to let the road terminate at Milpitas, or San Andreas, or Downieville, or some other of our great commercial rivals.

Forty-odd thousand Russ nobles and peasantry
All carried off by the dreadful Diptheria!
Soldiers will carry the rest all off presently,
Burying them in the mines of Siberia.
All Russian subjects are listed as Nihilists—
Death can alone get them off of the trial-lists.

The condemnation of Chinatown as a nuisance Mr. Pickering, of the *Call*, considers "one of the most important events that ever occurred on this coast." We might be disposed to dispute this, but when Mr. Pickering fortifies his estimate by relating how the condemnation enabled him to sell a large additional number of *Calls*, the ready "tain't so" expires upon the pen, and its melancholy remains flow off upon the astonished paper in lines of unprofessional assent.

The new Constitution requires that before becoming a law every bill introduced in the Legislature shall be read at length six times, three times in each House. Owing to this freezing-order provision—for a majority of all members elected are re-

quired to "sit it out" and vote—of four hundred and eleven bills introduced during the first fifty days, only sixty-nine have gone through the Senate and fifty-five through the Assembly. Of these but four have actually become laws. And now hasty legislation will perhaps receive another wholesome check by the admission to a seat in the Senate of Citizen Robert Daillebout d'Estimauville de Beau Mouchel—which will interminably prolong the daily roll-call.

Father Larkin, a Catholic clergyman, says "that he hopes those who prefer to act in opposition to the constituted authority and get up a street parade on St. Patrick's day may not be interfered with, and if Mr. Gilmore and his followers desire to make monkeys of themselves they should be granted that privilege." We demand to know if monkeys have no rights which this class of parading Patricks are bound to respect?

Dr. Meares, the Health Officer, says: "It becomes my imperative duty as executive officer of the Board to carry into effect the order they have promulgated." Considering the manner in which Dr. Meares has preferred to "carry into effect" the laws and ordinances, to his neglect to enforce which for the last few years the present condition of Chinatown is due, it seems pertinent to ask what are his ideas with regard to his "imperative duty," generally. Dr. Meares has had, all along, the same duty and authority he has now. He seems to us willfully to have shirked the one and failed to exercise the other. The order of the Board has not strengthened his hands, but it will have done some good if it change his heart.

The *Call* proves that this is a community blessed with a knowledge of, and sympathy with, artistic excellence by saying of Mr. Henrj Ketten, the pianist, that, "apart from his artistic triumphs, his social success has been almost unprecedented." Almost, but not quite: "Sir George" Brjdgges shone with a social lustre to which the radiance of Mr. Ketten was as the sickly glimmer of a dead fish by moonlight to the fierce and insufferable effulgence of a new tin pan with a southern exposure. But perhaps even the success of "Sir George" was due to his "artistic excellence;" certainly he carried the art of lying to a richer and riper development than it had ever reached before.

True grace in lying comes from art—not chance,
As those glide smoothest who have learned to dance.

The Board of Supervisors is clothed with judicial power to arbitrate between seller and purchaser the value of water. No jurist in a civil case has any higher obligation of impartiality. The Supervisor that permits the interest of his constituency to influence his judgment to fix a rate that will not compensate the company, or the Supervisor that aids to fix too high a rate, will act unjustly. It will be both good morals and good politics to do as nearly right as possible.

Said he: "I will sit if elected,
Although I have never perfected
My papers." But when the committee
Decided he never should sit, he
Made certain remarks that were testy—
This Robert Daillebout d'Estimauville de Beau Mouchel.

Some Canadian *dilettanti* in political economy have organized a club to agitate, by means of pamphlet and lyceum essay, for Canadian independence of the crown. If the people of Canada have half the sense they are credited with, they will cling to the crown as long as it will permit their clinging. Better to endure the ills of low-necked dress and vice-regal fol-de-rol than fly to the evils of sand-lot-ism, and all the other dirty isms that free republicanism knows too well of.

Over at San Rafael the other evening a member of a young ladies' club hit upon a particularly happy subject for discussion: "Is a young unmarried female justified in taking a drive with a young man to whom she is not engaged?" Many contradictory and angry opinions were evolved in this debate, when an interesting spinster brought all doubts to a focus by inquiring: "How is a girl to get engaged?" Silence and general gloom followed this outburst of engaging candor, and the members of the club, saddened and subdued, meekly withdrew to their respective homes.

Says George Francis Train, writing to a New York paper: If three hundred thousand Irish were actually starving, as he stated two weeks ago, why did not Bennett cable his one-hundred-thousand-dollar donation and remain in Ireland to distribute it, instead of holding to Tunis? With nine hundred vessels seeking cargoes in port, why keep two hundred thousand dollars locked up in the *Herald* treasury? How long can starvation wait before it dies?

And yet they say that George Francis Train is demented, because he feeds the sparrows all day in Union Square.

Sourly the sand-lotter screeches its screeed,
Rampant of riot and greswome of greed.
Say, little Dennis, pray what does it need?

"Gold we wud have, wid no moolin' nor toilin';
Grub we wud h'ave, an' no broilin' nor soilin';
An' whisky galore—for that we are spoilin'."

A poddy pup, intelligently nourished, will take on increase of beauty and utility. Grant's mana judicious cultivation, have made his boom a boome

MEMORIES OF EASTERN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Once more I see that troop of little girls
With shining hair, all innocent of curls,
Imprisoned close in little silken nets,
Barefooted, and with calico pantalets,
All wending schoolwards on the summer's day—
Now stopping to pick berries by the way—
Now standing all a-row, with glances shy,
To "make their manners" to the passer-by!

The school-ma'am sits there as of old she did—
Her watch ticks loudly, in her bosom hid,
As to the little pupil at her knee
She points the letters out, from A to Z,
With that sharp penknife which she always had
To cut off children's ears when they were bad.

Once more through open windows comes the tone
Of murmuring bees—the harvest-bug's long drone—
The hammer's sound comes from the distant shop—
The swallows twitter in the chimney-top,
And children read, with many a drowsy nod,
That "No man may put off the law of God."

What house could hold that crew of boisterous boys
Whose sex and presence were made known by noise,
As of a winter morning they rushed in,
With caps of fur and dinner-pails of tin,
With trousers legs tied down with bits of twine,
With rosy cheeks that evermore did shine
With health's own lustre; with the melting tracks
Of snow-balls sticking still upon their backs,
And stood, in coats that their own mothers wove,
To thaw their aching fingers at the stove?

There stands the youngster, with a quivering lip,
Who was the "snapper" when they "snapped the whip,"
And whose short length end over end did go
And stuck head-foremost in a drift of snow.
Here stand the big boys, who for morning's play
Have taken a run a good half-mile away
And slid down hill—there was no "coasting" then—
And drawn their sleds with patience back again.

Soon order came; each racked his little pate
O'er dire subtractions on his tiny slate,
And learned that maxim, dear to many men,
"When you are short, you always borrow ten."

Some playful wight, perchance, was doomed to sit
Between two girls, as retribution fit
For his great crimes; and so he learned e'en then
The truth that comes in time to all young men—
"Tis more than twice as hard for Adam's son
To sit with two girls as to sit with one!"

NORMAN C. PERKINS.

A Few Things as "Some of Us" Would Have Them.

It may be (says a writer in *Progress*) that you have never thought about it, but if you should you will realize the fact that in every one's world there is a small coterie of social and congenial spirits who call themselves "some of us." These would like to reform the world, and in their mad efforts to do so, they plunge about hopelessly from year to year, trying one little scheme after another, until finally they can only indulge in serious dreams of what they *would* do if they *could*; bewail the perversity of human nature generally, yet run in the very rut themselves for which they profess such wholesome horror. I have often wondered if every member of society belonged to a "some of us" club, and considered himself in striking though favorable contrast with other people, or whether it has only been my good or bad fortune, as the case may be, to have come in contact with just such individuals. At any rate we must all acknowledge that it is the way of one-half the world to find fault with the other half, and *our* "some of us" club is no different in this respect from other opinionated cliques, and as I am not bound to secrecy, you shall have the privilege of learning some of the secrets of our prison-house. Please remember they are mostly ambitious aspirations, some of them might be termed monomanias—all, indeed, but the visionary imaginings of an Arcadia yet to come. Like the precautionary card in several of our well-known magazines, I disclaim all responsibility for the opinions of contributors. Rather a cowardly piece of business maybe, but in these days of continual innovations it is safer to think one's own thoughts and allow others the risk of expressing them.

They say it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and I suppose it does, but I never could see the wisdom of this indiscriminate mixing of the kinds; "the line must be drawn somewhere," as Dickens's barber said when he shaved the coal-heaver and declined to shave the sloopman. What I mean, however, is not that any one class should look down upon another, only that as a class they should be more distinctive. Milk is good and water is refreshing, but we spoil both the milk and the water when we mix them; so when wise men marry foolish virgins, and splendid women marry stupid dolts because they may be rich perchance, what happiness can be expected from such unions? Like the mixing of milk and water, they are joined forever, only to be separated by the total destruction of either. And the wise men tire of their foolish wives, brighter minds beguile their leisure hours, broader souls capture their vacant hearts, and here commences the curse of society. No one is to be blamed for it; we are none of us saints—only a life struggle indeed prevents us all from being wretched sinners. Why can it not be that the best husbands should have the best wives, and the worst men have the worst women? Then one family at least would be supremely happy, instead of two eking out a miserable existence. Concentrated happiness is the one boon we all long for, and who would not rather crowd into a few hours his ideal content than drone through years of commonplace humdrum days, changeless in routine and void of all beauty? Why can we not have beautiful roses without thorns? The thistles could carry more thorns; they do not know the softness of down.

Another Utopian idea of ours is, the total extermination of jealous husbands and pouting wives; of women who condemn each other; of men who fight against "equal rights"; of moneyed kings with soulless bodies; of wretched poverty with brainless heads. In short, we aim at the semblance of perfection. Things set at half and half give to the many an imperfect life, whereas "some of us" might be supremely happy if the order of division were revised. Philosophers decide, eyes to see, ears to hear, and senses to feel, we are bound to feed these hungry appetites. We do not ask

that the stupid people of the world should become greater or less in number, or that the choicest spirits should be obliged to temper them; only that each should reign over his own kingdom, and stay there.

So does one dream, and fancy, and almost hope for what universal nature seems to deny. The law of attraction does not ask for reasons, particularly with youth and youth. Maturity of thought and the lessening of that attraction may bring a wiser judgment; only, alas, too late! The "some of us" club to which we owe allegiance—for we are all more or less members, either consciously or unconsciously—may expel one who gives us such truant thoughts; so I must be careful; but common sense will assert itself sometimes, and I suppose it is wiser for us, when we are told that "what can not be cured must be endured," to sift that sensible warning, and see if out of such muddy consolations a few golden seeds may not be sown, from which better results may be expected. We do not throw away a dull axe, but grind it; or a dull mirror, but polish it; or neglect a worthless soil, but enrich it. With comatose husbands and insipid wives, who would require the immolation of long lives to realize the true harmony of congeniality, the trial might in the end succeed; but I would fain whisper (to our coterie only) would it pay? After all, "some of us" are right. Let us pick out, as far as we can, the pearls from the dross, and make as much melody out of discord as the law allows.

The Humor of the Damboy.

To-day I sat in a car-seat on the Lake Shore Road, behind a pale, care-worn lady who was taking a little boy from Cleveland to Ashtabula. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and as everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

After remaining quiet a moment, little Freddy broke out:

"Where do stars come from, auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me!"

A short silence, when Freddy broke out again:

"Fanny Mason says oxen is a owl, auntie; is they?"

"Oh, perhaps so!"

"I think a whale could lay eggs—don't you, auntie?"

"Oh, yes—I guess so!" said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"Oh, I guess so!"

"Where?"

"Oh, I don't know! Do keep still, Freddy!" And the lady gave a sigh and looked out of the window.

A moment afterward Freddy looked out of the window and saw a man milking a cow.

"What is he doing to the cow, auntie?"

"Milking her, dear."

"Where do they put the milk in, auntie?"

"Oh! in her mouth!"

"Did you ever see them put the milk in, auntie?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Where?"

"I mean no. Freddy, you must be quiet—I'm getting crazy!"

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"

"Oh, dear! you ask so many questions."

The little boy seemed to be puzzled and thoughtful a moment; but soon his curiosity got the better of him, and, as the cars passed a pasture in which were a sheep and a lamb, he asked:

"Where do the lambs come from, auntie?"

"Oh! The old sheep has them."

"Can little boys have lambs?"

"Certainly. I'll let you have a lamb, Freddy, when you get home."

"Will it hurt me, auntie?"

"O Freddy, do stop. You ask such foolish questions."

"Did you ever have a lamb, auntie?"

"Freddy, stop! Don't you speak again for half an hour!"

Then the poor, worn-out woman sighed and leaned her aching head on the back of the forward seat, while Freddy busied himself placing his mouth against the window, and soliloquized in a sing-song tone:

"Mary had a little lamb! Sheep had a little lamb! Auntie had a little lamb!"

The lady pointed her finger sharply at the little boy, as if she was going to stick it through him. If she had been a wicked man she would have sworn; and still, notwithstanding we have eight million little boys like Freddy in the United States, each one causing more or less profanity, the Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the country denounce Herod as a biased man, when he ordered all the children killed except his own.

ELI PERKINS.

Mr. Minot Judson Savage, a Boston Unitarian minister, had instructed his little girl with the idea that a portion of God was perceptible in everything that was noble and beautiful. The child, as children do, had got this idea very ingeniously fitted into her own mind ready for application at a moment's warning. One day, as the door-bell rang, she presented herself in the hall just in season to receive one of Dr. Bartol's benignant smiles, and to fully observe that gracious, benignant figure. Immediately she sped to her father with this exclamation: "Oh, papa! papa! The whole of God has come now!" Dr. Bartol declared that he had never been so flattered in his life.

The English legation residence (says the *Capital*) is the most perfect in its plan of any in the city; not one detail has been sacrificed for another; the location has become the most desirable in town, the highest, coolest, the healthiest, and it must indeed be a triumph to Senator Stewart that his predictions about the situation are more than fulfilled. When he built his castle, wisecracks sneered, and tauntingly named it "Stewart's Folly;" but now on every side is the march of improvement, elegant houses have sprung up, and each day adds one more to the picturesque homes.

Somebody has called Mr. Charles Dudley Warner "Irving's Successor." This he may safely do; Irving is dead.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The young Archduchess of Austria took over the Pyrenees, to marry Alfonso of Spain, twelve dozen of the most lovely chemises ever seen. This reminds some one that the royal annals of France record that the wife of King Charles VII. was the only woman of her day who had more than two at a time of these minor garments of linen. The batiste pocket-handkerchief went over the Pyrenees in piles. And here again one is reminded that at the splendid *fêtes* given at Warsaw by the King of Poland, in 1785, not a member of the very highest family could boast of the possession of a single pocket-handkerchief.

Visitors to this country are greatly surprised at the long period during which people wear mourning and remain in seclusion. The custom must be purely American, for it does not obtain elsewhere. In England, a widow or widower may, with perfect propriety, divest themselves of mourning attire at the end of twelve months, although, in most cases, they retain it in some degree a while longer. Mourning is worn for parents for one year, but changed to lighter mourning after six months, and the same as regards the mourning of parents for children. Except in the case of widows and widowers, it is not deemed at all obligatory to abstain from society for more than six months, although in the case of parents who have lost children it would be unusual to go to large entertainments before the expiration of a year. Where a parent has died well stricken in years, and quite in the ordinary course of nature, it would excite no remark were the children to go to quiet dinner-parties after three months. A two-years' mourning and seclusion would, in such case, be deemed affectation. Mourning is here carried to such lengths that some people really pass a large part of their lives in weeping and seclusion, the death of a father, mother, and sister or brother, making an aggregate of five years. It is a question whether we are not carrying the thing too far. Life was surely not made to be spent in permanent seclusion on account of bereavement, more especially for those who, in the ordinary course of nature, must predecease us. Thousands of persons would gladly cut short their mourning but for the tyranny of fashion, which arbitrarily rules in this as in so much besides.—*New York Times*.

A recent novelty for weddings is French in its origin. Small, velvet-clad boys, as pages, follow in the bride's wake, arrange her train, open the carriage door, and offer the scent-bottle at the critical moment. A certain drilling, similar to that given to altar-boys in churches, is required for these arduous duties; but it is feared that the custom, however pretty, may lead to celibacy. A child of tender years, initiated thus early into the mysteries of weddings, identified with a part of importance equal to that of the chief performer, but of far greater cheerfulness, would never of his own free will consent to an exchange of *roles*, and his well-known experience in such matters would effectually preclude the possibility of converting him into an unwilling victim. In lieu of the traditional bouquet, baskets of white flowers mingled with ivy and holly have been carried by the bridesmaids at some of the noted weddings in England.

The following is from the *Terre Haute Saturday Evening Mail*:

"She neither sins nor forgives." This is from *Henry Esmond*, and contains a bit of philosophy worth noting. There are cold natures, that feel not the force of temptations that overcome others, and such are the severest in their judgment concerning those who do sin, and in their dealings with them. The man to whom liquor is so repulsive that he can not taste it is often the fiercest in his denunciation of those who give way. He may give himself to every other vicious indulgence, but with the drinker he has no patience. The woman whose education and surroundings and temperament preclude all appeals of passion is the severest judge of a fallen sister.

'Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in goodly laces,
Before ye gibe poor Frailty names
Suppose a change o' cases.'

"The generous one—generous because he is too careless to take care of his money—is the one who has the least patience with a stingy man; and the stingy man has the least patience with the spendthrift. Each never sins in the way the other does, and never forgives. It is well for people of cold virtue to remember that there are temptations of which they know little or nothing, and to temper their judgment and dealings with those who err by this memory. Burns gives the advice in better form:

'Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can you mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

'What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.'

There is no reason (says the *Hour*) why Miss X., whose purple nose and lachrymose eyes tell of the miseries belonging only to a cold, should stay away from Mrs. Z's ball, and strive to console herself with *Nana* and the camphor bottle. Catching cold is an expression of voluntary weakness, and the shivering and sneezing, incident to a commencing cold, are but efforts of the nervous system to shake off the impending disorder. The *Lancet* says that if we make a strong volitional effort to resist the early bad feelings, we may repel the enemy. Surely this is a hint that should not be sneezed at.

One of the novel customs prevailing among the Apache Indians is the rigid maintenance of a system of non-intercourse between a husband and his mother-in-law. Except in very extreme cases they are never to see or speak to each other, and when by chance they involuntarily approach the same spot, it is the duty of one or both to change front and move off in an opposite direction.

A THEATRICAL SUGGESTION FOR CHARITY.

In the past quarter of a century the American stage, lyric and dramatic, has undergone radical changes. We used to depend upon foreign supply for our Italian singers; now we export the article. Our actors must have the "accent and the gait of Christians," or they meet with little favor. The *morale* of the stage has improved. That abomination, the "third tier," once a prominent feature even of the aristocratic Park Theatre of New York, is practically abolished. Actors have now a different social status. They stand upon their individual merits, and the profession does not ostracise. Much of this recognition of their rights is due to the action of the "little church around the corner."

What more could be done for the advancement of the art—the writer humbly suggests—might be effected by a new charity. Let some millionaire invest in a grand Shakspearean temple, whereof the appointments should be of the best, and the company such as Edwin Booth, himself a life-long manager, should be empowered to procure, for the proper casting of the legitimate drama. Under such auspices fancy the play of *Hamlet*, with every character fully represented—"Marcellus," "Bernardo," "Francisco," adequately supporting "Horatio" in the first act, the keynote of the tragedy. Would not such a charitable enterprise pay? Would it not be an attraction to the whole world?

In the management of a theatrical enterprise like this the "star" system would find no favor; there would be no one man or woman to monopolize; nor would any talented actor be tempted, for lucre's sake, to waste his energies upon a single character, and absolutely merge in it his whole being. This is what Sothern and Jefferson have done—and to the injury of the best interests of the drama. Thirty years ago, Sothern was one of the most fascinating of light comedians—a more thorough stage gentleman I never saw, Charles Mathews not excepted. At the same time Jefferson was the best representative of the "down-easter." It was in the play of the *American Cousin* that he acted the Yankee so well as to make him the feature of the piece. Afterwards, Sothern remodeled the play, creating "Lord Dundreary;" Jefferson resolved himself into "Rip Van Winkle," and these two accomplished and versatile actors were lost to the world—outside of "Rip" and "Dundreary." Who of our rich men will come forward to make this dream possible?

JOHN MURRAY.

BERKELEY, Cal., February 20, 1880.

The Fascinating Woman.

The *Home Journal* sketches her as follows: "The fascinating woman is, as a rule, heartless, but she has a thousand pretty ways. She is very good-tempered, and always intensely feminine; winsome in manner, having an unstudied grace, exquisite in little things, and skilled in all the trifles of conversation and conduct. She is always absolutely natural, yet the longer you linger by her side the stronger grows the sense that you do not understand her. She puzzles, enchants, throws a glamour over you, and the wilder grows the wish to comprehend and win her; still she ever eludes and perplexes you. Hers is an endless variety of moods, a chameleon-like power of changeableness. She may be very quiet, but in the repose of her manner there is no apathy; it is the calm of concentration, the magnetic stillness of the serpent that draws, but does not pursue, its victim. The calm is sometimes broken by unexpected brusqueries, by bright raillery that does not hurt; or the delightful *reticence* of her demeanor may be suddenly exchanged for a confidential mood, a gentle familiarity. She is selfish, and from this selfish soil springs a host of tantalizing ways. She always lets you feel you are near, or it is possible, but you are never successful enough to know you have at last grasped her. The pursuit is endless; she beckons, but you can never seize her. "The fascinating woman may not talk much; she seldom gives birth to *jeux d'esprit*; her sayings are seldom on record; but what she says is suggestive or original. She can amuse and interest with materials that in other hands would be crude and bald, but which thrown into her alembic come out bright and delightful. She turns dry leaves into pearls and gold. She is a sort of Circe, without, perhaps, the palace. Cleopatra, as painted by Shakspeare, had the gift of fascination—gorgeous, capricious, jealous, selfish, clinging, secret, yet confiding. She wound her nets about the strong man who, had he understood her aright, must have cast her aside in scorn as a toy. The glamour of fascination blinded him. Mary Queen of Scots was the beau-ideal, the type of the fascinating woman. None, probably, had greater attractive powers, delighted more in putting them forth, and was more heartily indifferent to the fate of her victims. Of her personal charms it is difficult to judge critically. The portraits we have give anything but a lofty idea of her beauty; perhaps this is due in part to there having been no superlative artist to paint her. About forty portraits of her were brought together at South Kensington some years back, all widely varying, but none in any degree beautiful. Her fascinations must have lain in her consummate tact, her wit, and the glamour which she knew how to throw about her."

Society and Dress.

In all other cities, the stranger, if a "proper person," is kindly called upon and welcomed. In Washington, she must tie on her bonnet at once, and proceed with her card to the ladies who stand above her on the official ladder. No matter who her grandfather was, or if her attic at home be stuffed with ancestral relics from the *Mayflower*; the blood of the Knickerbockers may turn to phlegm in her veins; the lovely *brune* of Pocahontas may tinge her cheeks; the pride of the Randolphs dilate her plumage: all the same, she must take her card and proceed to call on "Mrs. Secretary" Smithers, who had no ancestors, but runs rampant in her vernacular. Otherwise, the lady with a pedigree can never enter the Cabinet circle. By etiquette, the wife of the President never calls upon any one; though Mrs. Hayes sometimes, of evenings, quietly finds her way to the houses of her friends. The families of Senators always call first on the families of the Judges of the Supreme Court; both make the first call on the members of the families of the Diplomatic Corps; while the wives of Representatives must pay

the first call on all above them (officially), up to the wife of the President. The only social precedence the member's wife can claim is that every "new member's wife" must call first upon her. Many a member's wife leaves a delightful home and a circle of cherished friends, to come and spend her first Congressional season, alone and lonely, in a Washington boarding-house.

Now that silk kerchiefs are growing rather common for neckwear, the thrifty woman begins planning ways to utilize them when they become cheap, and she says to herself that she will make a table-cover of four of them. This does not mean, as the benighted salesman of whom she buys them will suppose, that she will stitch four of them into a big square, like a bit of plain patchwork. She will use one for the centre, and cut two into halves to make a border, and use the fourth to fill up the corners, and the result will be one of the prettiest of covers, provided she chooses her kerchiefs judiciously.

Embroidery in artistic designs is seen on some of the richest imported dresses. The front of the entire dress is the objective point usually for elaborate needlework, but sometimes there are two long straight pieces wrought in such a way that they may be used for panels on the sides, for scarfs, sashes, a tablier, or as borders. This work is so costly it can never become common, hence it is the first choice as trimming with wealthy women.

The magnificence of color and rich effects, which have distinguished handsome dress fabrics thus far during the present season, continue to be a prominent feature; and while new varieties are not offered, standard ones, such as satins, silks, damasks, brocades, velvets, and the like, have, perhaps, never before been of more elegant design than at the present time.

Ladies who have for amusement painted plates, tiles, and everything, in short, save sign-boards, may now ornament the long kid gloves for evening wear with wreaths of flowers of any design of equal appropriateness. When gloves cease to offer a field boundless as their talents, a similar adornment of shoes may open to them an alluring vista in the way of occupation.

Our girls' private parlors are coming to be perfect museums of trophies. Favors for the german, cards for Christmas and Easter, valentines, and birth-day cards are scattered about or arranged conspicuously everywhere, with perhaps an archery prize or two, an alpenstock, or a whip coaxed from some Tallyho driver, and even their work-bags are little satin drums, that once were sugar-plum boxes. The old rule of not receiving gifts from gentlemen has been modified into something like this formula: Thou shalt not take large gifts, but small gifts thou shalt extort in some way.

Now Cardinal McCloskey has his costumes described in the newspapers. His Christmas vestments were of white satin and gold, and cost ten thousand dollars.

The Origin of Short Whist.

As to the origin of short whist the authorities are not agreed. According to Clay (who says he had the story from Mr. Hoare, of Bath, one of the party), "Lord Peterborough having one night lost a large sum of money, the friends with whom he was playing proposed to make the game five points instead of ten, in order to give the loser a chance, at a quicker game, of recovering his loss." According to "Major A.": "This revolution was occasioned by a worthy Welsh baronet preferring his lobster for supper hot. Four first-rate whist players—consequently four great men—adjourned from the House of Commons to Brookes's, and proposed a rubber while the cook was busy. 'The lobster must be hot,' said the baronet. 'A rubber may last an hour,' said another, 'and the lobster be cold again or spoiled before we have finished.' 'It is too long,' said a third. 'Let us cut it shorter,' said a fourth. Carried *nem. con.* Down they sat, and found it very lively to win or lose so much quicker. Besides furnishing conversation at supper, the thing was new—they were legislators, and had a fine opportunity to exercise their calling."

Whichever of these versions be true, the game certainly owed its creation to an accident, but nevertheless it would infallibly have been discovered before long, even if Lord Peterborough had not had a run of luck against him, or a Welsh baronet had not preferred his lobster hot. The game was attracting a great deal of attention and high stakes were the rule, and the tendency under such conditions is toward the quickest possible decision of the contest. But more than this—as the rapid progress of short whist showed—the old game was too long. Until the players got within sight of ten and "playing to the score" began, long whist was apt to be slow, and concentration of attention was not so necessary. It was a good family game, but not the thing required by a gambler or a fine player who played whist for the sake of playing whist. At some very near time the innovation would have been made by a consensus of players in some particular club or circle, if some one had not been forced upon it by accident. "The truth is," says Hayward, "the new game is the better of the two as requiring more sustained attention, more rapidity of conception, more dash, more *elan*, and giving more scope to genius than the old. It is the Napoleonic strategy of tactics against the Austrian."

When (says the *Capital*) Mrs. Sprague tendered Mrs. Conkling a dinner party, and Mrs. C. gracefully accepted, we had proof of what angels women are—under certain circumstances. It converted us to an advocacy of the extension of suffrage to the gentler sex. If two ladies can thus put the political machine of New York again in healthy working order, what a potent element would be the female mind in the political arena. But then again, all women are not Spragues and Conklings. We can hope, however, to educate the sex to that high standard.

French history in the past hundred years exhibits three women who have experienced more splendor and more bitter grief and mortification than any other three women in the world—Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and Eugénie.

LA CRÈME DES CHRONIQUES.

The kind uncle has taken his young nephew with him to the theatre, having secured seats in the orchestra stalls.

"Do not lean over the balustrade so recklessly," says the good old gentleman, "or the first thing you know you'll tumble into one of the orchestra chairs, and I'll be charged three francs extra."

A French statesman and *littérateur* having granted an hour and a half to an interviewer, the gentleman of the press said at the conclusion of his visit: "Thank you for your courtesy, and may I call again to see you?"

"Certainly; I shall be pleased to have you."

"Thanks, and oh, would you mind leaving word that if you are not at home I may go through your library in case I want to verify any statement from your books or papers?"

"Wh—why, of course—no, I'll do better than that: I'll have a latch-key made for you, only when you have to come at night make as little noise as possible, so as to avoid waking any one!"

At the last opera ball. A young man *du meilleur monde* is seated in a corner, and does not appear much more amused than does the domino who accompanies him. A boisterous brawler of gigantic height begins to poke fun at the *ennuied* couple.

"Go away, you bother me," said the gentleman, "you are tipsy—go and mind your own business."

"Topsy!" screamed the brawler, "go to grass, dandy! You would not dare to say that to me in the street!"

A crowd gathered around.

"See here," said the young man, without moving, "you are pretty tall, you believe yourself mighty strong. Very well; there is one thing you can't do!"

"What! I'll bet you a hundred francs!"

The young man drew off his boot, then a silk stocking, and rested a white foot on the marble.

At this unexpected action the brawler became furiously red, and then tried to escape in the crowd.

"Pig!" thundered the young man *du meilleur monde*, "you have dirty feet!"

And the brawler disappeared, followed by derisive laughter.

In Bourgogne there is a small commune whose curé is adored by his parishioners. On New Year's day they agreed among themselves to delight him with a magnificent present—a barrel of wine. One of them furnished the barrel, then each parishioner was to go to the cellar of the curé and turn into the barrel the very best bottle of wine produced from his vineyard.

Several days later, being a *fête*, the good curé invited fifteen or twenty of his parishioners to dine with him and taste of the famous wine of so many vineyards. The guests being all at table, the old servant of the curé descended to the cellar.

Five minutes later she entered the room, pale, terrified, with a bottle of water in her hand.

"*Eh bien!* what is the matter? Why have you that bottle of water?"

"*Monsieur le curé*, it is the barrel of wine!"

General stupefaction.

The good curé marveled, for it was the miracle of the supper at Cana over again—reversed. As to the guests, they looked at each other and laughed feebly. It seems that each had had the same idea; only nobody had dreamed that his idea would be also his neighbor's.

Before the judge:

"I confess that I scratched my wife's eyes, but I had gloves on!"

At the dinner parties of Madame X. one meets many literary dyspeptics. Said Madame X. the other day to a new servant:

"You must always have on the table Seltzer water and Apollinaris water. And be sure there is also some pure water, for there is one friend of my husband who has excessively vulgar tastes."

At the shop where returning hunters buy their game, a sportsman is offered a bird of a snowy region.

"What!" says the sportsman, "nobody will believe I have killed a Siberian bird in the Forest of Fontainebleau."

"Why not! Those Siberian birds fly very fast in these days of railways."

The donkey of a peasant died. The peasant, inconsolable at losing such a faithful servant, took an idea into his head of burying the donkey with honor. As he was lowering it into the grave a Calvinist passed.

"What!" said the latter, "a man so pious as you, bury one of your family without prayers, without tolling the bell?"

"Ah, monsieur," responded the peasant, "he was a Protestant!"

Monsieur X. recounts an accident that has befallen him.

"I fell into the mud up to here," and he shows his ankles. "Well, that's not a serious mishap."

"No, only that I fell in head first!"

At the last footmen's ball two valets talked together between the quadrilles.

"Then you are no longer with your vicomte?"

"No. I was a long time undecided. It was not that his service was hard, but his cigars did not suit my taste!"

A French "obscure intimation:"

One of our subscribers demands of us how he must comport himself to take the Lions of the Desert.

Nothing is more facile, truly.

The Desert composes himself of the Sand and of the Lions.

Take with you a sieve, through the meshes of which will sift the Desert. The Sands will evade them. Lions will remain, which you will then deposit in a place which you will have primarily provided yourself.



Rather a neat test of the quality, and at the same time measure of the force of Miss Morris's "Clairon," in *The Soul of an Actress*, may be got by answering the question: What other actresses do we know who also could have saved the play? Miss Morris did more than merely save the play—she held the audiences to sit it out. What other actresses are we prepared to name who also could have held the same audiences to see it out? It will easily appear that this question admits of only a doubtful answer. And then it must be granted that, while the "Clairon" itself may have been neither a gracious nor pleasing thing, the handcraft that went to the moulding of it was singularly deft and capable. For all that Miss Morris was adequately supported, it was still she who carried the play. It would take long to detail all the artifice by aid of which that feat was brought within powers merely finite. The resources of her art were, however, so adjusted and tempered by the lady's excellent sense, that the utmost was probably made out of the part, and thus the prime quality of this performance was its judiciousness.

The same thing can not be said of her dressing for the first act in the costume of "Pbedre." She is understood as having been brought from the theatre by her admirers, but this costume superfluously suggests that she has been rapt from off the stage without having an opportunity of visiting her dressing-room. The more substantial objection is, however, that the dress does not become Miss Morris. Her support was really very creditable. They all had impossibilities to achieve, and wrestled with them right valiantly. Mr. Max Freeman made of "Walewski" a success that requires mention. Mr. Morrison, as a malign ecclesiastic of courtly address ("De Moncreiff"), gleamed with all his teeth, and spun his webs about the victim flies with expressionable fingers. Mr. Morrison is always strong as the agreeable fiend.

The temptation is naturally strong to lay violent hands on the writer of this play and rend him: to scatter his fragments upon the blast of criticism, and cry, "Aba! behold the puny playwright! bow his substance is sbredded by the Intellectual Athlete which quaffeth his gore!" But the truth is, there are in *The Soul of an Actress* the elements of a real play; its structure gives proofs of faculty—none the less sure for that they are overlaid by 'prentice-work of a very artless sort, for in its last analysis the play is essentially dramatic. Most bad plays—i. e., most original plays by living authors who write in English—are not. This play develops itself; it tells its own story—we have not to listen to the recital of it; its progress is one of growth from within; hence it is of the quick, not of the dead. The dialogue is piteous and pitiful, but dialogue is no more than the *technique* of the playwright's art, and is compassable by mere practice. A writer who should set himself doggedly to do stageable dialogue—if only for practice's sake—would usually be surprised to discover the control over it he will have obtained in a few months. The element of mere trick is a large one—in the same sense that much stage business is trick. By itself, the trick is naught—yet it is the main stock in trade of the professional playwright who "adapts from the French," as it is of some of the other professionals who appear in his adaptation; but to the dramatist a skilful command of this same *technique* is no less essential than his stage business is to the actor. These remarks would lack apposite-ness were *The Soul of an Actress* a piece of mere puppet-play, but there are signs of life in the hantling—albeit imperfectly articulate as yet, and babbling. The Baldwin has upholstered the piece regally, and the people dress it in keeping.

Some illustration of the above principles of play-building is furnished by *The Crushed Tragedian*—which, in its earlier form a bit of mere dramatic brick-laying, is now stuccoed into a five-storied temple to the Genius of Farce. And the force of fun can hardly farther go. Indeed, as a piece of sustained farce, it is perhaps unique. The wit of its dialogue may be of a sort neither rich nor rare, but we are not granted pause to try its quality. The surging tide of Fun bears us helplessly upon its roaring crests—for the wit of its situations is supreme. Anything else as droll as Mr. Sothern, as comic as Mr. Sothern, as grotesque as Mr. Sothern, it is hard to fancy. The pure farce of the performance is tempered by some humor that falls to the part of the old prompter (excellently done by Mr. Blakely)—for Humor bath ever in the eyes of it a pathetic look, and in its voice an over-tone of appeal. "De Lacy Fitzaltamont" had been meant to have a share of the same; but it would be incongruous with the wildly ridiculous aspects now developed by that Crushed One, and Mr. Sothern is quite right in suppressing any attempt to make us cry with him between the gusts and storms of laughter that sweep our rocking souls.

Mr. Sothern's make-up as "Fitzaltamont" is a triumph of caricature; and so of his play—it is caricature of infinite variety and fancy, comparable with Cruikshank's work or Cham's, yet avoiding the monstroid grotesque of Cumberland. It is not delicate, like Doyle's, or as "Rip Van Winkle" is delicate: the exigencies of the part as it now stands would not admit the finer touches of that kind of work, and of which Mr. Sothern shows elsewhere a sufficient mastery. To some of his admirers, it has appeared that in "Fitzaltamont" he steps down on a lower plane of art, and debases it. This notion would only be valid if it were true that Mr. Sothern lowered the grade of his performance to that of the plane performed on. But it is not true.

Something of the same kind has been said of that wonderful performance, Mr. Edwin Booth's "Rigoletto" (we fail to recall the "Fool's" name in that play). The notion is a mistaken one. Dignity of subject does not of itself exalt the quality of art, nor does sordidness of subject degrade it. The result may be more pleasing in the one case, and less so in the other—or even positively offensive; but this result has no bearing as a test of the powers engaged in producing it. Beggars and hoors have been the subjects of some of art's most masterful achievements. The parallel is here not very close with Mr. Sothern's "Fitzaltamont," but that performance falls under the same principle, and is to be assayed by the same tests. It will then appear to be masterly in its way, and not least so because, with all its erratic eccentricity, it is not allowed to skip beyond due bounds of caricature.

On the whole, his "Fitz" is a real *tour de force*, an achievement, a feat. Single scenes or single acts equally ludicrous all may have witnessed, but the like riotous frolic sustained through five acts, and unflagging at any point, will be hard to match. The end only, the last few lines on which the curtain falls, are out of taste and bad. The farce part had really played itself out a few lines back—preceding the half-dozen phrases in which the small love story of the play tells itself out—and Mr. Sothern should let it end there. The subsequent obtrusion of "Mr. Fitzaltamont" is resented. Mr. Lamh's "Captain Racket" was very finished. "Captain Racket" is deaf, and Mr. Lamh *looked* deaf. Mr. Sothern makes his characteristic and diverting little speeches before the curtain, and we laugh and tip a sign to the memory of poor Dan Setchell. Mr. Sothern completely fills the Bush Street Theatre each night. His engagement proves an effulgent one.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The termination of the Wilhelmj season—taking it for granted, as I suppose we may, that after the third positively last concert the season *has* at last come to an end—leads naturally to some inquiry as to the advantage derived from the visits of mere *virtuosi* by a community of the musical status of this one in which we live, and inclines me to feel more strongly than ever that we should in the end be largely the gainers, musically, if we could be spared the somewhat expensive, and most utterly valueless, distinction. Counted in the rubric of amusements as a mere sensation, *virtuosi* (of the Wilhelmj order at least) are very well; from the managerial standpoint they have the value of drawing stars—and their influence at the box-office. That, however, is where they properly belong; musically they have no influence or value whatever. They do no good; they come to us, not as artists, but in their capacity of speculators; they come for what they can make; in the case of Mr. Wilhelmj, for what he could get out of us with the least trouble. They have—naturally, as speculators, but not at all creditably as artists—no interest in our musical development or advancement; so long as we have good critics—i. e., critics who fully appreciate and sufficiently praise them—and a large enough paying public; so long as we will give them good houses for their habitual *répertoire* and plenty of applause for their *tours de force*, we are a "delightful" and "appreciative public." They give us plenty of pleasant words and make our hearts glad by permitting us some little of that familiar social intercourse with a celebrity of whom we may say afterward, "When Wilhelmj dined with me," or "That nice little story that Wilhelmj told me." They come, play, carry off our dollars, and leave us—what?

In the case of Mr. Wilhelmj, scarcely anything whatever. If we consider his calihre as a violinist, and the quality of Mr. Vogrich as a pianist, the season has been particularly barren of musical results; he has (with a miserable accompaniment) given us one—and portions of two other—new *Concertos*, and two or three minor novelties with piano-forte. In the direction of *ensemble* music there has been no effort whatever; the few things at the German Hospital concert can not be estimated, since they had all been frequently played here before, and quite as well as they were then given. He brought with him, for a long season, a pianist who certainly has admirable qualities as a musician and artist, and who accompanies beautifully, but who has no *répertoire* to speak of, and who, after he had played his two or three Liszt *Fantaisies*, one *Sonata* of Beethoven, and two *concerto* movements, had to fall back on things which were evidently very much out of practice, and a singer who is—as far as any artistic quality is concerned—simply no singer at all, but only a woman with a voice.

With this support, and an orchestra that varied between a scrub hand and a farce, Mr. Wilhelmj gave us nine or ten concerts in which the printed programmes were rarely a guide to what was performed, and in which he rode his few parade pieces until they had literally not a leg left under them, so that even the boys in the gallery began to know that the response to the first *encore* was to be the *Air* of Bach, and to the second a *Nocturne* of Chopin. Outside of the mere virtuosodom there was, as I said before, really nothing at all. Wieniawski, when here, played a larger and more varied *répertoire*; he gave some *ensemble* music, and when he had a band it was generally a good one. Madame Urso, on her last visit, let us bear two *Sonatas* of Beethoven and one of Mozart, besides the *Concertos* of Beethoven and Mendelssohn with a *full* orchestra. Mr. Ketten, who is still with us, has in his recitals made our audience acquainted with a number of new things, and varied his programmes constantly, so that they were at once interesting and instructive. And this, if anything, is the useful work that *virtuosi* can do for us; if they can not instruct us, if they can not help us to know and be interested in more music than we have known before, they are simply so much of the "amusement" of the hour—they count with the *saltimbanks* and other shows.

I have said that we should be better off without the traveling *virtuoso* who comes merely to make money out of us. I am convinced that this is so. Our local pianists, chamber concerts, orchestra performances (even if they are not of the best), and the kind of work done by such clubs as the Loring, Kelleher, and other singing societies, all serve the cause of music in their way, and do something for its advancement; the show people do nothing. Nothing, at least, compared with the cost of them, and the false, unhealthy excitement they produce in the musical atmosphere. There is no growth for us in a Paganini *Concerto* or a Caprice with a

marvelous hit of piano-forte dexterity in it; nor shall we ever be any the happier for no end of repetitions of the *Otello Fantaisie* or Liszt's *Wedding March*, no matter how well soever they may be played for us. But out of *real* music—out of the work of the masters and *music-makers*—we can get something of permanent value, if we will but listen to it; and out of it, too, we can learn to care for something better and higher than the mere display of *technique* and agility by one who has nothing else to offer. WEIL.

A Den of Wild Beasts.

A lady who has traveled all over the world writes the following brief but graphic description of the "workingmen's" mass meeting last Saturday evening, at Union Hall.

"At half-past six o'clock I took my place on the outside of the crowd assembled at the hall. The number of people then waiting would probably have filled the hall. Rapidly the throng increased; the tramway was blockaded, and the street cars stopped. Expecting the door to open momentarily, I strove to be indifferent to my surroundings, and was unconscious of the magnitude of the cordon that was drawing around me like a boa constrictor. A dense phalanx of people closed in on every side. Soon came the cry, 'Open the door!' and the vast multitude surged backward and forward in fruitless attempts to burst it in. Men smoked offensive tobacco, and the air was tainted with the fumes of beer and garlic. To endure the suffocation and crowding was impossible; to extricate myself from the living ocean that overwhelmed and crushed me seemed equally impossible. The door at last being opened, the scene that followed baffles description. The wall that went up from that great stream of human life that rushed with impetuous speed up the broad stairways was so unlike human voices that I was reminded, by way of comparison, of the great slaughter-house at Cincinnati, where one pig after another goes in at one door with a squeal, and in twenty minutes is passed out at another as salted pork, harreled and ready for shipment. I advanced to view the ground over which the multitude had poured; I went up stairs. The scene opened with a song—'Castles in the Air.' Prolonged and uproarious cheering then announced that the lion of the evening was on the platform. The great multitude then hung in rapt admiration on the words that fell from the lips of their demi-god. They were told what should be done with the 'Chinese dogs,' and how a scaffold should be erected on the sand-lots for De Young. Then followed a rabid and violent attack upon the *Argonaut*.

"Long will my memory revert to the scene at Union Hall. I have seen much of the world, but was never before in such a crowd as that. I was at the funeral of James Fisk, Jr., when the crowd broke in the door of the New York Opera House; I have been at the Crystal Palace, near London, in the midst of sixty thousand people; I have stood by St. Paul's Cathedral when the great procession passed on Lord Mayor's day, and the police were said to be powerless over the London populace; but there was no such crowding as there was at Union Hall; I was in Paris at the time of the siege; I was at the International Exposition at Vienna; was at Venice when the Emperor of Austria visited the King of Italy, and was in the crowd that pushed by the guards into the dining-room where the table was set for the imperial guests; I was at Delhi at the time of the Imperial Assemblage, where there were one million people, one hundred thousand soldiers, one hundred native kings and their retinues, and one thousand elephants; I was at Melbourne in time of the spring races, and at Lima in time of war, revolutions, and earthquakes; but from nothing has my mind ever so recoiled as from the idea of being crushed in the crowd at Union Hall. Rather let me, as I have been, be a captive of the wild Arabs on the plains of Basban—men as fierce as leopards and as fleet as gazelles."

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, publish a neat little volume entitled *Camp and Cabin*, by Professor Rossiter W. Raymond. The sub-title, "Sketches of Life and Travel in the West," sufficiently indicates the scope of the work, but the admirable quality of its contents can be known or suspected only by reading it. Professor Raymond is the editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, New York, the best paper of its class in the country. He was recently United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics, and it was in that capacity, we believe, that he published his valuable work, *Mines of the West*. Those who have known him only in his character of scientist and engineer will be pleased to make acquaintance with a less severe and more enjoyable side of his mind, in this charming little book, from which we republish this week the first part of "Agamemnon," a story of rare, but as compared with Professor Raymond's other literary work, not exceptional merit.

"What do you want, sand-lotter?"
 "Bread for my wife and babies."
 "Good! Must you also have beer?"
 "Yes, for it gives me heart."
 "Is tobacco also necessary to your happiness?"
 "Certainly."
 "And white shirts, and sbiny bats, and high-heeled boots for Sundays?"
 "Yes."
 "We hope you may have all these; but bow do *you* hope to get them?"
 "The rich men must divide."
 "Suppose they refuse?"
 "We will take what we need."
 "How will you begin?"
 "We will burn the warehouses, in which are bread, beer, and tobacco. Then we will bang the men who make them. Then we will sow the fields with salt. Then we will live on air."
 "And listen to the music of your orators?"
 "And listen to the music of our orators."

One wonders *why* it is that any ass should be allowed to masquerade in the skin of a lion. One sees readily *how* it is, but the seeing does not help one's belief in an overruling Censor of things mundane. Yet, if one can not help protesting against these too common pictures, what should not be one's pity for the lion who struts in the skin of an ass?

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

They are having a warm time just now in Kansas Sunday-schools, and the question under discussion is, Whether the boy who has fairly won the prize Bible by learning three thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven verses in three months can be ruled off the track for putting furniture tacks and a wad of shoemaker's wax in the superintendent's chair.

I see him in the starlight's gleam,
His soft glance answers mine;
With melting look and tender beam
I see his blue eyes shine.
My garden wall I see him scale—
Still, heart! he will not fall;
I hear his voice, his tuneful wail—
The cat upon the wall.

Romulus was brought up by a wolf, in a much more tender and humane manner than if he had been brought up in the "Shepherd's Fold," New York.

The monkey climbed toward the raging sky,
And twisted his tail round a lofty limb,
While the flood beneath went thundering by,
For he was a monkey that couldn't swim.
But the man was caught in the torrents mad,
And his dying speech in these words ran:
"If I had a tail, as my forefathers had,
I'd be a live monkey and not a drowned man."

John C. Freund, editor of the New York *Musical and Dramatic Times*, is still missing. When "last heard from" he was in Colorado, Chicago, Hoboken, Kansas, Boston, St. Louis, Oskosh, Saratoga, and St. John, New Brunswick. The recent snow storm may have prevented him from being in several other States and cities at the same time.

He trod on the plug of Irish soap
That the girl had left on the topmost stair—
And what to him was love or hope?
And what to him was joy or care?
For his feet flew out like wild, fierce things,
And he struck every step with a noise like a drum;
And the girl below, with the scrubbing things,
Laughed like a fiend to see him come.

"My dear," she said, as they sat at breakfast, "who is Hilo Pedro?" When he asked an explanation, and she told him that he had talked in his sleep so much about him, he tried to swallow some imaginary object in his throat and murmured something about reading Brazilian history and being deeply interested in the emperor, whose name was Hilo Pedro; and, bless her soul, she believed it.

Whoever heard	Whoever drank	Whoever heard
A bull sigh?	A ship's ale?	A mill d—n?
Whoever saw	Whoever heard	Whoever ate
A horse fly?	A fence rail?	A door jamb?

Before he became a Radical (says the *Parisian*) Victor Hugo used to have his face cleanly shaven. His barber was a great talker. In 1839 a report was spread to the effect that the world was coming to an end. The barber announced this terrible news to Victor Hugo while he was shaving him: "Ah! *mon Dieu*, people say that the world is coming to an end next year. *Le 2 Janvier les betes mourront, et le 4, les hommes.*" "Vous m'effrayez," replied Hugo, "qui donc me raser le 3?"

There was an old fellow named Weston,
Who said, "I'm the greatest pedestrian,"
If he could but have walked
As fast as he talked,
He'd have been of all walkers the best 'un.

Aha, that kiss—that low, languishing, limpid, liquid, lingering kiss! 'Twas not a tender kiss, nor a studied kiss, nor an artistic kiss, nor a fervent kiss, nor a boisterous kiss, nor a paroxysmal kiss, nor a nervous kiss, nor a fraternal kiss, nor a gingerly kiss, nor a diffuse kiss, nor a concentrated kiss, nor a diffident kiss, nor a poggun kiss—'twas a calm, holy, ecstatic outbreathing of two gentle souls sanctified by love, a communion with the intangible by tangible means, a blending of earth with heaven, in which the latter had a manifold preponderance. 'Twas such a kiss as Troilus, stealing by night into the Trojan camp, might fain have breathed on Cressida's maiden lips to the melody of the joyful nightingale that sang of love, and in the sheen of the round red moon and the stars that see but never tell.

Pray, gentle being, give me heed,
As, kneeling humbly by thy side,
With lacerated heart I plead
That I may be thy blushing bride.
I long, I wildly long, to press
Thee to my heart—I know 'tis rash!
I pine to print a fond caress
Upon thy meek and mild mustache.
Why, tell me why thine eyelids drop?
Why turn away so pettishly?
Say, why with fierce, tumultuous flog
Thy bosom heaves coquettishly?
I know that thou art young and fair
As tiny buds in early spring—
But thou shalt be my constant care,
Thou frail and fragile little thing?
I'll sew thy shirts and darn thy hose,
Thy victuals cook, thy fires will light—
I'll grease thy gracious Grecian nose
Each snowy, croupy, wintry night.
So, surely thou'lt not tell me nay
And bid me dying quit thy side—
Brace up, pull down thy vest and say
That I may be thy blushing bride.

A young Bostonian announced that he was going to Leadville to engage in hydraulic mining. "Yes," remarked a friend, "you are going to seek the bubble reputation at the cañon's mouth."

STRANGER.
O Lady! may I ask without intrusion,
Sing hey! the frantic lady that you are,
The reason of your fluster and confusion?
Sing hey! the frantic lady and the car,
Sing hey! the frantic lady and the car.

LADY.
O sir! you see that car so swiftly flying,
Sing hey! the gallant stranger that you are,
To catch up with it I've been vainly trying,
Sing hey! the frantic lady and the car.

STRANGER.
But when you shout and wave your um-ber-ella
Sing hey! the frantic lady that you are,
The conductor stops or he's a silly fellow,
Sing hey! the frantic lady and the car.

LADY.
I see you're much in need of an instructor—
Sing hey! the silly stranger that you are,
Upon this line of cars there's no conductor,
Sing hey! the frantic lady and the car.

A Card from Messrs. August Wilhelmj and Max Vogrich.

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AUGUST WILHELMJ.
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Memnon conceived, one day, the foolish project of being perfectly wise. There are scarcely any men through whose brains this folly has not some time passed. Memnon said to himself: "To be very wise, and in consequence very happy, it is only necessary to be without passions; and nothing is more easy, as any one knows."

"In the first place, I will never love any woman; because when I see a perfect beauty, I shall say to myself: 'Some day these cheeks will become hollow; these beautiful eyes will be bordered with red; this round throat will become flat and hanging; this lovely head will be bald. I have only to gaze at present with the eyes with which I should then regard it; and assuredly this head will not be able to turn mine.'

"In the second place, I will always be sober. In vain shall I be tempted by good fare, by delicious wines, by the seduction of society. I have but to think of the effects of excess—an aching head, an overloaded stomach, the loss of reason, of health, and of time. I will only eat, therefore, what is needful; my health will always be equal, my ideas always pure and clear. All this is so easy that there is really no merit in carrying it out."

"Afterward," said Memnon, "it is necessary to consider my fortune. My desires are moderate; my fortune is securely placed under the Receveur-Général of Finances at Ninive. I have that which will enable me to live independently; that is the greatest of blessings. I shall never be brought to the cruel necessity of earning my living; I shall envy no one, and no one will envy me. This is also very simple."

"I have friends," continued he; "I shall keep them, because they will have nothing to dispute with me. I shall never quarrel with them, nor they with me. This will not be difficult."

Having thus made his little plan in regard to wisdom, in his chamber, Memnon looked out of his window. He saw two women who were walking along under the maples opposite his dwelling. One was old, and did not appear to be thinking of anything; the other was young, pretty, and seemed very much occupied. She sighed, she wept, and only appeared the more lovely. Our sage was touched, not by the beauty of the lady (he was quite sure of being free from such weakness), but by the affliction in which he saw her. He descended. He addressed the young Ninivienne, with the design of consoling her with his wisdom. This fair personage told him, with the most touching and confiding air, all the evil which an uncle (whom she had not) had brought upon her; with what artifices he had taken from her a fortune (which she had never possessed), and all that she had to fear from his violence.

"You appear to me a man of such good counsel," said she to him, "that, if you would condescend to come home with me and examine into my affairs, I am sure that you could help me out of my embarrassment."

Memnon did not hesitate to follow her, for the purpose of looking into her affairs, and of giving her good advice.

The afflicted dame led him into a perfumed chamber, and politely seated him by her side on a large sofa, where they sat opposite one another. The lady spoke, drooping her lids, from which the tears fell from time to time. Whenever she raised them they always encountered the gaze of the wise Memnon.

Their converse was full of a tenderness which redoubled each time they looked at each other. Memnon took her affairs very much to heart, and felt each moment greater joy at being able to assist so innocent and so unhappy a being. In the ardor of their conversation, they ceased insensibly to sit opposite one another. Memnon counseled her nearer, and gave to her advice so tender that, neither one nor the other spoke of business, and neither knew any longer where they were.

While they were in this position the "uncle" arrived, as one might have expected. He was armed from his beard to his feet; and the first thing he said was, that he was going to kill (he had reason) the wise Memnon and his niece; the last words which escaped from him, however, were to the effect that he would pardon Memnon for the consideration of a large sum of money.

Memnon was obliged to give all that he had with him. America had not then been discovered, and afflicted dames were not nearly so dangerous as they are to-day. Memnon, ashamed and disgusted, returned to his home. He there found an invitation to dine with one of his intimate friends.

"If I remain at home," said he, "my mind will be occupied with my sad adventure; I shall eat nothing, and shall be ill. It will be much better to go and enjoy a frugal repast with my friends. In the enjoyment of their society I shall forget my stupidity of this morning."

He went. They saw that he was sorrowful. They insisted upon his drinking to raise his spirits. A little wine taken moderately is good for the mind and body. It was thus that the sage Memnon thought, and he became intoxicated.

After dinner they proposed to play. A game with one's friends is an honest pastime. He played. They gained all that was in his purse, and four times as much. A dispute arose regarding the play; they became heated. One of his intimate friends threw a dice-box at his head and injured one eye. They carried the wise Memnon home, intoxicated, without money, and having one eye the less.

He recovered a little from his drinking, and, when his head was clearer, he sent his valet to the Receveur-Général of Finances at Ninive for the money to pay his friends. They told him that his debtor had that morning made a fraudulent bankruptcy, which had alarmed a hundred families.

Memnon, outraged, went to court with a plaster on his eye and a petition in his hand, to demand justice of the king regarding the bankrupt. He met, in a *salon*, many ladies, who supported with great ease hoops twenty-four feet in circumference. One of them, who knew him a little, said, looking at him from one side:

"Ah, how horrible!"

"But, who knew him better, said to him:

"Today, Monsieur Memnon. Indeed, Monsieur Mem-

non, I am glad to see you. By the way, how have you lost an eye?" and she passed without waiting for a reply.

Memnon hid himself in a corner, and awaited the moment when he could throw himself at the feet of the monarch. This moment arrived. He kissed the earth three times, and presented his petition. His gracious majesty received it very favorably, and gave the memorandum to one of his satraps to keep. The satrap took Memnon aside, and said to him, with a haughty air and a mocking laugh: "You are a far-seeing blind man, to address yourself to the king rather than to me, and still more far-sighted to demand justice against an honest bankrupt whom I honor with my protection, and who is the nephew of a maid of my mistress. Ah! abandon this affair, my friend, if you wish to preserve the eye which remains to you."

Memnon having thus in the morning renounced women, excess at table, play, all quarreling, and above all, the court, had been before night deceived and robbed by a fair dame, had been drunk, had played, had had a quarrel, had lost an eye, and had been at court, where they laughed at him.

Petrified with astonishment, and overcome with grief, he returned, death in his heart. He wished to enter his house; he found there the sheriffs, who were dismantling his rooms by order of his creditors. He sat down, almost fainting, under a maple; the fair dame of the morning passed by, leaning on the arm of her dear uncle; she laughed aloud upon seeing Memnon with his plaster.

Night came on; Memnon slept on the straw outside the walls of his house.

Fever came upon him; in excess of weariness he fell asleep, and a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

The apparition was resplendent with light. He had six beautiful wings, but no feet, nor head, nor queue, and resembled nothing human.

"Who art thou?" said Memnon.

"Thy good genius," replied the spirit.

"Give me, then, my eye, my health, my fortune, my wisdom," said Memnon. And then he recounted how he had lost all these things in one day.

"Those are adventures which never happen in the world which we inhabit," said the spirit.

"And what world do you inhabit?" inquired the afflicted man.

"My country," was the reply, "is five hundred million leagues from the sun, in a little star near Sirius, that you see here."

"The delightful country!" exclaimed Memnon. "What! you have not coquettes who deceive a poor man; no intimate friends who win away his money and who ruin his eyes; no bankrupts, no satraps who mock you while refusing you justice?"

"No," said the inhabitant of the stars, "nothing of all that. We are never deceived by women, because there we have none; there is no excess at table, because we do not eat; we have no bankrupts, because we have neither gold nor silver; our eyes cannot be injured, because our bodies are not fashioned like yours; and satraps never do us injustice, because in our little star all are equal."

Then Memnon said to him: "Monseigneur, without woman, and without dining, how do you pass your time?"

"In watching," replied the spirit, "over other globes which are confided to us. I come to console thee."

"Alas!" sighed Memnon, "why did you not come the night before, to spare me all these follies?"

"I was with Assan, thy elder brother," replied the celestial being. "He has more to complain of than thou. His gracious majesty, the King of the Indies, at whose court he has the honor to be, has blinded both his eyes for a slight indiscretion, and he is actually in prison—irons on his feet and hands."

"It is far from lucky, then," said Memnon, "to have a good genius in the family, for of two brothers, one is blind of one eye, and the other of both—one couched on straw, the other in prison."

"Thy fate will change," replied the inhabitant of the star. "It is true that you will always be blind in one eye; but in spite of that you will be happy, because you will never conceive the insane project of being perfectly wise."

"Is it, then, a thing impossible to carry out?" cried Memnon, sighing.

"As impossible as to be perfectly beautiful, perfectly strong, perfectly bappy. Even we ourselves are far from it. There is a globe where it is found; but in the hundred thousand millions of worlds which are scattered in space, all this comes by degrees. One has less of wisdom and of pleasure in the second than in the first, less in the third than in the second, and so on until the last, where every one is entirely idiotic."

"I greatly fear," said Memnon, "lest our little globe may be precisely the madhouse of the universe, of which you speak."

"Not altogether," said the spirit, "but it approaches near to being; it is necessary that each should have its place."

"Ah," said Memnon, "but certain poets, certain philosophers have taken great pains to say that *all is well*?"

"They have great reason," said the philosopher from on high, "in considering the arrangement of the entire universe."

"Ah! I will not believe that," replied poor Memnon, "until the time when I shall no longer be blind."

ADELAIDE CUSHING.
BERKELEY, Cal., February 15, 1880.

The following composition was written by a Japanese boy at school in New York: "Frogs are not lovely creatures in their appearances, they appear in the spring but cannot like clear springs or fair gardens or high fields; all times they lie in a dirty marshes or a pools. They have very pleasant sounds, short and soft sounds; that is first sound in the spring, and when approached Summer they became contented frogs; their noise is long and violent sound; now they all day wake in a woods or wild flowers and all night noised in pleasant sounds. They are very strange creatures. What does frogs when is winter come, they perhaps then may not have retired places. I will learn by ask teacher and I will have intimately described in answer to the subject."

A new waste basket is in the form of a tall hat, and, strange to say, it is very pretty.

A THEATRICAL FIRST-NIGHT.

A convenient place to study human nature (says the *Hour*) is a theatre on the night of a first performance. It is always a brilliant occasion, whether in Paris, London, or New York; though in our own city it lacks some of the striking features which distinguish it in the two great European capitals. The London or Paris audience gives itself up freely to the expression of its likes or dislikes; but a New York audience is proverbially mild and amiable. There was a first-night in Paris, some years ago, which was eminently characteristic of Gallic custom. The play was a drama of a social cast by Arsène Houssaye. Its audacious immorality was too much for even the most liberal Parisian digestion. The people in the theatre howled, hissed, and stamped, and the drama was damned outright. It is needless to add that, if M. Houssaye's play had been represented before an American audience, it would have been received with frigid silence: no hissing, no howling, no stamping—only polite contempt. London first-nighters are demonstrative, too, when they feel that their sensibilities have been shocked or their good taste imposed upon. Whether the transatlantic method of popular criticism is the most effectual is a matter of opinion; but it is undeniable that an excited auditory is more picturesque than one whose prominent traits are suppressed disgust and deceitful courtesy.

Let one imagine himself a spectator at a first representation in one of our leading theatres. The play is a new work by an American author. The audience is large, and, in the main, fashionable. Most of them arrive late. The scintillating splendor of the chandelier overhead, the sparkle of the gas-jets, the sharp glare of the foot-lights, the handsome decorations of the theatre, the crowded audience, the bright costumes of the women, the general look of expectation, and the magnetism which seems to pervade this picturesque confusion of humanity thrill the spectator. The orchestra is now midway in a gallop. The heads of most orchestra leaders are bald, strange to say—a fact which most people learn in early childhood. While the music is in progress, one looks about in search of familiar faces. Many of the choicest seats are occupied by representatives of "our best society," who are present to be seen, rather than to see. But fashion is not the most interesting element of the audience; for here are men distinguished in various walks of life, who would rather miss three good meals than a first night. The critics of the leading newspapers adorn the middle aisle. They sit smileless and owl-like, as though each were an Atlas supporting a little world of his own. Three or four of these gentlemen have made names for themselves, and their opinions are respected. Representatives of small-fry sheets and out-of-town journals abound; there are few of them who have not an axe to grind, and most of them know as much about the drama and acting as the Boeotians, according to an ancient tradition, knew about the root of wisdom. This mob of writers is made up of singular and antagonistic elements. Further down is a doctor of divinity, who, belonging as he does to an advanced sect of Christianity, combats the notion that the theatre and the devil are synonymous. There is no trade or profession which is not represented. The professional blackguard and the scholar, the rival manager and the callow playwright, the leading man of a neighboring house and the conceited amateur, the wealthy banker and the broken-down financier, the famous author and the literary duffer—all are here, and all glory in the title, which has been invented to describe them as a body, "first-nighters."

The overture is at an end, and up goes the curtain to music pianissimo. One is soon absorbed in the play; for he has made up his mind, of course, to give the author the full benefit of his honest opinion. He is patriotic and sympathetic, and has read somewhere that Rome was not built in a day. The American drama, it seems, is subject to the same wise generalization. Well, the first act pleases him, and he is enthusiastic in a peaceful way. When the curtain drops he saunters out into the lobby. There are little knots of intellectual gentlemen, most of whom are writers of plays, though the world is quite ignorant of that important fact. Desirous to bear their opinions, he joins one of the groups. These well-informed persons say that the first act of the play is a failure. Where he had found artistic perception, they discovered nothing but dullness long drawn out. He expresses his conviction forcibly, and is answered with a storm of "pooh-poohs," "pshaws" and other suggestive noises. One fellow, who it is said has written a score of plays, all of which have been rejected, tells him confidentially that the act which has pleased him is "Rubbish, my dear boy—rubbish." His mental reservation is, that the speaker is an ass. Of course, he doesn't say so; he holds to his first opinion, and gazes with renewed curiosity at these unappreciated playwrights. As he looks at them, it appears that their complexions are yellow with envy. The author's success is, in their eyes, an impertinence, and they do their best to belittle it.

However, one forgets these lobbyists and returns to his seat. The play goes on, the interest increases with each act, and the curtain finally falls upon the last tableau. The author, to whom the evening has been a long agony, is then called out, and is obliged to stammer his acknowledgments. The play has proved to be a work stamping the writer as a man of taste and artistic promise. Its blemishes and its many shortcomings are noticed; but the general impression has been favorable, and one has the supreme satisfaction of knowing that he has enjoyed himself. The least sophisticated spectators agree. But a sneering friend, who is always at your elbow, assures you that the piece will be damned, because nine American critics out of ten argue *a priori* that no American play can be good. And now the lights are turned out, the last note of the orchestra dies away into the gray hollows of the theatre, one howls to his pretty female acquaintances as he passes out into the street, and a gust of cold wind blowing into his face confirms his pet shibboleth—that romance and reality are but the profile and the full face of life.

The Manliness of Christ, by Mr. Thomas Hughes, will be published in this country by Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Without saying which one does the hugging, Miss Muiock says bear and forbear are the two great bears of matrimony.

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OFFICE HEALTH DEPARTMENT

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEB. 24, 1880.

NOTICE.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH HAVING declared certain territory within the limits of San Francisco "A Public Nuisance," I hereby notify all persons, of every nationality, living in and surrounded by the conditions which have caused this action to be taken by the Hon. Board of Health, that, after the expiration of thirty (30) days from the publication of this notice, all the power of the law will be invoked (and we believe it is sufficient) to empty this great reservoir of moral, social, and physical pollution, which is constantly extending its area, and threatens to engulf with its filthiness and immorality the fairest portion of our city. The consequences that must result from a continuance of this moral, social, and physical evil are simply too fearful to contemplate, and must be averted at all hazards.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of January, 1880, an assessment (No. 21) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-fifth day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, Feb. 14, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 52) of Thirty Cents per share was declared, payable on FRIDAY, February 20, 1880, at the office of Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., New York, only on stock issued from the Transfer Agency in that city, and at the San Francisco office only on stock issued here. Transfer books will close on Thursday, February 19, 1880, at 3 o'clock P. M.

P. JACOBUS, Ass't Secretary.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the first (1st) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth day of February, 1880, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OFFICE OF THE BODIE CONSOLIDATED

Mining Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, San Francisco, February 17, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a dividend (No. 8) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the Company, payable Monday, March 1, 1880, at the office of Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., New York, only on stock issued from the Transfer Agency in that city, and at the San Francisco office only on stock issued here. Transfer books will close on Thursday, February 19, 1880, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. H. LENT, Secretary.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 6, 1880.

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Translated for the "Argonaut" from the French of Louis Clodion.

I.

A fortnight ago I escorted Mina to a ball. Olympia was there. Could I have foreseen it? Olympia looked unusually beautiful. Tall, dark, excited with pleasure, she was positively radiant; her dark eyes were more brilliant than diamonds, her cheeks redder than the coral beads twined in her raven locks, her skin whiter than the satin of her robe. Mina was jealous of her. She forbade my looking at Olympia—I did not look at her; to reply to her, should she address a remark to me—she spoke to me, I abruptly broke off the conversation. What was more, I had been positively rude; for, as she passed me, whether by accident or design, she dropped her fan, and I did not so much as stoop to pick it up.

That was simply heroic. Even Mina appeared to be perfectly satisfied with my conduct. The following day she was charmingly gracious to me. In the evening, we gaily drew the card table near the fire and sat down to play. That was a caprice of Mina's. Unfortunate caprice! Suddenly she became distraught, preoccupied; her eyes were riveted upon a card—upon one particular card. She was actually deliberating how she would force me to say (I appeal to you, reader, was it reasonable?) that Olympia bore an exact resemblance to the Queen of Spades.

She affirmed it. I denied it. She became impatient, and justly, for I was wrong to contradict her. Suddenly she threw down the cards and pouted! How bewitching is a pretty woman when she pouts! She bit her lips, which only made them a deeper carnation; her thin nostrils dilated, her eyes sparkled, and with her nail she tore all that came within her reach.

In the first place, Mina's angry little nail—a long, rose-tinted, tapering little nail, an instrument made for the express purpose of scratching into the heart of man—relentlessly pierced through the lace on her handkerchief. Nor did its ravages cease there. By the side of the lovely *boudeuse* lay a portrait—my portrait; it was considered to be a very excellent likeness. For an instant her nail played about this picture. Her trembling touch betrayed impatience, nervousness, hesitation. Indeed, it was sufficient to make me tremble. Nevertheless, I smiled. Did she perceive that smile? I think she did. Meanwhile, her gaze was intently fixed upon her foot.

II.

She was reclining upon a broad lounge—a soft, luxurious lounge, covered with Turkish stuff, embroidered with gold. A simple morning dress of white cashmere enveloped her figure, leaving exposed the delicate throat. I had a side view of her, and the exquisite profile stood out clearly and distinctly, in its pink and white loveliness, against the blue draperies which formed a background.

Her brow was certainly a model of grace and beauty—low and broad, set in a framework of soft, wavy hair! Truly, I never saw anything more beautiful than Mina's brow, unless it was her nose—delicately veined, clearly cut, the pink nostrils rounded, mobile, provoking; or her mouth, or her ear, each of as perfect, as fine a design, as were the features stamped upon a *louis d'or*. There was likewise a chin—a pretty, plump, coquettish chin; moreover, a double chin.

I confess that never, until this moment, had I been so particularly struck with Mina's beauty; whilst she was beating a tattoo with her foot—that foot which she was so studiously contemplating while I was smiling. It was posed upon a tapestry cushion, representing a little Cupid shooting an arrow and piercing a heart, which, on its azure field, positively looked like the Ace of Spades, if Olympia did bear no resemblance to the Queen.

I doubt not all this is silly, tiresome, to those who are not in love—but not to Mina. For love is the Phoenix which rises from its ashes; old as the world—although born yesterday, come to light to-day. And those who cage this beautiful bird do not stop to inform themselves, before admiring its plumage, before listening to its song, whether it were the same song which it sung to Adam and Eve under the shades of Paradise.

Mina loves me. You smile? To say the least, I am agreeable to her. I assure you, in spite of my modesty, it is absolutely impossible for me to doubt this fact. From fancy to passion there is but a step—if, on the other hand, there is oftentimes an abyss; and when I think of the tremendous sacrifices which she has made for my sake, I am forced to believe that she adores me. Yes, such as I am—as you see me—she sacrificed for me, successively, a ball, two dinners, three *matinées musicales*, and four *soirées littéraires*! But at this moment she would not have denied herself, on my account, the infinitesimal portion of a waltz, or the reading of a quatrain. Her foot trampled with savage glee upon the innocent little Cupid, and her finger-nail flew with steadily increasing rapidity around my portrait. Suddenly, horror! both eyes lost, annihilated, irreparably destroyed! I was blind—in the picture.

My friends, pretend that I am blind in reality, so far as Mina is concerned. No such thing. I swear it. But, after all, where would be the harm even if it were so? Yes, assuredly they are unjust; for is it not gross injustice to say that Mina—who is absolutely perfect—is capricious, irasci-

ble, lazy, and self-willed, a vain, gossiping coquette? A gossip? Mina? That is to say she is possessed of wit, gaiety, animation! She possibly likes to give full play to the effervescent spirit within her; but is not that rather to her credit than otherwise? She occasionally wounds certain people—some people are so ridiculously sensitive! Vain? Yes, if it is vanity to be conscious of one's worth, and not affect ignorance of a fact that is patent to all. Coquettish? I have seldom known her to perform her toilet more than three times in one day, and then merely to conform to the exigencies of the world. During the opera season she makes four; could she do otherwise? She rarely goes so far as to dress five times in a day. And yet, they dare call her lazy!

And thus she is judged—poor Mina!—the exact reverse of what she really is. Let them say what they will to the contrary, I do affirm that she has the combined gentleness of the dove and the lamb; only, there is a limit to her docility. Knowing her, it is only necessary to be on the alert for certain indications, to take the necessary precautions. *Mon Dieu!* doubtless she has her gloomy hours—who has not? But, if she flies into a rage occasionally, she has such a graceful way of stamping her tiny foot, even of scratching out your eyes—on paper—that one could wish this transient mood were her normal condition. I never love her better than at such a moment—too rare to suit my fancy. We both get angry and sulk. Who is wrong? It is hard to decide. The cream of the affair is the reconciliation.

III.

I saw well enough that Mina regretted her imprudence. But she would not give up; she would rather die than make me the slightest concession. Had she not conceived a notion that thus she was upholding her dignity? On my part, I was obstinate; indeed, to such a degree that I internally made a solemn vow never to yield.

See to what a pass we had come. And our dispute had arisen in a jest. We had laughingly exchanged shots; we played with words as with a battledore and shuttlecock; insensibly mirth changed to gloom—the game was poisoned. We had trifled with words without perceiving their drift, and blood had flowed.

In America there is a plant the leaves of which are endowed with a keen sensibility, which fact becomes obvious through a strange phenomenon. It is divided into two movable lobes, which remain partially open, provided some careless insect does not, by an unfortunate touch, irritate this sensibility. But should a little, sporting, buzzing, adventure-some fly have the temerity to alight upon the extreme point of one of these leaves, it instantly closes, and the captive fly tries in vain to recover its liberty, to escape from the prison in which it confined itself.

Our pride—Mina's and mine—at this moment bore a striking similitude to these leaves; and our love, which in its blind confidence had been wounded and made prisoner, could not burst the bonds which enthralled it. It was evident that some unexpected incident, some happy chance, must intervene before the ice could be broken. I was perfectly aware that a single word from me would restore to the sky its limpid clearness; but to submit to Mina's unjust, extravagant caprice—never! never!

Suddenly a piece of coal fell upon the hearth and rolled to the edge of the rug. Mina sprang forward; I did likewise; but soon I came to a stand-still, struck by an idea; and she, too, stopped, seeing that I had done so.

She had not changed her posture—her body slightly inclined, her right hand extended before her. That hand, placed between me and the candelabra, pink, transparent, bathed in a flood of light, recalled to my mind another hand I had admired in the fresco that adorns a ceiling in the Rospigliosi palace at Rome: the Aurora of the great master, Guido Reni—Aurora driving the Chariot of the Sun, surrounded by the Hours.

Yes, Mina's was certainly that very hand, and I waited, momentarily expecting to see fall from it the shower of flowers which glides through the fingers of the goddess. I naturally told Mina my thoughts. She smiled. That was a good sign. I took her hand and kissed it. She quickly withdrew it. The compliment was cunning; speech had returned, and already I could see my way to reconciliation, and that without having to make any humiliating concessions—a concession at thought of which my pride revolted. My plan of action was instantly formed; it was a good one, and, beyond the question of a doubt, it would have been crowned with glorious success if—

Did you ever hunt larks?

IV.

For some time have the fields been despoiled of their riches. The mornings are cold. On the yellow leaves and mosses, on shrub and hedge, are suspended the first quaint arabesques, the first sparkling festoons of the skillful designer, Jack Frost. In the midst of this field, whence you have a view of the surrounding country, place your mirror. The rising sun has already kissed away the thousand little icicles. Meanwhile, the morning lark sings as it soars through the blue sky. Suddenly it perceives the scintillations of the mirror. At this challenge to its coquetry, it stops; insensibly it lowers its flight, it descends, and wheels around the brilliant spot; soon it enters within the circle of the fascinating rays; again it descends, lower, lower; finally it remains passive, immova-

ble. Nothing now rests for you but to draw fast the cords of your net.

'Twas thus I resolved to do—'twas thus I did with Mina. I offered to her coquetry, which, after all, was legitimate, the mirror of sweetest flattery. She lent a complacent ear to my words; by degrees she softened. She looked into my face with tenderness; still, more prudent than the lark, she kept at a distance. I saw instantly what it was she was waiting for. Do not think it was obstinacy! It was that unfortunate question of mistaken dignity which made her hold back. But she would have yielded, I am positive, for it is rare indeed that she does not end by doing as I wish. I was at her feet, ravished, bewildered, fascinated by her look. I vowed to myself, for the hundredth time, not to say that Olympia—when, suddenly, it was too much for me (she had not, in the meantime, asked me again); my lips parted, an unknown power caused my tongue to tremble, and I heard myself, in spite of me—whilst, indeed, I was thinking to the contrary—say in a clear, distinct voice, in a tone of conviction, even: "Olympia does resemble the Queen of Spades!"

SALLIE R. HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1, 1880.

A conversation with Senator Traylor during the last week relieved us of any misapprehension concerning the charter of San Francisco introduced by him, and now pending in that branch of the Legislature. The bill prepared by Mr. Swift and the one prepared by Mr. McClure are both being examined and carefully considered by Senators Traylor, Neumann, Dickinson, and Hittell. These gentlemen are in entire accord, and will preserve, in the bill reported by them, all the wise restrictions, checks, and guards that distinguished the original Consolidation Act as prepared by Horace Hawes. If Mr. McClure, whom we designated in our last issue as a better politician than lawyer, has hidden any cat in the meal-tub, it will be discovered and driven out. Some features as recommended by Mr. Swift will be modified, especially those that gave unusual power to the Mayor—a Republican Legislature will naturally prefer to entrust power to a Republican Governor who is known to be honest rather than to a sand-lot Mayor known to be not honest. The charter, as reported by the four Senators named, will pass the body to which they belong, and will go to the House with every prospect of passing that body. We would not be understood as intimating that Senators Enos, Conger, Kane, and others of the opposition will not unite with Republican Senators in supporting the bill, as we know nothing of their views or proposed action. Senator Traylor impressed upon us the assurance that the community need feel no apprehension of any seriously bad legislation. The revenue bill will, in his opinion, contain some provisions unjust to mining and other corporations in reference to double taxation; will affect banks other than the commercial banks, *i. e.*, savings banks, unfavorably; but, as a whole, is not a bad measure, and will have a tendency to reduce taxation upon real estate in the city of San Francisco and upon small farms throughout the State. The great mass of bills resulting from ignorance, passion, and class prejudice will not become laws, but will be defeated.

It is true that Mr. J. C. Flood has sold to Mr. John W. Mackay all his interests in stocks, mines, mills, reduction works, railroads, water, lumber, and flume companies in Nevada, retiring absolutely and entirely from mines and mining. Mr. Mackay will press the business with renewed energy, giving it his personal attention, as heretofore. The relation of Mr. Fair remains unchanged. Mr. Flood has not sold his interest in the Nevada Bank, nor parted with any of his real property. He does not contemplate leaving the State, except for such excursions of pleasure as may allure him in the future. The Menlo mansion, now nearly three years under construction, will be completed in one year. It is now ready for the fresco painters, and it is not improbable that Mr. and Mrs. Flood may, during the year, visit the East and Europe with a view to furnishing the new home and providing for its embellishment such marbles, pictures, bronzes, and other furniture as such a residence must necessarily demand. Mr. Flood has not yet abandoned his intention of building an elegant town house upon the block at the corner of Mason and California Streets.

One point about the projected canal of M. De Lesseps appears to us to have been inadequately considered. M. De Lesseps proposes to make a short "sea-level" canal without locks. If we are not misinformed, the Atlantic mean sea-level at the isthmus of Darien is some twenty odd feet higher than the Pacific sea-level. When it is high tide on the Atlantic, it is, we presume, not always high tide on the Pacific. This would make the difference still greater. What would be the consequence: a pretty strong western current?—or a gradual equalization of the two levels? If the latter hypothesis is absurd, has not the former an important bearing on the question of a lockless canal? We write without profession of knowledge, but as one desiring light.

If there is to be an election for fifteen free-holders to form a charter, there should be but two tickets—one representing the sand-lot, and the other uniting and consolidating all parties, creeds, classes, colors, and nationalities—in favor thereto. As there should be no politics in making it, there should be no politics in making it.

KISS ME TO-NIGHT.

Kiss me to-night, love, kiss me!
A warm and a passionate kiss,
For the sake of the days that are bygone
And the joy we may know in this.
These moments we have, and no one
The bliss of our hearts can blight,
If close in my arms I hold you,
And you kiss me, dear one, to-night.

Kiss me to-night, love, kiss me!
Let your arms round my neck entwine;
The touch of your lips will thrill me
And run through my veins like wine.
The cares of my life will vanish,
Its darkness be changed to light;
The world will be filled with music
If you kiss me, dear love, to-night.

Kiss me to-night, love, kiss me!
We never again may meet—
Alone we may walk life's pathway
With weary and wounded feet;
We vainly may list for each other,
We may look with a tear-dimmed sight.
For love's sake, my darling, my angel,
Kiss me, oh, kiss me, to-night!

SACRAMENTO, February 21, 1880.

JOSIAH.

FOUR CONSPIRING PLANETS.

The Probable Effect of their Simultaneous Perihelia.

From a lecture delivered in this city by Mrs. Emma Harding Britten we extract the following disquieting predictions, without, however, being ourselves very much disquieted, for a reason which Mrs. Britten states, in a part of the lecture here omitted, in these words: "The more intellectual and spiritual, who have faithfully endeavored to live as far as possible in harmony with the dictates of law, will greatly benefit in their physical health by the etherization of the air, and consequent improvement of climate which must follow"—the astronomical event which is to be so fatal to the wicked. Seriously, the remarks of Mrs. Britten seem to us worthy of attention:

"The coincident perihelia of four planets is a remarkable event, and marks an astronomical era on the clock of our globe. Such epochs bring new light to the observing eyes of astronomers, who already conjecture that our entire solar system is being drawn by some invisible or unknown force toward an undetermined point in the direction of 'star twelve' of the constellation Hercules. No part of infinite space is unoccupied, and no finite horizon exists amid the mighty march of creation, except man's ignorance. What logical results may now be lawfully traced from the simultaneous perihelia of four great planets? And how will such a mere drop as Earth bear the crisis of united attraction from four such mighty masses, whose influence will draw from every available source within our system?

"The effects will develop slowly, in the regular order of sequence which marks the natural history of Earth. No sudden cataclysm will inaugurate its comparatively short duration, and many will fail to realize the changes it will effect until its period of maximum exertion is past. A minute eccentricity, only apparent to the exact mathematics of astronomy, will slightly disturb the polar axis. Already we are experiencing some of its effects. The greatest disturbances will occur in the air and water, or movable envelope of our planet. These will act upon all forms of animal and plant life; and the more perfectly developed types of each will be best able to meet and survive the trying changes. The fittest will survive. During these perihelia Earth's climate will be especially irregular: unusual cold, alternating with unseasonable heat, throughout the agitation already commenced. Great agitation will occur among different races of men. Many forms of malarial disease will appear. Not only fever and pestilence may rage in some localities, but atmospheric disturbances will affect many forms of vegetable as well as animal life. Local floods are likely to occur.

"The reaction of atmospheric waves and extraordinary electric tension will inevitably succeed such concentrated planetary attraction, and render possible many developments of latent spores, awaiting less atmospheric pressure and new electrical conditions to evolve new forms of life. Crops will be unequal and scanty in some localities, but especially flourishing in others—depending on their immediate surroundings. As all mental conditions of man are intimately connected with the physical condition of the earth he inhabits, social, intellectual, and national disputes will arise, with local famines and physical pestilence. Strife will be manifest in the warfare of contending nations.

"The coming changes, although not wholly gradual, will be no more sudden than the apparent sunrise of a steadily advancing orb. In 1881½ the star Alpha, in the Dragon, passes the shaft of the Great Pyramid, where the prophecy of this perihelion was unmistakably recorded over five thousand years ago, clearly engraved in solid marble."

A Study of Umbrellas.

Essentially a bird of sunshine, I am driven by such days as this, with its gloomy, drizzling, dripping clouds and be-draggled pedestrians, to my perch, to meditate and cogitate; and, exciting topics of thought being few, I fall to reading histories in the umbrellas as they pass. This is the hour for "mass," and the sheltering cloth has an aggressive, arrogant bearing which scents Kearneyism in the wind. They are plebeian umbrellas these, with cotton tops and too flexible whalebone ribs. How they ebb and flow, rise and fall, with the changing tide of enthusiasm in their bearers! There goes one, pell-mell, through all obstacles of wind or rain. That owner evidently intends to carry heaven, at least, by storm, if not the world. This one has a coquettish air; peep beneath, and see a Celtic flirt, in green shawl and purple bonnet, prepared to capture Denis and all his followers. That one has a meek and subjected look, which only long-continued snubbing could impart, and it reveals a hen-pecked husband. The next has a defiant bearing, and the glimpses of dabbled petticoats beneath speak plainly of the presence of the early better-half of the unfortunate Benedick. About

another there is a melancholy droop which speaks of better days; its frayed covering was once rich silk; its discolored handle rested in carved racks in frescoed halls, or was borne in daintily gloved hands. It has passed, with its owner, through all gradations, from luxurious wealth through shabby gentility to struggling respectability, and now it shelters abject poverty. Could it speak, it might relate a tale so harrowing as to melt the coldest heart. That one might tell the vicissitudes of a felon's life; this one of a gambler; that of a nice old doctor; that of a learned professor.

Do you see that dainty umbrella just down the street? The reverse of that picture would be two laughing, happy school-girl faces, plotting mischief—future raids on a teacher's patience, or ambuscades for school-boy hearts. There, under that one, is a pair of happy lovers; she never dreams that, owing to his masculine selfishness, her best bonnet is being deluged—that trickling streams chase each other over the pretty wrap which cost her time and pains and tired fingers; her heart is on fire with his passionate words, and her finery, for once, is forgotten. See that tip-tilted cotton 'tent that shelters—or rather aims, but fails, to shelter—a true countryman. His hat is pushed back, his eyes and mouth are wide open to take in the sights, and he never heeds the rain-drops which drip from the point above upon his inquiring nose. There is a solid, heavy umbrella, which tells of bonds and bank accounts and good credit. Another one dodges quickly round the corner—for it owes a bill, and can't pay it, to that angry-looking one crossing the street to intercept the meditated flight. This one has been to the war, for its ribs are broken and its battle with the world are nearly over; like the poor, tired gray head beneath it, it will be laid away with a heavy heart, and its survivors will tell of a life well spent and rest well earned.

There goes a careless school-boy; his umbrella is carried under-arm; pokes unhappy toads, or assists in sailing dangerously frail craft on stormy, road-side seas. The rain, he thinks, is better than undesired shelter. There is the traditional green gingham veteran, protecting the faded charms of an antiquated belle. No danger of those tight curls subsiding into unlovely humidity when beneath the ample folds of this stanch survivor of a past generation. That nobby umbrella and well-cut ulster are the accessories of the girl, or boy, of the period, but look closer and you'll see the banged hair. But the clouds are lifting, the rain is at an end, and the umbrella-bearers "fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away."

BUTTERCUP I.

Funny Fifth Column of the New York *Times* gives us an elaborate and interesting editorial treatise upon the modes of exterminating flies, a dissertation founded upon a fact. A new method of exterminating flies had been invented. It was simply this: Put molasses on the floor, in lines or circles, and, in parallel lines or concentric circles, place a train of gunpowder; when the unconscious flies are feeding, fire the train, and up go the flies. Two boys tried it upon the bald head of their sleeping father, a good deacon in Connecticut. We quote:

This deacon resides in a Connecticut village, and is in the possession of a bald head of a very devout and venerable appearance. Naturally, he suffers a great deal from flies, who, with the malicious and irreverent habit of their kind, take pleasure in holding balls and parties on his head. His two sons—boys of tender years, but of remarkable enterprise—heard the deacon read aloud, some time since, from his favorite country paper, the gunpowder device for the extermination of flies. He soon forgot all about it, but his boys remembered it. They hated flies, and they loved their father. They could not bear to see his beloved scalp danced over by wicked flies, and they resolved to try the gunpowder experiment, merely as an expression of their filial affection. The deacon is in the habit of sleeping soundly in his chair every Sunday afternoon, and last Sunday the boys seized the opportunity thus offered to them, and softly dropped a little molasses on the exact top of his head. Around this bait they heaped up a little circle of gunpowder. They could not afford to buy much powder, but they made a quarter of a pound go as far as it would, and there is no doubt that they would have willingly lavished an entire pound in the sacred cause of filial devotion, if they had been able to procure it. In a short time the deacon's head was black with flies. The youngest boy said that there was "mornamillion" of them, but perhaps he exaggerated. At any rate, when the match was deliberately applied to the powder, not a fly escaped, and had there been double the quantity of flies they would all have been exterminated.

Of course the boys meant well, and we should blame, not them, but the writer of the lying letter which suggested to them their kindly intended but disastrous scheme. They are still expiating their errors in dark rooms, lying exclusively on their faces, and wondering how their mother ever developed so much strength of arm. The deacon will probably recover during the course of the winter, provided erysipelas does not set in, but his left ear vanished with the flies, and it is doubtful if he will ever regain the use of his eyes. In case he should recover, he intends to find out the man who wrote the letter concerning gunpowder and flies, and to hold a short interview with him. He is a large and muscular deacon, and he will infallibly keep his word.

Some time ago a rather prominent lawyer in one of the upper counties of this State was fined \$25 for contempt of court. The lawyer didn't think that he would ever be called upon for the fine, and he pursued his usual course, without giving himself any uneasiness. One day a deputy sheriff approached him, and stated that he had instructions to collect the fine.

"I won't pay it," said the lawyer. "I can't afford it."

"And you won't pay it?"

"No, sir."

The deputy reported accordingly, and an order for the arrest of the lawyer was issued; and accordingly he was arrested and committed to jail. It is rather unprofitable to send a man to jail for refusing to pay a fine, for the mere fact of his lying in jail would only involve additional expense. A short time after the lawyer's incarceration a man applied at the jail and wanted to hire a convict. Under a recent act of the Legislature you can employ jail men at fifty cents per day. The jail was rather scarce of laborers, and the man finally agreed to take the lawyer, who followed his master home. It happened that the latter had considerable law business on hand, which he assigned to the lawyer, telling him to work or he would send him out to plow. Several cases came up in court, and the lawyer conducted them. The court could not enter a constitutional objection to the course of the lawyer, for his legal tongue had not been silenced when the fine was imposed. The man, of course, had a lawful right to assign such work as he chose to his man. By the time the fine was worked out, the lawyer had gained four suits and attended to \$300 worth of other business, all for a kind of nominal fifty cents per day.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATOM.

Suggested by Figuer's "To-morrow of Death."

Slowly but surely I felt the time drawing near when soul and body should part forever, and the mysteries of the future stand revealed. More and more I felt convinced of the folly of any mortal power attempting to determine the destination of that Force which is generally conceded to be immortal. My death-bed was harrowed by conflicting emotions and discussions. One friend was endeavoring to prove, with all the eloquence of faith and revelation, the, to him, undeniable existence of heaven and hell. One friend tried to console me for my exit by the assurance that all the pains and pleasures of this life would be re-experienced in another, higher, though still material sphere. Another insisted that I should give no thought to the future, as it existed no more for the soul than for the body.

As for myself, I clung to the deductions which to a disciple of modern philosophy are irresistible. If it has been proven that the physical part of us never dies, but merely "suffers a change into something rich and strange," how utterly improbable that the psychical and infinitely superior part of our being should undergo annihilation. Besides, all Force persists forever, and I could not make up my mind to relinquish the idea that the future held something that mortal eyes and mortal science could not grasp. Therefore I eagerly awaited the moment of dissolution, when all doubts would be at an end and all disputes forever settled. At last it came, and with a sigh of relief I freed myself from my earthly habitation, and—after one last glance at the lifeless clay, which was so like, and yet so horribly unlike, the breathing man of a moment ago—guided by an invisible hand, I soared into the Unknown.

With lightning-like rapidity I flew onward, but always upward, past all material objects which had heretofore come under my daily observation, but of which my spiritual eyes now took but little notice; up, up, into that luminiferous ether which bounds the vision of mortal man. Then a voice bade me pause and look below.

A shadowy hand pointed downward to an object which, from my height, seemed a small, dark ball, circling upon its axis with dazzling rapidity, and pursuing its course around the great central body, with apparently nothing to prevent a breath from launching it into space. It was the Earth, the planet on which lay the dust that had so lately been animated by my restless spirit. As I hung above it, watching with wonder its solitary, uniform course upon a path from which there seemed no turning, I realized how completely at the mercy of some great, absolute Power were the millions of human beings whom I had left upon its surface. Nothingness above, around, below—a mere ball suspended in air, which the slightest change of nature's laws would hurl from its orbit into eternity.

But I had little time for reflection, and was again hurried onward. Soon all thoughts of, all care for, my former place of habitation left me, and I only longed for the revelations about to be afforded.

At last we paused once more, and the voice of my invisible guide informed me that we had reached the inner boundary of that rare, pure ether where I would leave behind me the last remnant of mortality and doubt. Through the vibrating, quivering, jelly-like mass, which for one instant longer held my spirit, I marked out the long tracks of light that once enabled me to perceive the planets which I had lately almost touched. Then, with a sigh of relief, I turned my back upon all earthly things and plunged into the Beyond.

For a moment the darkness was so intense that I knew not which way to turn; but, as my guide had deserted me, I was convinced that at last I had reached that abyss which receives all liberated Force; that there was nothing to prevent me from roaming whither I would, until perchance I should be called to exist once more in human form.

After a time I became accustomed to the darkness, and with my spiritual eyes was enabled to explore the "hereafter" of the religionists.

All was chaos; all was blackness. There was no sound at first to break the awful stillness. The volume of Force, each atom of which had preceded me, was inanimate for the time, still persisting, it is true, until the moment of its re-utilization; but for the present without purpose and without thought.

Around me, as I passed them, I saw that dark suns were burning, but there was nothing to conduct their light, and they shed no radiance upon the horrors of their world. I still hovered upon the brink of the abyss, for I knew that by one plunge therein all individuality would be lost—all power of thought, and perhaps of memory, would be at an end forever. So I circled around the edge, hesitating to make the plunge which I knew was inevitable, if from no other cause, as a relief from the horrors of which I was the only apparent observer. Countless souls had doubtless been freed since my emancipation, but they were as invisible to me as I to them. I sped onward through the darkness, with no settled purpose. The stillness was at first deathlike, and more horrible than the wildest oaths and blasphemies of the Bible's hell. Soon, however, I became aware of a dull, hissing noise, such as is produced upon our planet by the fusion of metals, but intensified a thousand times. The invisible furnaces were lost in the intense darkness, but the heat was terrific—more powerful than the wildest imagination could picture the internal fires of Earth. It was stifling, suffocating—for "the loss of heat being simply the abstraction of molecular motion by the ether which encircles our world, where this medium is absent no cooling can take place." Now and again a planet—which, obeying nature's laws even here, revolved around its mockery of a sun—molten by the intense heat, fell at my feet, a river of fire. There was stillness no longer. The roaring and explosion of the fusing metals increased every moment, until, to my excited imagination, the air seemed filled with the hoarse cries of innumerable wild beasts and the hissing of countless angry serpents. The horrors of the place, added to the intense heat and impenetrable darkness, I could endure no longer, and with one wild cry I plunged into the abyss at my feet. FAG, M. P.

Philadelphia has a fashionable cookery club, with a Boston teacher, of course.

DIVORCED.

They had been man and wife for fifteen years; for fifteen years had known and borne joy and sorrow together; had experienced the rich blessing of fatherhood and motherhood; had wept over a dead child's face together; through sun and shadow had walked together—and now they could no longer find peace under the same roof; they were to be divorced. Neither knew how they had come to this. In the beginning there had been affection and delight; but, after a time, the husband compared his wife with other women, and found that this one possessed a brighter eye, and that one more perfect curves of cheek and chin, and yet another a neater foot and more taste in dress; one sparkled in conversation, and her neighbor sang till the heart was enthralled at her tones; why had not the woman he had chosen all these beauties and charms? And she? She did not at first compare him with other men, but she wondered that he seemed to care less for a kiss from her, and that his manner lost the fine, impalpable air of courtesy and deference that love evokes. But the

"Little rift within the lute"

Was there, and it slowly widened through the years till all the music that began when they first loved had become mute—until one night they sat full of memories. Memories are usually sad guests, and especially memories of the past ecstasy that once we felt, when life was an atmosphere of confidence and love; and these two, brooding over the evening fire, made no exceptions to this hard rule. The children had felt constraint, and a vague sorrow that was like a burden on their hearts; so they crept to bed, and did not whisper as was their habit, but lay close to each other and wondered in a childish way at things they could not understand. The wife was mending the clothes, as she had done, week after week, for fifteen years. The rocking-chair vibrated or stood still, as her thoughts moved her soul only. She carefully refrained from glancing at the still figure across the room, and kept her face calm and indifferent. The husband roused at last from his thoughtful posture, and looked at his wife. Something in her attitude recalled the girl he had wooed, when he had felt he must win or life would not be worth the living. He looked again, and seemed to see the face that had bent over him so anxiously, when the fever burned in his veins and his life lay in the balance. The power of the past was upon him, and, when he spoke, it softened his voice to a minor key:

"Do you want all the children, Martha?"

She felt her heart almost stifling her, for she had thought of the children constantly, and longed to know what arrangement could be made concerning them, but had not had the courage to put her thought in words. She looked at her husband with a pale face and eyes full of suffering.

"I would like to have them all, Ben, if you are willing, but I have tried to learn to part from some of them."

"You can keep them all. I did think I would take Bob and go to the mines, but I expect he is better off where he is."

Martha Grant said nothing, only looked at her husband, and then hastily left the room.

He dropped his head in his hands, and sat quite still; it was not so easy after all, this severing of the intricate growth of so many years; and he felt that the future did not look so fair, nor freedom so desirable, as he had persuaded himself to believe. His children had often felt the force of his anger, and he had sometimes thought with envy of the nonchalant liberty of his bachelor friends; but now he felt more pangs than he liked to entertain when the final parting from his children stood before his vision like a perfect drawing. His wife might not be the fairest or most accomplished woman he knew, but she had loved him, which these women had not, and she had borne many things for his sake which they perhaps would not have borne; and he was used to her and her ways. He always knew that if he tried he could rouse her sympathetic interest in his troubles and in his successes. Other women might be lovely, but could he, with his gray locks and sober ways, ever hope to win them? And would a fair woman, tender and delicate, be suited to take upon herself and successfully carry the burdens his wife would have to bear? Martha had been a brave, strong woman, and in all her trials—and they had been not a few—she had been patient as most women. Of course her temper had flamed at times, but had *he* always been mild? She had sometimes seemed weary and disheartened; but had he not also questioned destiny, and longed for a different fate? Well, it was likely that most people had times of dissatisfaction, and seasons when their best friends looked ugly and disagreeable. Poor Martha! she was somewhere now, crying because she was to keep all the children. How queer women were; they cried if they did not get their way, and they cried if they did.

Martha left her husband's presence and went to the bed where her two girls were sleeping. Their faces lay on the same pillow, and the slight fingers of one clasped the hand of the other. Their expression was the relaxed, solemn one of deep slumber; and the mother stood hushed, looking at them and vaguely wondering where her children were—if these were they, or did they wander in some unknown land that the dreamer alone may enter? Would they ever stand as she stood, and gaze at their children asleep, while the husband and father sat in another room, ready to break away from them as from some dark evil? So she slept beside her sister the night before her wedding day, and dreamed of the coming hour that was to crown her queen of one heart for life. So she slept for many nights after, close within strong arms that were to be her tower of help, and against a breast that had promised to be her shield through all changes. How proud he was of Bob, the first boy, as the little shapeless thing opened its blinking eyes and gave him a vacant stare. No glance from the eye of beauty ever thrilled him as did this meaningless gaze. She would not think longer, but, kissing her girls, and going to Bob's bed for another look and kiss, she went to her room.

In the morning the family met around the breakfast table, but with constraint and lack of cheerfulness. To-day Mr. Grant was to leave the home that had for so long chafed him with its cares and bound him with its viewless chains. He was to leave his wife and children, and see if the world could not yield him more pleasure than lay in their power to bestow. His wife had carefully prepared his clothes, and various little packages for his comfort were stowed away where he would not see them till he was far away. She had grown

so used to caring for him, you see. When the hour for parting came, he shook his wife by the hand, and we will not look at their faces nor peer too curiously into their hearts. The children were too frightened and awed to cry, and besides they did not really comprehend that their father was leaving them forever. It is so difficult for childhood to understand final farewells. They kissed him, and put their soft hands up to his shoulders, forgetting past pain inflicted by him, and remembering only that father was going away for a long time.

"Be good to the children, Martha," was all he could say as he turned to the door and stumbled over the threshold.

"I will do the best I can, Ben; and you will take care of yourself?"

"It doesn't matter about me; I'll get along. Good-bye."

He drove away, and they watched him as he went. Well, the world never could be the same again, and nothing—not even eternity—could erase the memory of what had been. No matter what the coming years held for them, they would never forget this day, and the husband and father who left them for another start in life.

And can he ever forget the past, and those who will never wait for his return? He may die in a strange land, and they know it not. They may be laid away to sleep, and no tidings of the change reach him. Each now has freedom and liberty to form new ties, but what avails liberty to the one who is in chains to memories that nothing can lay to rest? We see these things every day, and let each one judge for himself if they be good and profitable things.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1880.

V. SAVELLI.

Another Stroll through the Art Museum.

BOSTON, February 10, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—I haven't finished my art ramblings yet, by a deal. Passing from the Egyptian room into the Archaic Greek Gallery, one must walk over the cast-off fetters of art—for the ancient Greeks threw aside the conventionalities of their Egyptian neighbors, and while in a manner they imitated them, they improved on their models.

In the first Greek Gallery we see the signs of that liberality and freedom which were to pave the way for the feet of the immortal Phidias. On the left of the room as we enter are casts in plaster—the gifts of Charles Sumner—from the eastern and western pediments of a "Temple of Minerva." The originals were restored by Thorwaldsen, and are now in the Museum of Berlin. The larger and more interesting of the two represents the contest of Hercules and Læonædon, in the first expedition against Troy. The figures are all true to nature, save in one respect; but, compared with the best and freest of the Egyptian sculptures, they are magnificent. The one great fault is the one prevalent in all statues of the age, *i. e.*, the expression of the faces. The lips are drawn into a bland smile, so that both victor and vanquished have the appearance of saying in the most off-hand manner, while they give and receive deadly blows, "Oh, certainly, anything to oblige you!" Achilles plucks the lance from his wounded breast with the facial expression of a ballet dancer who kisses her hand to the audience after some extraordinary *pas seul*. But with the faces all such incongruity ceases. The figures are boldly done.

There is a queer little bust of Apollo which attracts the notice of but few—as it stands in a corner and is very small—but it is an infallible remedy for the blues. If the most miserable man in the world were to look at it he would laugh, for it has the jolliest, roundest, quaintest little face imaginable. Apollo is usually represented as the most dignified of gods; and, whether we take the Belvedere or the Apollo of Praxiteles, we find the look of calm dignity equally expressed in both; but this one is entirely different from any other representation. If the Apollo Belvedere is called the personification of the sublime, surely this little pseudo-archaic bust is the embodiment of the ridiculous.

On the walls of this room hang bas-reliefs from the "Harpy's Tomb" (in Asia Minor), and many grave-slabs covered with unintelligible hieroglyphics and queer outlines of human figures. The rampant lions from the gate of Mycenæ are also here. In the centre is the Dresden Pallas (Minerva), an imitation in marble of a wooden statue, which was colored and draped with real garments. Once a year the maidens of Athens made a crocus-colored robe or "peplus," embroidered it with scenes from Minerva's festivals, and, amid great rejoicing, clothed her statue with their handiwork. This room is somewhat barren, and, with the exception of the objects mentioned, is rather uninteresting.

Passing to the second Greek room, we stand enraptured among casts from the marbles of Phidias and Praxiteles. Casts of the Parthenon frieze look down on us from the walls.

The first thing on which the eye alights is a cast of Praxiteles' "Hermes and the Infant Dionysius" (Bacchus). The statue is horribly mutilated, the legs below the knees being gone; the right arm and part of the left, and all of the infant Bacchus except the trunk, are missing. Mercury is here represented, not as the "light-winged messenger of the gods," but rather as the thoughtful guardian of the child placed under his care. His body leans against the trunk of a tree, a position common to nearly all the statues of Praxiteles. On his left arm sits the child, while the right offers it a bunch of grapes. The pose of the manly head, as if in tender attention to the child on his arm, the magnificent portraying of the muscles in the back and chest, the grace of the whole figure, show that the Venus of Milo has at least an equal, and she stands not alone in her beauty.

The Marble Faun is also in this room—a lithe, joyous, happy figure of the youth whom the chisel of Praxiteles and the pen of Hawthorne have made immortal. The latter describes it thus:

"The Faun is a marble image of a young man leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragments of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment, a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder, falls half way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form thus displayed is marvelously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh and less heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. * * * The whole statue, unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material, marble, conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature—easy, mischievous, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos."

I shall write further about this room in my next.

MELLIE.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, in mentioning Henry Ward Beecher's approval of General Grant at the New York celebration of Lincoln's birthday, says:

"This reminds us of a very doubtful note that was presented at a bank with a certain indorsement on its back. The bank officer examined the note, and then looked at the indorsement, and returned it to the party who presented it, with the remark: 'The face of the note is bad enough, but with that indorsement it is not worth a blank.'"

Our gardeners seem to be a very short-sighted set. Very recently, and probably now, the Central and Southern Pacific railroads have made it a practice to sweep the manure from their cattle cars into the bay. It seems almost criminal that so much high-class fertilization should be allowed to go to waste. Some forward movement on the part of the gardeners of Alameda county, and of this city, would doubtless be met half-way by the railroad company.

The *Sun* says: For the first time in the history of the country, a man has made his appearance on the stage of public affairs so craving, so greedy, so insatiable in his ambition, that all the military honors enjoyed by Washington, with even higher military rank, and two full terms of the presidency—the same as held by Washington—do not appease his hunger for place, but seem only to have whetted his appetite for office and power. He is now a candidate for a third term, being the first man ever in the White House who has presumed audaciously and contemptuously to turn his back upon the grand example set by the father of his country.

There are many reasons (says the Boston *Advertiser*) why gentlemen should not give up their seats in horse-cars to ladies. It is not necessary to enumerate them all, but one is that oftentimes a lady accepts a seat when she is only going to ride the distance of a block or two, and the obliging gentleman, who is going to Grove Hill or Forest Hill, frequently has to stand the rest of the way because she relinquishes her place to a third person. *A propos* of this subject, a most aggravating exhibition of ingratitude was witnessed in a Metropolitan car last week. A lady got in accompanied by a great lot of a boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, and an elderly gentleman gave his place to her. Presently some one who had been seated on the opposite side arose, whereupon the lady eagerly exclaimed to her overgrown offspring: "There, Charley, there's a seat; take it quickly before any one else gets it."

The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House (says the New Orleans *Tribune*) has again forbidden the sale of "cold tea," the Congressional name for toddies, at the House Restaurant; yet, strange to say, some of the newspapers are doubtful whether this will be altogether productive of good. It will diminish the amount of Congressional drinking—of that there can be no doubt—but it will, at the same time, lead away a number of members of Congress, who, instead of being at the Capitol attending to the business of the country, will be out on the streets or in some neighboring bar-room looking for a drink. If whisky is banished altogether from the Capitol, those papers insist, Congress will be frequently without a quorum.

We quote the following paragraph from the *Nation*, as illustrating the conservative Eastern feeling on one phase of the Indian question:

Boston sympathy for the Poncas has, or had a month ago, sufficed to raise six or seven thousand dollars toward the sum deemed necessary to test in the Supreme Court the right of the tribe to be reinstated in their old Dakota home. At this juncture a benevolent lady offered to raise instantly, or herself give, the remainder, if Secretary Schurz could be induced to lend his support to the movement. Mrs. Helen Jackson, the poetess, undertook this mission; and the four letters which make up the correspondence have just been published, with the Secretary's permission. Mr. Schurz states that the appeal from the *habeas-corpus* decision of Judge Dundey, entered by the United States District Attorney at Omaha, was dropped on his (the Secretary's) representing to the Attorney-General that he did not approve the principles on which the argument was based, so that no money is needed to resist this appeal. Nor can any be usefully employed in testing the right to the original reservation, since "the Supreme Court has repeatedly decided that an Indian tribe can not sue the United States nor a State in the Federal courts." To this Mrs. Jackson rather naively objects, that "lawyers of skill and standing" are "found ready to undertake the case;" and the Secretary can only reply, "Of course there are such. You can find lawyers of skill and standing to undertake, for a good fee, any case, however hopeless. That is their business." He strongly recommends that the money be applied "to the support and enlargement of our Indian schools, such as those at Hampton and Carlisle." Mrs. Jackson expresses her surprise at the suggestion, seeing that the money was given for a different and specific object. Mr. Schurz, therefore, has to explain that he did not mean that the subscribers to the fund should not first be consulted. He assures her that the greatest hope of the Indians lies in the success of his policy of getting them established in severally on land in fee-simple, and that he has grounds for expecting the passage of a bill to this effect at the present session, several having been introduced. Being very desirous that the present revival of interest in the Indian question should be maintained and directed to attainable objects, he can not favor a course which is certain, by ending in failure, to dishearten the philanthropic.

Table decorations are oftener of foliage than flowers. This season, mosses are in demand for low border trimmings for the table, and the begonia family and other hot-house treasures of scantless brilliancy provide all the rich hues required. For tall ornamentations the lance-like palm is in higher request than hitherto. There appears to be a potent unity of association between the lily which graces the toilet of the lady and this tropical foliage of her table almost certain to be seen at the same entertain-

THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

The Old Man Turns Himself Loose in the Legislative Menagerie.

ROOM 40, IN THE LEGISLACHER, March 4, 1880.

OLD SON:—Sence I seen ye last I've sorter recovered from my tussle 'ith Maud 'n Maud's aunt, wich I'm sartin ye'll be glad to hear mentioned. But Bill, ol' son, I'm like the vilet that's bin trod under foot—I'll never hump myself agin ez the Snaggleby ther allus refused to mix good whisky 'ith anythin' but sugar, exceptin' w'en cocktails was in nomination. But ther's all dead 'n gone. I'm a busted community on the matrimony racket. No more fash'nable high-flyers in mine, Bill, 'n I reckon you're on the same lay. Comin' down to bizness, I'm on the lobby racket jest now. I've got kinder reckless sence the ol' gal throwed off 'n me, an' I'm playin' into the hands o' some o' the boys that wants the Normal School moved up to Rawhide, an' I think we'll fetch. Ef we don't, I'm safe on the stock racket anyhow. Me an' Boruck's got the thing dead on the Gorley bill, an' w'en me an' Boruck makes a break somethin's got to come, or we'll cut the traces an' shove off the brakes. I'm talkin', Bill, an' w'en ye hear me howl thar's a wolf out fur an airin', or my name ain't Jim Snaggleby. Then thar's two or three other little rackets, but I'll save 'em till I jump 'em in committee—committees is my strong hold, an' Jack Mannix was tellin' me yesterday that ef I'd work committees ez a specialty I'd clean the Tbird House cleaner 'n a shotgun, an' I b'lieve I would.

I tell ye w'at it is, Bill, we've got the toughest citizens ye ever see to tackle. They're more independent 'n a half-curved mule, 'n the wust in the deck to bust round tryin' to find out w'at the true bizness is that ye've got on hand. Now, thar's that rooster they calls Maybell. To hear him spoutin' 'bout the classics ye'd think he'd tackled Shakspeare in the buck-eye patches o' Grant County; an' w'en it comes down to a good squar cuss in Milton, it seems ez though he'd jumped the claim o' Lucifer himself an' d come up from the iron works to legislate Kearney himself out o' office. W'at Maybell don't know 'bout Heliogabalus an' the youth ther fired the Ephesian dome an' the widders an' orphans, ain't wuth callin' the crowd up to treat on. But Maybell ain't a circumstance to Braunhart. Sam ain't heavy on the classics, but w'en it comes down to a gouge-an'-go-lucky rattle 'ith Tyler, thar ain't nuthin' on the top o' the footstool kin begin to hold a candle to him—not even Tyler. He got bawled afore the Bull House the other day, an' it was better'n the side-show to a snide circus to see him butt his head agin the stone wall—Cowdery (thet's the duck thet swings in at the right time an' fetches the opposition up to the bull-ring) a whackin' away at him on the sit down-or-I'll-knock-ye-down lay, Tyler a hailin' him afore the House to fire him out o' the Legislacher, Fox a beltin' round demandin' thet his language be took down, an' the rest o' the majority a pilin' on top o' him like more mud on a hoodlum stock. An' then to see Braunhart, a standin' 'ith his hands folded across his manly buzzum a gazin' round at the galleries like a lamh jerked up to the slaughter, a remarkin', kinder chipper an' brash like: "Here's a first-class brand o' political victim," or, "W'at's the attorney o' Spring Valley a hev'in me yanked round like a chicken thief fur?"—meanin' Fox—or, "Ye've got a good chance to git even 'ith me"—meanin' Cowdery.

I tell ye, Bill, them ducks ez used to stan' up an' lip back at the Roman Senators d' bust 'emselves ef they could a got onto Braunhart w'en he chucked them defiance at his enemies. Well, they histed him out o' the buildin'; they wouldn't let him chip on the sand-lot, and they played him on the vindication game in the Supreme Court. They beat him all round, an' now he's playin' fur even on ol' Tyler. He's got more dockments 'n d patch Lux & Miller's cow-ranch from fence to fence that he's goin' to pull on w'at he hez quit callin' "the gentleman from Alameda"—he don't keer a continental jingle w'ether Tyler's from Alameda or Siskiyou, but the "gentleman" lead ain't his play at this stage o' the game. Why to-day he draws the case o' Jimmy McGinn against Malachi Keane on ol' criminal practice, an' ef Tyler hadn't objected, an' recess dropped in to back him up, he'd a made the member thet Braunhart scorns to call "the gentleman from Alameda" remember thet Leander Quint, who used to live up in Tuolumne, ye know, was the rooster ther fixed up the hull bizness on him, an' writ the brief, ez they call it, that Braunhart was doin' his level best to knock him down 'ith. But May dropped onto the little game, an' thinkin' perhaps ther'd be a spittoon convention, 'ith ink-stand pints of order, kicked over the traces, an' the boys lost a heap o' fun. I allus thought Doc. May hed some wit an' humor in him; I thought his pleasant smile was the beamin rays o' the candle-light o' a tearin' good time 'ith the boys, but I'm disappointed—ez a good joke an' a high ol' time, the Doc's a failure.

I'm sick o' the way the Republicans try to keep up a reputation fur peaceable legislators—knockin' Tyler galley-west an' crooked in private caucus, an' chuckin' Braunhart out o' the councils o' the State w'enever he prances round shoutin' fur the right to represent his constituents. 'Taint lively enough here to suit me. Mebbe I'm too close onto my flare-up 'ith Maud an' her aunt, but I'm a horse thief ef I wouldn't like to see 'em rule out sech nonsense ez pints of order, previous questions, parli'mentary language, an' sech like. Then ther' would be music, an' no mistake. Never mind, Bill, the Democrats an' the Workin'men is goin' to rule the roost nex' year, an' ef Cowdery, an' Fox, an' Tyler, an' Finlayson, an' Mulholland, an' Adams, an' May poke ther noses inside the door o' the Assembly Chamber ther's goin' to be a row, ye hear me whoop. Ez soon's I bear how my outside lay-outs is figurin' I'll hit ye whar ye live, an' until then think o' me ez

Yer Broken Hearted Ol' Pard,

JIM SNAGGLEBY.

N. B.—I hear ther's a galoot bin slanderin' me, an' I'm layin' fur him. He's crawlin' round tacked onto a sign board displayin' the name o' "Judith." D'ye recollect any o' the boys down in 'Frisco packin sech a holy, infernal, carpet sack sort o' name ez "Judith"? Ef ye do, let me know, an' I'll make him think the day o' judgment's on hand, an' ol' Gabe's knockin' the cobwebs out o' his horn over the back o' Mr. Judith's neck. Ye hear me!

To WM. BELCHER,

Tuttle-town, Tuolumne Co, via Copperopolis.

THE BLIND WHO WILL NOT SEE.

The *Bulletin* purposely misstates Mr. Engineer Schussler's figures, arguments, and motives, when, in reply to his plain and very direct statement regarding the expenditure of an additional million of dollars by the Spring Valley Company for increased water supply and better facilities for extinguishing fires, he holds that the city should pay a fair interest on this increased expenditure. He says in his card to the *Bulletin*:

"I wish to state that the proposed hydrant tax was not intended to swell the gross income of the Spring Valley Water Works, but was to form a portion of the gross income as derived from such rates as the Board of Supervisors may fix, thereby giving the rate-payers the benefit of this reduction."

The burdens of the whole water business are now upon the seventeen thousand water consumers. For extinguishing fires, for flushing sewers, for sprinkling streets and parks, and for all purposes of health, cleanliness, beauty, comfort, and safety, wherever water is used and for whatever public purpose, the charge is added to the private consumers. It is now ascertained that, in order to furnish a more complete protection against fires and conflagrations, the company is invited to spend another million. "Yes," says the company, "but who is to pay the interest on this new million of borrowed money?" The answer of the *Bulletin* is, "Slap it on to the seventeen thousand consumers, or else give the water free." Or, in other words, steal this sixty thousand dollars a year from the citizens who are now overburdened by an excessive water-tax (excessive because unequally distributed), or steal it out of the company's present income by reducing the dividends of stockholders so much. The city demands a better and larger supply of water to extinguish fires. The company is willing to furnish it if paid, by a hydrant tax or other tax, the annual interest on the money so expended.

It is a very plain and simple business proposition. The company will borrow and lay out for the use of the city one million dollars, if the city will pay the interest on that amount. This proposition the *Bulletin* stigmatizes as "a naked proposition for a subsidy to improve water works which are not in any way to revert to the city." Of course they are not to revert to the city. If so, the city should pay not only the interest, but the principal. The *Bulletin* is either dishonest or befuddled. If the *Bulletin* demanded that its landlord should put an additional story upon its printing office, to cost ten thousand dollars, and the landlord should reply, "I will do so if you will pay an added rent of six hundred dollars, which is six per cent. upon my expenditure," would not this be right? and would the *Bulletin* say, "You must add the story, and we will pay no increased rent; and if we do pay the rent, this upper story should belong to the *Bulletin*?" Such talk as this is twaddle, and every business man who stops to consider it and analyze it must detect the absurd position in which the *Bulletin* places itself.

If the municipal government can compel the water company to furnish water to its present capacity, at inadequate and non-compensating rates—which we don't believe—it certainly can not compel the company to enlarge its works, bring more water, and increase its debt and its expenses, without paying for it. If it could, it would be dishonest and dishonorable. This proposition of the water company has no feature of subsidy; and, as the negotiation stands to-day between the city and the company, it is a simple contract on the one side to supply a commodity, and on the other to pay for it. Business men so understand it. The seventeen thousand consumers fully appreciate their position and the relation of their property to this tax, and they do not thank the proprietors of the *Bulletin* for the endeavor to make their personal quarrel with the company a means of depriving this city of an adequate supply of water to extinguish fires, unless they can steal it from the pockets and dividends of stockholders in the water company, or from the pockets of the seventeen thousand now over-burdened water-rate payers.

Mr. Schussler says, justly, that:

"Collecting their entire water tax from the tax-payers has been a large factor in creating the great dissatisfaction of the community with the water rates, and the water company generally. I took the liberty to suggest the taxing of hydrants, as practiced in many Eastern cities, as one of the fairest and perhaps most equitable modes of reducing the cost of water to the consumers, without this tax being intended to increase the company's income in any manner whatsoever."

If the water tax of this city were placed where it belongs, by some sensible and just plan of distribution, so that all property, real and personal, would pay its quota, and the consumer his quota, this whole business could be easily adjusted. To accomplish this, we look to the present Board of Supervisors, who have the power, and, by the new Constitution, are compelled to perform this duty.

Letter from Sacramento.

DEAR ARGONAUT:

"There's a something comes with the spring.
A lightness or else a weight;
There's a something comes with the spring,
And it seems to me it's fate."

What do you suppose that "something" is that makes us all feel a little different in mind and body from what we do in mid-summer or winter? Mayhap it's the sudden change from the winter. But everything is so lazy and languid. Nothing exactly pleases us, and we invariably reach to some far-off goal. It is possible San Franciscans do not feel this influence under their hracing sea-breezes. But everything in Sacramento smells of pure, sweet air, and those lovely little flowers we call violets, which "by any other name would smell as sweet." Every one is making a garden; the children have begun putting on sun-bonnets, and I saw one little boy's dirty pink toes pattering along the sidewalk. The sun is so warm, and the breeze so balmy and soft. Sacramento is a veritable Italy in the spring-time, and every one seems lazily bappy, or wretchedly miserable, because the hountiful, beautiful spring has brought them none of its pleasures.

There was a violin here last week—a very ordinary looking affair—but ye gods! how that little violin did go and go and go in all sorts of reveries and sonatas and concertos. There was a great tall man stood beside it, some one called J. Wilhelm or Wilhelmj, we don't know which; and then,

Steinway was there, and it banged and clanged and wailed and moaned—equal to Chickering—and Max Vogrich was as much satisfied with its performance as Ketten was; and Emerald Mary was there, to be sure, with her wonderful voice and her Italian name. And Tuesday night that precious Bric-a-Brac Club entertained Russia and Germany and Ireland in a manner truly becoming their good name and their distinguished guests.

At Mrs. Henry Miller's, on Eighth Street, about one hundred and fifty of our prominent people congregated to hear Willie use that violin again, and Herr Max moan melody from Mrs. Miller's Grand; and then, when we were all ready and waiting, don't you think Willie's violin was at the hotel, and Mrs. Miller's piano was Chickering, "horrible, you know!" So we had to be happy listening to Mrs. McCally's sweet voice and Messrs. Lewis and Heymans play the piano, violin, and violincello, and Miss O'Brien render us a pretty little poem, and Mr. Lydston ventriloquize for us. And I think we were all just as bappy, perhaps more so, for these parties all did well, and succeeded in pleasing and amusing, which is certainly as much as the greatest artist living can do. The Bric-a-Bracs were easily distinguished, as they wore little hedges of satin ribbon, with two *bees*, signifying *bric-a-brac* tacked on them. This generous club gave us a dainty little supper also. Several paintings by the artist members were exhibited, which were certainly a credit to them, if they did profess nothing but amateurism. 'Twas a happy, jolly, evening, and must certainly have given this Wilhelmj man a good opinion of our good-will and hospitality. They do say there is another club in this city, an "impecunious" sort of an organization, not representing quite the wealth (?) of these busy Bric-a-Bracs. But they boast something better: all the brilliancy and brains of the Legislature, with two of its wittiest and brightest at their head.

Friday night, Miss Rowe gave a vocal recital to her large class in the Baptist Church. The programme was interesting, but rather lengthy, and some good voices made good showing. After the entertainment several mutual friends finished the evening in partaking of refreshments provided by the class.

BETSY AND I.

SACRAMENTO, March 1, 1880.

What They Know About Everything.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart!—Miss Barrett.

Love is a sorry slave and a sad master.—Simms.

They oftentimes take more pains who look for pins than those who find out stars.—Fountain.

We should make ill fortune as contemptible to us as it makes us to others.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out.—Dr. Wolcott.

Thought is damnation! 'Tis the plague of devils to think on what they are!—Rowe.

Millions never think a noble thou ht.—Bailey.

God does not require us to live on credit. He pays us what He can, as we earn it; good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.—Charles Midway.

Experience is an excellent spy-glass, but it has this one drawback: that prejudice very often clouds the lens.—Ouida.

Church ladders are not always mounted best
By learned clerks and Latinists professed.—Cowper.

The unhappiness of man proceeds from his inconstancy.—Chateaubriand.

When the little kitten Poetry mews in her tenderest tones, the dog Prose begins to bark furiously, and the little enthusiast is silenced.—Spilthagen.

Death, thou art infinite—'tis life is little.—Bailey.

He who binds his soul to knowledge steals the key of heaven.—Willis.

He that lies most loud is most believed.—Dryden.

There's not a day but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.—Young.

Nothing is a misery unless our weakness apprehend it so.—Daniel.

Jealousy is a seed sown but in vicious minds, prone to distrust because apt to deceive.—Lansdown.

Joy's a moon reflected in a swamp or watery bog.—Wordsworth.

And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall like other wares of trade.—Moore.

As no roads are so rough as those which have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those who have just turned saints.—Colton.

I have too deeply read mankind
To be amused with friendship; 'tis a name
Invented merely to betray credulity.

'Tis intercourse of interest—not of souls!—Havard.

SACRAMENTO, February 29, 1880.

N. B. S.

A person who says "My name and address is H. S. Lyman, Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland," is good enough and sufficiently discreet to write us an impudent letter disapproving of the manner in which we prefer to conduct our business. The Pacific Theological Seminary appears to be a sequestered spot where they teach the young idea how to shoot mud-guns. Some weeks ago a silly young theologian of that institution conceived a grievance against us, and for a fortnight or so he wrote us daily letters of coarse abuse tempered by lack of coherence and illuminated by grammatical and orthographic innovation. His name is David F. Taylor, and if any member of the Faculty (we assume that the P. T. S. has a Faculty) would like to inspect these precious results of theological training, a round dozen of them can be seen at this office. In all friendliness we venture to advise this institution of learning to chain up its pups.

THE CONDITION OF THINGS.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Froude, writing in England almost ten years ago, might have been a prophet writing of San Francisco. He says:

"From a combination of many causes we are passing now into a sea where our charts fail us, and the stars have ceased to shine. The tongue of the prudent speaks stammeringly. The fool clamors that he is as wise as the sage, and the sage shrinks from saying that it is not so. Authority is mute. One man, we are told, is as good as another. Each by Divine charter may think as he pleases, and carve his actions after his own liking. Institutions crumble; creeds resolve themselves into words; forms of government disintegrate, and there is no longer any word of command. In place of the pilots who stood once at the helm, gave their orders, and compelled obedience, we have crews now, all equal—who decide by the majority of votes. We have entered on an age of universal democracy, political and spiritual, such as the world has never seen before; and civilized mankind are broken into two hundred million units, each thinking and doing what is good in his own eyes."

All this is true of us to-day in San Francisco. We have two overshadowing problems on our hands—the Chinese question and the labor question. Superficially considered, the latter of these questions seems to be an outgrowth of the former. Really, as the *Argonaut* said last week, it has no deeper root than unfettered demagogism, following—and, of course, abusing—almost unlimited license. A certain amount of clap-trap, bile, buffoonery, and bad language has always been, and always will be, an inseparable part of political discussion and industrial agitation. As long as asses are allowed legally to bray we have no legal redress. But we are permitted, under the great unwritten law of self-protection, to shoot the crazy beast who rushes at us with open mouth, threatening to rend us. "Them asses" of the sand-lot have been threatening to "rend us," ever since we failed to squelch their first leaders—so many months ago that it seems years. Yesterday they wanted to hang a lot of us because we have houses and horses and clean shirts. To-day they are silent, content to scowl at us as we pass. Tomorrow they are very likely to roast a few of us alive. *Faugh!* our dishonor smells to heaven.

They understand these things better in many older and less studiously money-grubbing communities. We can not expect to have alien adventurers in our midst, who are willing to become voters but incapable of being intelligent citizens, without submitting to an infinite deal of ignorant nothing bawled from every throat that has the itch of impudence and the gift of gab. But we are simply asses ourselves to allow "them asses of the sand-lot" to go beyond a fixed and clearly defined line in either speech or action. Fancy an English community tolerating the tongue of this fellow Kearney for a single month. *We* have submitted to it and to him, with only occasional spasms of lukewarm protest, for eighteen months—and he is still talking. Fancy, if you can, the endurance of public threats—such as those *we* have submitted to—by the reputable tax-payers, the real workmen—of any other great city in the world. And this brings us face to face with a pertinent query, painful to our local pride: is San Francisco a great city? In situation, market, constituency, prestige, prospects, our city has all the elements of greatness. Of brains, culture, enterprise, we have, perhaps, our fair proportion. But have we that sober undertone of social and mercantile stability which is as much a part of the greatness of a community as is its mercantile prosperity, its letters, or its arts? If we have this, is it because we are so sure of ourselves that the sand-lot rattle-snake has not yet been even scotched, has so far lost not one rattle? A. H.

A Very True Story.

A minister had been invited to preach as a candidate in a little rural church in Northern Pennsylvania, where the members, although only on a par with most distant country churches, liked to flatter themselves that they were "pretty well posted." Before starting for the place, the minister met an old clerical friend, who had had some experience in the same neighborhood, and who advised him to give them some Latin and Greek; it will tickle their vanity, and they'll set you down for a very smart man.

There was a little difficulty in the way of the minister's giving his hearers a dose of Latin and Greek, for he knew no more of either language than the people he was to preach to. But he was equal to the emergency. He was a native of Wales, and spoke Welsh as well as he did English, though these two were the only languages he knew anything about. When he got nicely into his sermon he introduced a little passage of Scripture, and said: "This passage, brethren, has been slightly altered in the translation. It is only in the original Hebrew that you can grasp its full meaning. I will read it to you in Hebrew, so that you may comprehend it more exactly;" and he gave the passage in very good Welsh. The old Deacons looked at each other and nodded approval, as though they would say: "That's the stuff; that's the kind of thing we want."

Presently the minister, who saw by the faces of his hearers that he had made a hit, came upon another Scripture passage that could not be correctly rendered in English. "This passage," said he, "has to be read in the original to be appreciated. In all the languages, there is none I know in which the meaning can be so well expressed as in the Greek. I will read you the verse in Greek;" and again he gave them a long Welsh sentence. Again the deacons nodded approvingly, and before long the minister found it necessary to read a verse in Latin, "so that his hearers might understand it thoroughly," and gave them a little more Welsh.

Everything was going along smoothly, and the minister, as he approached the end of his sermon, thought he would give them just one more taste of the dead languages. "I am about to read you," said he, "another passage on this subject. But it is another of those passages that have been altered in the translation, and I will read it to you in the Chaldaic, in which it was written." He was just about to give them a little more Welsh, when, casting his eye over the congregation, he saw seated near the door a jolly-looking man, who was holding his sides tight to keep from bursting with laughter. The minister took in the situation in an instant. Here was a man in the church who understood Welsh, and who was laughing at the trick which had been played upon the congregation. But not a feature in the minister's

face changed. Fixing his eyes straight upon the laughing man, just as the congregation thought he was about to give them the Chaldaic version, he said, again in Welsh:

"For God's sake, my friend, don't say a word about this till I have a chance to talk with you."

The congregation went home satisfied that they had listened to one of the most learned of sermons; the laughing man never told the story; and the minister was soon settled over the church, the people believing that a clergyman who could read the Scriptures in five languages was just the man for them.

A correspondent writes:

"Who is the Rev. G. de F. Folsom, of San Mateo? If the virtuous *Bulletin* reports this great unknown correctly, he said last Tuesday, before the Bay Association of Congregationalists: 'A nice sense of honor in business dealings is not noticed here as in other places.' If the Rev. G. de F. Folsom is an old citizen of this community, he has hitherto kept himself so secluded from the metropolitan gaze that we of San Francisco wot not of him. If he is an old citizen it would be more modest of him to wait until he were better known before he sits in judgment upon an entire community. If, as I think, he is one recently come into our midst, it would have been more judicious of him to hold his tongue until he knew better what he was talking about. I think the Rev. G. de F. Folsom is an impudent."

We do not know the Rev. Folsom; but we think his language, as quoted, simply states a self-evident proposition. We have been a community too few years to be either a very wise or a thoroughly honest one. San Francisco has been for too many years a city of refuge for the disappointed, the vicious, and the malcontent to admit of anything like systematic concert of honesty. We have had in California few home ties, and until the past few years none that seemed to promise permanence. We have had, therefore, little or no family pride. In business we have been too little specialists and plodders, and too much speculators "all along the line." As merchants, therefore, we have cultivated no healthful *esprit de corps*. Some one recently spoke of San Francisco as the "rat-pit of civilization," and if the sneer is uncalled for now it certainly has not always been so. If we will look a little closer at our business methods we may see our faults—our dishonesties—in such a clear light that "a nice sense of business honor" will become synonymous with "policy."

His hair was long, yellow, and straight, or at least not curled. He rode into San Antonio on a pony. His boots were spangled with stars, his Mexican hat was heavy with the double *toquilla* that girdled it, and the horn of his saddle had on it a metal-rimmed plate big enough for a ballet-girl to dance on. When he had taken about twenty drinks his soul waxed warm within him and he remounted his pony for a ride. At the corner of Alamo and Commerce Streets he halted and uttered a yell that made all the glasses and bottles in the saloons for a block around rattle. "I am a Texican," he said, when he had settled down in his stirrups, after the yell; "I am a prairie wolf with steel thorns on my hide; I was raised on mesquit beans boiled in mustang blood, and my first shirt was rawhide. My father was born on a sandbar and sucked a cow-whale, and my mother was a Navajo squaw; I can out-ride a monkey, out-swim a fish, out-jump a kangaroo, out-cuss a bee-bitten parson, and I can shoot out the eye of a baby-flea." Having finished the foregoing oration the cow-boy dug spurs into his pony's flanks, and disappeared in the direction of the railway depot.

Burdette says: All through your life, my boy, cultivate flashes of silence. Now and then an hour of contemplation is worth a week of talk. The friend you love is all the dearer to you when you sit and hold his hand (if that is his gender, my son) and can say nothing to him. When you meet a stranger, my son, who can talk eleven hours a day, avoid him if you can, and don't shoot him if you can possibly get rid of him by any lawful means. And one parting word, Telemachus: Don't talk to a man in a railroad car. He is never, at least rarely, thankful to you. Railway conversation is always tiresome; the listener has to strain his ears to hear, the talker has to strain his voice to speak; if you speak too low you can't hear each other. Never talk to people on the train, strangers or friends, unless you have something to say, and then say it and close your shell. Don't talk in the mere effort to pass away the time. You will only make the hours infinitely heavier. Of course, circumstances and the people you meet, their habits and varying dispositions, will show you when and where to make liberal exceptions to these rules; but don't talk, never, never talk on the train to a man who doesn't want to talk, and only keeps up his part of the conversation from courtesy. And if you can't tell when a man doesn't really want to talk with you, my son, you had better get a position as teacher in some asylum for the deaf and dumb, and learn to lose your voice entirely as fast as you can.

The following neat retort is to the credit of the New York *World*: The London *Telegraph* commends the career and example of the late Sir Charles Pressly to the attention of Americans, "chiefly in connection with the fact that he retired from the public service in 1864, having faithfully, ably, and zealously performed his duties for six-and-forty years." Oh, thanks! How very kind! And as one good turn deserves another, allow us to commend to the attention of Englishmen the career and example of the still living Mr. William Hunter, Second Assistant Secretary of State, chiefly in connection with the remarkable fact that he has faithfully, ably, and zealously performed his duties for one and fifty years, and has not yet, happily for the country, retired from the public service. It will be seen that it will take our esteemed English friend five years to come in.

Heliotrope is the new color to be introduced in spring silks, grenadines, and wool goods. It is defined as a false purple by the merchants, and is precisely the rosy purple seen in the newly-blown heliotrope. Next this is the coachman's drab, which includes several of the light cream brown shades used for coachmen's livery. These shades will be used in wool suits of a single color and entirely of one material, made up simply with a surtout and full skirt for walking and traveling dresses. Green shades, such as bronze, olive, and the darkest bottle-green, will be much used in combinations with figured stuffs; this is also true of the Japanese blue shades that are popularly known as peacock and gendarme; also the turquoise and sapphire-blue tints.

LITERATURE.

Judge Jere. S. Black writes the leading article in the *North American Review* for March, on "The Third Term." He is "ferminist" it. The Hon. W. E. Stoughton follows with an article favoring it. Is there no middle course?

The Indianapolis *Journal's* poet has heard Emma Abbott, and jumps at an innocent and unsuspecting public in this style:

Adieu, O peerless bird of melody!
We wave tear-spangled hands in fond adieu;
For every limpid song poured out by you
Fell in our hearts and brimmed them lavishly.

Mr. Swinburne says that, from well-nigh the first years he can remember, he has "made the study of Shakspeare the chief intellectual business and found in it the chief spiritual delight of his whole life." Nobody could have written so bad a book about Shakspeare as Mr. Swinburne has done, without very closely misstudying him through a long series of wasted years.

Mr. Sidney Lanier, a writer of indifferent verses, who was pitchforked into a transient notoriety by his selection to write a very bad ode for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, is to publish a work on "The Science of English Verse." The necessity of justifying his errors of ignorance pleads strongly for his presumption.

Talleyrand's memoirs will be printed next July, at which time the author's prohibition expires by limitation. Meantime, publishers are offering the custodian of the MS. such sums to violate the dead man's wishes that he thinks of leaving France to preserve his honor.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, publish, seasonably, a book entitled *The Inter-oceanic Canal and the Monroe Doctrine*. The author's qualifications for the task—or any task—may be judged from the fact that he is opposed to the construction of the canal unless it be constructed by Americans. If in business matters any sentiment is more offensive than any other it is the sentiment of patriotism.

In the February *Macmillan* Cetawayo has an account of the recent war. Cetawayo "brings to his task a mind ripened by culture and instructed by observation, singular powers of analysis, and an accurate acquaintance with his subject." *Vide* the book reviews, *passim*.

It is said that Parnell the agitator is a great-grandson of Parnell the poet. The relationship disgraces Parnell the poet without dignifying Parnell the agitator.

Mrs. Southworth says that she began to write from necessity and continues from love. We are thankful that we did not create the necessity, and that it is not for love of us.

Nothing new about this spelling reform. Chaucer practiced it. In 1368 he wrote:

"Ful well she sang the service divine
Entuned in her nose ful sweetly."

Nothing new in the singing reform either, apparently.

Boston *littérateurs* are industriously writing a memorial history of that city, against the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement by the whites—next year. We venture to suggest the following as suitable headings for chapters in the first volume: "The Creator Determines to Make Boston." "Preliminary Surveys." "Founding of the Stellar and Solar Systems." "The Earth." "Preparation of the Earth—Various Geological Catastrophes and Periods." "The Time Ripe: Building of Boston." "Creation of the Baked-Bean Vine and the Brown-Bread Tree." "Adam and Eve Created and Placed in Boston." "Opposition of Susan B. Anthony to the Marriage of Adam and Eve."

The Marquess of Bute's recently published translation of the Roman *Breviary* is the first translation yet made of it out of Latin into English. Every line of it was written by the hand of the marquess himself, who has been engaged on the work for ten years. Some notion of the magnitude of the work may be gained from the fact that it comprises over three thousand closely printed pages in double column—as much matter as would fill twenty ordinary volumes. "Breviary," by the way, is from the Latin *brevis*, short.

Mr. Ruskin has sent from England to Walt Whitman, at Camden, for five complete sets of *Leaves of Grass*. Mr. Ruskin, in a letter, says the reason Mr. Whitman's books excite such furious criticism is, "They are deadly true—in the sense of rifles—against all our deadliest sins." We did not know Mr. Whitman's books had excited any furious criticism. As to their truth—well, certainly, they have "more truth than poetry," but it is the meanest and nastiest species of truth in all literature.

His Honor our Right Reverend Mayor in God, while using all sorts of abusive and blackguard epithets against his political opponents, has, so far as we have observed, abstained from the use of the adjective "lecherous." The exclusive use of this word has been left to his superior in authority, Denis.

CXVIX.—Sunday, March 7.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup—Madras Mulligatawny.
Fried Trout. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Brains, with White Sauce, Served in Paper Cases.
Stewed Beets à la Poitevine.
Asparagus.
Roast Veal.
Indian Salad, French Dressing.
Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.

Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Oranges, and Bananas.
How to STEW BEETS à LA POITVINE.—Boil, peel, and cut in slices a sufficient quantity of red beets; fry a chopped onion in two ounces of butter, add half an ounce of flour and dilute with half a pint of good broth; mix well; set on the fire until it boils, then add the beets and season with salt and pepper; boil slowly ten minutes, finish with one pat of butter and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Serve hot.

INTIMIDATION.

I will not see, in mockery,
Thy rose-red lips compressed,
Unless they pay the penalty
And make my own lips blessed.

I warn thee, then, this truth to heed:
Where law and love do join,
A fine must follow naughty deeds,
And kisses are its coin.

So, be thou kind, and loyal, too;
Pout not thy lips in scorn,
Else all their sweets shall mine subdue
And leave thee all forlorn.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1880.

SIGNA.

AGAMEMNON.

From Rossiter W. Raymond's "Camp and Cabin."

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

After making the acquaintance of Mrs. O'Ballyhan, I was lost in wonder that from such a couple the keen, energetic, and straightforward son could have sprung. It was a clear case of what the philosophers call atavism—the reappearance, in some remote descendant, of ancestral qualities which are entirely wanting in the intermediate generations. Doubtless, I reflected, the stimulating atmosphere of this newest New World had developed the dormant germs of character in Young Bullion.

Few words will suffice for Mrs. O'Ballyhan. She was, perhaps, the most utterly negative, washed-out woman I ever met. In all my observation of her I detected only two feelings that had survived the otherwise complete wreck of will and emotion: namely, her appetite for novel-reading, and her admiration for her humbug of a husband. Toward Agamemnon, whose industry and executive ability were the only support of the family, she entertained, apparently, only the mournful sentiment that he was not like his father. I tried once to converse with her on the subject of a sensational romance which she had just been reading, and the result convinced me that she did not remember a word or scene of it. She was like a drunkard, who tastes his liquor only for a brief instant while he swallows it, and can not recall its flavor in his craving for more.

I wondered who cooked and washed—surely not this mere echo of a woman?—and who maintained the general order of the house, the interior of which was by no means so slovenly in appearance as its nominal master and mistress. Two windows mutely answered my two mental queries. Through one of them I saw John Chinaman carrying an armful of wood to the kitchen; through the other, Miss Mary Carleton, briskly returning from school.

I was curious to see what sort of conversation could come of such a strange mixture of ingredients. Would the O'Ballyhan continue to spout maudlin classics, and his spouse sit in rapt vacuity, with her finger in the place where she had left off reading? Would Agamemnon talk about the mine, which must be Greek to the school-teacher, and the school-teacher discourse concerning topics that must be equally Greek to Agamemnon?

"Greek to Agamemnon!" The whimsical coincidence carried my thought further. Of course Miss Mary would have tact, and would speak with Agamemnon in his own tongue as it were. A superior being like her would know how to come down to the level of half-grown natures. Then I found that I was forgetting the whole race of O'Ballyhans, and thinking with all my might of the pretty school-teacher; and then—the door opened, and she stood like a picture against the background of pine woods and sky.

She did not enter, but said she was going to the post-office to mail a letter. I offered to accompany her, and she assented gracefully, observing that, as the office was next door to the hotel, it would not take me out of my way. So, making an appointment with Agamemnon for the following morning, I took leave of the O'Ballyhans.

We walked slowly down the street in the slant sunshine. What we said, as we walked, I think is hardly worth repetition. Indeed, I remember of it only how hard I tried to be agreeable, and how neatly she foiled my attempts to learn anything about herself.

After supper, as I sat lazily on the porch, watching a dog-fight in the "middle distance," I became aware of the presence of the O'Ballyhan, who had come from his mansion by the perilous road of the gulch itself to avoid the keen eyes of Agamemnon, or the greetings of tell-tale acquaintances. Everybody knew that he was under filial surveillance, and in process of reform against his will, and there were thoughtless persons who would not have hesitated to ask him, in a too sonorous and repetitious way, whether he had a pass from his son to be out after dark.

"Bedad!" he said, in a stage-whisper, as he came suddenly upon me out of the shadows, "it's hard work I had to lave 'em behind, *domus et placens uxor*, an' thim sharp eyes o' the school-mistress an' me first-horn. Av' they hadn't fell a-talkin' wid wan another, *actum est de Republica*, it would 'a' been all up wid the O'Ballyhan. But I gev 'em the slip; an' the O'Ballyhan kapes his word—*non sine pulvere*, not widout a dale o' trouble. Sure I came widin an ace of findin' meself paddlin' about in *gurgite vasto* in the ould hydraulic reservoir. A 'rare swimmer' I'd 'a' been—an' that's a nate thing, too, 'av' ye comprehend it."

I was in no mood for the old fellow's discursive conversation, and I hrought him peremptorily to business. Thereupon he led the way to the neighboring saloon, and, entering by a back door, showed me into a room of considerable size, in which a motley crowd was gathered about a green-haize-covered table, intent upon gamblin'. No one paid attention to us, although the O'Ballyhan, following an impulse which he could not resist, paused at the table and stood on tiptoe, to watch the game over the shoulders of the players.

"Maybe ye'd loike to try yer luck," he whispered. "*Andaces fortuna juvat*, the bould boy's the lucky wan! Or ye might make use o' my supayrior skill an' expayrience, by permittin' me the honor to invist a small amount for ye?"

I shook my head sternly, and motioned him away. "Ah, thin, it's a comfortable drop ye'd prefer. *Ad utrumque paratus*—the O'Ballyhan's ready to accommodate ye." He withdrew me to a small table in a remote corner, and,

disappearing for a moment, returned with two glasses full of some variety of alcoholic "mixed drink," such as the seasoned palates of Pactolus required. When I declined to join him, he proceeded in due course to perform duty for both of us, and, as I found afterward, at my expense. ("D'ye think," said the bar-keeper, forcibly, "that we'd 'a' trusted that old galoot for half a dozen drinks, if he hadn't ordered for a respectable gent?")

After all these preliminaries, he began to develop his important communication. It was twofold: First, he wanted to bribe me; secondly, he tried to blackmail my clients through me. He had the power to destroy the value of the title to the Agamemnon lode, and would use it if he were not bought off. To this I replied: "Very well. If there is any such trouble about the title, I shall advise my clients to have nothing to do with it, and of course I shall tell your son the ground of my unfavorable decision."

At this he began to weep, with whisky and emotion, and lapsed into Latin, from which his strictly business communication had been comparatively free "*Est quadam flere voluptas*, there's a certain relays in tares," quoth he; "*hinc ille lachryma*. But ye wouldn't tell the boy, now, *nec prece nec pretio*, not for love nor money. Sure, he'd murder me." And, in his dismay over this prospect, he abandoned his plan of operations, and confessed that his claim to the title of the mine consisted merely in the fact that Agamemnon was a minor, and that he was consequently himself the real owner. After which I had to help him home.

As I turned away from his door, with his "*Serius in calum redeas*, may ye live a thousand yares, an' spind all yer avenin's in improvin' conversation wid the O'Ballyhan!" sounding in my ears, I saw through a window Miss Mary Carleton in her own room. She sat, pen in hand, with a half-written letter before her. Her face was raised, and her eyes were turned upward. Was she thinking of some absent friend, or only hunting after a suitable adjective? I know not; but I know that she had a beautiful profile.

IV.—THE SCHOOL-TEACHER.

I felt it my duty, on the following day, to call Young Bullion's attention to the possible defect in his title to the mine which bore his name. He chuckled with a knowing air, and, instead of replying to the point, at once began to tease me about my interview with his father.

"Th' ole man show ye how to play cards?"

"No; I didn't choose to learn."

"Stuck ye for the drinks, hey? I knowed it when I see yer towin' him home."

"For his drinks. Yes, I must confess I was obliged to pay for them, or make trouble. But how did you happen to see us? I thought you were all abed, except Miss Carleton. There was a light in her room."

"Oh, I was jest prowlin' around, 'n thinkin' matters over—who does she keep a-writin' to, 'n stoppin', 'n cryin'? That's what I waot ter know!" he added, fiercely.

With sublime virtue I replied that I didn't know, and that perhaps it was none of our business.

"Ke-rect," said Young Bullion; "it's none o' yours. But it's my business when she cries, now, you bet! She ain't a-goin' to cry if Agamemnon O'Ballyhan can help it."

"Who is she?" I inquired.

"Ain't a man in this camp as knows. She jest come down on the camp out o' the sky, 's ef she was sent. Ye see, when things got livelier, on account o' the quartz, the boys said we orter start up the school-house agin. Some on 'em was for havin' church, too, right away; said it looked more like civ'lization; 'n the others said no—they couldn't afford to run a fust-class parson, an' they warn't goin' to have no cheap sardine of a parson to bring the gospel into contempt. Nor they couldn't agree on the kind o' church, to begin with. Some o' 'em up 'n said they was Catholics, an' some was Methodists, 'n so on; 'n afore the meetin' that we had to consider the question come to ajourn, there was a dozen religions a-cussin' one another, where nobody knowed, up to that time, there was any one. So they broke up in a row; 'n the next day a committee come round to me 'n said the camp was goin' to leave it to me, 'cause my head was level 'n I hadn't got no prejudices."

"Well, gentlemen," says I, "yer wrong thar; ye hain't allowed for curiosity. I never was inside of a church while she was in operation, 'n I'm o' good mind to give it a trial. But we'll wait 'n see how the mines turn out, 'n we'll get the school to producin' reg'lar, 'n at the same time we can prospect around 'n stake out for a church." Then they had another meeting, 'n lected me chairman o' the committee on education 'n religion. Th' ole man, he thought he'd got a soft thing, 'n was going to be principal o' the academy. But I sot on *him*. 'N in a day or two along come Miss Carleton, 'n said she was a candidate. Well, we hed a meetin' o' the committee, 'n they asked her fur her references; 'n she give one o' her looks, ye know, 'n said right out, straight 'n clear: 'Gentlemen,' says she, 'fur reasons o' my own, I don't propose to give references. I have taught school in the States, 'n I think I am competent. If you will give me a trial, you will soon find out whether I can manage and teach the children.'

"French Joe, he was on the committee, 'n he objected. But somebody said how would he like to furnish references, 'n he shut up quick. 'N Miss Carleton turned round 'n spoke about a dozen words to him in his own lingo—clear French; 'n Joe was unanimous for her after that, you bet! Well, the more they talked, the more they liked her, 'n at last they voted her in. Now there ain't a man in Pactolus that wouldn't go through fire 'n water to serve her."

"Then, since your school is so well provided for," said I, "you are about ready to start a church."

"I ain't no judge o' that," responded Young Bullion; "but I guess our boys'd rather hev things as they are. You see, Miss Carleton has half the camp up to the school-house every Sunday afternoon to her Bible-readin'; 'n the boys spend a good part o' the forenoon fixin' up 'n gettin' ready, 'n that keeps 'em out o' mischief. Besides, nobody'd want to go to Bible-readin' tight; so they jest haul off early Saturday night, 'nstead o' keepin' 'n up all night 'n all Sunday. 'N they set round there till dark, talkin' an' thinkin' it over; 'n what she says jest stays by a feller. Somebody sort o' mentioned the church business the other day, 'n all he got was to dry up; what was the use o' leasin' a priest, 's long 's we had one o' the Lord's own angels free?"

Agamemnon's eloquence on this subject might have continued indefinitely; but I remembered my duty to my employers, and reminded him that the serious question of title ought to be settled immediately, since, without a satisfactory basis in that particular, I could not properly spend time and labor in examining the mine.

"Oh!" said he, "that's all right. The ole man don't git ahead o' me! Why, he was a-cop'yn' the papers yesterday; 'n when he found that one o' 'em was a full deed o' his right, title, 'n interest, he thought he'd struck it rich. Didn't know he'd hed any right, title, 'n interest up to that time. 'N he hain't, accordin' to the laws o' this district. But I jest got a p'int or two through my agent in San Francisco, so as to make things all serene; 'n when he said the lawyers said that wards, minors, 'n idjits, 'n so forth, couldn't give deeds, says I, 'Who's an idjit?' 'Oh!' says he, 'it's a minor you are.' 'What kind of a minor,' says I, 'if I can't sell a mine?' But James he wa'n't no slouch. He understood it right up to the handle; 'n he explained it all, 'n we got the papers fixed before I left."

"But perhaps your father will refuse to sign, unless you pay him some of the money."

"He won't sign, won't he?" said Young Bullion, with superb contempt. "He'd sign away his ole soul for five dollars, or one dollar, or two bits; 'n he'll sign that thar deed for nothin' when I tell him to."

"You seem to be very confident of your power over him. Do you use corporal punishment in the family?" I asked jocosely.

He took my question quite in earnest. "I know what you mean," said he: "we had a talk about that in the school committee; 'n Miss Carleton said she wouldn't hev it. But it's a hefty thing to fall back on. As to my family, I never had to lick th' ole man but once; but I did it up in style that time. He was hangin' th' ole woman about the room; 'n I made up my mind if he couldn't set a better example 'n that I'd commence 'n boss 'the shebang myself. But I've got a better holt on him than that. Don't you worry; he'll sign."

I suspected afterward—no matter on what evidence—that the son had saved the father from either lynching or jail by paying some claim, which, if pressed, would have convicted the old scamp of felony; and that he now held *in terrorem* over the culprit's head, for the purposes of reform, the proofs of the crime. What a strange feeling he must have entertained toward the father whom he could make such sacrifices to save, and then govern by a mixture of thrashing and blackmail! Young Bullion's code of ethics was certainly confused. He seemed to have a sense that the family was a burden laid on him oy fate, to be borne without complaining, and a fierce determination that, though it was a burden, it should cease to be a disgrace.

My examination of the mine and neighborhood was prolonged through that week and the next. I sent off very early, however, my preliminary report and a box of samples by express, with a letter to my clients, saying that I would await further advices, and watch the developments of the work then going on. This was, no doubt, wise; but I was conscious that circumstances made it also pleasant; for, as the days went on, I became, in every respect except her own personal history, very well acquainted with Miss Carleton. We had many subjects of conversation which she could not discuss with the rude inhabitants of Pactolus. She possessed the great charm of directness and simplicity. Perfectly aware of the worshiping regard of her constituency, she spoke of it as openly and yet with as little vanity (or affected modesty, which is the same thing) as if it were another person, and not herself, that was concerned. "It is a great pleasure," she said one day, "to be really a 'superior being,' and to go down to help and lift such thankful souls as these. There is a sort of intoxication about it—for a young woman of twenty-one."

"Do you never feel a longing for some companionship more congenial—more like what you have been accustomed to?"

"I did; and I am grateful to you for taking so much interest in my work, giving me such intelligent sympathy."

I felt a little guilty at this; for my interest in the work was certainly subordinate to my interest in the woman. Our acquaintance, however, remained on the same footing as at first. I wondered why I could not even assume the fraternal tone. When she was sad, as I often fancied she was, why did she so effectively evade sympathy, saying: "Now I am tired and melancholy, don't mourn with me, but make me laugh?" And why—

Well, thus I drifted, until it was high time for me to stop wondering over her position, and take an observation as to my own. But everybody knows that it may be high time for some duty, and yet one may take no note of the time until the signal sounds the hour. At last the clock struck for me.

On the second Saturday a letter arrived from my clients, advising me that the results of all assays had been favorable beyond my estimates, and that, if my own judgment continued to approve the purchase, they would close the bargain at once. I was instructed to see that the papers were made out in due form, and Mr. O'Ballyhan could then express them to his agent in San Francisco, who could deliver them, and receive the money.

I went at once to Young Bullion, half expecting that this good news would startle him out of his preternatural maturity. It would have been a relief to hear him whoop with joy, or see him stand on his head. But he turned pale, and staggered as if he had been shot.

"It's most too much for me," he said; "not the money, but—"

With an effort that gave me a higher conception than ever of his manly self-control, he turned hastily to the table-drawer, and produced the papers of title. They were complete in every particular—the certificate of original location, the deeds of the co-locators to Agamemnon Atrides O'Ballyhan, the complete and absolute quit-claim of Miles O'Ballyhan and Leonora, his wife, to the said Agamemnon—all duly acknowledged and indorsed by the proper officer, as recorded in the proper "Liber." The young man had evidently not been idle. He must have ridden to the county-seat, many miles away, to secure these last, and in those days somewhat unusual, evidences of regularity. The papers were all in the same handwriting—an elaborate, flourishing script, which he said was the old man's. Finally he showed me another deed, transferring the title in blank, and not yet signed. "When I put my name to that," said he, "the

thing's drove in 'n clinched. I left this one blank; because if your folks didn't buy I might want to use it for some one else."

"I find everything in order," I replied. "You have only to fill up and execute this final deed, and send it to your agent."

Then I walked out, and up into the woods, and meditated for a long time upon non-professional matters, without coming to any conclusion.

Should I seek a final interview with Miss Carleton?—and if so, what should I say to her? I was not so really "in love" as to deliberately intend to offer myself to her without knowing anything of her history; yet I felt that a farewell talk might lead me to just that rash act, unless I definitely decided beforehand what should be its nature.

My reflections were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the lady herself. Since it was Saturday afternoon, and therefore holiday, she was evidently intending to use her freedom for a walk. Ordinarily I would have hastened to join her, with a pleasant impression that my company was not unwelcome. This time, however, I hesitated; because I had not yet finished my mental debate, and was in a perilous state of impressive uncertainty. I remained sitting a little distance from the path, in the expectation that she would pass by without seeing me; then, I thought, I would hasten to make up my mind, and on her return I could casually meet her, prepared to speak as the result of my reflection might dictate. I ought to add that prudence would have had, in any case, nothing to say if I had been able to see any signs of a more than friendly interest on her part; but I could not honestly say to myself that any such sign had been discernible hitherto. I could not doubt that a declaration of any special interest on my part would be a great surprise to her; and really, I was not myself prepared to make it, unless hurried over the edge of deliberation by some sudden impulse.

She neither saw me nor passed me: on the contrary, she stepped aside from the path, and seating herself on a fallen tree a few yards in front of me, and with her back to me, read and re-read a letter; then, looking steadfastly down over the town, and out through the gulch, toward the foothills and the valley, she seemed to be weeping. Which would be more embarrassing?—to make my presence known, or to remain an involuntary witness of her suffering? I had just resolved to go forward and speak to her—any words that would comfort her—when a new incident checked my purpose. Headlong up the path came Mr. Agamemnon Atrides O'Ballyhan. There was no indecision about his manner. He came, to use a homely expression, "as if he had been sent for."

V.—NOT, MISS MARY, BUT "QUITE CONTRAIRY."

A moment more, and he stood before Miss Carleton. "I saw ye goin' up the hill," he said breathlessly, "n I thought I'd catch yer. The Agamemnon's sold, Miss Mary: she's sold!"

With ready sympathy, putting aside her own trouble, she replied: "How glad I am! Now what will you do?"

"That's what—what I was a-goin' to ask y' about. Ye see, I s'pose th' ole man 'n mother ought to be fixed somehow; ought to be took care of, I mean. Not to have any money: they can't take care o' money. Ye see, he'd spend it in cards 'n whisky, 'n she'd spend it in novels 'n opium. Gets opium on the sly from the Chinamen. Now, I mean to appoint Cripple Dan garden for them two. He'll never do any more work since the bank caved in on him; but he is smart enough to watch 'em, 'n not be took in by any o' their tricks. He can play cards with th' ole man to keep him out o' gamblin', 'n he can buy novels as fast as mother can swaller 'em. Shouldn't wonder if he could ring in some o' th' ole ones on her once in a while, by changin' the covers. But whisky 'n opium—they must be kep' out."

"A very practical arrangement, I should say. But what are you going to do?"

At this simple question Young Bullion became much embarrassed. "Do you," said he, "Miss Mary—would you—be seventy-five thousand dollars enough, do you think, to run a reg'lar gentleman's house?"

She sighed involuntarily. "It is enough to maintain a happy home with every comfort and luxury. There are many refined gentlemen who bring up their families in content on far less money than the income of that sum."

"Well, but—Miss Mary—would it be enough for you?" She started in astonishment. "For me? What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied the young man, conquering his timidity, and speaking with a simple dignity that made him handsome—"I mean that you are the one that made me want to be a gentleman, 'n I can't be a gentleman unless you help me; 'n I love the ground you tread on, Miss Mary. If you'll be my wife, you shall never work, or cry, or be sorry again."

There was a moment of painful silence. Then she said: "I did not dream of this. I am so much older than you, you know."

"You are not very much older," he pleaded. "That is not what troubled me. But you are so much better 'n wiser, that's what's the matter with you! I wouldn't 'a dared to speak to ye; but I knowed ye was in trouble. 'N now the Agamemnon's sold, 'n what's it all good for 'f I can't give it to you?"

"My dear friend," she answered slowly, but with that simple frankness which belonged to her, "I have been—I am—in trouble; but I can not take your help. You must forget, as I will forget, all that you have said; but not the kindness that prompted it, nor the gratitude with which I refuse it."

Agamemnon looked keenly at her, with the air of one who still pursued a fixed purpose. The refusal of his offer did not seem to be a conclusive defeat to his mind.

"Ye couldn't change yer mind?" he asked reflectively.

"No."

"Not never? Not if I was older 'n I be?"

"Never. You must not think of it."

"Then ye're married to some other feller!" said Agamemnon, with a sad triumph. "Now, Miss Mary, it ain't no business o' mine, I know; but ye'd better tell me anyhow. Wouldn't it sort o' quiet my mind, 'n do me good, hey?"

This subtle appeal to her benevolence accomplished what no inquisitive stratagem could have compassed. After a

slight hesitation she said: "There is not much to tell, and it is not very important that I should keep it secret, only I have preferred to do so; and I trust you to help me in that. Yes, I am married; and my dear husband is slowly recovering at—a place on the San Joaquin, from a long, wasting fever. I left him when he was pronounced out of danger, and I have seen him but once since then. It was the other day, when I took the journey by stage from which I returned on the same coach with you. It is hard to be parted from him."

"Now, don't ye cry again, Miss Mary. It ain't none o' my business, ye know; but it would sort o' settle my mind—he's good to ye, ain't he? Ye didn't go for to leave him 'cause he wouldn't let ye boss the ranch?"

"The ranch?" she replied sadly. "I left him because, after his long illness, we were so poor that we were in danger of losing our pretty ranch altogether, and of starving perhaps, unless one of us could get work. That one was I, and the work I understand best is teaching."

"You bet!" assented Young Bullion with enthusiasm. "But—jest to ease my mind completely, ye know—why didn't you tell somebody afore? This camp would 'a' raised yer salary, 'n fetched yer husband up here, 'n built ye a shebang, 'n—look here, what line o' business is he in?"

"He is a minister."

"Whoop la!" shouted Young Bullion; "that's our lay exactly. There's a fust-class vacancy right here, 'n I'll—no, I guess I couldn't quite stand it, hevin' him around: that's what's the matter with me! But why didn't you tell us afore this—this trouble was made? We'd 'a' voted him 'n you in unanimous. Anybody that's a good 'nough husband fer you's a good 'nough minister fer us."

"I wish I had told you at the beginning," said she; "but, perhaps, if I had done so, you would have declined my services altogether. I heard about your dispute over a minister, and I feared to let you know I was a minister's wife. It was so important, so very important to me then, to get a place immediately."

Young Bullion made no reply. If what he had heard had not "eased his mind," it had at least given him much to think about. The silence which ensued recalled me to a sense of my embarrassing position as a listener; and, with sudden presence of mind, I stepped forward.

"You must pardon me, my friends," I said, "that I have overheard your conversation. Nothing that you have said shall be repeated. But every word has deepened my respect for both of you. If I can in any way be of service to you, Mrs.—Mrs. Mary, you have only to command me as a faithful friend." Then I lifted my cap, and retired in as good order as a fellow could—under the circumstances.

I had gone but a few steps when Young Bullion overtook me. That boy's penetration was most annoying at times, and this was one of the times.

"Goin' to play fer the school-teacher yerself, wa'n't ye, if I hedn't got the call fust?" was his dreadful greeting. "Well, 'tain't no use fer nary one of us. You jest go 'n thank the Lord ye'veer knowed her, 'n don't whine 'cause she's picked out a better man. No cryin' over spilt milk. That's me!" And he straightened himself until his short stature visibly increased.

I got rid of Young Bullion as soon as practicable, and went to the hotel in a dazed condition, as if I had fallen from the top of the mountain, and rolled down the gulch. When one has seriously weighed a question like that which occupied my thoughts that afternoon, it is inevitably startling to find that it was a matter wholly beyond question all the time. I wanted to think it over. But I did not succeed in thinking it over on the porch after supper: so I went to bed to meditate there; and finally I went to sleep, my last reflection being, that I would review the whole matter on the morrow, after which I would pay the school-teacher a cordial, friendly farewell call.

But the morrow brought its own topics for surprise and reflection. At early dawn I was waked by a hand on my shoulder, and, turning sleepily in bed, met the energetic look of Agamemnon Atrides O'Ballyhan. He, at least, had thought over his situation and made his decision.

"Sorry to h'ist ye so early," said he; "but I'm off. Now don't ye go fer to ask no questions, but 'tend to business. Here's them papers: they're all right, 'n you'll find my directions along with 'em. I'm off. Take care o' yerself, ole boy." And he was gone.

I opened the package he had left on my bed. It contained all the papers I had previously inspected. The final deed, however, had been filled up and executed; and I was not a little surprised to find my own name inserted as the owner of the Agamemnon. Enclosed in the deed, however, was a document in a cramped school-boy hand which threw full light on the transaction. It ran as follows:

"This is my Will. But I aint ded no nor goin to be but I am as good as ded with it. All the Same I me gone over the Range, the mine belongs to miss mary and u give her the munny she knos about Crippe dann and the olman and mother you pay my agent a thousand Dollars and doan take nothin fer yureself yure foaks pays u with the munny I antid up I trust u because u likt miss mary too."

"AGAMEMNON ATRIDES O'BALLYHAN."

Why should I detain the reader with an account of what followed? It was not easy for me to execute the charge confided to me. The lady at first utterly refused to accept the strange legacy of which I was trustee. But I succeeded in persuading her to take the money, and carry out Agamemnon's wishes until he should be found—an event which I felt sure he would not permit to happen. "Get your husband to come here and live," I said. "If the boy ever means to be seen again, it is to this place he will come; and it is here, in the good work you have begun, of which his own awakened manhood was one of the first fruits, that you should expend the income of his legacy."

Cripple Dan, it turned out, had been already sounded as to his willingness to take charge of the two wayward O'Ballyhans on a handsome allowance for the three. He assumed the position at once, and smashed two hidden bottles for the O'Ballyhan the first day. That disconsolate old toper supposed the orders for this vandalism proceeded from the school-teacher. "*Dux famina facti*, it's a woman is in it: *cedant arma togæ*, the glory o' the O'Ballyhans is swipt away be a petticoat," was his lament. But he submitted to be made comfortable, and seemed none the worse for his enforced sobriety.

VI.—SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

Thus I left them all, and closed a chapter in my own life which I expected never to re-open. But time brings about unexpected coincidences; and what should it bring to me, the other day, ten years after the events narrated in this story, but a visit from Agamemnon Atrides O'Ballyhan?—a prosperous, manly fellow as one would wish to see, with stylish clothes and a fine mustache. And on his arm—could I believe my eyes? Was it the school-teacher, become as much younger as Agamemnon had grown older?

"Mrs. O'Ballyhan," said he proudly, "Miss Mary's sister. You and I didn't feel very happy that day, you know; but now I'm glad I waited." The latter remark was fortunately an aside, so that Mrs. O'Ballyhan did not hear it.

"You bet!" I answered, clothing due felicitation in what I thought would be a congenial style. But I was mistaken as to the style. Agamemnon had "swore off" from slang so far as human nature would permit. Only now and then, as he confessed, "conversation got the better of him."

During the short half-hour that the happy pair sat in my office, my old friend gave me an outline of his career from the day when we had parted. It would make another story by itself, and I am sorry that it must be condensed in a few lines.

After "striking it rich" again, over the Range in Nevada, and accumulating from several lucky hits a fortune at least double that which he had given away, he had returned to Pactolus, six years from the day of his disappearance.

"It took me about that time," said he, "to get over things. But then I couldn't rest till I had seen the old place, and so I came back. The old folks were both dead—best thing for 'em. But there was the minister and his wife just about worshiped by everybody; and there was an Agamemnon Academy, and an Agamemnon Free Library, and so on, all built with the interest of my money. You'd better believe everybody was astonished to see me. All thought I was dead, sure, except Mary; she stuck to it I would come back. Even when they found somebody's bones over in the sagebrush beyond the summit, and had a funeral on 'em, she wouldn't let 'em call my name at the funeral, nor put it on the tombstone."

"Well, they wanted me to take back my capital. But I told 'em I'd got enough; and, at any rate, there wasn't any hurry. I'd stay round a while, and consider. So, after I had considered a little, I went to Miss Mary and the parson, and says I, 'What I want is to go to school. I feel pretty old; but I guess I ain't too old to learn.' You see, my Susy here, she was assistant teacher in the academy, and I thought she could teach me if anybody could. But they said I was too big to go and sit on the benches in the academy. Susy said she couldn't think of trying to manage a scholar twenty-two years old: that was so *very* old—a whole year older than she was! So I had to take up with the minister's offer to give me private instruction. And I got my pay, too, before long; for the minister said I got ahead so fast that I had better join the reading-class. That meant to come every other day and read and talk over books with him and his wife and Susy."

"It was a good while before I made up to Susy. Had a good lesson once, you know—and, besides, I had got more bashful. The more I learned, the more I found I didn't know; and I felt so ugly and clumsy, and inferior every way, it didn't seem as if a lady like her would care for me—unless it was by reason of the two hundred thousand dollars. But Susy didn't know about that, and she wouldn't have minded it a mite if she had. Fact is, she thought a good deal better of me than I deserved all the time; for her folks had been cracking me up for years and years, and all the Academy Commencements and the Annual Reports had a lot in 'em about the 'munificent founder' and the 'generous benefactor,' and I don't know what all; and so, when I turned up alive at last, she was prepared to believe I was better than I looked. Anyhow, I got to be like one of the family; and Susy was as good as she could be, and took no end of pains with me, to help me put on a little style, and talk the correct thing, and so on. And one day she was showing me bow to hold yarm for her to wind; and says I, sitting there as meek as a lamb: 'Seems to me, if you couldn't manage a big boy of twenty-two, you've somehow got the knack of managing him now he's nigh twenty-four.'"

"Well, one thing led to another; and that skein of yarn got so tangled (because I forgot to lay it down) that Susy said it should never be unraveled. She keeps it as a curiosity."

"The next morning I went to the parson, and says I, 'Now let's talk business. I'll take that hundred thousand back, just to please you; though I've got twice as much, and I don't want it.' He said, 'All right; but he looked a little cast down, too. Parsons are human.'"

"Now, says I, 'it's mine; and I'm going to make another business proposition. You marry Susy and me, and I'll give you, say, a hundred thousand dollars as a wedding-fee.'"

"Oho!" says he. 'Well, my boy, she's worth it. You've made a good bargain, and so have I.'"

"That was two years ago; and Susy and I have just been the happy pair you read about, ever since. She's been going right ahead with my education, and got about as much polish on me, I guess, as the grain will bear. You can't make mahogany out o' redwood, if you rub it forever. So the other day I made a little turn in Agamemnon stock—those blamed fools in California Street thought the mine was played out, when they had a new body of first-class ore right under their noses—and I asked Susy if she didn't think a little foreign travel was about the thing to finish off with. She wasn't long saying yes to that; and here we are, bound for everywhere. I expect we'll go round the world before we stop."

We had a most friendly and familiar chat; and the last I heard of them was as they were departing in merry mood together, and the sweet voice of Mrs. O'Ballyhan said: "He offered to get the Legislature to change it; but I said no. I like him just as he is, name and all—Agamemnon Atrides O'Ballyhan."

She laughed a musical laugh of mingled mirth and pride as she added, glancing fondly at her husband, "But I call him 'my dear,' for short."

St. Louis girls say that those of Chicago—
that are mates, because of the difficulty of
of leather alike.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

A gentleman and Irishman said to us the other day: "You Americans are a patient and long-suffering people. A class of low Irish are doing things in this city that are utterly disgraceful, and would not for an hour be endured in any other civilized community in the world. How you have endured the insolence of this lawless foreign class, and why you allow them to set at defiance every principle of decency, is more than I can understand. If your politicians think they are conciliating the Irish, or are in any way benefiting their parties by this cowardly surrender of America to Ireland, they are mistaken. Every Irishman of respectability, character, and property is disgusted with this Kearney-Gannonism, and they are more disgusted that this native-born demagogue preacher should have gained the position he has. Every reputable Catholic regards these men as the enemies of the church and of good government. Every honest man who has a homestead, or who expects to labor for a living, recognizes that he is suffering from this agitation. I am not in politics, but I see this: If the Republican party had the manliness and courage to oppose these sand-lotters, and to place itself in bold antagonism to them, and to all their agrarian schemes, it would bring to it all foreigners of the better class, and, together with the law-abiding, intelligent, and property-owning classes, would make a political organization that would be irresistible."

We regard any compromise or adjustment—any truce, peace, or cessation of hostilities—with the Kalloch element of society as a calamity. We observe that this reverend humbug is reversing his engines, is turning tail, and is not singing as loud as he was a few days since. He hears the muttering of the underground movement, and he has not read the history of San Francisco in vain. He knows that in the earlier days better men than he were warned and exiled, imprisoned and hung; and that, out of an organized coöperation of law-abiding citizens, the law and the courts were temporarily suspended, and society was purified as the heavens are sometimes purified by a storm. Mayor Kalloch may profitably to himself recall the pregnant fact that the official robes did not then protect men from suspicion of being villains; that even the "judicial ermine" was not permitted to cover up crimes; that from the Supreme Bench was dragged and imprisoned one who had offended the people, and that the Governor of the State was powerless to arrest this organized disobedience of the law. Mayor Kalloch must be conscious of the fact that the accidental occupation of a municipal office gives him no authority to break the law, or to become the captain of a foreign banditti, whose apparent object seems to be the destruction of property and the subversion of order. This fact enhances his crime against society, and makes it more probable that he will be held to a higher and stricter accountability.

There is a sentiment abroad in this community that this disorder is only curable by severe and heroic remedies. There are men in this community whose patient calmness does not indicate lack of personal courage or fear of assuming responsibility when the time for earnest and effective action shall come; and when that time does arrive it will seem as though public sentiment is unanimous. There will then be no gathering of unemployed upon the sand-lot, no idle parades of petticoated blusterers of both sexes, no Tenth Ward Rifles or W. P. C. military organizations, no Union Hall orations or Metropolitan Temple prayers, no Delphic editorials in undecided and mercenary newspapers; but there will be a movement that will be thorough and effective. Its influence on the community will be felt, and it will leave lasting and beneficial results.

The cry that the "Chinese must go" is not the echo of an ignorant sentiment. That the Chinese must be dealt with according to law is the expression of every healthy-minded

and honest man who is not either a moral or physical coward, or both. If an international treaty has not force against a foreign mob, then we have no government. If the people of San Francisco and California will not defend the Chinese in the enjoyment of their legal rights, then it is a cowardly community. To allow one man or ten thousand men from Europe to say that one man or one hundred men from Asia shall not have the protection of a treaty, is to allow the men from Europe to revolutionize the American Government and overturn the republic. Kearney comes from Ireland, Wellock from England, and Steinman from Germany, under the same treaty that brings Ah Sin from China; the one has the same right in this country as the other. To permit one set of foreigners to drive out another set of foreigners—one alien to displace another alien—would be a piece of shameful cowardice of which we do not believe the American people will be guilty. In saying this we are not advocating the immigration of Chinese, and we are not attempting to arrest or stay any legal endeavor to prevent the incoming of Chinamen, nor to hinder the departure from among us of those who are now here under treaty invitation. So that when Kalloch, Kearney, Wellock, Gannon, and Steinman, or anybody, native or foreign born, talks of force, fire, blood, and hemp to produce an illegal result, the native-born American and the respectable foreigner should spit in their cowardly faces.

There can not be, and ought not to be, any law enacted or enforced by the city of San Francisco that recognizes any class or color or national distinction. If there is a Chinese store, dwelling, or brothel that is a nuisance, it ought to be abated; and if there is a store, dwelling, or brothel that is a nuisance, belonging to a church or corporation or individual, it ought to be abated. The well-behaved, law-abiding, decent and orderly Chinaman that is here under protection of a national treaty, is equal under the law to the man native-born to the soil, or the foreigner from Europe, that comes by the same character of treaty, and relies upon the same principle of law for his protection and personal safety. The General Government has the sole authority to determine whether the people of any nation are desirable as immigrants to this country. If in the opinion of Congress they are not desirable, treaties may be abrogated and laws enacted to prevent their coming. We have thought Chinese undesirable citizens, and for nearly twenty years the writer of this article has endeavored to so educate public opinion that laws might be passed for their exclusion. Whenever it is found that the immigrants from any European country are undesirable, we shall hope that Congress will prevent them from coming to this country; and if it is ever demonstrated that any foreign class abuse the election privilege, we shall hope that the privilege be extended no further. We are fast becoming convinced that it is not the men of Asiatic birth who are most dangerous to the welfare and peace of this country. It is not the Chinamen that now most seriously menace the prosperity of San Francisco, and it is not the Chinamen whose presence among us is most threatening to the prosperity of our republican form of government.

As to the power to protect Chinese among us, there has been a great misunderstanding. It is supposed by many that the General Government has no right to interfere until called upon by State authority; and the State Government no right to interfere except upon notification by the local authority. So that the Mayor, Kalloch, must take the initial step to invoke the Federal power. This is not the law. When the treaty was made with China, it was found that the empire was divided into eighteen provinces, each with distinctive authority. It was early ascertained by all the ambassadors of foreign powers in China that reclamations or settlements between their citizens and these provincial authorities would be embarrassing and impracticable. Hence it was determined by all the great powers that the Imperial or central power should be alone responsible, and that to Peking alone should all disputes and misunderstandings be referable. This is the law, and this the custom; and this law is embodied in the Burlingame Treaty, and all the claims arising, as in the Province of Yunnan, the Margary outrage, and other causes of complaint, have all been referred to the central government of Peking, and settled by it. This feature of the treaty is reciprocal, and the Chinese Government recognizes in the United States no State governments, and no jurisdictions of municipal authority other than the central government at Washington. If it has any complaints to make for its people, it makes them at the nation's capital. If it demands protection for its people, it demands it from the Federal power. So that in event of a local defiance of the law, and a violent and illegal invasion of the Chinese quarter, it becomes the duty of General McDowell to suppress it by the military force under his control. Mayor Kalloch and Sheriff Desmond would cut no figure in such a conflict. Governor Perkins and the State authorities would only act as auxiliaries to aid the government, and the municipal police would only be called upon to preserve the peace, by resisting those who would resist the law. Chinese subjects in America are entitled to the protection of the central authority, as were Catholic priests and schools, and as were French and American missions and property when assaulted by Chinese mobs. China has paid

our people six hundred thousand dollars of indemnity since the treaty; and if any violence here should be attended with loss of life to Chinese, or destruction to Chinese property, the Government would be liable, holding a claim over against our city for its repayment.

As for a special reason—the famine in Ireland—it has been determined, in many cities of the Union, not to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, the time is opportune for asking, Why celebrate that festival at all? Ireland is not a nation; the people are not free; the country was conquered by England more than seven centuries ago, and has since practically remained in a state of serfdom. What is there to celebrate? The helots of Greece and the slaves of Rome never went through the mockery of rejoicing over their chains. The negroes of this country did not begin to celebrate until after their fetters had been struck off and their emancipation had been proclaimed. The slaves of Santo Domingo are battling for their freedom instead of glorifying over their bondage. The serfs of Russia sang no pæans of joy over their wretched condition. It is only Irishmen who cut the rather ridiculous figure of parading every 17th of March, with bands playing and flags and streamers flying; with mottoes and devices flung to the breeze, which would apparently proclaim that Ireland is not only a nation, but that she is the greatest and freest country in the world. In the evening banquets are held, and the same speeches are made year after year; the same songs are sung, the same "poetry" recited, the same festivities indulged in, and the next morning the participants wake to find themselves as much political slaves as ever, and with England's heel still on their necks. The whole thing is threadbare, and something fresh is needed. It is so many centuries since "Malachi wore the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader" that the ornament is too worn to be exhibited any more in public. The people know all about how St. Patrick made the snakes and toads "git," all about Brian Boroihm and Clontarf, and all about the great ancient historical incidents which came off between Cape Clear and the Giants' Causeway, without any more annual reminders on these subjects. Nor do we require to be told so often of the great patriots, orators, and poets of Erin. These dishes have been served up too frequently, and Curran, Moore, and the rest of them should be permitted to repose peacefully in their graves until their names can be associated with their regenerated country.

Robert Emmett forbade that his epitaph should be written or his tomb inscribed until his country was free. If he could take a peep from his grave at a St. Patrick's Day procession he would probably exclaim: "So Ireland is at length a nation." When informed to the contrary, he would ask: "Then what is all this mockery about?" It is not usual to celebrate victories until after they are won. It seems rather absurd to do so in advance. Grattan declared that he followed Ireland to her grave. Her "wake" was held at the time, and even in Ireland it is unusual to hold more than one wake over the same corpse, and it certainly is unnecessary to repeat the operation every 17th of March. O'Connell, referring to Grattan's expression, just quoted, said that he would live to "proclaim Ireland's resurrection," but he failed to do so; and she is still, to all intents and purposes, politically dead. It ill becomes her sons to make merry over her grave. Let them rather expend their means, not for whisky, not for bands, hanners, streamers, mottoes and devices, and other mockeries, but in furtherance of measures to aid their honest endeavors to shake off the yoke of the Saxon. Let them free their country first, and celebrate afterward; not celebrate first, and free their country afterward. To this end they must rely upon themselves, and not trust to foreign assistance, as they have been in the habit of doing.

"Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

We hope to see no more of the childish attempts made by the Fenians for the invasion of Canada, when their leader, O'Neill, was dumped into a carriage by a couple of detectives and hurried off to prison. However, this phase of the question is a little beyond our subject. If the present crisis in Ireland shall not merely temporarily, but permanently, until that country shall have become a nation, put a stop to a worse than meaningless celebration, some good will have been accomplished. As St. Patrick was the apostle of Ireland, there can be no objection to the religious observance of the day in the churches. But, beyond this, the celebration is the bugest of shams.

Under ordinary circumstances, we should think the Hon. Judge Tyler, Member of the Assembly from Alameda, somewhat over-irascible, and a little prone to display a quick passion; but when we reflect upon the provocation he gets from the poet Mayhew and the musician (drummer) Brauhart, we become admirers of Tyler, and thank God that there is one man in the Assembly who has the moral and physical courage to resent impudence, rebuke ignorance, defy abuse and despise the insolent and ignorant blackguards who disgrace the Legislature.

AFTERMATH.

We are not advised as to the action finally taken by the Chamber of Commerce in reference to giving land in San Francisco, for terminal purposes, to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. This road, having reached its objective point of Santa Fé, now seems to be looking out to conclude what to do next. Its great difficulty is to make up its corporate mind whether it will go to Guaymas in Mexico, or to San Francisco in the United States. Here are two propositions so widely different, and the attitude of indecision is so utterly at variance with common sense, that we have a right to suspect some hidden motive. We should of course desire this and all other transcontinental roads to terminate at our port; but the threat to go elsewhere if they do not intend to do so, or the hesitation to go to Guaymas if they do so intend, is very cheap and thin. Conscious of the advantage of our own city with reference to the commerce of the Pacific Ocean, secure in one road already built and the Southern Pacific Road now building, with two roads in process of construction to the north of us, with steam lines already established upon China, Australia, and coast routes, with a city of three hundred thousand people, we need not feel very anxious as to the termination of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Road. Certainly we need not consider what land or how much we shall give them just yet. The Union Pacific route relieves us of any anxiety concerning the rivalry of San Diego or Guaymas. It is the shortest railroad route across the United States, from ocean to ocean. The Southern Pacific will be finished to the Gulf before the other is half completed. When the time comes, and this road shall have determined to come to San Francisco, then we shall hope our city may give the company every favor that it has a right to demand.

The first local "Eisteddfod" was held on St. David's Day, whereat our Welsh fellow-citizens and citizenesses did enthusiastically give each other Taffy—who was a Welshman. We can not undertake to report the proceedings; they opened with a solo—"Hen wlad fy Nhadau" (the hen who laid fine eggs: "hadau" is Welsh for eggs). The Rev. John J. Powell was awarded a prize for the best poem on Monte Diablo—a kind of Parnassus, it would seem, where poems grow spontaneously. The Rev. J. J. P. has not hitherto figured as a poet, so far as we know. We extend to him the hospitality of our waste-basket, where he will find much clerical company. Sam Williams, of the *Bulletin*, was to the fore, of course, catering to the Cambrian mental stomach with the following eisteddfodder:

"Toreithiog a ffræilbert areithydd—doeth
Odiaefhol olygydd
A gorgenwog arweinydd—
Nemawr wr fel Samwel sydd.

Hedd' ac Anrhydedd rhodiant—yn ei lwybr—
Yn ei law ymlechant;
A Mwynder, ar dyner dant,
A gana ei ogoniant."

Sam, like Chaucer, "has talent, but he can't spell;" it will be observed that he gets a "w" into his own name in telling us what "Samuel said." And, after all, nobody cares what he said; the charm lies in his inimitable manner of saying it.

Seriously, is it not very great nonsense, these excellent people getting together and uniting their breath to revive the failing embers of a merely sentimental tradition which they persuade themselves they care for? Having no race prejudices, we should rather like to be a Welshman—Sam Williams, for example—in order to have an experimental knowledge of whatever intellectual profit or emotional satisfaction there may be in perpetuating the traditions of a country that is not a nation, and a people that is without a history, in a language that has not a literature. Is it anything more than a harmless pastime?

We commend to those timid Republicans and cowardly Democrats who have been influenced in their legislative acts by fear of the sand-lot, the following extract from the Hon. Grove L. Johnson's speech in the State Senate upon the revenue law:

"Barking dogs seldom bite. And when these things that are unworthy to be called men gather upon the sand-lots and threaten to erect a gallows to hang men whose shoe-strings they are unworthy to unloose, I have for them simply scorn and loathing, not fear. I have no fear of any such craven curs, and I have nothing but disgust for the men who indorse them and their sentiments. I fear no trouble. I have that confidence in the deep-seated feeling of justice and manhood that is in every American citizen, I have that belief in the grandeur and dignity and majesty of our free institutions, I have that confidence in the common sense of the people of San Francisco, I have that confidence in the men who are in power there, and in our Governor, which impels me to the belief that the first symptom of mob violence there would be crushed out, as it would deserve to be crushed out, by the iron band of armed freemen, raised to protect the rights of civilization and the rights of decency."

The public is very much indebted to the local artists for having the goodness to exhibit their pictures. Not that the public cares anything about the pictures—there are precious few worth caring about—but it likes its regular annual "criticism" in its daily newspapers. The reporter, who in the interval between the last dog-fight and the crunching of the next woman under the wheels of a dray, finds time to step into the rooms of the Art Association and lay about him

with his pen, performs a real service, and the painter, who made occasion is a public benefactor. A characteristic incident in point: A well-known artist, having completed a picture, was asked by the art reporter of a daily newspaper when he would have it on exhibition. "It will not be exhibited," was the reply; "I painted it for Tiburcio Parrott, and it will be sent directly to his house." "As a representative of the public," said the "critic," "I think I have a right to see the picture!"

Another reporter of whom we have heard went about among the artists asking them to "spell and define" various technical terms, and from the information so obtained he builded in his note-book a copious vocabulary, explaining that he was expecting a "detail" as art critic for the approaching exhibition. From what we have had the heart to read in the dailies, we infer that he was detailed by them all.

Ballantyne, in collating his *Essays in Mosaic*, quotes this bit from Harrington's *Oceanus*, published in 1659: "There is something in the making and ruling a commonwealth, which—though there be great divines, great lawyers, and great men in all professions—seems to be peculiar only to the genius of a gentleman." The then Mr. Disraeli, writing in 1848, said: "The proper leaders of the people are the gentlemen of England. If they are not the leaders of the people, I do not see why there should be gentlemen." We, acting for San Francisco in 1879, turned part of the city government over to demagogues, adventurers, and stupid. The gentlemen stayed at home. The sand-lot voted to a man. Leadership implies obligation. If gentlemen want to be leaders, they must look to it that they arise on election mornings as early as the sand-lot.

It is rumored, and we believe on good authority, that the *Argonaut* will shortly suspend publication, its patronage not being sufficient to justify a continuance of its publication.—*Stock Report*.

Well, old man, what is *your* grievance? Warble it out, pardner; maybe we can take it all back and you'll let us live till Bunker returns.

Now here is a simple little proposition. We will give Mr. Bunker of the *Stock Report* access to the books of the *Argonaut*, to prove and publish facts regarding circulation and patronage, if we may be permitted to do the same regarding the circulation and patronage of the *Stock Report*. It would be a very interesting exhibit to the advertising constituency.

"Speaker Cowdery's eyes filled with tears and his voice had grown husky with emotion as Mr. Braunhart was removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms from the floor of the Assembly."

It must have been a very touching scene, Speaker Cowdery weeping as this insolent little jackanapes was hustled away from a position he has constantly disgraced. If Speaker Cowdery, who is a broad-shouldered six-footer, had come down from the Speaker's desk and kicked this pestilent little fellow down the aisle and out of the Capitol, and across its grounds, and into the Sacramento River, it would have made every respectable native-born American angel burst into a broad guffaw, and flap his wings over the battlements to see justice done to an empty-headed, yawping miscreant who has disgraced himself every hour since the session opened. Tears, forsooth! We hope our Speaker did not wet himself bad.

Kearney is a fool; Kalloch is a scholar. Kearney is a coward; Kalloch a man of courage. Kearney is a promoted drayman; Kalloch a fallen gentleman. Kearney is repellent; Kalloch magnetic. Kearney knows nothing he ought to know; Kalloch everything he ought not. Kearney has no personal grievance; Kalloch has wrongs to avenge. Kearney quarrels with God only; Kalloch wars with mankind. Kearney is a contriver of epithets; Kalloch a planner of treason. Kearney is pushed along by the mob; Kalloch draws the mob after him. Kearney is ridiculous; we laugh. Kalloch is dangerous; we arm. O Jupiter, take away King Stork, and restore to his penitent subjects King Log.

A bill was introduced into the New York Legislature on the 12th instant, providing that after its passage no fare shall be collected from any street-car-passenger unless in exchange therefor a seat is provided. This principle has been rigorously enforced, in both France and England, for many years. The only objection to such a law for San Francisco is its sweeping needlessness. No good woman—and all San Francisco women are good—will permit a gentleman to stand in a San Francisco street car while *she* has a seat.

Senator Satterwhite, in the debate upon the revenue bill, has taken a decided stand in opposition to savings banks, as conducted in this State. His arguments have much force; and, if his assertions can be established as facts, we are not quite certain that the Senator is not substantially correct in his position. He denies that the savings banks of these days are the institutions of the poor man or the man of small means, and declares that it is placing accumulated capital in the hands of a few men that gives them an unhealthy financial control; that they are places where men

can too easily borrow and encumber their homesteads for speculative investments; that the small savings banks depositors had better use their money in homes, or farms, or small industries. To relieve savings banks depositors from taxation, he says, is to drive all the money of the country into savings banks, and thus give to them power to crush the merchant, farmer, and business man. This would give them undue political influence. The Senator comes to the conclusion that it is not good policy to encourage savings banks, and that they should be discouraged. There is the germ of good sense in all these positions, and if our legislators would give something more than a superficial attention to this question, we are sure they would agree with us in thinking that the opinions of Senator Satterwhite are entitled to grave consideration.

De Lesseps was to-night given a grand reception by citizens of New York. It was the most notable gathering of the season.—*Associated Press Dispatch*.

Apparently, then, the citizens of New York are less averse to the play of *An Inter-oceanic Canal*, with the part of "The Monroe Doctrine" omitted, than are the newspapers of New York. We suspect, too, that this is as true of the whole country as it is of New York.

Your true journalist is nothing if not chivalrous. He is devoted to "the ladies, Gobblessem!" In New York a leading newspaper has undertaken in a calm, unimpassioned way to make the hotel-keepers and restaurateurs feed the fair sex after dark, which it appears they have been unaccustomed to do unless the fair sex are accompanied by the fowl. The rule of exclusion assuredly works a certain hardship to the belated female who has not the power of Joshua to make the sun stand still. "What!" said one of these unfortunates, on being denied a meal, "am I compelled to go out in the street and pick up a man in order to get something to eat?" We should be sorry to have this misunderstood as a protest against the practices of the gentle cannibal; no lady, we hope, would be averse to eating a strange man if she felt the necessity, and no gentleman would object to be eaten. The lady's question, however, is significant: a woman who is compelled to go into the street at night to pick up a man for any purpose is in considerable peril. She may get hold of another woman's man, for example, in which case it were better for her never to have been born.

We do not know that we entirely sympathize with our professional brother in his crusade against a custom which compels a woman to have a man with her at night or take the consequences in an empty stomach. If there is a proper place and time for our sex—a proposition which has been somewhat disputed of late by certain members of the opposition—it is at the side of lovely woman when the sun is down. That is the way it seems to us, and we favor any action on the part of anybody which tends to the enforcement of what we deem our rights in this matter. If the ladies have to be starved into a recognition of these rights we deplore the necessity, but abate nothing of our claim—a modest one, on the whole, considering that our right to escort these innocents to supper includes also our right to pay the bill.

Thy "Liar," Sazerac, is here—
The dapper little cad.
A pity 'tis that Austin town
Has all the brains he bad;
For this sweet Hart without a head
'S a pretty little lad.

Jones has blazing red hair and writes for the *Daily Scalp-snatcher*. Editor says to Jones: "If I don't feel better tomorrow I shall not be at the office." Jones: "All right; I'll fill up the paper with incendiary articles." Editor thoughtfully contemplates Jones's hair. "Write 'em out of your head, I suppose."

A correspondent ("O. G." of Marysville) writes us, *à propos de rien*: "The saying, 'To wet your whistle,' is of Norman pedigree, and as old as the thirteenth century. Henri d'Audeli thus commences his poem on 'The Battle of the Wines':

'Volez oïr une grant fable,
Qu'il avint l'aubrier sur la table—
Au bon Roy qui eut nom Philippe,
Qui volontiers moillait sa pipe
En bon vin qui estait du blanc.'

'Will you hear of a great fable,
That happened the other day at table
To good King Philip, who did incline
To wet his whistle with good white wine.'

"King Cetawayo is said to be a man of simple and abstemious habits. He does not drink to any excess and does not smoke, his reason for not doing so being that it would spoil the color of his teeth."—*London Times*.

The writer of this paragraph knows the foregoing statement to be false. In the year 1870 he spent five months in Zululand, Cetawayo being his host, companion, and guide during nearly all his sojourn in the king's country. Cetawayo is one of the most confirmed smokers the writer has ever known, his chief rivals being Senator Dickinson, Assemblyman Fox, and the Editor of the *Argonaut*, who is his peer intellectually.

A FAREWELL TO THE CHINESE.

It must be so, my almond eye,
My copper-colored son—
The times are dark; I am afraid
The little game which you have played
Is done.

The sand-lot howls, the people frown,
The law strikes blow on blow;
And now the Board of Health declares
That Chinatown, with all its snares,
Must go.

'Tis sad to part! For thirty years,
In storm and sunny weather,
Your oily visage in the throng
Has cheered me as we jogged along
Together.

Farewell! The jig is almost up;
The lightnings gleam and dart:
A day of wrath is drawing nigh,
And lo, the burden of each cry
Is "Start!"

And oh, when moons on Jackson Street
Look down in tender way,
And when I wander through each lair
Where you were wont to braid your hair,
And eat and sleep and smoke and swear,
And find each wash-house stripped and bare,
And not a pig-tailed Mongol there—
Not e'en a clothes-line in the air
Of May—

Ah, then methinks the tears will come;
And I will take your kettle-drum,
And bombs and gongs and devilish things,
And weep to think such joys have wings!
Go East, and like a fungus crawl
About each town and city wall,
Let Massachusetts know your tread,
Go multiply and grow and spread
O'er all the lovely Eastern land.
They do not know nor understand
Your winning way and oblong eye.
They'll know your virtues better by
And by.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS.

Engineer Schussler's Suggestions for Our Security from Fire.

We have undertaken to keep our readers advised of what was being done in reference to the water company's negotiations with the Supervisors. Our very earnest opposition to the purchase of the Lake Merced property was based upon the conviction that the sum of \$1,500,000 was grossly in excess of the value of the property, that the supply was inadequate, and that, as the city extended to the margins of the lake, the water would become impure; and that, in addition to all these reasons, there would grow out of the purchase a bad municipal job. The Spring Valley Water Company is now in negotiation with the city for the establishment of water rates. The letter of Mr. Charles Webb Howard to the Board, the argument of Mr. Newlands, the figures of the engineer, Mr. Schussler, and the testimony of Messrs. Quinlan, Staples, and Chief Engineer Scannel, together with a free discussion among the Supervisors, has brought the whole negotiation where it ought to be—out into the daylight, where it may be considered and understood by the tax-paying and water-rate paying people. It affords an opportunity for the consumers, house-holders, and property-owners of the city to get a thorough insight into the relations that exist between themselves and the water company. There is no reason that this relation should be an unfriendly one, and there is every reason that the best understanding should exist between the company and the people with whom it deals. The *Bulletin* and *Call*, for some narrow and selfish motives of their own, have persistently and for years endeavored to promote a hostile feeling against the company, and, in the carrying out of this malevolent design, do not hesitate to charge every person and journal differing from them with corrupt and mercenary motives. The truth is, this city has but one practical source of water supply, and this, by the business forethought of long-headed men and the expenditure of a large amount of money, has been appropriated by a private company. The peninsular system is the only available and practicable water supply for this city, and the Spring Valley Water Company have seized it by the appropriation of running streams, sites for reservoirs and dams, and by the actual purchase of some eighteen thousand acres of land that controls the catchment. It is good water, pure, and clear. It is abundant, and by the completion of certain dams and reservoirs, and the connection of the Crystal Spring supply, and by adding the catchment of the Calaveras valley, can be made adequate for a city of a million inhabitants. The new Constitution has clothed the Board of Supervisors with authority to fix water rates. The company acquiesces in the law, and the only question now is the performance of this duty. It is agreed between the Supervisors and the corporate directors that the rule should be a fair interest upon what the system has cost, a fair allowance for working expenses, a fair amount for keeping the property in repair, and a fair allowance to the fund for necessary extensions.

Mr. Schussler's report has been printed in all the daily journals. The work proposed by him is as follows:

1. To finish the Crystal Springs dam to its contemplated height.
2. To construct a substantial waste weir.
3. To construct a conduit from this reservoir to San Francisco.
4. To construct a distributing reservoir at the end or outlet of this conduit in San Francisco.
5. To connect this reservoir by a large iron main pipe with the pipe-system of San Francisco.

"The object of the company," says the engineer, "is to have an abundant supply in all the peninsular and city reservoirs, and to have the pipe lines leading to San Francisco larger than will be necessary to the largest daily demand." During the last year the San Andreas reservoir was taxed to its utmost capacity by excessive demands, thus causing a lack of pressure through the entire lower and business portion of the city. This excessive demand occurs always in the dry season, and often during the period when demands prevail. A conflagration occurring at such a time, and when the water pressure is materially reduced, soon assume dimensions beyond the control of our

Fire Department. Our Board of Supervisors will be derelict in its duty if every possible precaution is not taken against a calamity from fire by reason of a deficient water supply.

Our ever-present danger, in this city of dry seasons and diurnal winds, is the fire-fiend. If the demon ever gets the best of our Fire Department the calamity would be irreparable, and no small water economy is justifiable in the presence of such a possibility as a general conflagration. "The company," says Mr. Schussler, "has never received a dollar from the city for fire purposes;" and he admits, while his reservoirs are central and high, that the pipe system is in some places defective.

We quote from the Engineer's Report to the Mayor and Board so much as suggests his proposed remedy:

"Up to date we have already expended at Crystal Springs a large sum of money for lands, rights, and works. The dam is built to a height of about fifty feet, forming a reservoir of a capacity of 3,380,000,000 gallons. The lake being full, it overflows through the waste weir during the rainy season, the water running to waste into the bay. The pumping works erected at Crystal Springs during the drought of 1877 can pump 3,000,000 gallons daily, but at great expense, as fire-wood is getting scarcer and dearer in the neighborhood, and coal requires transportation by rail or team via San Mateo and over a toll-road. At the same time, in order to utilize these pumping works during such period of excessive demand, we are compelled to pump the water from the level of the pumps to an elevation 635 feet above tide, run it into San Francisco through the Upper or Pilarcitos pipe-line, and, after arriving in San Francisco, drop it down into the San Andreas supply district, which lies at and covers the lowest but most valuable portion of San Francisco. In order, therefore, to stop this costly uphill work, and to properly utilize the water annually collected and stored in the Crystal Springs Reservoir, and particularly to secure a more abundant supply for fire purposes as detailed above, I have strongly recommended to the Spring Valley Water Works to complete the Crystal Springs dam to its contemplated height of seventy-five feet; build a substantial waste weir to carry off the freshest waters, when the lake is full; construct a substantial wrought-iron pipe, forty inches in diameter, and about twenty-one miles in length, from Crystal Springs into San Francisco, having a daily delivering capacity of nearly 12,000,000 gallons; construct a large distributing reservoir in the southern part of San Francisco, and at the end of this forty-inch pipe; lay from this reservoir and along Folsom Street, to or toward the city front, a twenty-four-inch iron main pipe, to which all pipes running across the entire length of Folsom Street would be connected, as well as the parallel pipes, thereby securing for the district east of Valencia and south of Market Street a complete supply, and good pressure, and thorough circulation; the proposed twenty-four-inch Folsom Street main forming the main artery of this entire district.

"The duty of the San Andreas water would thereby be reduced from its present excessive area to a comparatively narrow strip, including Market Street and the lower or flat area west of Valencia and north of Market Street; while Pilarcitos water and that from Lohos Creek would take care of the hills and higher parts of the city.

"The cost of the works herein proposed I estimate as follows:

Completing Crystal Springs dam, inclusive of waste weir.....	\$ 70,000
Twenty-one miles of 40-inch pipe, complete in the ground.....	600,000
Reservoir in San Francisco, of a capacity of fifty million gallons, inclusive of land.....	110,000
Four miles of 24-inch main pipe on Folsom Street, complete in the ground and connected.....	170,000
Replacing small mains by larger ones in this district, to improve pressure and circulation.....	50,000
Total cost.....	\$1,000,000

"I also propose to connect the large 22-inch main pipe on Valencia and Market Streets, which will be the main artery of the middle city supply, with this lower or Crystal Springs system, and also the 22-inch main pipe from Lake Honda, forming the main artery of the upper city supply, with the 22-inch main on Valencia and Market Streets. These respective connection gates between the upper and middle city supplies, and between the middle and lower city supplies, being kept shut ordinarily, could be instantly opened in case the supply in any one or the other districts should become weak and the pressure low during an extensive conflagration, which would bring the entire supply stored in the next higher district to the assistance of the one requiring it.

"The following table shows our reservoirs in San Francisco, their elevation above city base, and their contents, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7 being the reservoirs completed and in operation, while No. 6 represents the one herein proposed, to complete the entire scheme:

A.—UPPER CITY SUPPLY.		
Name.	Elevation.	Capacity.
1. Lake Honda.....	377 feet.....	32,918,000 gallons.
2. Upper Russian Hill.....	396 ".....	3,724,000 "
3. Clay Street Hill.....	375 ".....	141,000 "
Upper City Supply Storage.....		
36,783,000 gallons.		
B.—MIDDLE CITY SUPPLY.		
4. College Hill.....	252 feet.....	15,006,000 gallons.
5. Market St. Reservoir.....	196 ".....	2,500,000 "
Middle City Supply Storage.....		
17,256,000 gallons.		
C.—LOWER CITY SUPPLY.		
6. Potrero Reservoir.....	170 feet.....	50,000,000 gallons.
7. Lower Russian Hill.....	139 ".....	6,712,000 "
Lower City Supply Storage.....		
56,712,000 gallons.		
Total capacity of all seven reservoirs in San Francisco.....		
110,751,000 gallons.		

"By thus dividing the city into three districts, viz., the upper, middle, and lower districts, we apportion the city more appropriately than we have been able to do heretofore, without the introduction of the Crystal Springs water.

"The upper district uses about one-third, the new middle district would use about one-sixth, and the new lower district about one-half of all the water consumed in this city. As, with the above disposition of the city reservoirs, the upper district would have about 36,500,000 gallons storage, the middle district about 17,000,000, and the lower district about

56,500,000 gallons in their respective city reservoirs, these storage capacities are very nearly in proportion to the water used in the respective districts.

"In addition to these extraordinary facilities for extinguishing fires, I wish to call the attention of your honorable body to the facilities which we would have for sending an additional supply into this city in case of or during any extensive conflagration.

"All our works being connected by telegraph with each other and with the city, we could instantly order the following heads of water turned on:

	Gallons Daily.
From Pilarcitos.....	11,000,000
From San Andreas.....	9,500,000
From Crystal Springs.....	12,000,000
From Lake Merced.....	7,000,000
From Lobos Creek.....	2,000,000

Making a daily total of.....41,500,000

Which could be turned into the city reservoirs during such a calamity to assist the amount of 110,000,000 gallons kept on hand in the city reservoirs.

"Upon this showing I venture to say, and I have no doubt that your honorable body, as well as the Fire Department and the Board of Underwriters, will agree with me, that our city will have the best system of fire protection in the world, as it has now one of the best in the United States."

Mr. Schussler asserts and demonstrates that the company can, by its present system, supply its present customers and keep up its present revenues; "hut," he asks, with some show of force, "what is the sense or justice of entailing upon the seventeen thousand consumers the cost of protecting all the property of this city from fire?" And he demands to know what propriety or justice there will be in compelling the company to expend an additional million of dollars, and increase its debt from two to five millions, for the purpose of protecting the city from fire, unless the city is willing to pay for it. There is no power to compel the company to build new reservoirs or rebuild old ones, to lay more pipes or increase the size of present mains, unless the city is prepared to pay for additional expenditure. Mr. Staples estimates one hundred million dollars worth of insurable property—undoubtedly an under estimate. Everybody that knows anything about our present cost of insurance, and what it would be without an adequate supply of water and an efficient fire department, knows that at least two per cent. per annum is saved in this item of fire insurance alone. Two per cent. upon one hundred million dollars is two million dollars—nearly double the whole amount of annual rates collected by the company. To this, add the security given to uninsured property, and there is no estimating in dollars and cents the value of this water system to our city.

There is neither sense nor reason in placing all this water burden upon consumers, and allowing all the unimproved property to pay nothing, and all the commercial property next to nothing; or in allowing sewers to be flushed, streets sprinkled, and parks improved at the cost of the householder who is unfortunate enough to live in the city, and to keep horses, lawns, and bath-tubs. This indecent political and newspaper war is apparently directed against the Spring Valley Water Company, but it is really a war upon the water consumers. The man who owns a hack, dray, furniture-wagon, or other vehicle of public convenience—the person who endeavors to live in a cleanly and decent manner, using water enough for the health and comfort of his family—is hearing a burden that, except for the *Bulletin* and *Call* and a few politicians, would be more equitably distributed. The *Argonaut* office pays more money to wash its type than the dry goods palaces of Scholle Brothers and the White House pay for the protection a full supply of water is to their stocks of goods. The man who drives his dray pays more than the absentee who lives in Paris and drives in the Bois de Boulogne, living from rents received in San Francisco.

The whole business of adjusting water rates is an exceedingly simple one; and when the gentlemen who compose the Board shall recognize the mutual relations existing between the company and the city, and be prepared to act as fair-minded and honorable business men ought to act in the execution of the trust reposed in them, and will close their ears to angry editors and ambitious politicians, the better it will be for all parties concerned.

"I'm hungry and ragged and half sick and dead-broke," muttered a tramp as he sat down for a sun-bath on the Valje Street Wharf, "but it's just my luck. Last fall I got into Frisco just two hours too late to sell my vote. Nobody to blame. Found a big wallet on the street in December, and four police came up before I could hide it. Luck again. Got knocked down by a street car, but there was no opening for a suit and damages, because I was drunk. Just the way. Last fall nails were way down. I knew there'd be a rise, but I didn't buy and hold for the advance. Lost ten thousand dollars out and out. Allus that way with me. Glass went up twenty-five per cent, but I hadn't a pane on hand excepting the pain in my back. Never knew it to fail. Now lumber's gone up, and I don't even own a fence-picket to realize on. Just me again. Fell into the river t'other day, but, instead of pulling me out and giving me a hot whisky, they pulled me out and told me to leave town or I'd get the bounce. That's me again. Now, I've got settled down here for a hit of a rest and a snooze, but I'll be routed out in less than fifteen minutes, and I know it. It'll be just my behanged luck!" He settled down, slid his hat over his face, and was just beginning to feel sleepy, when a hundred pounds of coal rattled down on him. "I knew it—I knew it!" shouted the tramp, as he sprang up and rubbed the dust off his head; "I said so all the time, and I just wish the durned old hogshead had come down along with the coal and jammed me through the wharf."

A Quincy small hoy was looking at some Scriptural engravings, and gazed long and earnestly upon a representation of Adam and Eve in their primitive dress. Turning to his mother he asked:

"Ma, didn't Adam and Eve wear any clothes?"

"No, my son."

The lad reflected a moment, and said:

"By hokey, though, but I'll bet the mosquitoes jist made them hump themselves lively!"

A QUERY: BRISTLING WITH POINTS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 21, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I have not the honor of knowing, either personally or by reputation, your correspondent the friend and disciple of John Stuart Mill, who in a recent *Argonaut* goes into ecstasies over Mr. Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*. But I have read that remarkable—I would once have said damnable—book, and like him, though probably for very different reasons, I am curious to know what men of your class think about it. I say men of your class, for, if I am rightly informed, you were an original Republican, and back of that an Abolitionist, and in this community your paper certainly represents the wealth and culture—the class that, combining at last with the fanatics, drove the South into an attitude which made her seem the aggressor, and then, by the sheer weight of your money (for we could have stood your avalanche of men had our credit held out), beat her down and stamped upon her. I am curious to see how you feel when it is proposed to strip you of your property on the very same principles that were perfectly satisfactory to you when it was proposed to rob Southern families of the property they inherited.

I have read this *Progress and Poverty*, and, wild as it may seem, I do not believe your correspondent attaches any too much importance to it. For it does, to use one of the expressions of its author, "swim with the current of the times," and that current is setting over Niagara. It must become a famous book, for it puts into philosophic thought and eloquent language just what your Parnells and Justin Swabs and De la Martys are vaguely aiming at. It breaks down the fragile barriers of sophistical reasoning which your writers and thinkers have attempted to rear against the flood of their own doctrines. It carries to their logical result just what your Stones and Beechers and Greeleys and Whittiers and Weeds and Pixleys have been so long preaching. In the name of the brotherhood of man you demanded that the slave should be freed. Now your own chickens come home to roost, and in the name of the brotherhood of man it is demanded that you should make land common property! "If chattel slavery be unjust, then is private property in land unjust." That is the cry of this book, and if that cry is not soon taken up by a million voices then I do not read the signs of the times aright.

Your correspondent says that this book far surpasses all that John Stuart Mill ever published, and throws Herbert Spencer into the shade. Whether this criticism is just or not is not the question, though it certainly seems to me that, wherever they come in conflict, Mill and Spencer have been used up with their own weapons; but it will be the opinion of thousands of men who read this book, or the books like it which are sure to follow: for when once you begin revolutions, each leader is in his turn superseded by some one who goes further.

Mill says: "The land of every country belongs to the people of that country," and then he adds: "The persons called land-owners have no right but to the rent."

George says: "The land belongs to the people; therefore the persons called land-owners have no rights at all, and justice demands that we should confiscate their rents."

Spencer first demonstrates to his own perfect satisfaction that there can be no exclusive right to land, and then, like Mill, shrinks from his own conclusions, when they assume practical form, by declaring that it would be a very simple matter to deal with them if we had before us the people who originally robbed mankind of their heritage; but it is a very delicate question as to how we shall deal with descendants and purchasers who have been so long in possession.

George says: "There can be no exclusive right to land; therefore let us make it common property." There can be no question as to which snake will swallow the others. And then, by and by, when the doctrines preached with such ability (for there is no use in denying that) in this *Progress and Poverty* become widely disseminated, some one else will arise to say: "The earth is our common mother, and all men are brothers; therefore let us divide not only the soil, but all the proceeds thereof!"

You may smile at this just now, but look at the signs of the times. Look at the Capital at Sacramento, where your Republicans are vying with Democrats in introducing agrarian bills!

I think I know a great book when I see it, and, if I am not mistaken, *Progress and Poverty* is a book which marks an epoch, and which is going to exercise more influence upon its generation than anything since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It has all the directness and force of Tom Paine's *Common Sense*, all the impassioned sentiment of Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, with a vigor and grasp which equal the methods of Herbert Spencer. And, in the name of philosophy, in the name of philanthropy, in the name of religion—the very powers you invoked against slaveholding—it proposes to strip you land-holders of your possessions, declaring that you will be a good deal happier and more sociable when reduced to an equality with your neighbors!

As for me, I must confess that it has almost converted me into a thorough-going agrarian. But what I am most curious about is to see what your Republican preachers and editors will have to say to this new gospel of revolution. You scoffed at vested rights; you preached human equality; you stamped Burke as a madman and Calhoun as a traitor. Now the spirit you have fostered turns on you in turn. "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." And I am curious to see whether men of your class are going to join in the march, or will vainly try to make a stand against it.

EX-REBEL.

History gives an account of how, many hundreds of years ago, ladies devoted several hours to the arrangement of their hair. One can easily imagine, while gazing upon the portraits of court ladies and queens, and seeing their elaborate coiffures, how much time could be given to the art. And yet ladies of the present day, in order to have the services of certain hairdressers, will often have their hair dressed a whole day and night before they are ready to appear at a reception or ball, and many of them are known to sit bolstered up in bed, with head resting against the head-board of the bedstead, afraid to move or hardly to breathe for fear a lock or bairpin might be disarranged.

THE WORLD'S WOMEN.

The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Campbell, whose husband was killed in the engagement on the hill of Kambula, accompanies the Empress Eugénie in her pilgrimage to Zululand.

Another instance of the well-directed benevolence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is mentioned. She has given £250 toward the liquidation of a debt which has weighed down the poverty-stricken fishermen of Cape Clear Islands, in addition to £600 already contributed by her this year for the same object. The result of this generosity is that eighty local boats will shortly be enabled to engage in the mackerel fishing.

The Princess Louise is the subject of a picturesque Canadian anecdote. It is related that as she was about leaving Halifax the other day a crippled old Crimean soldier broke through the guard, and lifting his hat, held out his hand, saying that he had shaken hands with her royal mother before the Princess was born. With "eyes dimmed with tears" the young lady heartily shook hands with the ancient veteran, and the crowd about cheered.

Lady Thornton carries out her British ideas in Washington. A correspondent of the *Syracuse Journal* says that the Englishwoman very emphatically declares that her guests shall not by her consent be criticised through the press. Whoever attempts to describe what this or that lady wore at the British Legation has gained such information without the consent of the hostess; and, having once offended in this particular, need not expect to be again invited.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor has taken under her patronage a school for poor children, started by the Children's Aid Society at West Fourteenth Street, New York. Some of the hundreds of boys and girls which she has sent West, at her own expense, to homes provided for them, have gone from this school. Every year she sends five or six hundred children to the South or West, many of whom have written letters of earnest gratitude and pleasure at their new surroundings.

The aged Empress of the Chinese seems to be what the clergymen call a womanly woman. She has a new pearl-embroidered gown that is exceedingly valuable, and she refuses to lend or give it to anybody else, although she knows it must be burned if she should die with it in her possession. In fact, she is animated by the same spirit that causes some loving wives to leave orders that they are to be buried in their best clothes, in order that they may not become the property of hated sisters-in-law.

The Washington *Capital* says that Mrs. Annette Wilkins W. Hicks-Lord will go to Europe early in June. She will first visit the Duchess of Norfolk, in England, and her next visit will be to the home of the Marquis of Bute. Her stay abroad will cover an indefinite period. This would seem to set at rest the rumor of an intended marriage with Charles O'Connor. Indeed, it is quite improbable that Mrs. Lord, who is a woman full of ambition, will wed an American, but will seek an alliance with one of the highest among the English nobility. Why not? She is enormously rich, handsome and engaging.

A correspondent in Washington says: "Imagine an English duchess who has inherited the rare beauty which descends with hereditary rank. Why are the English nobility the finest specimens of personal beauty? It is because the members leave nothing undone to perfect the physical proportions of the race. Of English origin, Mrs. Ramsey brings to the Cabinet any amount of that material which this administration lacked most. Mrs. Ramsey's long residence at the capital, her superior intelligence and winning ways are doing much to retard the criticism which ended with the retirement of her predecessor."

They tell a story in the Paris papers to the effect that the Czar of Russia has now at his court a young lady who is his daughter, her mother having been a Princess Dolgorouki. The Princess died eight years ago, and the Emperor, having had the most profound love for her, recently determined to bring their daughter to the palace. He obtained the sanction of the church, but the Empress was indignant and refused to receive the girl. However, she relented, and the Princess came to court and has remained there ever since. It is said that her favor is indispensable to whoever wishes to obtain anything from the Emperor.

Tom Thumb is exhibited in New York, and they only charge ten cents admission. The General was a good deal offended when it was first broached to him that he put himself on show at such a price, but Mrs. Thumb reasoned with him, and brought him to understand that the days of high prices are over. Mrs. Thumb, who is no bigger than an ulster button herself, is the man of the Thumb ménage. She compelled the General to sell his yacht, for with his professional engagements and his passion for sailing the gentleman was never at home. It is well that Thomas has somebody to look after him. He was running very wild a year or two ago.

The Baronne de Wykerslooth, née Princesse de la Tremoille, whose death occurred recently, delighted in being impertinent. On her appearance as a bride, at the Belgian court, some thirty years since, one of the Queen's ladies addressed a few courteous remarks to the new arrival, who opened her large black eyes and exclaimed: "How delightful, madame! I was told Flemish was such a difficult language for strangers, but I understand you almost as well as if you spoke French." Her Majesty, the daughter of Louis Philippe, overheard the observation, and, turning to the Princess, said: "I, too, am French by birth, and I find that French is as purely spoken in Belgium as on the other side of the frontier." On one occasion, at a state hall, the King's librarian, M. A., requested the honor of dancing with the Baronne de Wykerslooth. "You must excuse me," was her quick retort, "but your brother has made my shoes too tight for me." M. A.'s brother was, in truth, a disciple of St. Crispin. If, in shopping, her name and address were required, she sent for her footman, a Belgian. "Peter, give my name [turning to the shopman]; I never can pronounce it myself."

SEVEN GREAT SONNETS.

To most readers of English the sonnets of Shakespeare are a sealed book; to many their existence is unknown. Their archaism, their lack of symmetry and sequence in idea, their astonishing compactness of thought, entailing frequent baldness of diction, are difficulties demanding almost a special education. Yet these poems (except in one unimportant particular they are not sonnets at all) are of the wisest and sweetest in the language. The seven here selected are in our judgment the best. Than in these, Shakespeare could hardly have done better work, even had he wrought in loyal bondage to a severer art, under the stimulating exactions of the sonnet proper. Those to whom Shakespeare's sonnets are unfamiliar or unpleasing have in that fact assurance of richer results of profit and pleasure from their study than equal intellectual effort in any other direction can command. It is in the hope of exciting a desire for the fruits of such labor that we here reprint these creations of a mind that did nothing ill.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, ununs'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

LX.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, where'th'being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps am compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and days,
Nor bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.



"This is how it is, Jake: Yer like it better the third time yer see it than yer did the first, for why?—there's so many things into it w'ich you don't see the first time." *Rem acu tetigit.* The speaker was a gallery-god; his subject, Sothern's "Dundreary;" his speech, the very core and essence of criticism on that famous creation. It has been said, in view of the changes that have been made in the play, that the title, *Our American Cousin*, is become a misnomer, and that it should be called *Lord Dundreary*. Hardly. "Asa Trenchard" was originally one of the lengthiest parts on the stage; it has been cut no more than enough to compensate the new length given to "Dundreary," nor otherwise sacrificed more than this cutting required. It is Sothern in the part of "Dundreary" who dominates the play, rather than the part of "Dundreary" itself; and were his lordship in other hands, it would appear that the American Cousin remains quite the leading character. The mistaken criticism just adverted to, connects itself with one broad question of contemporary dramatics that has a bearing on the future of the noble art of play-acting, and has been thought to threaten its nobility. One correspondent of the *Argonaut*, last week, bewailing Mr. Sothern's defection from the utilities of general comedy, intimated an opinion that the art and its lovers had thereby made a loss.

The financial success that has of late years attended "Dundreary," and one or two similar creations, is one of the noteworthy phenomena of recent histrionics, and renders it quite certain that similar work on parallel lines will still be pursued by some of the best actors. If, then, the influence of such work is to be pernicious to the art, the art is in a bad way—for the work will be persisted in. Let us prospect this thing and pan it out, and we shall find in our pan one nugget of truth, at least, viz: That this same Dundrearyism, or Rip-Van-Winkleism, is in itself at once fruit and proof of a state of high vigor, health, and growth in the trunk on which it springs.

There is one sense in which it is true that our rarest actors do appear lost to their art and to us in its general scope, but it will also appear that no part of this loss is due to the working of the rich pocket of Dundrearyism. Had it never been struck at all, it still does not follow that we could have hoped to hear the Queen Mah speech or to have a "Tony Lumpkin" from Mr. Sothern, any more than we do now hope for a "Hotspur" from Edwin Booth. This state of affairs has its root deep in the history of our stage, and has nothing to do with any merely modern aspects of it. Dundrearyism is essentially specialization, and is nothing else than specialization; and specialization is, in general, only one aspect of development. In the present case, it is giving us examples of highly specialized but very highly finished work. These examples are as exuberantly developed and opulent in detail as they are highly finished. They are masterpieces after their kind. By all this, art and we are gainers so long as the specialization in any single direction does not proceed to the length of aborting other and coordinate powers, or of impairing their symmetry or beauty, or their vigor or grace in action.

There is, of course, one thing in play-acting that is greater than the actor or the acting—namely, the play. No exhibition of histrionic skill or strength could compensate for decay in the drama; and such decay has been pointed out as one possible consequence of Dundrearyism. The peril is an imaginary one. Dundrearyism has laid no profane hand on any dramatic shrine. When it shall actually offer to do so, and to affix its inch of novelty to the classic length of Cleopatra's nose, it will be time enough for critics to arise and tweak its own. Glancing back along the annals of our stage—the oldest stage, he it remembered, extant—there appears to be scarcely a period not marked by some specialty akin to that of to-day; and at all the brightest, lustiest epochs, this feature appears in its prominence. We have ourselves survived a Barney-Williamism, and other sorts, and are gratefully thankful in comparing their day and date with that better time we are now fallen upon.

Of itself "Dundreary" is a gem—yep, of exquisite cutting; it is one of our permanent possessions, and a joy in the memory. Even while lapping ourselves in its delicious humor, it will be worth while to draw around it such definite lines of limitation as may help to preserve order among our dramatic notions. And it will be granted at last that the world has the better of its bargain with Mr. Sothern, for all it rewards him munificently. The man who makes two laughs to grow where one laugh grew before, owes to second rank among the benefactors of his kind.

How much—of the enjoyableness of Mr.

Sothern's engagement at the Bush Street Theatre is due to his excellent support; there is a sufficiency and completeness in the casts that are infinitely comfortable and satisfying. It may be that the star system is destined, as predicted, to wreak evil upon that of the old-time stock company; but if it shall, at the same time, take on this latest form—viz., that each star is to swim through his orbit accompanied by his own planetary system—egad, perchance no one will be the lover in the new order of things. It is not improbable that the glory of the theatric firmament may even be heightened thereby.

"Fear is the mother of foresight." If there be any in this community who fear the threatened whirlwind of communism and incendiarianism, let them prepare to meet the worst. Now is the accepted time: the very best time to buy rifles and learn how to use them. The sand-lotters are doing this thing. Rifles must be met with rifles, bullets by bullets, blood by blood, Kallorchism and DeYoungism by DeYoungism and Kallorchism.

The Eastern Socialistic Labor Party, of which John Swinton is the head, has no considerable organization here. A man named Rafferty, and a few women, talk to a rag-tag-and-bob-tail crowd in a Fourth Street cellar; but as yet the movement has not taken definite shape. Yet there can be no reasonable doubt that sympathy exists between the Eastern socialists and the Western sand-lotters. In a recent speech, Swinton, in answer to the question, "What would you do with Queen Victoria, who spends £470,000 a year, while a portion of her people are starving?" said: "I would guillotine her. I would have a court convened at Hyde Park, consisting of twelve Irish paupers, which should try her for her life, and cut her head off." Then Mr. Swinton went on to denounce Bismarck and eulogize Parnell and Kearney.

Pearl Eyttinge is a very pretty young lady. Her charms completely captivated a Brooklynite when she was playing in *Wives* at Colonel Sinn's establishment recently. His passion took the shape of a mammoth bouquet of roses and a delicately scented note, during a performance, to the back door. Colonel Sinn happened to be passing by, and Miss Eyttinge handed the epistolary effort to him for perusal. The Colonel read as follows:

"You are beautiful! If you will wear the flowers I send you in the last act, I will ever after wear a Pearl in my heart."

"What shall I do with it?" asked Miss Eyttinge. "Give the bouquet to me," replied the doughty Colonel. When the curtain rose on the next act, the expectant "S. S.," who sat in the front row, saw, with what feelings we cannot attempt even to describe, every person in the cast, with the exception of Miss Eyttinge herself, decorated with a rose plucked from his amatory bouquet. The musicians, from the leader down to the drummer, each had a bud from the same source in their button-holes. The verdant youth was evidently an adept student of the language of flowers, for with considerable haste, and more sense than one would give him credit for, he gathered up his belongings and made for the door. As he sped past the grinning ushers, he noted with dismay that they also sported *boutonnieres*. He left that theatre without a Pearl in his heart, which was as empty no doubt as the head from which emanated the desire to obtain Miss Eyttinge's favor. He will be as surprised to see this little story in print as will the gallant Colonel Sinn himself, who was responsible for lacerating the young man's feelings.

There is a question undergoing discussion in Eastern circles, whether Ralph Waldo Emerson was enlightened by listening to the Reverend Joseph Cook, and whether he obtained certain new views from the ungoverned Philosopher of the Hub. *Punch* once contained a cartoon of two cockney artists looking at a glorious sunset. "Very neat," said cockney No. 1. "Very, but cribbed from Turner," replied cockney No. 2. Kindred to this was the remark of a female art critic at the exhibition of the School of Design: "Landscape. Oh, yes, by Miss Nellie Hopps. Good thing. Tom Hill paints like her." There is another picture at the gallery by one of Strauss's pupils, in color, style, and handling so very like the work of the master that we think the master did all of it except to purchase the frame.

It is well said by the *Hotel Mail* that "a French bill of fare in a French hotel or restaurant is proper. In an American caravansary, to a thousand and one people out of a possible thousand, an English bill of fare is more acceptable, as it certainly is more sensible." And more than that, the French of the American bill of fare is a thing of horror to any one who knows the French language. It is always misspelled, never accented, and invariably has words which possess no meaning whatever.—*Progress.*

If one might be as brave as General McComb appears, as benevolent as Justice Leman looks, as wise as Mr. Pickering is not, as impudent as Mr. Braunhart is—there would be left no virtue and no accomplishment in life for which one might reasonably sigh.

A subscriber asks: "What is a pessimist?" The query evidences a very great amount of ignorance. A pessimist is a—a pessimist is not an optimist. We thought everybody knew that.

TWO NOBLEMEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—The recent rocket-like rise and stick-like fall of the *soi-disant* "scion of nobility" visiting our city have recalled to my mind several incidents tending to show the blinding halo which to many encircles the wearer of a title, no matter how uncertain its tenure. Many years ago there arrived in a Southern city, from the Island of Cuba, a person announcing himself as a French count. Taking up his quarters at one of the principal hotels, he soon made acquaintances, and his title, handsome face, and insinuating manners readily gained him admittance into the most fashionable society, where for a brief season he illustrated the superiority of the attractions with which nature endows a nobleman. In addition to the fascinations already mentioned, he possessed the irresistible one of being in an aristocratic state of delicate health—his countenance, in consequence, wearing a most becoming and interesting pallor. Invitations were showered upon him, and no entertainment was considered complete unless graced by his noble presence. His popularity attained its climax when he formed the habit of having a frightful hemorrhage whenever an opportunity for his comfortable accomplishment presented itself. Often while engaged in sweet converse with some gentle, unsuspecting lady, he would sink back upon a sofa, exhausted and apparently dying; the life-blood oozing from between his pale lips attested his suffering. The frantic screams of his alarmed hostess would call to her aid servants bearing pillow, fan, and eau de cologne; all were needed, but so entire was his collapse that even the soothing influence of soft hands applying sweet restoratives was long unavailing. At length, however, his ministering angel would be rewarded by a languid glance and faint smile, giving the joyful assurance that the vital spark had not forever fled. The approaching close of the season now warned the count to concentrate his attentions, with a view to a matrimonial campaign; for hemorrhages, though they had so far proved valuable stock-in-trade, were of necessity perishable, and must inevitably, in the course of time, be cured; for if they did not pall upon him, they would upon his tender friends. His choice was soon fixed upon a much-admired beauty and heiress, who, dazzled by the thought of wearing a coronet, discarded a lover so unfortunate as to labor under the disability of plain American descent; the musical accent and courtly bow of a distinguished stranger, after being once known, could not be dispensed with by any lady having pretensions to fashion or fortune. The count accompanied his fiancée to her home in an adjoining State, and was urged by her mother to remain at her house, that he might receive the care that his failing health required.

Matters progressed most satisfactorily to all concerned, until about two weeks before the time appointed for the wedding, when the proud mother-in-law expectant received a letter containing tidings far from glad. It stated that friends in M— had learned from a trustworthy source that the count was a highly appreciated barber of Havana, and that those harrowing hemorrhages, upon which so much sympathy and cologne had been wasted, were conjured at will, not from his lungs, but from his pocket, where they were contained in a bottle wrapped in his handkerchief, ready at a moment's notice when an auspicious moment presented itself. The scene that followed the perusal of this cruel letter was indescribable; suffice it to say, there was a stormy interview between mamma and the late count; rage and mortification so overcame the belle that she indulged in no leave-taking, and soon afterward was fortunate enough to be able to console herself with her old love; and woe he unto man or woman who ventured to allude to that most romantic episode in her career. Our hero took his departure for a new field, and as he was never heard of again, probably betook himself to his former occupation.

My next experience with a noble foreigner was in this city, about six years ago, when a prospective count (the genuine article this time) brought a letter of introduction to a fashionable lady of my acquaintance. Shortly after I was invited to dine with him. I thought him charming, and was delighted to make his acquaintance, though his personal appearance varied widely from my preconceived idea of how a count should look. His features looked as if they had been thrown into his face by chance, with an unusually provoking disregard of the fitness of things, the whole disgraced with a rough, purplish complexion that added to the sinister expression of his deep-set, small, black eyes. His costume, however, was worthy of his rank, "the customary suit of solemn black" being materially enlivened by an expanse of finest embroidery, and every button in sight was a superb solitaire all set to match.

Monsieur was making only a short stay in America, and, as I inferred from his conversation, simply to await the death of an old cousin from whom he was to inherit title and estates. He resided in London, having married an Englishwoman. She having died, he expressed himself as not averse to an alliance with a wealthy American. I do not think, however, he sought a victim here. Two or three years after his departure from San Francisco I was horrified at seeing the name of our friend, the count, figuring in the papers as a terrible criminal. It seems, after his

return to London, he married for the second time an heiress, and started for a tour upon the Continent. While traveling in the Tyrol, early one morning, they left the small inn at which they were stopping and started out to see the scenery. In a short time he returned alone and asked for assistance, saying that his wife, venturing too near, had fallen over a precipice. His perfectly indifferent manner, and the position in which the poor woman was found dead, proved she had been pushed from the height. His arrest immediately followed, and he was subsequently convicted of murder and sentenced to death; his punishment, however, upon a second trial, was commuted to twenty years in the galleys. During the trial some investigations were made in regard to the death of the mother of his first wife, the circumstances of which, to say the least, were very strange. His mother-in-law was very wealthy, and his wife her only child. The latter was in failing health, and there was every reason to believe her mother would survive her. Now this model son-in-law showed the old lady a loaded pistol, which went off accidentally and killed her. The daughter inherited her property, died soon after, and left it all to him. So many years had elapsed, however, that nothing could be proved. Upon the departure of monsieur for Europe, he left his address with several ladies of my acquaintance, promising, should they visit England, to entertain them at his residence. It is needless to say that cards are no longer considered worthy of preservation. His present abiding place certainly has the recommendation of entailing none of the obligations of hospitality. I could relate some amusing incidents of the visit to San Francisco of this worthy nobleman, but there are ladies who might object to being mentioned in this connection; so, for the present, this is "what I know" about noblemen.

HELOISE.

Last Tuesday evening the fifteenth annual exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association was formally opened, the customary reception being well attended. About one hundred and fifty pictures have places—some of them creditable, and others execrable, reflecting neither art on the part of the perpetrators, nor judgment on the part of those who admitted them to a hanging. There is an excuse perhaps for the quality of this season's work in the desperate endeavor to paint something that will sell, the artist partly reasoning that the art is as good as the public appreciation of it—financially speaking. Mention of the pictures themselves is reserved.

This is what a Paris correspondent writes about Worth: A certain Californian lady, whom we will not more clearly point out, visited his atelier once upon a time and proceeded to state her views as to the costume required. She was simply, indeed dowdily dressed, having no pretensions to style in her personal appearance, but of great wealth. M. Worth listened politely. At the conclusion of her remarks he rose, and, bowing profoundly, replied, in a tone respectful but firm: "Pardon me, madame, I can not risk my reputation upon you."

A Perhaps.

Together, on the beaded lawn,
We bent to pluck the jeweled stars
Of blood-red columbine—like Mars
Shaming the dazzle of the dawn;
Wild flotsom from some distant dell,
That had we watched from babyhood.
We bent together; who may tell
If this were omen ill or good?

Mine were the fingers first to press
The lissome stalk of burnished green;
Our fingers interlaced between
The pauses of a curt caress.
Were hands to blame that, in the rout,
Each made for each a cruel miss?
Were lips to blame for harb'ring doubt
That ended in a blameless kiss?

ALFRED HARDIE.

SAUCELITO, March 5, 1880.

Obscure Intimations.

C. J. S.—We really do not know if our contributor, Mr. Sanford Bennett, is a baritone. We don't let anybody sing much in this office.

J. Q., Marysville.—Your lines:
"Grant is endorsed by the preacher Beecher;
Good! but who'll vouch for the Beecher creature?"

Are probably the best poetry that we have ever had the advantage of publishing in this paper. A hypercritical taste might perhaps object to the word "endorsed." "Endorse," as we understand it, means to write across the back. Rather a liberty for one man to take with another, you know.

H., Oakland.—Thanks; we needed that comparison between the two galleys-builders, Kearney and Haman, very badly indeed. It completes our set.

GLASS HOUSE.—We do talk a good deal about Kearney and Kallorch, that's a fact. But the prominence that we give them is not eminence. It is not, we hope, of a kind to do them much good. The dailies, on the contrary, report their proceedings in just the way that they would wish them reported if they paid for them.

BRIDGE.—Accepted and will appear soon. The judicious compliment in your personal note did its duty nobly. In the hands of a skilled flatterer, even of the foul sex, we are as "an unresisting child."

MIDDAY.—You are "as right as a trivet." (By the way, what is a trivet?) "Too much education" is a great misfortune to any man. It has been the undoing of us.

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

"Mamma," said she, "why do people buy twins?" Her little brother solved the question as follows: "So that cannibals can eat philopœnas."

He had climbed the flour barrel with a step as light as air, And his gentle voice did carol, when he saw the sweetmeats fair That were hidden in the pantry high upon the upper shelf, "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger, but I want thee for myself."

Suddenly the door was darkened, and from out the deep'ning gloom Came a wail of mortal terror, as if some impending doom Was about to overtake the youth with sweet things at his side, And the shadow of his mother's shoe was softened in his hide.

"Gail, have I bribed anybody during the last hour?" inquired Mr. Blaine, recovering from one of his sympathetic fits. "No, James," Gail responded, with a sweet civil-service-reform sigh; "nobody at all." "Then," said Mr. Blaine, "the insinuation is a base charge, and the charge is a double-dyed lie. Hand me down my trusty claim more!" This shows where and why there was war in Maine.

Where rolleth the Verdigris down to the sea, Where the Chickasaw roams on the flowery lea, Where the azure Wewoka sweeps on in its way From old Pottowatomie down to the bay: Where the flipflap chirps cheerily out of the gloam, And the sad phillaloo sings of mother and home— With my Cherokee maiden enconced on my knee, And my Kickapoo darling, I'm pining to be.

Oh, 'tis vain that the gawgaw sports in the hedge, And the pollywog glints in the slippyrsome sedge, Or the proud cockadoodle sweeps down from ber nest, And soars on the blizzard that yawns in the west; The dado may wail in the shimmer of moon, And charm the dull Seminole ear with his tune— It is still I am pouring my passionate tide For the love that I bear for my Kickapoo bride, I chase the fierce tittlebat out of his lair, I lure the shy gingersnap into my snare; I hunt the wild tattletale over the hill, And coax the coy cocklebur out of the rill; And then the Arrapahoe virgin is glad, And the Boggwyok squaw in her wampum is clad, And my Tishmingo beauty goes hip-hop with glee, And my Kickapoo darling reclines on my knee.

Not to have enjoyed the luxury of riding on the California Street cable-road is to have failed in the knowledge of one of San Francisco's very best things. By no other route may one so easily see how extensive our city is, and what possibilities of builded elegance and cultivated beauty its rough landmarks, as well as its softened outlines, promise its citizens. When one may sit on the smoothly rolling, almost noiseless dummy, and look out on a landscape of surpassing beauty, and at the same time converse without undue effort, one may have more luxury for five cents than is often crowded into one experience. But if the California Street Railroad is so pleasant a thing for the transient passenger, what a boon of convenience it is to the resident of the Western Addition! It is no extravagance to say that the California Street Railroad has done more to build up that section of the city with luxurious homes, and happy, contented families, than almost any other circumstance in San Francisco life. At present the extension of the road has not sufficiently developed itself to admit of definite consideration; but there can be no doubt that its completion will be of great additional benefit to the community. The city has already five cable roads in continuous operation. Others are promised—some of them longer, some less important than any now being run. But of all the roads present and prospective, there is not one which promises more, has done more, or deserves better of the public than the road now doing such efficient service on California Street.

Do as She Does!

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, 1879.
SRS.—I have been ailing for over ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and I found that it done me more good than all the doctors. I will get up a club with my neighbors, as others do, and send to the nearest wholesaler, and get them cheaper by the dozen, as we must have them to keep us well.
MISS S. S. BONE.

Daudet's latest novel, *Les Rois en Exil*, is being translated into Polish.

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CONSERVATISM IN ORDINARY.

The late Winwood Reade had an ardent admirer. After reading portions of the *Martyrdom of Man*, the friend said to the author: "Why these altogether unnecessary sentences? Is the world any better for knowing these truths—if they be truths? May not the world be worse for believing such statements true, if they be false?"

Surely the world is always worse for accepting falsehood in lieu of truth. But the thinking world does not commonly glean the opinions from which it forms its judgment amidst the fields of paragraph, nor does it always find them in the marts of literature. Thinking men accept no dogmatism. The apparent dogmatisms which they do accept will always be found close on the heels of classified facts. Facts are the "useless lumber" of Buckle, to the man who has once assimilated them, but the stable superstructure of thought in the searcher's laboratory.

Most men do not think at all. Of this overshadowing majority, a portion is intellectually too indolent, and a larger portion mentally too incapable, to think either vigorously or wisely. Vigorous thinking is not essentially right thinking. It is often radically unreasonable, and is potent for evil to those only who do not themselves think rightly, and in whom the pride of opinion is not a component of what powers of thought they have. It is in sad evidence of the unfortunate conditions under which intellectual progress must work that natural aptitude for thinking is not a spontaneous incentive to thought. The bright man is very commonly the lazy man; and even when both bright and active, men are often purblind from inheritance.

It is a favorite postulate of many brilliant writers that we must accept the conditions under which society exists as cognate with the best results which social science may hope to attain. It seems clear to me that progress is impossible until we rid our reason of this belief. Malthus apart, and the question aside of merely sustaining a continuously teeming population with the world's future food-supply, it does seem convincingly clear that we can not cultivate the conglomerate brain of humanity *in bulk*. Yet is not that about what we are trying to do in these free States, under our free flag, in this free century?

A distinguished Anglican divine once said to a still more distinguished London journalist: "You have neither intellectual nor moral right to print anything which may lead a fellow-mortals to choose a false philosophy or to despair of good." Elaborated, the speaker's remark might be reasonably construed to mean: "As a professed friend of thought, you should weigh every word you employ. As a lover of truth, you should be a zealous guardian of every principle you have ever seen in Truth's company—for her guests, her friends, her children, demand the chivalrous protection of every honest man."

This is the sort of conservatism which tinges the theologic writing of every established exponent of the mediocre in religion, and colors the political opinions of every monarch who dodges about the skirmish line of progress, and takes his meals in the pauses of conspiracy. It is not the going ahead falsely that hurts the world, it is the going ahead blindly. Many sincere though mistaken reasoners may move in the wrong direction through excess of principle. The fanatic moves in the same direction either through lack of principle or lack of sense. The reasoner may retrace his steps, with possible profit to his day and generation, from the lesson of his mistake. The march of ignorance is like the flight of the locust, and the field-fires of self protection are the landmarks of a double ruin.

Is there any infallible rule by which to know when one is right and when one may safely go ahead? I think not. But surely conservatism is no talisman.

ALFRED HARDIE.

Theatric Elocution.

Does any reader remember Mrs. Butler? It was the chief charm of Mrs. Butler's Shakspearean readings that every character was brought out. She, indeed, had a voice for every individual. How wonderfully this was shown in reading *The Tempest*—for here a contrast must be drawn between the rough, deep bass of "Caliban" and the softest notes of "Ariel," "a spirit too delicate for the abhorred commands" of "Sycorax."

I enjoyed one of Mrs. Kemble's performances upon a most extraordinary occasion. It was no less than a reading of *Julius Caesar* in the city of Rome itself.

The hall was singularly unattractive. There was nothing suggestive of the immediate outer world. Neither marble nor canvas lent their aid; but there was the reproduction of a scene made familiar to us in America: those naked walls, the rude platform, the simple desk, the volume made precious by the touch of Mrs. Siddons, and the majestic form of the last of the Kembles!

She opened the book with a kind of reverence, and as the grand music flowed from her lips, that strange and motley audience soon evinced the witchery of her art. The volatile Frenchman seemed to change natures with the grave Spaniard and the phlegmatic German, while here and there a dark Italian eye flashed like a gem, and muttered *bravas* gave other evidence of appreciation. Surely the Anglo-Saxon element was stirred to its very depth. The spirit of the great dramatist seemed to fill the room, as if claiming part possession, by right of Roman and Venetian conquest, of the soil that had given birth to Dante and to Tasso.

Here, too, was an evidence of the power of Mrs. Kemble's elocution over imagination. We had wandered through the Forum and on the Capitol, passing broken column and ruined arch, and tried in vain to rebuild the past. The very ruin forbade reaction of the "lofty scene." But as our ears drew inspiration from the great reader, the centuries rolled back. We heard the pathetic notes of the soothsayer, the grumbling of Roman discontent, the deep tones of conspiracy, the warnings of "Calphurnia," the vaunts of "Cæsar" and his dying groan; while the actors of the drama, to the mind's eye, appeared strangely vivid and distinct.

JOHN MURRAY.

BERKELEY, March 1, 1880.

Her petticoats are used for walking by English women. Look like satin, and wear forever.

OUR BITTER HALVES.

Beware of women who wear high-necked dresses and always keep their eyes cast down. They are full of pride and jealousy—natures of iron and passions of fire. When these are wedded they are dangerous.

There is no unanimity among the great operatic singers. Some of them have one husband, and others have two. But no matter how many a *prima donna* has, she has them all to support.

French ladies carry little china apples filled with hot water in their muffs, to keep their tiny little fingers from being frost-bitten.

A Bostonian who hires a hundred girls says that he always expects to see the bride walk in about three weeks after her marriage and ask for work, and considers it rather strange if she does not also inquire whether he can not also make a place for her husband, who is out of employment.

When you see a young lady running after a horse-car, shaking her umbrella like mad, and crying, "Here, here!" the thought comes that all this vexation might have been saved if she had been taught to whistle through her fingers.

A very French view of it:

"You do not marry?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because it would make me angry."

"Why would you be angry?"

"Because I would be jealous."

"Why would you be jealous?"

"Because I would have reason."

"Why would you have reason?"

"Because I was married."

A man recently committed suicide on account of the death of his mother-in-law. Another has done the same because he continually quarreled with his mother-in-law. The former probably missed the excitement, the latter had had enough of it.

"You see, she had an enormous fan, and as I sat immediately in front of her, she kept a gale blowing on the back of my neck, winter and summer, hot and cold; and then the creaking and growling machinery of that monstrous fan was forever in my ears, until I was worked up into that nervous condition that I dreaded Sunday to come, and got but little good of the sermon. I wouldn't take that pew another year if they gave it to me for nothing!" At Dr. Stone's?

Remarks by a Texan maiden to her perfidious lover: "I ain't got no brother, and dad's too old to fight; but if you will just take one of these here pistols and step off a few paces, I'll jine in the duet, and misses won't count."

One of the newly married men of the New York *World's* staff writes: "There are some men so ugly that pretty women fly to them and marry them for pity's sake."

There are no better prudes than the women who have some little secret to hide.

An old bachelor wants to know if a scolding woman with her mouth shut can be arrested for carrying concealed weapons.

The Tokio *Times* thus describes a recent festival on the grounds of the Emperor's palace: "Many ladies were present, Japanese and foreign; the former, it was pleasant to note, were completely at their ease. Some, indeed, were actually unattended by their husbands, and yet the earth did not heave with indignation, nor Fujiyama roar in eruptive protest. The sun shone, and the trees nodded approvingly in the light breeze, just as if no social marvel were manifesting itself in that antique stronghold of tradition and immovable routine."

The best of men are tempted sore,
And wicked men will swear;
A woman's oath is 'Bang the door,'
And sometimes 'Bang the hair.'

A young lady in Missouri shot her cousin dead because he pulled a chair from under her when she went to sit down, and caused her to make the windows rattle. She wouldn't have been so mad if her back hair had not been jarred off by the concussion. A young man who pulls a chair from under a young lady deserves the same punishment as the one who attempts to haul down the American flag—spotted on the snout.

The experienced never speak of Chicago girls' feet by that name. They mention them respectfully as Chicago's great terminal facilities.

It is a mean woman who will paste a last year's plate of fashions for bonnets into a this year's fashion book, and lend it to her female friends just before Easter Sunday.

When the Prince of Wales condescends to visit a lady it is *lese majesté* for any person to enter the room. This reminds one of the old Spanish custom: When the father confessor gave absolution to the fair dames at home, on entering the lady's chamber he left his sandals at the door, which the husband, noticing, crossed himself and passed on. The modern husband heels himself and passes in.

Considerable excitement was occasioned in one of the public schools of Rochester by the announcement of the teacher, a sour-visaged lady of an uncertain age, to this effect: "Children, I am engaged." The fun was soon over, however, for, remarking the murmur of astonished delight, the lady hastened to add, "but not to any fool of a man."

Prudery is the hypocrisy of modesty.—Flattery destroys more women than love.—*Sarrasin*: "Wrinkles are the tomb of love."—*Voltaire*: "To be suspicious is to invite treachery."—*Victor Hugo*: "Life is a flower, of which love is the honey."—*Balsac*: "A woman who laughs at her husband loves him no more."—*Bussy Rabutin*: "It is a terrible affair to be obliged to love by contract."—We take women for what they are not, and we leave them for what they are.—*Alfred de Musset*: "Take of love as a sober man takes wine; do not get drunk."

FLOTSON.

Absent.

Your cozy crib is in the corner yet;
I sit and watch it just as day is dead,
You can not press again, my vanished pet,
Its pillow with your drowsy golden head.

You can not reach your arm to get my kiss;
Or dart about with rosy, naked feet,
Babbling soft syllables of that and this,
A tiny, night-gowned fairy, blithe and sweet.

Empty the home where, frolicsome and fair,
Your precious presence made so bright a part,
Empty your little crib, your clothes, your chair,
But emptiest of all your mother's heart.

Enchantment.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be,
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor
Ere ever we reach its height.

Stately and fair is the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we may never reach.

O Distance, thou dear enchantress,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail!

Late to Church.

Loud sang the bobolinks, and round
The milkweed flowers the bees were humming;
I sauntered on, but soon I found
Behind me there was some one coming;
I did not turn my head to see,
And yet I knew who followed me
Before Tom called me—"Kitty! stay,
And let me share with you the way!"

We did not mind our steps grew slow,
Or notice when the bell stopped ringing,
Or think of being late, but lo!
When we had reached the church the singing
Was over, and the prayer was done,
The sermon fairly was begun!
Should we go in, should we stay out,
Press boldly on, or turn about?

Tom led the way, and up the aisle
I followed—all around were staring—
And here and there I caught a smile;
I tried to think I was not caring;
And yet I blushed, I know, and showed
A face that like a poppy glowed,
For every one seemed saying, "Kate,
We all know why you are so late!"

When Lover Turns Rover.

They met each other in the glade—
She lifted up her eyes;
Alack the day! alack the maid!
She blushed with swift surprise.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from lifting up the eyes.

The path was full, the path was steep—
He reached to her his hand;
She felt her warm young pulses leap,
But did not understand.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from clasping hand in hand.

She sat beside him in the wood—
He wooed with words and sighs;
Ah! love in spring seems sweet and good,
And maidens are not wise.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from listening lovers' sighs.

The summer sun shone fairly down,
The wind blew from the south;
As blue eyes gazed on eyes of brown,
His kiss fell on her mouth.
Alas! alas! the woe that comes from kissing on the mouth.

And now the autumn time is near,
The lover roves away.
'With breaking heart and falling tear
She sits the livelong day.
Alas! alas! for breaking hearts when lovers rove away.

Wed.

White-robed she comes, my love, my own,
Yet purer than the robe she wears;
White flowers she holds, the fairest known.
Yet sweeter than the flowers she bears;
So white, so sweet, yet I could seek
And find beneath that white veil bid,
Love's hue upon that gentle cheek,
Love's heart beneath that long-fringed lid.

Clash out, brave bells! Ring far and wide,
And laugh the piping birds to scorn.
Fair kinsmen, kiss the bonny bride,
She wanders far with me this morn;
And if her eyes are dim with tears
I grudge them not their tender rain,
My love can chase the misty fears,
And kiss the sunshine back again.

Waiting.

Only a word, like many another,
Only a sign of something undone,
Only a token of hopeless sorrow,
Only the shadow of doom to some.

Yet to its slight, precarious promise
Many a heart in agony clings;
Many a life has its only expression
In wishing and waiting for better things.

Opportunity.

How brightly on the morn it lies!
Purple monarch in disguise—
Hail him, crown him; if you wait,
'Twill forever be too late.

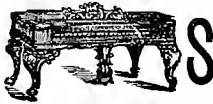
Youth by May's enchantment led,
Dreams of roser days ahead;
But only he who fronts the hour
Carves the spiral path to power,

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THE LIGHT RUNNING
SEWING MACHINE.

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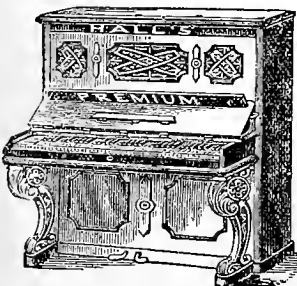
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Nos. 1 (March 25), 4 (April 15), of Vol. I of the ARGONAUT for 1877. Twenty-five cents will be paid for each of the above numbers at the ARGONAUT office, 522 California Street.



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CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth day of February, 1880, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth day of February, 1880, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the first (1st) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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Hold a slip of silk in a blaze of fire. On removal, if it ceases burning at once, it is positive proof that such silk is not adulterated, and will neither cut nor grow shiny in actual wear. Otherwise, if on removing a slip of silk from the blaze it continues to burn, it is positive proof that such silk material is from 1-3 to 3-4 adulteration, and will either cut or wear shiny.

Cutter's Samples for the trade.

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SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms \$50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 2001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

DANIEL GIOVANNINI,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Wood, Coal, Charcoal, and Coke, 816 Pacific Street, between Stockton and Powell. Charcoal Depot.—Charcoal for sale in lots to suit, from 1 to 10,000 racks.

BISHOP KIP'S WORKS.

Arrangements have been made with

C. BEACH,
BOOKSELLER,
107 MONTGOMERY STREET,

By which he will keep a full supply of the

WORKS OF BISHOP KIP,

So that members of the diocese can procure any copies they may desire. The following is the list:

THE LENTEN FAST.
DOUBLE WITNESS OF THE CHURCH.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN ROME.
JESUIT MISSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.
HISTORICAL SCENES IN OLD JESUIT MISSIONS.
CHURCH OF THE APOSTLES.
UNNOTICED THINGS OF SCRIPTURE.
THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

We would particularly commend to Church people, at this season, the first on this list, *THE LENTEN FAST*, as containing a full account of "the origin, history, and manner of observance" of the Holy Season through which we are now passing.

ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,
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Opposite California Market.
All kinds of coal at lowest rates. Orders may be sent by telephone through any of the company's offices free.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., March 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 13, of Seventy-five (75) cents per share, was declared, payable on FRIDAY, March 12, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. **WM. WILLIS, Secretary.**
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETO-fore existing between J. V. Hart and W. W. Phelps, under the firm name of Hart & Phelps, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent.
J. V. HART,
W. W. PHELPS.
Mr. J. V. Hart can be found at No. 27 Second Street, SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19, 1880.

STATEMENT

....OF THE....

CONDITION AND AFFAIRS

....OF THE....

STATE INVESTMENT

....AND....

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN THE State of California, on the 31st day of December, A.D. 1879, and for the year ending on that day, as made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to the provisions of Sections 610 and 611 of the Political Code, condensed as per blank furnished by the Commissioner:

CAPITAL, \$200,000.

Amount of Capital Stock paid up in Cash.....\$200,000 00

ASSETS.

Real Estate owned by Company.....	\$140,611 68
Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	50,686 77
Cash market value of all Stocks and Bonds owned by Company.....	83,745 00
Amount of Loans secured by pledge of Bonds, Stocks, and other marketable securities, as collateral.....	39,272 77
Cash in Office and Banks.....	16,202 82
Interest due and accrued on all Stocks and Loans	1,098 85
Interest due and accrued on Bonds and Mortgages.....	5,593 05
Premiums in due Course of Collection.....	40,323 83
Bills Receivable, not Matured, taken for Fire and Marine risks.....	17,323 30
Total Assets.....	\$375,058 07

LIABILITIES.

Losses Adjusted and Unpaid.....	\$ 8,593 16
Losses in process of Adjustment or in Suspense.	3,750 00
Gross Premiums on Fire Risks running one year or less, \$70,139.89, re-insurance fifty per cent.	85,079 94
Gross Premiums on Fire Risks running more than one year, \$6,559.25, re-insurance pro rata	3,659 85
Gross Premiums on Marine and Inland Navigation Risks, \$776.47, re-insurance 100 per cent.	776 47
Gross Premiums on Marine Time Risks, \$31,726.66, re-insurance fifty per cent.	15,863 33
Cash Dividends declared to Stockholders remaining unpaid.....	1,270 45
Marine Notes payable.....	820 00
Total Liabilities.....	\$119,803 20

INCOME.

Net Cash actually received for Fire Premiums.....	\$167,341 98
Net Cash actually received for Marine Premiums	45,178 19
Bills and Notes received for Premiums, \$17,323 30	
Received for Interest on Bonds and Mortgages.	2,864 45
Received for Interest and Dividends on Bonds, Stocks, Loans, and from all other sources....	7,012 45
Rents.....	11,159 15
Total Income.....	\$233,556 22

EXPENDITURES.

Net amount paid for Fire Losses (including \$8,918.16, losses of previous years).....	\$ 81,578 21
Net amount paid for Marine Losses (including \$6,725.24, losses of previous years).....	43,488 72
Paid for or allowed for Commission or Brokerage..	39,917 55
Paid for Salaries, Fees, and other charges for officers, clerks, etc.....	26,300 00
Paid for State, National, and local Taxes, Rents, Fire Patrol, Advertising, Printing, and all other expenses.....	21,006 65
Total Expenditures.....	\$209,291 13

	Fire.	Marine.
LOSSES incurred during the year	\$76,514 21	\$45,252 48

RISKS AND PREMIUMS.

	FIRE RISKS.	PREMIUMS.	MARINE RISKS.	PREMIUMS.
Net amt of Risks written during the year.....	\$12,620,835	\$187,679 79	\$847,107	\$59,612 82
Net amt of Risks expired during the year	13,211,225	197,792 07	931,009	64,489 65
Net amt in force Dec. 31, 1879.....	11,942,270	176,719 14	346,258	32,593 12
Risks written in State of California.....	11,238,424	157,383 34	847,107	56,619 82

A. J. BRYANT, President.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of February, 1880.
M. M. RHORER,
Dy. Ins. Com'r.

Office: 218 and 220 Sansome Street, in Company's building.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 13, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE WATER WORKS.

Is it Right and Expedient to Steal Them?

We of the superior class have occasion to be justly and grandly indignant at the audacity of the sand-lot. We of the intelligent part of the community are justly outraged at the exhibition of agrarian and communistic ideas entertained by the vicious and ignorant. We of the law-abiding, order-loving, and property-respecting part of society are shocked at the outrageous conduct of those who would, in defiance of all moral principle, deprive us of our earnings, and seek to appropriate to their use the product of our labors. We thunder forth our resentments from the press, the pulpit, and the forum. We declare ourselves ready to protect, with our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, these our inalienable rights.

And yet we of the superior clay—we the intelligent, high-principled, virtuous, and altogether respectable class—are doing all the time and continually that of which we so justly complain. The sand-lot is jealous of those more fortunate. The poor are jealous of the rich, the ignorant of the learned. If the sand-lot were prosperous and had money, and we, against whom it wars, were poor and unfortunate, the sand-lot would be conservative, and some of us might become agitators. As the sand-lot quarrels with those more prosperous and lucky ones within its reach, so do we quarrel with wealthy men and corporations just within our reach. The sand-lot clamors for cheap bread and high wages: just so do we clamor for cheap fares and freights, cheap gas and water, and that rich men and corporations should pay high taxes. We are jealous of the corporation millionaires because they are millionaires, while if we were in their positions we would do just as they are doing: charge just as much for fares and freights, just as much to light and water their dwellings, as they now charge us. The solemn fact is, we are none of us any better than we should be, and there are some of us not so good as we ought to be.

All this preamble is herein set forth as preliminary to saying that there is a part of this community, some of our politicians and the proprietors of two of our leading journals, who are deliberately endeavoring to steal from the San Francisco water company its property. To assault the railroad companies, and by arbitrary legislation fix their fares and freights, which are the measure of their property's value; to assault the gas companies, and proclaim as a principle of law the legal right to say at what price they shall sell their commodity; to assault the water company, by fixing the rate at which it shall supply its customers with water—is only the first advance to the establishment of a universal right, on the part of organized society, to regulate the price of all commodities, the value of all services, and the conditions that shall govern all the relations of society. If the municipal government, under the new Constitution, has the right to fix water rates and compel the company to give a certain quantity, why does not the right to fix the rate of interest, and to compel the banker to lend his money, follow.

If the water company go to the Santa Cruz Mountains and bring water to San Francisco for sale as a commodity, and have not the right to make its own contracts with its consumers, then the milk-man who brings his milk in cans from Marin County must submit to a fixing of price for the sale of his merchandise. The man who keeps a public warehouse, or a public lodging-house, or public gardens like Woodward's, or a hotel like the Palace, or drives a dray, or engages in any business having relations with the public, may become subject to similar legislation. The prices of bread or meat, of fuel or horse's feed, of rent of houses, or hire of carriage, the lawyer's retainer, the physician's fee, or the preacher's salary, may all come under a like control. The merchant's stock, or the manufacturer's productions, or the laborer's wages, ought not to stand in any better or higher relation to the law than does the Spring Valley company's water, the gas company's gas, or the railroad company's rolling stock and freight sheds.

It is specious to say that the corporation, which is an artificial person, created by law, has any fewer rights, or is entitled to any other or less legal protection, than the individual. A corporation is after all but a copartnership, and stockholders are but natural persons. The law authorizing corporations is a general one, open to everybody and available to all. Any individual, or any number of individuals, may incorporate under general laws. The same persons who have organized the *Bulletin* Publishing Company may organize to bring water to San Francisco, to furnish it with gas, or to construct a railroad. There is no monopoly other than capital, preoccupation of the business, and its energetic pursuit. There is no better reason for fixing rates on water, gas, freights, fares, and interest, than for fixing the rate per "square" of advertisements, or the subscription per year of newspapers.

Water or gas is not more indispensable than the daily journal. Impure water or deleterious gas is not so hurtful as impure, dishonest, and dishonorable journalism. To fix an iron rule to measure the expense of carrying freight, the cost of making gas, or the outlay for gathering and distributing water, ignores all the possibilities that may enter into these respective occupations. The current of trade or travel may be large and highly remunerative at one period, and then commerce may languish and times be dull, and freight and passenger traffic decline. The cost of coal may ad-

vance or decrease, and the cost of producing gas may vary. The water company may have to-day seventeen thousand consumers, and at another time ten thousand. All these corporations may meet with casualties and accidents—such things can not be foreseen. Hence the impossibility of establishing just relations between company and client, except by the ordinary rules of business, such rules as prevail between all other sellers and buyers of a commodity. Yielding the principle that the municipal, State, and General Government may have the abstract legal right to "fix," "control," and "regulate," is it wise and politic to exercise that power? We leave this branch of the subject to the consideration of all those persons who have themselves occupations, interests, or property rights that are liable to interference.

Let us now look at the actual business of the Spring Valley Water Company, under consideration by the Board of Supervisors. And we must premise that these are *our* views, and whether they are or are not acceptable to the water company, the company must not be held responsible for utterances that it can not control. We do not believe that it is legal or constitutional for the Board of Supervisors to fix rates upon their own one-sided, *ex parte*, and necessarily hasty and unintelligent examination of the water company's business. This stock is owned abroad, and if any foreign citizen who owns shares should go into the Federal courts, and could make the showing that his property was being confiscated by the municipal government—that his company was required to do that which would involve it in debt, or was compelled to sell its water for an inadequate price—we believe there could be found to exist, somewhere within the authority of these Federal courts, a restraining power against such acts of injustice. If the law is the perfection of reason, it must follow that the foreign stock-holder of an incorporation owning property in San Francisco can not be deprived of his property by the one-sided determination of a municipal board, in which he is not represented, and before which he has no opportunity to be heard. If we are wrong, and there is no remedy at law, then we are sure that railroad, gas, and water companies may take the law into their own hands, and in a peaceful way demand a recognition of their rights. This peaceful remedy that we suggest is a heroic one, and it would cost the companies a great sacrifice to make it, but it might be better than to be crushed down and kicked to death by the million-toed mob. Let us ask the water and gas consumers, the passengers and freight payers, what they would do about it if these companies should go out of business?

If the Spring Valley Water Company, which gathers water by catchment from its own eighteen thousand acres of land in San Mateo and other counties, and stores it in reservoirs of its own construction, should open its sluice-gates and let this water run to the sea—should disconnect San Francisco with the mains at the county boundary line, and stop the water-flow to San Francisco—what would the *Bulletin* do? Would it endeavor, by mandamus or judicial writ, to compel the use of the company's land for catchment, or its reservoirs for storage, or its mains for distribution? If the water company should turn its acres into pastures, and sell its iron as old junk, and retire from business, and leave the *Bulletin* to purchase its water from a cart on wheels, or a cask on the back of a jackass, could the *Bulletin* help it? This water supply lies beyond the municipal jurisdiction of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco County. The writ of its courts do not run there; and if the *Bulletin* proprietors should be summoned as the *posse comitatus*, they would be met at the San Andreas Lake by the Sheriff of San Mateo County, and turned back with a squirt gun. What difference in principle is there between bringing water for sale in iron pipes from San Mateo, by a corporation, and bringing it, by an individual, on a jackass? Would the *Bulletin* contend that the Board would have any other data to fix jackass rates of water (if they had a right to fix them at all) than by estimating the value of the donkey, the cost of the casks, the wages of the driver, and the expense of his shoeing and findings, and giving a fair and honest remuneration therefor? If this one donkey could not bring enough water to sprinkle the sand-lot and put out fires, would the *Bulletin* demand that the owner of the one animal should go in debt, and mortgage the first jackass to buy another, and then deny the right of the owner to have interest on his debt, or increased pay for the extra water? If the *Bulletin* people should be so unreasonable, we would suggest they bring their own water from the mountains of Santa Cruz and San Mateo Counties, and let the donkeys edit their journal. And suppose the municipal board should refuse to give the owner of this donkey adequate compensation, is there any power under the law to compel him to continue the business? If he should break in the heads of the casks, kill the donkey, and sell his shoes for charms to nail over his door to keep the devil away, is there any law to prevent him?

If the gas company closes its furnaces, shuts its retorts, takes up its mains, disincorporates, goes out of business, and refuses to make gas, is there any power under the law, or above the law, to prevent it from doing so? If the railroad company shuts its offices, ties its Chinese steamers to the wharves, runs its engines and cars across the mountains and out of the State to Nevada, or Arizona, banks its fires and refuses to turn a wheel, is there any power that can compel it to continue in the passenger and freight business in this State? Can any laws relating to money, or for regulating bank management, compel the Bank of Cali-

fornia, or the Nevada Bank, to keep and lend its money in California? Assuming, then, that all our ideas of law, equity, and fair dealing are wrong, would it be politic to endeavor to compel corporations or individuals to do an unprofitable business? It would be just as easy to make water run up hill.

There is a false and vicious sentiment abroad in this community in reference to the rights of property. It begins at the sand-lot, and it ends in the disregard of healthful laws by millionaires. Demagogues find their profit in agitating these questions, and journals think they find their profit in pandering to the prejudices of the ignorant and the unscrupulous. This devilish sentiment is undermining the foundations of society and government. It is encouraging ideas that will end in an overthrow of order and a subversion of law. It is fanning a flame that may become a conflagration. Every man of the industrious, economical, accumulating middle class, who has not money enough to run away and abandon the country, or who is not so poor as not to care what becomes of him if he stays, is interested in stemming this wave of agrarianism.

We have made the Spring Valley Water Company the text from which to preach this homily. We are interested in none of the corporations whose champion we seem to be. We have watched this water company business, because it has happened to be the first upon which the issue has come. If, in our judgment, it would be the last, we should have dismissed it with a paragraph; but we feel that there is a great and vital principle at stake. When the water corporation can be confiscated, and its property appropriated for public use at the valuation that may be fixed by those who consume it, it will follow that gas companies, railroad companies, bank corporations, and all other properties in public use may be seized and escheated to the State. The next step will be to appropriate lands and personal property. Then the prices of labor will be fixed, and we shall find ourselves in the enjoyment of a communal form of government, with practical agrarianism: intelligence out-voted by ignorance; the moral outnumbered by the criminal; property-owners overwhelmed by paupers and mendicants, who have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

The following statement, made on Monday evening by Mr. Charles Webb Howard, the Spring Valley Water Company's president, shows the extent to which this spirit of confiscation has been contemplated by at least some members of the Board—Messrs. Stetson and Litchfield. These gentlemen are business men and honest men. They sell hardware and stoves, clothing and gloves. They know the relation that the seller of a commodity holds to the buyer, and the relation the buyer holds to the seller; for they buy of the iron-founder and the manufacturer, and of the cloth-maker. They would resent the law that came between them and their customers; but they would, if Mr. Howard's figures are correct, confiscate the Spring Valley stockholders' property without allowing them a fair hearing or an honest deal. Mr. Howard said: "The Stetson ordinance would reduce the company's income \$377,520 per year; and the Litchfield ordinance would reduce the income \$602,748 per year. Last year's report stated the income at \$1,258,000. This would be reduced to \$880,480 in the former case. Deduct from this the running expenses and interest as per last year, \$587,000, and there would remain only \$293,480, or only three and two-thirds per cent. dividends to stockholders per annum. In like manner the Litchfield ordinance would reduce the company's income to \$655,000, which, after paying the same expense and interest, would leave only one per cent. per annum to stockholders. Neither ordinance provides for a sinking-fund or future improvements. In one case, the market value of stock would be reduced \$4,000,000, and under the Litchfield ordinance it would become valueless. Such reductions would stop improvements and practically confiscate the property; hence, the company prays for a more thorough investigation."

The arrest of Kearney is an experiment—the last, we hope—in the direction of ascertaining whether his threats, and those of his associate yoke-devil, Mayor Kallach, can be restrained by law; to determine whether there is any legal remedy for that kind of crime that threatens life, property, and the public peace, and stops short of arson, murder, and riot. Kearney and Kallach have said all they could say, and done all they dared to do; their followers, by their advice, have made domiciliary visits to threaten women unless they discharged their servants; have made midnight reconnaissance in preparation for plunder. If the law will not punish these things, then there will be a movement to correct the evil outside of the law. First the law, and then the higher law.

Of two agitators choose the least—that is, the least disreputable. Of Mr. O'Keefe and Mr. Finnerty, of the Tenth Ward, we choose the former for commendation. He acknowledges that the one dollar a day from the Bush fund is good as far as it goes, and advises its acceptance. Mr. Finnerty, on the contrary, declares that when wages are one dollar a day he would rather steal than work. This is going pretty far in the direction of frankness, but we will go farther: We declare that with bread at one cent a loaf, Mr. Finnerty would rather steal than eat.

Kearney having been bailed out, did not make Desmond's parlor carpet "dem damp."

A THEOLOGICAL CONUNDRUM.

In Nine Queries.

What is *thy* victory, Faith? The life sublime
Clear to the soul beyond the mists of time.

What is *thy* victory, Hope? The present night
Waning to gray before the dawn of light.

What is *thy* victory, Love? To nurse the soul
In warm embraces till its final goal.

What is *thy* victory, Time? To turn to dust
The human temples of our love and trust.

What is *thy* victory, Will? To subjugate
Adverse events, and conquer, spite of fate.

What is *thy* victory, Pain? The triumph mine
Of merging human suffering in divine.

What is *thy* victory, Soul? To wait and fret,
And glory in the good that cometh yet.

What is *thy* victory, Death? We bow the head,
And praise the Hand that took the holy dead.

What is *thy* victory, Grave? A grassy sod,
A silent spirit waiting for its God.

DUBLIN, January, 1880.

HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

A Twice Told Tale.

I was in the civil service at Richmond. Why I was there or what I did is nobody's affair. And I do not in this paper propose to tell how it happened that I was in New York in October, 1864, on confidential business. Enough that I was there, and that it was honest business. That business done, as far as it could be with the resources entrusted to me, I prepared to return home. And thereby hangs this tale, and, as it proved, the fate of the Confederacy.

For, of course, I wanted to take presents home to my family. Very little question was there what these presents should be—for I had no boys nor brothers. The women of the Confederacy had one want, which overtopped all others. They could make coffee out of beans; pins they had from Columbus; straw hats they braided quite well with their own fair hands; snuff we could get better than you could in "the old concern." But we had no hoop-skirts—skeletons, we used to call them. No ingenuity had made them. No bounties had forced them. The *Bat*, the *Greyhound*, the *Deer*, the *Flora*, the *J. C. Cobb*, the *Varuna*, and the *Fore-and-Aft* all took in cargoes of them for us in England. But the *Bat* and the *Deer* and the *Flora* were seized by blockaders, the *J. C. Cobb* sunk at sea, the *Fore-and-Aft* and the *Greyhound* were set fire to by their own crews, and the *Varuna* was never heard of. Then the State of Arkansas offered sixteen townships of swamp land to the first manufacturer who would exhibit five gross of a home-manufactured article. But no one ever competed. The first attempts, indeed, were put an end to when Schofield crossed the Blue Lick and destroyed the dams on Yellow Branch. The consequence was that people's crinoline collapsed faster than the Confederacy did, of which that brute of a Grierson said there was never anything of it but the outside.

Of course, then, I put in the bottom of my new large trunk in New York, not a "duplex elliptic," for none were then made, but a "Belmonte," of thirty springs, for my wife. I bought, for her more common wear, a good "Belle-Fontaine." For Sarah and Susie each, I got two "Dumb-Belles." For Aunt Eunice and Aunt Clara, maiden sisters of my wife, who lived with us after Winchester fell the fourth time, I got the "Scotch Harebell," two of each. For my own mother I got one "Belle of the Prairies" and one "Invisible Combination Gossamer." I did not forget good old Mamma Chloe and Mamma Jane. For them I got substantial cages, without names. With these, tied in the shape of figure eights in the bottom of my trunk, as I said, I put in an assorted cargo of dry-goods above, and, favored by a pass, and Major Mulford's courtesy on the flag-of-truce boat, I arrived safely at Richmond before the autumn closed.

I was received at home with rapture. But when, the next morning, I opened my stores, this became rapture doubly enrapured. Words can not tell the silent delight with which old and young, black and white, surveyed these fairy-like structures, yet unbroken and unmened.

Perennial summer reigned that autumn day in that reunited family. It reigned the next day, and the next. It would have reigned till now if the Belmontes and the other things would last as long as the advertisements declare; and what is more, the Confederacy would have reigned till now, President Davis and General Lee! but for that great misery, which all families understand, which culminated in our great misfortune.

I was up in the cedar closet one day, looking for an old parade cap of mine, which I thought, though it was my third best, might look better than my second best, which I had worn ever since my best was lost at the Seven Pines. I say I was standing on the lower shelf of the cedar closet, when, as I stepped along in the darkness, my right foot caught in a bit of wire, my left did not give way in time, and I fell, with a small wooden hat-box in my hand, full on the floor. The corner of the hat-box struck me just below the second frontal sinus, and I fainted away.

When I came to myself I was in the blue chamber; I had vinegar on a brown paper on my forehead; the room was dark, and I found mother sitting by me, glad enough indeed to hear my voice, and to know that I knew her. It was some time before I fully understood what had happened. Then she brought me a cup of tea, and I, quite refreshed, said I must go to my office.

"Office, my child!" said she. "Your leg is broken above the ankle; you will not move these six weeks. Where do you suppose you are?"

Till then I had no notion that it was five minutes since I went into the closet. When she told me the time—five in the afternoon—I groaned in the lowest depths. For in my coat pocket in that innocent coat, which I could now see hanging on the window-seat, were the duplicate dispatches to the Secretary of War, for which, late the night before, I had got the

Secretary's signature. They were to go at ten that morning to Wilmington, by the Navy Department's special messenger. I had taken them to insure care and certainty. I had worked on them till midnight, and they had not been signed till near one o'clock. Heavens and earth, and here it was five o'clock! The man must be half-way to Wilmington by this time. I sent the doctor for Lafarge, my clerk. Lafarge did his prettiest in rushing to the telegraph. But no! A freshet on the Chowan River, or a raid by Foster, or something, or nothing, had smashed the telegraph wire for that night. And before that dispatch ever reached Wilmington the navy agent was in the office in the *Sea Maid*.

"But perhaps the duplicate got through?" No, breathless reader, the duplicate did not get through. The duplicate was taken by Faucon, in the *Insu*. I saw it last week in Dr. Lieber's hands, in Washington. Well, all I know is, that if the duplicate had got through, the Confederate Government would have had in March a chance at eighty-three thousand two hundred and eleven muskets, which, as it was, never left Belgium. So much for my treading into that blessed piece of wire on the shelf of the cedar closet, up stairs.

"What was the bit of wire?"

Well, it was not telegraph wire. If it had been, it would have broken when it was not wanted to. Don't you know what it was? Go up in your own cedar closets, and step about in the dark, and see what brings up round your ankles. Julia, poor child, cried her eyes out about it. When I got well enough to get up, and as soon as I could talk and plan with her, she brought down seven of these old things—antiquated Belmontes, Simplex Elliptics, and horrors without a name—and she made a pile of them in the bedroom, and asked me, in the most penitent way, what she should do with them.

"You can't burn them," said she; "fire won't touch them. If you hurry them in the garden they come up at the second raking. If you give them to the servants, they say 'Thank-e, missus,' and throw them in the back passage. If you give them to the poor, they throw them into the street in front, and do not say 'Thank-e.' Sarah sent seventeen over to the sword factory, and the foreman swore at the boy, and told him he would flog him within an inch of his life if he brought any more of his sauce there; and so—and so," sobbed the poor child, "I just rolled up these wretched things, and laid them in the cedar closet, hoping, you know, that some day the government would want something, and would advertise for them. You know what a good thing I made out of the bottle corks."

In fact, she had sold our bottle corks for four thousand two hundred and sixteen dollars of the first issue. We afterward bought two umbrellas and a corkscrew with the money.

Well, I did not scold Julia. It was certainly no fault of hers that I was walking on the lower shelf of her cedar closet. I told her to make a parcel of the things, and the first time we went to drive I hove the whole shapeless heap into the river, without saying mass for them.

But let no man think, or no woman, that this was the end of troubles. As I look back on that winter, and on the spring of 1865, it seems to me only the beginning. I got out on crutches at last; I had the office transferred to my house, so that Lafarge and Hepburn could work there nights, and communicate with me when I could not go out; but mornings I hobbled up to the department, and sat with the chief, and took his orders. Ah me! shall I soon forget that damp winter morning, when we all had such hope at the office? One or two of the army fellows looked in at the window as they ran by, and we knew that they felt well; and though I would not ask Old Wick—as we had nicknamed the chief—what was in the wind, I knew the time had come, and that the lion meant to break the net this time. I made an excuse to go home earlier than usual; rode down to the house in the major's ambulance, I remember; and hopped in, to surprise Julia with the good news, only to find that the whole house was in that quiet uproar which shows that something had happened of a sudden.

"What is it, Chloe?" said I, as the old wench rushed by me with a bucket of water.

"Poor Mr. George, I 'fraid he's dead, sah!"

And there he really was—dear, handsome, bright George Schaff—the delight of all the nicest girls of Richmond; he lay there on Aunt Eunice's bed on the ground floor, where they had brought him in. He was not dead—and he did not die. He is making cotton in Texas now. But he looked mighty near it then. The deep cut in his head was the worst I then had ever seen, and the blow confused everything. When McGregor got round, he said it was not hopeless; but we were all turned out of the room, and, with one thing and another, he got the boy out of the swoon, and somehow it proved his head was not broken.

No, but poor George swears to this day it was better it had been, if it could only have been broken the right way, and on the right field. For that evening we heard that everything had gone wrong in the surprise. There we had been waiting for one of those early fogs, and at last the fog had come. And Jubal Early bad, that morning, pushed out every man he had, that could stand; and they lay hid for three mortal hours, within I don't know how near the picket line at Fort Powhatan, only waiting for the shot which John Streight's party were to fire at Wilson's Wharf, as soon as somebody on our left centre advanced in force, on the enemy's line above Turkey Island stretching across to Nansemond. I am not in the War Department, and I forget whether he was to advance *en barquette* or by *echelon* of infantry. But he was to advance somehow, and he knew how; and when he advanced, you see, that other man lower down was to rush in, and as soon as Early heard him he was to surprise Powhatan, you see; and then, if you have understood me, Grant and Butler and the whole rig of them would have been cut off from their supplies, would have had to fight a battle for which they were not prepared, with their right made into a new left, and their old left unexpectedly advanced at an oblique angle from their centre; and would not that have been the end of them?

Well, that never happened. And the reason it never happened was, that poor George Schaff, with the last fatal order for this man whose name I forget (the same who was afterward killed the day before High Bridge), undertook to save time by cutting across behind my house, from Franklin to Green Streets. You know how much time he saved—they waited all day for that order. George told me afterward

that the last thing he remembered was kissing his hand to Julia, who sat at her bedroom window. He said he thought she might be the last woman he ever saw this side of heaven. Just after that, it must have been, his horse—that white Messenger colt old Williams hired—went over like a log, and poor George was pitched fifteen feet, head-foremost against a stake there was in that lot. Julia saw the whole. She rushed out with all the women, and had just brought him in when I got home. And that was the reason that the great promised combination of December, 1864, never came off at all.

I walked out in the lot, after McGregor turned me out of the chamber, to see what they had done with the horse. There he lay, as dead as old Messenger himself. His neck was broken. And do you think, I looked to see what had tripped him. I supposed it was one of the boys' handy holes. It was no such thing. The poor wretch had tangled his hind-legs in one of those infernal hoop-wires that Chloe had thrown out in the piece when I gave her her new ones. Though I did not know it then, those fatal scraps of rusty steel had broken the neck that day of Robert Lee's army.

That time I made a row about it. I felt too badly to go into a passion. But before the women went to bed—they were all in the sitting-room together—I talked to them like a father. I did not swear. I had got over that for a while, in that six weeks on my back. But I did say the old wires were infernal things, and that the house and premises must be made rid of them. The aunts laughed—though I was so serious—and tipped a wink to the girls. The girls wanted to laugh, but were afraid to. And then it came out that the aunts had sold their old hoops, tied as tight as they could tie them, in a great mass of rags. They had made a fortune by the sale—I am sorry to say it was in other rags, but the rags they got were new instead of old—it was a real Aladdin bargain. The new rags had blue backs, and were numbered, some as high as fifty dollars. The rag-man had been in a hurry, and had not known what made the things so heavy. I frowned at the swindle, but they said all was fair with a peddler—and I own I was glad the things were well out of Richmond. But when I said I thought it was a mean trick, Lizzie and Sarah looked demure, and asked what in the world I would have them do with the old things. Did I expect them to walk down to the bridge themselves with great parcels to throw into the river, as I had done by Julia's? Of course it ended, as such things always do, by my taking the work on my own shoulders. I told them to tie up all they had in as small a parcel as they could, and bring them to me.

Accordingly, the next day, I found a handsome brown paper parcel—not so large, considering; and strangely square, considering—which the minxes had put together and left on my office table. They had a great frolic over it. They had not spared red tape nor red wax. Very official it looked, indeed, and on the left-hand corner, in Sarah's holdest and most contorted hand, was written, "Secret service." We had a great laugh over their success. And, indeed, I should have taken it with me the next time I went down to the Tredegar, but that I happened to dine one evening with young Norton, of our gallant little navy, and a very curious thing be told us.

We were talking about the disappointment of the combined land attack. I did not tell what upset poor Schaff's horse; indeed, I do not think those navy men knew the details of the disappointment. O'Brien had told me, in confidence, what I have written down probably for the first time now. But we were speaking, in a general way, of the disappointment. Norton finished his cigar rather thoughtfully, and then said: "Well, fellows, it is not worth while to put it in the newspapers, but what do you suppose upset our grand naval attack the day the Yankee gunboats skittled down the river so handsomely?"

"Why," said Allen, who is Norton's best-beloved friend, "they say that you ran away from them as fast as they did from you."

"Do they?" said Norton, grimly. "If you say that I'll break your head for you. Seriously, men," continued he, "that was a most extraordinary thing. You know I was on the ram. But why she stopped when she stopped I knew as little as this wineglass does; and Callender himself knew no more than I. We had not been hit. We were all right as a trivet for all we knew; when, Skree! she began blowing off steam, and we stopped dead, and began to drift down under those batteries. Callender had to telegraph to the little *Mosquito*, or whatever Walter called his boat, and the spunky little thing ran down and got us out of the scrape. Walter did it right well; if he had had a monitor under him he could not have done better. Of course we all rushed to the engine-room. What in thunder were they at there? All they knew was they could get no water into her boiler."

"Now, fellows, this is the end of the story. As soon as the boilers cooled off they worked all right on those supply pumps. May I be banged if they had not sucked in, somehow, a long string of yarn and cloth, and, if you will believe me, a wire of some woman's crinoline. And that French folly of a sham empress cut short that day the victory of the Confederate navy, and old Davis himself can't tell when we shall have such a chance again!"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

The young ladies of Mills Seminary are an independent set. The following verses were recently written on the dining-room door in charcoal, by the pretty daughter of a notable Friscan law-giver:

Dumplings old, dumplings cold,
Dumplings long, dumplings strong,
Dumplings rough, dumplings tough—
Confound dumplings, I've had enough!

Diplomacy has put an end to one of the abuses of the court balls in Berlin. Cavalry officers used to stuff their pockets full of sweetmeats, so that the dishes on the buffet emptied themselves with awful rapidity. No strong measures were resorted to, and no offensive notice was stuck upon the wall begging noble guests to eat their fill but not to carry anything off. Maccaroons, caramels, and pralines were replaced by the creamiest of meringues, the wettest of tipsy cakes, the "squashtiest" of patties, each and all delicacies of the most seductive toothsome, but provokingly ill-adapted to transport except in the stomach. Prince Hohenlohe, the high steward, has done this.

THE MAN WHO IS BEING BLOWN UP.

The feeling which comes uppermost in the mind of any one who sees the Czar for the first time is one of sincere pity. He is a large, ox-eyed man, evidently of good intentions, but with a look of sadness and perplexity. His voice is as harsh as the grinding of a coffee-mill out of order, for an affection of the throat, under which he has long suffered, renders speech painful to him. He would have made a very amiable private gentleman, and could have got far more ease and amusement out of life if he had handed all the botheration of government over to his brother Constantine, who has a taste for that sort of nonsense. He himself could hardly have wanted to reign. It was the Schouvaloffs, the Lamberts, the Bariatinsky, the Adlerbergs, the Dolgouroukys, and some others, who desired he should be a firm ruler of men. They were forever goading and coaxing him by turns, as beef is driven to market for those who wish to roast it. They must often have had a difficult task, for his ponderous majesty—good, easy man—is slothful and heavy-witted by nature. He must have been frequently unable to understand even what was wanted of him. He is subject to melancholy periods of hypochondriasis, during which existence seems but a dreary blank to him. He is haunted by fears of sudden death and by the dread of assassination. At these times he moons about on apparently solitary walks, with a large dog; but there is always a policeman handy to keep the sacrilegious from approaching him. When well, he devotes much of his time to tailoring—changing his costume with much stolid perseverance—and he likes to be attended by a humbled privy councillor, who acts as foil to his fine figure and sets it off, for he is a well-built man, tall and straight, though rather too German in the rotundity of certain of his curves.

His father Nicholas, who was in many respects a notable sovereign, had him very carefully brought up; and, foreseeing that he would want support, perhaps devotion, in after life, to counteract his apathy, surrounded him with some select young men who could be relied upon. This little band of cronies have hung together ever since. They have lived with and on the emperor without interruption from the time of his accession until now. He provides for their wants; they dip their fingers into his purse whenever they are so minded.

He is a loosely-hung emperor—more like the good fellow of a free-and-easy than the despotic master of millions, when in the midst of these his familiars. He has been known to sit in his shirt-sleeves, a-straddle on a chair, hob-a-nobbing with them.

The late Count Strongonoff, who was a *preux chevalier* and a very high-pacing person generally, once broke in upon the party thus employed. The emperor looked at him with those unutterably mournful eyes of his, and held out a champagne glass to be refilled from a bottle which stood by. The old soldier drew himself up and answered, sternly: "Let those who love you less than I do perform that service." The Czar showed no sign of displeasure, but within a few months Strongonoff was deprived of his offices, though he was nearly connected with the imperial family, his son having married the Grand Duchess Marie.

When his majesty is in the humor he plays a good deal at cards with his own chums; and it is rather a good thing for these gentlemen, for, whenever any one of them is in want, the Czar will lose to him the sum of which he stands in need, as a delicate way of giving it, and this method of bestowing substantial favor is perfectly well understood among them. The Czar is a good shot, and has done some grand things on hears. He sometimes wears a *pelisse*, which once covered a fine bear he brought low with his own hands, and it has been so exquisitely dressed that it is valued at about ten thousand dollars, which is even more than is ever paid either for the sable or the black fox.

His personal deportment is excellent. He stands and marches well. He shows to advantage in uniform, though for several years he has willingly clothed himself in multi. His manners are those of a gentleman, and there is something extremely sympathetic about him. He produces the impression that one would like to know him better, if only he were not an emperor. It is this unfortunate circumstance which takes the amiability out of him, sets him upon his dignity, and gives a certain fuddiness to his aspect. His father really could be dignified, but he can't. There is a chubbiness and nervousness in his proceedings upon great occasions which reminds one more of a drum-major or fugleman of Landwehr than an autocrat.

Formerly the emperor, as might have been expected from one of his lethargic temperament, was averse to moving about; latterly he has been troubled with a perpetual restlessness. He lives very plainly, and his table is sparsely served. A heefsteak for breakfast, a roast gelinette and salad for his dinner, form the staple of his fare. His appetite is not robust, and he sleeps badly.

The first fall of his reign was the common blunder of heirs apparent when they come into power. He had been much courted by the discontented, and he made far too much haste to undo all the work of his father. He was emotional, pitiful, generous, all in a headlong, precipitate way. When he resolved suddenly to abolish serfdom, several of his generals and nobles threw themselves bodily at his feet and besought him to manage so great a change very gingerly. It was of no use; he gave everything he had to give, knocked down the great farmers-general of taxes like so many nine-pins, upset monopolies for the discreet sale of *vodka*, closed the free port of the Black Sea, according to the latest principles of political economy, dashed off the shackles from the press, and laughed at comic newspapers. There was a caricature published in St. Petersburg shortly after his accession, which represented him as a *droschky* driver in the state that drivers of *droschkies* usually are after dinner. His hat was pulled over his eyes, and his horses were galloping wildly on the road to "Reform." Behind him was the Grand Duke Constantine, saying: "Gently, brother, I am the fare." Still the emperor laughed. He laughed, too, when a piece was played in the Court Theatre exposing the corruption of his officials, and a very fine piece it was. Then somebody shot at him, and shattered his nerves forever. He fell into a sort of panic, trying hastily to undo all he had done. He had new gyses put on writers; he ordered some awful cruelties in Poland. He tried to win back his sulky nobles. It was all in vain; and now he is thoroughly

flustered and frightened right out of his senses. His only chance of peace and happiness would be abdication, and a year's yachting without newspapers. At present he is worried into a fever every morning by a summary of all the unpleasant things which have been printed about him for the last twenty-four hours throughout Europe. It is prepared by a special *précis* writer, appointed for the purpose, and his majesty takes care that it shall spare him no pang of this self-inflicted torture, for he will not trust a professional diplomatist to do it, lest he should gloss over the truth and endeavor to make things pleasant for promotion's sake. A Baron Herder, a connection of Stieglitz, the banker, not long ago performed this delicate service, and perhaps he does still. The King of Yvetot was a happy monarch; the Emperor of Russia is not. Surely, times must be strangely altered.—*Truth*.

"Under the Tricolor."

In the short story called *A Bundle of Letters*, by Henry James Jr., there is a description of a Paris boarding-house frequented by Americans. An account of a similar resort and its temporary inhabitants fills the earlier pages of Mrs. Lucy Hooper's book, *Under the Tricolor; or, the American Colony in France*. It may even be that both writers had the same establishment in mind. Nothing can well be more different, however, than the results.

For any one whose knowledge of life in the American colony in Paris extends back half a score of years, it is an easy task to tear off the masks from the people in *Under the Tricolor*. The book is dedicated to Mrs. John W. Mackay, and that lady figures effulgently throughout its pages as Mrs. Bryan. The narrator of the story, Aunt Jane, is obviously intended as the reflex of a certain side of the actual author's character, and is endowed also with some of the author's own experiences. There are three chapters that might well be torn out before laying the book on the drawing-room table; but, bad as they are, they are the only ones in which Mrs. Hooper really says anything. The Mrs. Harding, who "speaks her mind," will probably be recognized by the Americans in Paris. She is supposed to be a model woman; yet her head is filled with the doings of the *demi-monde*, and the reader who believes her statements will wonder that any decent woman stays five minutes in Paris. Here is a quotation from an afternoon chat between the writer of the book and Mrs. Harding, who are driving in the Bois de Boulogne, where "*monde* and *demi-monde* are out in full force, and the landau of an ambassadress was not unfrequently grazed by the low, showy victoria of some *belle petite à la mode*."

"Look at the old Duchesse de St. Aymon, for instance. There is as blue blood in her naughty old veins as ever ran beneath the epidermis of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg. I could get you an invitation to her house to-morrow, and she gives charming entertainments I am told; and you might be dining in the Bois with her next week. But you might as well associate with Tata Topaze, or Winnie Williams, or Bebé Wilson, as with her. She was separated from her husband long years ago, and, did the laws of France permit of a divorce, he might have got a divorce from her ten times over. But she is a genuine duchess for all that. Then there is the Marquise de Miraville, whom I hear of occasionally at American parties. Now, the De Miravilles belong to the oldest and best nobility of France, and Madame la Marquise is a very pretty, modest-looking lady, and takes wonderfully in American circles, I am told. But I happen to know that she used to keep a flower-shop on the Rue Choiseul before her marriage, and that not one of the old Marquis's family will visit or receive her. And I could multiply such instances *ad infinitum*. For just so sure as you find a titled Frenchwoman taking extensively to American society, you may be sure that there is a screw loose somewhere."

Mrs. Hooper, warming up to her subject, tells of two American girls who married Frenchmen:

"To be sure, Blanche's husband has been tremendously talked about with little Rose Beauré of the Variétés, and Anne's Baron has wasted two-thirds of her fortune at the gaming-table and on the race-course. But they are pretty good husbands, as titled Frenchmen go. After all, it is easy enough for an American girl to marry a French nobleman, no matter what her parentage or antecedents may have been, if only she can afford to pay high enough for the privilege."

A lady rides by in her carriage, and the reader is told that she is the Baroness Blankenswergh, "with a husband somewhere." Here is one of the Baroness's friends:

"The beautiful Countess Massara was no other than the *ci-devant chère amie* of the old Duke of Saxe-Spitzeneben; and at the very time that Madame Blankenswergh was chaperoning her into American society, the house on the Parc Monceau, and the Worth toilets, and the elegant equipages, were all being paid for by a certain foreign banker, well known in the high financial circles of Paris."

How much more or less Mrs. Hooper will be beloved in the French capital, after *Under the Tricolor* is read there, can easily be imagined. It may safely be predicted that, for one person at least, the climate in Paris during the ensuing summer will be decidedly too hot—and that person the wife of the present vice-consul of the United States.

If one must be blackguarded, it ought to be to some satisfaction to a man of brains to be blackguarded in clean English. Mr. Wendell Phillips is an eminently clean verbal bully. And the agitators who know no denunciation beyond profanity, and no force beyond piled-up adjectives, might take a cue from the Boston orator with great profit to themselves and their audiences. Arguing before the Committee on the Liquor Law of the Massachusetts Legislature, the other day, Mr. Phillips began by saying of the said Legislature that it gave him no satisfaction to address one of its committees, for the reason that it "did not dare to go against political interests, and was an organized hypocrisy which passed laws it did not believe in, and did not mean to enforce." "Rum rules the Government," he further observed, adding that it had "all the light which it needed, but it was not brave enough to act according to that light." There "would not be for forty years," he thought, "a Mayor who would dare to enforce a law against the liquor interest."

Dramatis Personæ—Miss Tabitha, a governess, prim, starched, and of an uncertain age. Master Tom, a young gentleman of precocious genius. Grip, a Scotch terrier, just returned from having his ears and tail cut, with wounds still fresh and bleeding.

Miss Tabitha—"Poor little thing, how sore it must feel."

Grip—"Ow, ow-oo-oo!"

Master Tom—"Sore! I should just think so. How would you like to have your ears and tail cut off?" Curtain.

HUMOROUS OLD FAVORITES.

The Sailor's Consolation.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em! how I pity all
Unhappy folks on shore now!"

"Foolhardy chaps who live in town—
What danger they are all in!
And now they're quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in.
Poor creatures! how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean."

"But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer the babes and spouses,
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying—
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!"

"And very often we have heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires, in London.
We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"—*Charles Dibdin*.

A Preachment.

His text was one that gave him room
To fume and fulminate, and make
The house of God a bouse of gloom,
In which to make the sinner quake.
Corruption was the theme of it,
And heil the lurid gleam of it.

Mankind, he preached, were poisoned through,
Corrupt without, corrupt within,
Black was the universal hue.
"In short," said he, "the rock of sin,
On every side has wrecked you all,
Moral and intellectual."

He proved each man from head to foot
A mass of putrefying sore;
Thoughts festering in a heart of soot,
Sin oozing out at every pore;
The body and the soul of us,
The devil had the whole of us.

He loved his theme, 'twas clear enough—
For all the rottenness and dirt
And rank defilement of the stuff,
One felt he had the thing at heart—
He hugged it so and handled it,
And dressed it up and dandled it.

Then, plunging past the gates of death,
He mixed the sinner's awful cup,
Till, hot and red, he stopped for breath,
And mopped the perspiration up.
If terror could refashion us,
He did not spare the lash on us.

I saw him when his task was done,
His gown and morals packed away;
His deep self-satisfaction won,
His reeking supper on the tray;
And, looking through the smoke of it,
'Twas then I saw the joke of it.

The pious wrath, the wordy run,
From practiced mouth too glibly poured,
Which make us feel that we have done
Some special service for the Lord—
Oh, the deceiving seed of it!
The tongue without the deed of it!—*Anon*.

Larry O'Toole.

You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
He's hid but one eye
To ogle ye by—
Oh, murther! but that was a jew'!
A fool

He made of the girls, this O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down potatoes and mail;
He never would shrink
From any strong drink,
Was it whisky or Drogheda ale;
I'm bail

This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh! many a night at the bowl
With Larry I've sat cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's drink of the best,
And so let us give his old soul
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

—*Thackeray*.

The Day of Judgment.

With a world of thought oppressed,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seized my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, armed with terrors, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars and lightning flies;
Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
And you who never fell from pride:
You who in different sects were sham'd,
And come to see each other dam'd;
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than
The world's mad business men)
And I resent these pranks
I to such blockheads sent
I damn such fools!—Go!"

—*Swift*.

NEGLECTED WEALTH.

What Chicago Knows about the San Joaquin Valley.

The following article in the Chicago *Tribune* (doubtless from the pen of Mr. Medill) is at once freer from errors of statement, and more intelligent in conclusions, than we are accustomed to see in the Eastern journals—qualities which appear to us to justify its appearance in these columns in support of what we have ourselves so often urged:

"The condition of affairs in San Francisco is not very encouraging. If violence be avoided for the present, the causes which have produced this condition of affairs will not be changed. The great business 'boom' which has extended to all parts of the country appears not to have benefited California. Her large cities are filled with laboring men who have no work, who have been unemployed for a long time, and who are really suffering, while alongside them are the comparatively few holding immense wealth. Kearney has become a power in the State with the idle and discontented workingmen, and a war between accumulated wealth and unemployed labor is openly declared. The expulsion of the Chinese from California is but an incident of the real condition of affairs. Kearney himself is but an incident of the changing circumstances of the State. If labor was well employed, if wages were remunerative, if the State was really prospering—there would be no Kearneyism and no Kearney to head mobs and foment mischief. Men at work and earning a comfortable living pay but little attention to brawling demagogues of any degree, and much less to fellows who preach disorder and strife. But idle men with families to support, unable to obtain work at any wages or the ordinary comforts of life, do become listeners to and followers of communistic brawlers, to whom, ordinarily, they would pay no attention. Kearney's success is due to a condition of affairs in California which naturally throws to the surface just such men. He is not so much a cause as he is an effect. If it were not Denis Kearney it would be somebody else as bad or worse.

"The money capital and movable wealth of California are gradually, but pretty rapidly, leaving it. The employers are moving away, but the unemployed are left behind. Security to life and property is weakening, and between the collapse of gold and silver productions on the one hand and the threatenings of the hungry, idle mob on the other, California is brought to face a new condition of affairs which should have been foreseen and been provided against in time.

"California has neglected, during thirty years of gold and silver hunting, a greater source of wealth than was ever hidden in her mines. In the vast valley that lies between the Sierra and the Coast Range of mountains is to be found the great field for industrial production and of inexhaustible wealth. This valley extends south from the neighborhood of Sacramento to the point where the two ranges of mountains unite. It is three hundred miles long, by from thirty to fifty miles wide. The soil is enriched by the alluvial deposits of ages, washed down from the snow-covered Sierra Nevada. This valley, capable, if watered, of more than Egypt's productiveness, is almost blighted by a destitution of rainfall. Whatever may be the rainfall on the high mountains, the great valley is left untouched, except during the brief term known as the 'rainy season,' which takes place for a few weeks in the winter-time. Nature, however, has furnished the means whereby this immense valley can be made productive. Through its entire length courses the beautiful San Joaquin River. This river is fed at comparatively short distances apart by a series of streams bearing water from the enclosing mountains. These streams, ranging in size from tumbling brooks to navigable rivers, are never dry, but filled at all seasons. This entire body of water, capable of thoroughly irrigating a plain twice the size of the entire San Joaquin Valley, is borne away to the ocean, and no effort is made to utilize it. The result is, that there is not more than one fair crop raised every three years in this valley, which contains more than seven millions of acres of land that can be made more fertile with water than even the valley of the Nile. The climate is better even than that of Egypt. The soil, sunshine, and subtrity can not be excelled on the face of the earth; but it is a treeless plain, a thirsty, parched expanse, with plenty of water rolling through it untouched, unutilized, and idle to the sea. While the whole land cries out for water, no man gives it a drink from these flowing streams.

"California is of such a warm and equable temperature that the land, with proper irrigation, will regularly produce two crops—one in summer and fall and one in winter and spring—every year. At present, and since the American occupation of California, the wheat crop of the San Joaquin Valley is a fair one once in about three years, averaging perhaps fourteen to eighteen bushels per acre; the next year it may average ten, and the third year five, or nothing. There is no rotation of crops—it is wheat, wheat, wheat; or, if there be any change, it is barley on wheat stubble. No grasses are grown, no root crops—nothing but grain. The land is becoming exhausted by this sort of farming, with shallow plowing, and no manuring or clovering. This same land does not fail to yield thirty to forty-five bushels of wheat per acre, and other crops in proportion, wherever the experiment of applying water is fairly tried. Instead of a valley blooming with unexampled productiveness, it is suffered to lie idle during eight or nine months of the year—a yellow, dry, barren waste, over which the winds bear almost perpetual clouds of dust. The cultivation that is adopted is trifling; the earth is merely scratched. The land is held in immense Spanish grants by monopolists, who are content with cultivating some of it in the cheap and unscientific manner described, or using it for a few half-starved flocks of sheep or lean herds of cattle to rove over in quest of the scanty herbage on those dry plains and the parched foot-hill ranges.

"The necessity and the abundance of means at hand for irrigation are well understood by observing Californians. Irrigating companies have been formed, but the land-owners will not pay for the water they need, and are content to wait for a 'good crop' every three years. The cities of California abound with multitudes of unemployed laborers who would take this land in small, workable farms, but who have not the means to provide for irrigating it at their own expense. To purchase the water of the companies at high prices in a remarkable situation is therefore presented of millions of acres of land capable of being the most fertile in

the world left a dry, barren, dusty plain, and sixty thousand able-bodied and idle laborers. So engrossing has been the search for gold and silver, and the speculation in mining stocks, that the cultivation of the soil in a proper manner has been regarded as beneath the attention of a people expecting to become millionaires by striking bonanza mines; and yet in that neglected San Joaquin Valley rests more annual wealth than was ever found in the mines of the Pacific coast. Now California is confronted with a population willing to labor, but denied the opportunity. The long-neglected duty of the State becomes a matter of absolute necessity.

"Under the new Constitution the Legislature is clothed with ample power to do what is needed for the present emergency. It should at once provide a system of general irrigation canals by which that entire valley shall be watered. The supply of water is abundant; all that is needed is a system of canals connecting with one another, intercepting it as it is pouring down the numerous streams from the mountains, and distributing the water through that vast plain. The area watered by the Nile is not so great as the area of this valley of California, and it supports five millions of people. The State has the power to establish such a system, and to levy a water tax for that purpose; a small annual tax per acre will reward the land-owner a hundred fold. Instead of a scanty crop every third or fourth year, it will give him two big crops annually. Instead of requiring a ranch of twenty thousand or fifty thousand acres for sheep to wander over in search of herbage, not even farms of the prairie size, of one hundred and sixty or two hundred acres, will be needed by one farmer, as forty to sixty acres of well-irrigated land in the valley of California will give a profitable support to a man and his family. There is the land, the fertile soil, the genial sunshine, the unexampled climate, the almost perpetual season of fruits and flowers, and of all crops, and there is the abundance of water flowing idly through that plain. All that is needed is for man to utilize that water, multiply its channels, intercept the rushing streams, and conduct the water through a larger area, and the earth will team as it never teamed before; the parched, yellow plain will be covered with verdure and become an ever-producing harvest field, and from the inexhaustible soil will spring forth a richer and a more continuous reward to the laborer than was ever found in any placer or in any bonanza uncovered by the highest perfection of science.

"This is no mere theory or idle speculation, as every man who has visited Salt Lake can bear witness as to how irrigation will transform an alkali desert into fruitful fields. The land around Salt Lake City, which is the centre of one hundred and fifty thousand prosperous people, bears no comparison in natural fertility with the soil of the California valleys, and the climate of the former lacks the equable and genial warmth of the latter. The quantity of available water in the Salt Lake Valley for irrigation purposes is not a fiftieth part of what can be found in the State of California, for it is not the San Joaquin Valley alone that is thirsty and can be watered, but numerous other valleys, as the great Sacramento, the Feather, Yuba, Eel, and Russian rivers, containing an aggregate of full ten millions of acres that can be, and require to be, irrigated before yielding a tithe of the produce of which they are capable. A system of general irrigation in California would greatly increase the supplies of water by reason of the evaporation that would rise from the watered earth, which, borne by the winds against the lofty Sierra Mountain wall, would condense into rain and run down again in torrents to the rivers, and be spread by means of the canals in fruitifying streamlets over the grateful land. The Mormons assert that the rainfall of their valley has doubled since irrigation has been adopted. The same effect on a vastly greater scale would undoubtedly follow general irrigation in California. This is the solution of the industrial problem on that coast. This is the only way to make the ex-Golden State prosperous and happy, and give her a full share in the great business boom that has waked up the nation."

It is really refreshing to read this week the Kern County *Californian*. Politeness and courtesy are so cheap and so charming—they go so far and accomplish so much—that it surprises us that "WE of the press" do not oftener indulge in the luxury of its enjoyment. Our dispute with the Kern County journal is about the railroad. We are surprised at the answers it has made to our inquiries. It says: "There are two hundred less voters in the county than when the road was commenced. . . . The wealth of the county has decreased in value, and if put up for sale would bring little more than half what it would before the railroad came. . . . Lands have decreased in value more than one-half." Now, all this seems strange to us, and is so utterly at variance with our previous notions that we reserve ourselves for further inquiry before we make further comment. We had thought Kern County out of the world before the railroad—a great, broad empire of splendid land, over which roamed great herds and countless sheep; that it was rich and fruitful, with splendid capacities of soil—with rivers, lakes, and streams that should pour their wealth over parched lands, and make the deserts blossom like the rose. We thought its only drawback was that it was distant from market, and naturally, when a railroad was built to it and through its lands, we reasoned that the interests of the corporation would be identical with those of the residents. The farmer and the common carrier would divide the profits of grain-raising and fruit-growing. If the railroad is not liberal, and does not those things which will enable it to make money, it seems to us most strange. It is clearly and always the interest of a railroad company to accommodate the people upon whom it lives. It is the road's interest to give wealth, population, and prosperity to the country through which it passes. It is above all others intended to encourage the various industries of the people. It would be directly interested that merchants should prosper, that it might carry their freight and merchandise; that farmers might prosper, that it might transport their produce; that the population should increase, that its passenger trade might flourish. Assuredly self-interest would dictate all these things. We must inquire further. If we owned the Southern Pacific Railroad, and an industrious family wanted to go to Kern County, with its household goods and stock and farming utensils, we would carry them up cheap, with a view to future business. If we had railroad lands we would sell

them cheap to actual settlers, because we would rather earn money by hauling freight and conveying passengers than to pay taxes. If any new enterprise was started, we would help it and put it on its legs, and encourage it to grow and become strong. If the company does not do such things, we must ask about it. The Kern County *Californian* must be wrong, we think. We have never known a corporation to deny itself the privilege of making all the money it could.

It is a very suggestive fact that nearly all the leading Democrats and Democratic journals are plotting to aid the nomination of General Grant by the Republicans. It is also a significant fact that nearly all the leading Republican journals of the nation, and all prominent Republicans not in office or candidates for office, are opposing General Grant's nomination.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Lamp-Post!

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—In the proclamation of "The Council," that body—a body, apparently, without a spirit—declares its objects to be:

- "First—The preservation of the public peace.
- "Second—The protection of life and property.
- "Third—The restoration of confidence in the security of life and property from all violence.
- "Fourth—The recuscitation of the legitimate commerce, industries, and business of the people."

That is pretty nearly what is needed, I take it. But "The Council" adds: "All this we intend and expect to accomplish within the law, and by peaceful methods." This, it strikes your humble servant, is the idlest nonsense. What do these gentlemen expect to accomplish within the law which a timorous and disaffected judiciary have from the first refused to enforce? What by peaceful methods that peaceful methods have not already failed again and again to effect? Are the legal methods of proceeding against the sand-lot miscreants in any way increased or strengthened by perfecting an organization unknown to the law? So far, they have effected the arrest of Kearney, who was immediately—as "within the law" he had to be—released on bail. He had been arrested and released on bail a number of times before; with what advantage to the community, let "The Council" explain.

In the "little books" in which we are asked to inscribe our names, the same infantile assurance is given that nothing is to be done outside the law, which means that nothing is to be done. Those who wish to join the organization known as the Citizens' Protective Union are expected to declare themselves by their signatures. "The Council" prudently keep their own names a secret; they evade responsibility by not even appending them to their "proclamation." This is effrontery. A gentleman who went about with a "little book" assures me that many declined to put down their names, indignantly averring that the "legal measures" clause in the agreement put the movement outside the hope of effectiveness, and made it a farce; many of those who signed did so protesting against the obvious insincerity of the whole business. "We want a formidable array of names," explained "The Council's" agent. "Formidable," forsooth! Can a rank of names fire a volley of bullets? Can a column of names storm a barricade? If these gentlemen of "The Council" meant business, the sand-lot would wake some morning to find all its leaders nice and dead, and that would end the sand-lot boom.

The people are ahead of their self-constituted "leaders," whom they are vainly endeavoring to pull along behind them. I know the temper of this people. I know that if "The Council" will declare themselves—not publicly; that is unnecessary—pledging their honor and fortunes to secure immunity from "the law," within three hours fifty resolute men can be obtained who will see to it, without any fuss or "proclamations," that the sun shall go down that day to rise no more on a living head-barbarian of the sand-lot. We have had enough, and more than enough, of this child's play and baby talk, these "proclamations," this "formidable array of names," this secret and shuffling leadership that takes legal advice. As it is not enough to endure Kearneyism and Kallolism, but we must now be tethered and fettered by a "Council"? Must we throw off our leaders before we can even be permitted peacefully to burn in our beds? Where is Coleman?

Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

VIGILANTE.

Judith Bares Arms.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8, 1880.

TO JIM SNAGGLEBY:—Since you are an old married man, I suppose I may give you a thrust without being told by the *Argonaut* that "we don't keep a matrimonial agency," etc. Between you and me, Jim, "and the lamp-post," I think it would—in a minute—have resulted in matrimony between "Growler" and "Judith," if the editor hadn't shut up our mouths—pens, I mean. But then the *Argonaut* got jealous— and I must pass through life in single blessedness! You're married, Jim, and it's all right. So, you want this "galoot," do you? Looking for me, eh? Why didn't you fight it out at the masquerade the other night? Are not you the white-haired old man who followed me up so persistently Friday evening, the 5th? I did not see your "N. B." till noon on Saturday, or I'd have then given you the chance you pretend to want, to "show me the cobwebs of that horn." You were pretty full the close of the evening, Jim; ever so nice at first, though. But I'll be up to Sacramento next week, and we'll "have it out" there. We never show a challenge the "white feather"; and, if you do kill me, I'll get Governor Perkins to pardon you. I presume he would with pleasure. I was up there that day they ousted Braunhart, and I heard Mr. Perkins say in that familiarly musical voice of his, as he came into his private office: "What a row! I never saw the like of it! Almost a fight!" and he looked so like his old self, with the dainty rose-tint in his cheeks—before they spoiled him.

Pooh! Yer broken-hearted of pard! As if you had a heart. Men don't have such things. Bih! It's only a gizzard, Jim—a gizzard! and if you don't look out, I'll have it on a spit before the grate and broil it. If Maud isn't enough for you, I'll teach you that Judith is a woman—a real one, too—to your sorrow! You know, don't you, what that other Judith did? I give you fair warning, Jim Snaggleby, to keep on guard, for my arms are bared to the shoulder, and my "ten-hutted" are ready for battle. Yours, for war or peace, JUDITH.

Two Straight Steals.

ORANGE, Los Angeles County, March 4, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I desire to submit the following to your judgment as literary expert of the Pacific Coast jurisdiction:

1. In the December number of *Scribner's Monthly* appears a story, in rhyme, called "Brother Antonio," by Elizabeth Akers Allen. The same story, not in rhyme, was published many years ago in England, by a writer named Clarke. It has been reproduced in this country, and may be found under the title of "A Toad in a Hole," in Burton's *Cyclopaedia of Wit and Humor*, volume 11, page 804. The narrative is substantially the same, the only alterations being of the nature of the change made by Mr. Pecksniff in Martin Chuzzlewit's design for a grammar school, when he "put four windows in it and spoilt it."

2. Among the contributions to *Temple Bar*, about two months since, there is a story called "The Sealed Letter." This story, exact word for word, except the title, which in the original was "The Three Red Seals," was read by the writer of this communication thirty years ago, in a collection of Tales of the French Revolution. What I want to know is, are the above, or is either of them, to be considered as violations of the moral code by which literary gentlemen and ladies are supposed to be guided? and, if not, whether the labor of the writer of the future is not likely to be chiefly confined to the overhauling of forgotten publications, and a judicious adaptation of their contents to suit the taste of the modern reader. A. J.

THE SHADOW LOVER.

Translated from the Bostonese of G. P. Lathrop.

The Sultan Noureddeen, monarch of the Indies, had a son of marvelous beauty and dignity, Prince Firouz by name, to whom he was tenderly attached. The prince also was full of affection for his father, because he knew that when the latter died he would leave him his boundless wealth and the sovereignty of his immense domains. Notwithstanding this, he made no attempt to hasten the happy day of his accession to power, and this forbearance excited the liveliest appreciation of his goodness of heart among his future subjects. At length, after a reign as glorious as it was long, Noureddeen sank into the tomb of his ancestors. The tomb had been badly constructed by a fraudulent contractor, and when the Sultan, while out hunting one day, incautiously sat down on it to rest, he sunk in, and thus unfortunately brought his reign to a close.

Before he finally expired, however, he took advantage of that happy faculty which eastern potentates formerly possessed, of imparting on the eve of death a large amount of wisdom which they never showed during their lives, to utter as many maxims as would have filled a small volume, hoping that they would assist Firouz in the guidance of his career.

"Live in the sunshine of honesty and well-doing," he said, among other things. "Avoid darkness in all ways, and allow no shadow to come between thee and those who love thee or whom thou lovest. Yet beware that in holding on to that which thou hast, thou lose not the opportunity of gaining that which thou has not."

The prince, with filial piety, promised carefully to observe this advice, though in reality he didn't know what to make of it. The first part seemed clear enough, but Firouz had his suspicions that the last portion merely embodied the vacancy and error of a dying man's brain. Chancing to hear one of the grandees utter this suspicion to a friend, however, Firouz immediately had him put to death, together with some twenty slaves, as a slight tribute to the wisdom of his defunct parent. This so relieved him that he ceased to trouble his head further about the significance of those parting words. Now the Grand Vizier, whom Firouz on becoming Sultan continued in office, had a daughter whom the young prince had often noticed on her way to and from the bath. Her name was Dinarzade, and she was none other than a grand-niece of Scheherazade, who in her day was one of the most entertaining story-tellers the country had ever produced. Notwithstanding a wise man of the kingdom had written a book to prove that genius was hereditary, it appears that Dinarzade did not inherit her great-aunt's talent for reciting; but in other respects she greatly resembled her. She had read much; she had also applied herself to the study of philosophy, medicine, history, and the arts; and she made better verses than the most celebrated poets of the day—which is not always, however, so difficult a thing as it is held to be. The Sultan Firouz lost no time in summoning the Vizier to him, and explaining to him that he desired to marry Dinarzade. The Vizier replied humbly that he paid her too much honor, and that she really was not worthy to do more than adore the shadow of the king of the age.

"What is this about a shadow?" demanded Firouz, his beard bristling with anger. "Do you remember the dying words of the Sultan, my father? He told me that I was never to allow any shadow to come between myself and those I love. -Enough! Be silent, and obey my command."

"Alas, dread sovereign," responded the Vizier, losing his head in the anxiety he felt for that member, "I fear that it is but an evil day in which you make choice of my daughter to be your wife, for she is so engrossed in study and the objects of her favorite contemplation, that she will be far from a satisfactory companion. I entreat your majesty once more, relinquish your design; preserve your own happiness, and destroy not the peace of your humble Vizier."

This whole speech was so extraordinary, and so offensive to the Sultan, that—having some slight knowledge of anatomy himself—he concluded that there must be something wrong about the connection between the Vizier's cranium and spine; and, in order to satisfy his curiosity on this point, he drew his scimeter and without delay sheared off the Vizier's head with it.

"This is certainly in accord with my father's advice," he reflected, "for I am perfectly honest in thus disposing of so objectionable an old man; and when a Vizier has so little discretion, it is an act of humane well-doing to put him out of harm's way, for sooner or later he must have brought himself into serious trouble by his habit of giving undesirable advice."

He then sent for Dinarzade, and their nuptials were celebrated with great pomp.

The honeymoon had not elapsed, however, before the Sultan began to perceive that there was something very singular in the mood of his spouse. He observed that she did not treat him with the cordiality he desired and thought befiting, but seemed always to be thinking of something beside him, or beyond or behind him, rather than of himself.

One day, when they were sitting by the window, it chanced that he saw her eyes fixed intently upon his shadow.

"Why, O Dinarzade," he asked, tenderly, "does your gaze fall upon my shadow instead of on the face of your master?"

Dinarzade blushed and fell into confusion, and would fain have avoided making answer; but, trembling lest her sovereign lord should be offended, she at length replied: "Thy shadow, O king of the age, is beautiful enough for these eyes of mine, that love to dwell upon it. The doe lifts not her glance to the sun, whose glory would blind her, but seeks instead the tempered light of its rays in the cool waters of the mountain stream."

Firouz was of a confiding nature, where compliments to his own person were concerned, and was inclined to accept these words as a truthful explanation. But it so happened that, not many days after this, being drowsy in the afternoon, he lay down, as was his custom, to sleep, having two women attendants, one at the foot and the other at the head of his couch, to fan him and keep away flies that might disturb his slumber. Now, when he had closed his eyes, the two women, thinking him asleep, began to talk of Dinarzade.

"What a pity it is," said one, "that our royal lady is unfaithful to the Sultan."

"Yes," replied the other, "she follows his shadow, as it follows him; but her heart is lost in that, and she cares nothing for him in the reality."

"It is in the garden, in the night," said the first, "that she finds what best pleases her."

"But why," the other woman now asked, "does not our master perceive this, how she slips away at night into the garden, returning always before morning?"

"Have you not noticed that she causes her own shadow to fall upon him before he retires, and that thereafter he is no longer aware whether it be herself or a semblance of her that is present in their apartments?" spake the companion attendant.

"No, that I have not seen," said her fellow. "But if it be so, I now understand how he is blinded by sorcery."

Firouz lost not a word of all this, but, though he with difficulty contained himself, he pretended to be just waking from sleep, and gave no sign of having overheard the two women. That night, when he and the Sultana had retired to their own apartments, he took care that her shadow should not fall upon him, and afterward watched to see what would happen. When the late moon had risen, Dinarzade, too, arose and glided softly out of the hedchamber. The Sultan made haste to get up and put on his slippers, when, robing himself as quickly as possible, he succeeded in following in her exact path.

Passing through many doors, which flew open at a word and without her touching them, Dinarzade threaded her way through the palace and out into the royal garden, called the Garden of the Thousand Apricots. Here, concealing himself at a short distance behind her, Firouz watched her pause and look joyously about her. Then she continued on her way to a wood at the end of the garden, which was hedged all around, with small alleys running through it. The Sultan pursued her, in a jealous rage, and, peering into the wood, saw her walking in the semi-obscurity with—as he was convinced—a lover by her side. Waiting until his queen reached the spot where he stood, he gave a blow with his scimeter at the lover; but, to his astonishment, the blade passed down through empty air and struck violently against the arm of a rustic seat, which threatened to impair his weapon's edge. Dinarzade gave a little scream, and then she began to laugh.

"It is, indeed, a harsh jest you have played me, Firouz," said she. "Had it not been for the hench you might have slain me."

"Where is he who was with you but now?" demanded the Sultan, muffling his wrath. "And why, indeed, are you here at all?"

"I came forth to look at the shadows of the trees, which are always most enchanting on these fair moonlight nights," answered Dinarzade. "Do they not enrapture your soul, also?"

Her accent was so truthful that Firouz could not but trust what she said; and, in his secret heart, the silver and ebony grandeur of the night touched him. He therefore sat with her a while upon the rustic bench, and they enjoyed together the soft breezes of the dusky wood and the play of light and shade, withdrawing again at length through the dewy garden, passing as before through many noiseless doors, and returning to their couch.

In the morning it all seemed like a dream to Firouz, and he was unwilling to question his spouse concerning what seemed to have happened, lest she should take advantage of his doubt, to deceive him. But he thought of the lover whom he had not slain, and the suspicion that the figure he had seen might have been real pursued and agitated him. "Allow no shadow to come between thee and those whom thou lovest," his father had said. A happy thought struck Firouz, on recalling this admonition. He instantly issued orders that the Garden of the Thousand Apricots should be destroyed, and everything which could cast a shadow there be removed. A vast army of hewers of wood entered the place, and before nightfall every tree had been leveled and carried away, the fountains were destroyed, and nothing but a desert remained, enclosed by ruined walls.

Upon this, Dinarzade fell into the deepest grief. She withdrew from the palace of the Sultan, and insisted upon having built for her a great temple with a dome in the centre, where she could worship the memory of the wasted garden. Instead of flying into a passion, Firouz was so struck with the novelty of this idea, that he commanded her wishes to be carried out with the least possible delay. A sumptuous and vast building was erected, full of mysterious winding passages, dark recesses and archways in the interior, and provided with innumerable projections and overhanging roofs on the outside. The interior of the great dome was lined with a wide-spread and mystical design in ebony and silver, representing night and moonlight and the shadows of lovers. Huge trees were brought from the forests of the Mountains of the Moon and planted around the walls. And when at last the edifice was completed, Dinarzade withdrew into the edifice, which she named the Palace of Shadows.

Here she remained a whole year, in great seclusion and sorrow, under close watch by the Sultan, who, however, was not once allowed to enter. At the end of that time he went to visit her, and was received. She pointed out to him the exquisite repetition of the shapes of the forest trees, in the images of them formed below by the interception of the sunlight; and the fairy shadows caused by the recesses and sculptures and hanging roofs everywhere throughout the palace.

"These are the souls of things, with which I dwell," said Dinarzade. "Without them, the substance would be nothing to me. And this, O king, is the true reason why I loved your shadow, and not you alone. For this reason, also, I wandered into the Garden of the Thousand Apricots, at night, and now mourn its lost shadows in the solitude of this palace."

This speech so affected Firouz that he pondered deeply upon it, and when he had returned into his own palace and sat down to think, a vision of some new happiness seemed to dawn upon him, as if Dinarzade and he should yet live a rich and happy life together. "Yet," said he to himself, "why should Dinarzade thus seclude herself? Surely, there is no man in the whole world so well worth admiring as I, and why should she humble me before the mere hollow imitation of myself, that can neither think, feel, nor speak, nor take her into its arms, nor press one kiss upon her lips? It is wrong. She has had time to mourn and to reflect, and now she must come forth into the light of day and be

like other women." Scarcely had he made this resolve when the Sultan Noureddeen's warning recurred to him: "Beware lest in holding on to that which thou hast, thou lose the opportunity of gaining that which thou hast not." But this, it seemed to him, referred to the management of his kingdom and the acquisition of land by conquest. If he insisted upon claiming Dinarzade once more for his own, how by this should he lose what he had not? In truth, he had not Dinarzade now, and he would be gaining what he had not.

He soon formed a plan, with the aid of a genie whom he met on a hunting excursion, when he had strayed away from his retinue, which he was convinced would wean Dinarzade from her strange infatuation. At an appointed time, Dinarzade and himself were transported to the deck of a vessel manned by an obedient crew, who steered for the middle of the ocean. "Sail," said Firouz, "until we find a day without a cloud."

At last they came to where the sun poured hottest upon the water, and the clouds that hung upon the heaven until then began to break and fade away. The genie had promised him that by noon there should not be a cloud left anywhere, even upon the horizon; so that when the sun stood straight above the mast, Dinarzade would find no shadow to look upon. "In this way," thought Firouz, "she will learn to exist without shadows."

The sea was so calm that the ship stood perfectly upright, and every sail was lowered. One by one the clouds began to disappear. But Dinarzade sank back upon her pillows upon the deck, as if faint. "You will soon grow accustomed to it, O Dinarzade," said Firouz; but she answered nothing, and shook her head. The clouds faded, the sun rose higher toward the zenith, and the sea remained level. The hour of noon came, the last cloud in sight had sunk down to the edge of the water, and now was lost to view in a sudden plunge over the horizon. For a moment it showed like the tail of some monster fish rearing in its flight up above the waves. Then it was gone.

But at the very instant when it disappeared, Dinarzade, with one last fond and reproachful glance into the Sultan's eyes, swooned upon her pillows and died.

Firouz smote his breast and tore his beard in despair, and leaped into the waves, whence he was with difficulty rescued by the genie. But he remained inconsolable; and when he had returned to the capital he shut himself up in the Palace of Shadows, where it is said he brooded over the dark unrealities of things as Dinarzade had done, and where her soul revisited him as he lay grieving in the meshes of the moonlit nights.

The Chinaman's Revenge;

OR,

THE AWFUL OATH OF THE OUTRAGED ORIENTAL.

A Christmas Tale of Crime and Recrimination.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY AH SIN.

I.

THE DEED AND DETECTION OF THE DEEDER.

Chinaman, Chinaman,
Allee samee Melican,
Hangee upee sock,
Thinkee gettee rats and mice,
Any way little rice;
Longee come
Melican bum,
Puttee in rock.

II.

TERRIBLE THREAT OF THE MOON-EYED MONGOLIAN.

Bimeby Melican
Sendee washee Chinaman—
Shirtee, collar, cuff,
Chinaman him gettee crack,
Tearee shirtee upee back,
Lose a collar,
Charge a dollar,
And ironce buttons off.

A great cook has died in France. M. Cazeneuve, the *chef* of conquerors and kings, having lived to be ninety-six—Hesiod's generous span of human life—and survived all his celebrated masters, has "gone over to the majority," full of honors and of years. Seventy years ago he was cooking for the Duc d'Angoulême those soul-inspiring dishes which nerved his master to hope against hope for the throne of France; and though for a while in the service of Blucher, and deserving, therefore, of some of the honor that fell to the Prussians for their share at Waterloo, and for a while, too, the *chef de cuisine* to Talleyrand, and responsible, therefore, for many important events in history, he ultimately rejoined his old employer. The Duc d'Angoulême was now King of France, and having furnished apartments provided for him in the Tuileries, found a corner down stairs for Cazeneuve. His cooking must have been characterized by a singular lack of statesmanship, for a revolution soon ensued, and the apartments were again to let; and though Louis Philippe took possession, the deplorable absence of political sagacity from Cazeneuve's administration of the kitchen led to serious events in 1838. Disgusted with sovereignty, Cazeneuve then retired from public life, and his exquisite management of his own side-dishes fenced with death successfully for thirty years. But he is dead at last, the hero of a thousand feasts, and Europe has lost its greatest cook.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes that Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett, the novelist, is a plump little woman—too plump for her height; she has brown hair, which she wears in a club-braid behind and frizzed in front, "to cover," as she says, "my horrid great forehead." It is a noble forehead, square and projecting; her nose is good and rather large; her mouth and jaw firm, with pretty, white, small, and even teeth, and a charming, cordial, jolly sort of laugh and smile. Her eyes are her best features—large, intense, and expressive, and when fixed upon one's face seem to look through and through into the innermost foibles of one's heart. Their color is indefinite, being those wonderful eyes that are never twice alike. I have seen them gray, and I have seen them black and glowing. She has pretty hands and dimpled wrists, and uses those white hands very gracefully. She's just as jolly and amusing with a room full of women and not a man present as she is when various adorners bow before her.

TOPICS FOR LENTEN MEDITATION.

When the long Nell Gwynne gloves were first worn they were made of linen or cloth, and ladies stitched them for themselves. They don't do it now. Indeed, few girls of today have strength enough to fasten the three wrist-buttons, if a young man be near.

There will be a pretty story of wrath and murder coming from New York, in a few weeks. An artist in that city has announced that he is going to paint the portraits of the prettiest four among the girls who have made their first appearance in society this year.

The latest and most striking instance of Lenten self-denial is reported from a fashionable female boarding-school. The principal had told the young ladies that in the penitential season now at hand "they should mortify the flesh by denying themselves some particular article of food," and she glanced at the table, on which were the viands which custom provides at those establishments. The next morning the spokeswoman told her that the girls had unanimously resolved to "give up hash."

Alexander Dumas took his daughter to a ball the other day, and the young lady would have attracted attention even if she had been escorted by any one less conspicuous than her distinguished father, for she was dressed exactly in the First Empire style, wearing a dress of dead-white silk covered with embroidery, and having its low-necked waist made almost incredibly short. A silk robe of pink and gray was draped as an overskirt, and she carried a red satin reticule and wore an immense chaise-top bonnet.

Philippa has a tender conscience—a conscience as tender as the smallest leaf of celery, and possibly the same color—and Philippa wants to know whether or not it would be proper for her to wear her Languedoc tie in Lent. "You know," she explains, "that it is very yellow; and it is lace, you know, although it isn't real lace, and I thought perhaps it would seem too worldly. It's very, very becoming, and very, very stylish, but, unless it's quite right, I don't want to wear it." Well, really, Philippa, the best thing that you can do is to wear it, as it is very, very becoming, and to leave a button off your gloves by way of penance.

Oliver Harlowe, writing in the Boston *Courier*, says: The saleswomen employed by the cooperative millinery and dress-making association that Kate Field is getting up, are to share in the profits of the shop and work-rooms, and it is thought that this will make them more civil. The great flaw in the constitution of this organization seems to be the limitation of its privileges to the stockholders. It will require more than ten thousand customers to enable the association to compete with the regular shopkeepers; and, if the stock be valuable, its tendency to collect in the hands of a few persons will diminish the number of customers, and still further cripple the association by limiting its profits. In order to avoid suicide, it will be necessary to admit outside customers to the shops.

Nathaniel Hawthorne once wrote to a lady, who was one of his most valued English friends, a letter, from which a reviewer in the *Athenaeum* makes a characteristic quotation. She had asked him to a fancy ball, and he answered: "Mr. Hawthorne begs to assure Mrs. H. that he is quite sensible of his own folly and absurdity in declining an invitation which any other man would go down upon his knees to get. He finds himself, indeed, in the position of an owl or a bat when invited to take a pleasure trip in the sunshine: he can not deny that it would be a most delightful affair, but still feels it fitter for himself to stay in his busy hole than to go a-blinking about among other people's enjoyments. The truth is, Mr. H. has all his life been under a spell, from which it is now too late to free himself—or, rather, he was born a solitary brute, and he can not otherwise account for his now being able to resist Mrs. H.'s invitation."

Fashionable hair-dressers are receiving visits from ladies who have heard that short hair is to be worn this summer, and who want to know if their locks be abundant enough to look well dressed in loose curls and fastened by a wreath. The correct answer, accompanied by a multiplicity of French shrugs, is: "Madame, I know not surely that it will make itself fashionable. But to cut off your hair would be—ah—oh!" Here the knight of the comb and brush falls into an attitude of profound desolation at the prospect of such destruction, and mentally wonders how many bald spots he should find under the puffs and braids before him. "I will tell you that which you will do," he goes on. "You will comb all your hair smooth, oh! very smooth, except the little fringe on the brow and the temples, and you will let me make for you one little frissette, and one little toupee, and one little piece for the back of your head, and cover them with curls, and, behold, you will be lovely." "But that's a wig!" cries the lady. "Effectivement," he replies, unmoved.

Doctor Manning, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster (says the *Hour*), lives almost the life of an ascetic, contenting himself at the most brilliant dinners with a dry biscuit and a glass of water. He also carries his asceticism into the services of the church. He has abolished lady singers in the choirs, and introduced Gregorian music into the places of worship under his control; so that now the only fine Catholic music to be heard in London is at the chapel in Farm Street, which belongs to the Jesuits, who are, somehow or other, to a great degree out of his power. As a judge of music Doctor Manning is a lamentable failure. About four years ago he was preaching at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, and took particular notice of the organist's playing. He sent for him one day, and immediately thanked him for the devotional style of his voluntary, "so much more suited to the house of God than that he was accustomed to hear in other churches." Not very long after he again visited the "Pro." The organist, remembering his past experience, played exactly the same piece. He was again sent for, but this time the Cardinal gave him a severe "wiggling" for daring to desecrate a place of worship with such ribald music.

The Springfield *Republican* says: Now the Boston *Advertiser* gravely defends the clerical and other eminent persons for whom drinks were to be stored in St Botolph's larder. Brother Cook's onslaught was quite too savage. He carries no weapon but a meat-ax. If he had only pointed out the

obvious absurdity of it and got the town laughing at the ludicrous prominence given to the provision for the sale of "wines, liquors, and cigars" to a club devoted to the very cream, we might even say the best gilt-edged butter, of American literary and æsthetic society—why, then—but it would be in vain to speculate on what might happen if Mr. Cook should crack a joke. If Mr. Cook should display any liveliness of this kind, the Boston *Advertiser* itself might get lively, and where would the thing stop? We are glad for our part that St. Botolph's is to have a place where "wines, liquors, and cigars" can be had. Boston has always needed such a place. They may not be very good things in themselves, but the most dangerous objects acquire a fascination if a scarcity sets in and it is made difficult to obtain them. This is obviously the great danger in Boston. Boston has a great many noble charities and institutions, schools, colleges, churches, Cook lectureships and lecturing cooks, symposiums, soroses, clubs, natural history collections, including the *Advertiser*, Mr. Kimball's museum, and Wendell Phillips's statuary—she needs one thing more, one more club where "wines, liquors, and cigars" are to be had, where the swell ministers and newspaper men can sit down in peace to a stand-up drink, beyond the gaze of a vulgar, and perhaps an unfeeling world. It is curious how the exacting problem of convivial nutrition comes in to disturb the serenest and most divine atmospheres. We not only undergo the bore of eating and drinking when we are hungry and thirsty, but drag out the disability of our infirm natures on most other occasions when we get together for mutual pleasure. As a knowing New Yorker remarked in regard to the habits of that metropolis: "When any grand movement of a philanthropic, high moral, or political nature is started in this city, we get together and have a grand dinner over it. Then it stops." Physical receptivity seems to destroy aggressive mental quality, and this is the reason why Mr. Cook never passes the cigars before entering the arena. A few good dinners judiciously placed would have killed the anti-slavery movement.

TWO FAVORITES.

Aux Italiens.

At Paris it was, at the opera there—
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the *Trôvatore*;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way;
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"Non ti scordar di me?"

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-bat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had—
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord—good soul that he was!—
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft climate,
In the crimson evening weather:

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again:

And the jasmine-flower in her fair young breast
(Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine-flower),
And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over.
And I thought . . . "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine-flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here: and she was there:
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:
From my bride betroth'd, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade.
(In short, from the Future back to the Past)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side,
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be express'd,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass,
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me! —Owen Meredith.

He and She.

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine and roses and rosemary;
And they said: "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at his stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key,
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Tho' be kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; but she would not smile,
Tho' he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without breath.
Is there no voice, no language of death?"

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?"

"See, now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you could ever let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?"

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?"

"And was it the innermost heart the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?"

"Oh, perfect dead! Oh, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!"

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world; oh, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never
—F.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1850.

"By order of the Committee" is the formula through which an aroused and indignant public has proclaimed its determination no longer to submit to the disgraceful menaces of the sand-lot mob, its interior organization of criminals, and its exterior surrounding of politicians. It is "THE COUNCIL" that orders, and this "Council" is composed of men who have had experience in this line of business—men of intelligence and firmness, who, recognizing their right to live, have determined to live securely. This "Council" has not only a head to direct, but arms to execute. Four hundred thoroughly armed policemen, two hundred veterans of the late war—men of both armies—who understand arms and their use, with Winchester rifles, to step to the front if the conflict comes; regiments of volunteer soldiers to be filled to their complement; a Gatling battery, with men who know how to use it; fifteen hundred United States soldiers, artillery, cavalry, and infantry; an American ship of war in the harbor. And behind this National, State, and city authority are enrolled a body of good citizens, twenty thousand strong, to give its moral support for the enforcement of peace. This proclamation will be read by every criminal and disturbing adventurer and ambitious demagogue in this State. It will be thumbed in dirty cellars, and read by politicians at the State capital. Its anonymous character will recall the days of the "Hounds," the mysterious movement of the first Vigilance Committee, and the "Eye" of the second, with "33, Secretary," for the only signature that followed decrees for arrest, banishment, and death. The movement is timely, dignified, and irresistible. It restores our self-respect. It asserts our character abroad, and it will bring repose or a bloody encounter in San Francisco; and following either, there will return to us the period of prosperity that has been delayed only by the criminal acts of a class composed almost entirely of ignorant and vicious foreigners. San Francisco is to-day a safe city to live in for all who do not conspire to its hurt. There are two secret organizations within this general agitation; the great bulk of sand-lotters belong to neither. These secret gatherings are for the purpose of plunder in the event of collision. It is from these secret plotters that all suggestions of violence come. Mayor Kallach belongs to neither. His conspiracy is only political, and he would confine the agitation to politics. Kearney belongs to one of the secret gangs, but it is the least dangerous: it does the most talking. The little band of Internationalists, or Socialists, are the most silent; most subtle, and most dangerous. They are all foreigners, and have no Irish among them. They are all known; a detective organization has obtained a full history of nearly every member. They are shadowed, and are not to be feared.

The sand-lot movement came into existence under the leadership of Kearney, Knight, and Wellock. Knight subsided and retired, because he is an intelligent, well-meaning citizen, and was the first to measure and expose the shallow, mendacious, haggard, and cowardly character of the Irish drayman. Then Wellock and Kearney quarreled; Wellock denounced Kearney for everything that was vile and contemptible, and was kicked over to the Democracy. Then came Kallach, the Baptist preacher, and into the sand dripped his blood from an encounter growing out of the vilest scandal that ever human being uttered against woman. The complications of the political situation so confused many good people that they failed to draw the line of distinction between the political martyr and the personal blackguard, and so the blackguard and demagogue became the leader of the sand-lot, and Kearney faded away upon the pay-roll of one or two corporations. Then—succeeding the Irish drayman, the English shoemaker, the Yankee preacher—came the Irish tramp named Gannon, from the colony of Victoria,

proclaiming that he did not want work and would not work. His ambitious soul aspired to free gin. With him came a colossal German, Hans Steinman, whose capacious and insatiable stomach wanted free beer, *smacraese*, and blood-pudding. Gannon and Steinman then gave way, and lastly comes an Irish woman of the name of Smith, a red-faced female, with an uster, an umbrella, and a blistering tongue; and so far as we can now perceive, this female with the blistering tongue, who says she would rather go to San Quentin than to the country for work, is the head and front of the sand-lot. It is this ragged end of draggle-tailed nastiness that is to overturn a national treaty, and drive the Chinese out. It is to this miserable and utterly contemptible end that this movement has come. It is this mob of tramping mendicants, never numbering six hundred people, that has frightened our city and depreciated property values. It is upon this wave that the blackguard Baptist preacher hopes to ride to Congress. The whole thing has been and is a ridiculous and contemptible farce, which has not now, and never had, anything in it to frighten anybody, except the cowardly.

The daily press has, all through this business, been conducted with a most shameless disregard of the public interest. When Kallach was not killed, and a band of German-Italian soldiers took possession of our streets without authority and in utter disregard of law, the police should have arrested or shot them down. The police now should disperse the mob from the sand-lot and imprison the leaders, and no street procession should be permitted. If there is no law, then a vigilance committee should at once be organized, to see to it that our city is no longer disgraced by this organization, composed only of the vile of the foreign element. For this later sand-lot business we do not hold the Workingmen's party responsible, except Kallach, Maybell, Braunhart, and a few other most contemptible demagogues. If the Democracy proposes, as we understand it does, to affiliate with this sand-lot crowd, we say, By all means. Society is dividing into two parts—the decent, law-abiding, and order-loving on one side; the vicious, the idle, and the worthless on the other. We will call the one party "American," and invite all respectable men of foreign birth to come into alliance with it; the other may name itself by its acts. With this party we will try conclusions—with ballots or bayonets, as its members may desire. If the discontented, ignorant, and vicious can drive from this peninsula the party that will not submit either to be robbed or to live in fear, let the issue come, and come now. If this business has a peaceful conclusion we shall regret it as a lost opportunity to punish crimes that in our republic the law is powerless to reach.

We confess our surprise that Messrs. Traylor, Dickinson, and Hittell, Senators from San Francisco, and such gentlemen as Baker and others from the country, should favor a bill interfering with our common schools. The Constitution has honestly endeavored to prevent special legislation. To legislate for "cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants," and pretend that such legislation is not directly leveled at San Francisco, is a disguise too thin for honest and sensible men to hide themselves in. We have in this city a Board of Education, and for the first time in twenty years one that is endeavoring to economize. For our San Francisco delegation to take this business out of its hands, and deny us economy in this branch of our government, is an impudent intermeddling in business that does not concern it. Our school system is an extravagant and costly sham. It is a fraud. It is a crime. Our legislators were elected on a pledge of economy, and the Traylor bill will, if it passes, increase our annual school expenses \$150,000. It is a shameful violation of the decencies of legislation; and the bill will pass because seven hundred school females bring their necessities, their arts, and their blandishments to overcome and outweigh all arguments of sense and reason. We pay teachers one-third more than is paid in other American cities. The average cost per pupil here is largely in excess of that in any other city in the United States. It is \$32.37. In Chicago, it is \$17; Cincinnati, \$19; St. Louis, \$20; New York, \$20; Baltimore, \$20; Portland, \$18; Washington, \$18; Nashville, \$17; Louisville, \$15; Jersey City, \$22; Newark, \$14; Albany, \$20; Providence, \$14; Paterson, N. J., \$13; Troy, N. Y., \$14. Chicago has a debt of \$2,500,000, and \$17.62 is the average cost per pupil. In Cincinnati, \$19.82 includes the cost of a deaf-mute school. In New York, books are free and the cost \$20.50. In Jersey City, Newark, and Paterson, with free books, the average is \$16.48. In Portland, Or., including a deaf-and-du ab school, the cost is \$18.01. Our taxes in this city are insupportable, our rents are declining, and our values disturbed, and still the shameful extravagance and waste piles up and accumulates. We are spending money to teach one class of foreigners foreign languages while another is threatening to burn our city. We are spending money to educate in music, drawing, and other accomplishments the children of men who are prowling our streets defying our laws. We see danger ahead—a danger that does not come from the sand-lot, but from a class of cowardly politicians who dare not look above the sand-lot for popular support.

Last year the Board of Education asked an appropriation of \$989,000. It was cut down by the Supervisors to \$900,000. That was on the basis of \$30 per head for 30,000 pupils. This year we are informed that Mr. John W. Taylor wanted to get \$35 per head for each pupil. This would have made \$1,050,000. The Board, after a hard fight, have asked this year for \$25 per head, which, for 30,000 pupils, makes \$750,000, a saving against the figures of last year of \$150,000, and a reduction from Mr. Superintendent Taylor's estimate of \$300,000. The time will come when Mr. Taylor will wish he had been more economical. It is all very well to be popular among young women teachers, but it is the tax-payers who vote, and it is our opinion that Messrs. Taylor, Van Schaick, and others are guilty of criminal extravagance in wasting the tax-payers' money. To teach Latin, Greek, German, and French in the Boys' and Girls' High Schools, and in two grammar and two primary schools, is a piece of wasteful and criminal extravagance; it is robbery under guise of law. To give a set of idle carpenters \$350 for eight hours' labor, when better mechanics can be obtained for \$250 per day, is stealing without the sanction of law. Our children ought to be educated at an average of \$20 per head, or \$600,000 per annum.

"B. and others," of San José, write, asking the significance of our heading—the bear and walrus afloat in mid-ocean. The walrus is dead, and the bear contemplates his position: if he eats the walrus he drowns; if he does not eat the walrus he starves. When the *Argonaut* started, we thought the device a good one. We deliberately put ourselves afloat in the mid-ocean of journalism. Ours was a venture between drowning and starving, with the hope of rescue by an appreciative public. We were warned by the wrecks that lay strewn along the beach—dead newspapers washed up on the shore. We visited Mr. Pickering's journalistic graveyard, and we saw it a grove of tombstones, some old and moss-grown, some with honorable inscriptions of useful service, some barren of name or record, some sunken and neglected graves upon which no flower had ever been laid; some evidently young—the little mounds indicating that the spirit had passed early from the little form that lay mouldering below. Here we saw the grave of political journals—sinners that had gone down in the stern and bloody encounter of party strife—lying side by side with religious journals that had died in the odor of sanctity. Some were the graves of suicides, some had died of lingering illness, and some had been murdered by jealous rivals, and some (ever so many) had been stillborn. Seeing these wrecks, and graves, and clustering tombs, we said to ourselves: "This is a venturesome voyage. We will not be over-confident—we will start looking death in the face, so that if Mr. Pickering has the grateful duty of writing our epitaph he shall not charge us with the over-presumption of a boastful and audacious start." Journalism was a venture then, and probably will always be—that is, the kind of journalism that we were bold enough to dare, and sanguine enough to hope might succeed. We said to ourselves: "We will be clean, respectable, and non-sensational; we will be fearless, independent, and tell the truth; we will not favor the ignorant mob, nor flatter the vanity of the empty-headed demagogues who profess to direct the politics of the country; we will be American; and while we will utter no word that shall offend the adopted citizen who respects himself and loves this country, we will spare the utterance of no language that may show our detestation of the vile and criminal elements that come to us from the slums of Europe and the shambles of China." We said to ourselves: "We will call Irish Irish, German German, Jew Jew, Catholic Catholic, as freely as we will call Yankees Yankees, or Democrats Democrats."

We have done so, and lived. We might have made more money; we might have sold ourselves to the rich; we might have toadied to the mob; we might have blackmailed the guilty, the unfortunate, and the timorous; we might have been more sensational and newsy; we might have been nasty; we might have hored every business man for an advertisement; we might have sent our solicitors to ring every door-bell for subscribers. We have not done so. We have annoyed no gentleman or business house to contribute to our existence; we have persecuted nobody to give us patronage; we are on nobody's pay-roll; we wear no collar of corporation or master; no hank, nor corporate organization, nor railroad, nor party, ever paid us as much money as did Hill, the agent of Denman Thompson, who played two engagements of Yankee characters at the Bush Street and Standard Theatres. We have now a circulation of over nine thousand copies per week, during this the dullest newspaper season of the year, and when there is any special excitement or political interest, we print as high as eighteen and twenty thousand copies. Our advertising business is light, but it is healthy and honest. We do not seek to advertise patent medicines and quack doctors; we do not pad and spread to fill our space; nor do we set loose a mob of solicitors to bound every advertiser for his patronage, and threaten if he does not give it. Sometimes we think it strange that this effort is not better appreciated, and that our business men do not better understand the kind of service we are endeavoring to render the community. We get

splendid compliments, and if compliments had any sort of market value which we could exchange for printers' ink and good white paper, we should be doing a most flourishing business. However, we are not complaining, but only explaining about the hear and the walrus—the effort not to starve nor sink.

The *Argonaut* is not starving nor sinking. It owes no living man an overdue dollar. It has the best press, and the best engine, and the best type, and the best conveniences for doing good work, and they are paid for. It has a half-year's contract for the same paper it is now using, and the house of Remington & Co., with whom its contract is made, is solvent. Some of our contemporaries every now and then say we are going to suspend for lack of patronage; and every now and then a rumor goes out that we are about to publish a daily. And while it is nobody's business what we are going to do, we say this to our country subscribers (who all pay in advance)—if we ever stop publication we will refund your money. If we turn to a daily, we will send you that instead of the weekly. And further, we say this—that when we do change, it will not be down and out; it will not be a step backward, but forward and upward. We are very much in love with the weekly *Argonaut*, and the only possible change that we can contemplate is to a daily. When we started this hear out upon the dead walrus we thought we should be content; it was a slow voyage, but comfortable and sure. We thought a weekly dignified, and that opinions not hastily made, nor hastily written, would be of more force than the daily utterance; but a week is a long time in this city, and sometimes when we get a black eye we feel impatient that we are compelled to nurse our wrath eight days for a reply. Sometimes when burning questions are pending, when the town is alive with some stirring topic, we wish we could strike our six hews a week in order to get in more effective work; and then we think again of the expense and toil and responsibility of putting steam machinery into the dead walrus, and turning our present slow, sure-going craft into an armor-clad, heavily-manned, aggressive ram-of-war. The present is a time when San Francisco demands good and active service. The spring brings us an important municipal election; the summer a national campaign; and we are sometimes tempted to put on the armor and step squarely to the front. But we shall see what we shall see. In the meantime, let no friend of the *Argonaut* go into mourning anticipating its funeral.

Our reverend Mayor, who denounces so earnestly the sin of wealth, and warns the sinners of local hell-fire and temporal damnation, has no word of reproof for the harharians of the sand-lot who blaspheme God. Not an immortal soul of them ever gets upon his hind legs to make a speech but he straightway utters a copious torrent of profanity. They all invoke hell, revile heaven, call God names, speak of His angels contumeliously, and treat the dead with an unprovoked incivility—all, according to Mr. Kalloch's church, sins for which Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, and infidels will be roasted to a rich seal-brow in the hot hereafter. Why does he not caution them to moderate the exuberance of their rhetorical style, soften an expression here and there, indicate the Deity by an oblique allusion, asking him to condemn us by indirection? Is our reverend Lord of Misrule more concerned for his followers' stomachs than for their souls?—more mindful of their temporal prosperity than of their eternal welfare? We feel that way ourselves about the matter, but then the devil never pitchforked us on to the quarter-deck of the Ship of Zion, taught us to hox the theological compass, and commissioned us to comfort the women of the bum-boats.

Speaking of Kalloch, it occurs to us that with the change of a single word the closing lines of the "Dunciad" describe with considerable accuracy the future of San Francisco, if this gloomy miscreant is suffered to prolong his régime to its logical conclusion:

"Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires;
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored:
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Kalloch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all!"

There was an age when the wager of battle decided differences of opinion. There was a later era when the duel was resorted to to decide conflicting issues. Now, we have a little local misunderstanding in San Francisco. There exists between the sand-lot and society a little courteous difference of opinion. The sand-lot thinks it ought to live upon the community by theft, and the community thinks it ought to labor or starve. The sand-lot thinks it ought to be allowed to steal the accumulations of other men's toil, and society thinks it will see the sand-lot d—d first. The sand-lot thinks that a set of nondescript immigrants from Ireland, Nova Scotia, and the Rhine have an exclusive right to the control and direction of our politics, while the native-born and foreign intelligence thinks that Americans have some rights in the country that foreigners ought to respect. The sand-lot thinks that these differences should be settled, not by the ballot, but by violence, and society is rapidly coming to the

same conclusion. The *Argonaut*, always conservative and cool, always desirous of a speedy and fair adjustment of all differences of opinion, would act as umpire between the sand-lot and society. The sand-lot says the "Chinese must go," and the Chinese say they won't go, but will rest under the protection of the treaty and fight for their rights; and society says the sand-lot is wrong and the Chinese right. So the *Argonaut* proposes a duel, or wager of hattle, between the sand-lot and society.

Let Major-General Kearney and Major-General Barnes, with their respective staffs, hold a council of war, and, as in the olden and chivalrous times, arrange a conflict of arms. Let the military organizations of the W. P. C.—the Tenth Ward Rifles, and the various other forces of the sand-lot—under command of Major-General Denis Kearney, challenge the four hundred armed forces under command of Marshal Crowley, the two hundred veterans under command of Stuart Taylor, the volunteer militia under command of Major-General Barnes, the one thousand five hundred soldiers of the regular army under command of Major-General McDowell, with the Chinese held in reserve under command of Colonel Dee, and the twenty-five thousand of the Landwehr under command of William T. Coleman. Let the combat take place on the Presidio Reservation—say, on some bright Sabbath morning. Let it be a square encounter to the bloody end, and let the devil and his imps take care of the heated party. If society can be driven into the sea by these tramps, it may as well be settled now as to wait longer. If this Citizens' Protective Council allows any more nonsense it will not answer the expectations of the best people of San Francisco.

Parnell telegraphs from Montreal that the dissolution of Parliament renders his immediate return to Ireland imperatively necessary.

O Parliament, resigned we toll
The bell and chant the prayer;
Thy dissolution frees a soul
Our body well can spare.

Mr. Crittenden Thornton, in his discussion of the validity of the corporation employment law, has become a prophet of evil. The next financial calamity likely to overtake the country, he says, is to come from the overthrow of such large financial institutions as the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. Sixty-seven of one family are employed in the company's building, all stockholders. Good family to marry into. It would evidence this company's solvency if all this family would insure their own lives in the concern. This is one of the first families of New York, doubtless. The old Virginia aristocracy was blue-blooded; our New York nobles are yellow-blooded. There is some sense in Mr. Thornton's suggestion. If we were insured in this company we should hope to die early in order to get our money.

See-saw, riot and law;
Frisco's in need of a master,
A head and a hand, in this city of sand,
To marshal events the faster.

See-saw, riot and law;
Our truce is knit with a plaster.
A fighter we need, a fellow of speed,
To trip the heels of disaster.

Mr. Pickering has frankly confessed in the columns of his newspaper that he does not know which has been the most destructive during the past twenty years in the United States, fire or water. The rivers that Mr. Pickering has set on fire will do no further harm, anyhow.

Some of our very wise men in the mining stock market affect to see in the sale by Mr. Flood to Mr. Mackay of his mining interest a cause for a decline in the stock market. "If," say they, "Mr. Flood has sold out, it is because he has lost faith in the Comstock." They forget that there is an equally strong argument in the fact that Mackay has purchased. Flood was the hanker, Mackay the underground miner. Flood, who has no practical knowledge of deep mining, sells; Mackay, who has lived in the howels of the mine, buys. This is evidence that Mr. Mackay thinks the Comstock has a future, and he pays \$5,000,000 to get a larger interest than he had. It is an evidence that Flood has all the money he wants, and that Mackay wants fifty or a hundred millions more. It is evidence that in Mackay's opinion the Comstock is not worked out, that it has a future, that it is not to be abandoned, but to be prosecuted with powerful machinery and unlimited capital.

When Braunhart, beginning the House to harass,
In irony ventured to mention
That he was, no doubt, what they called him—an ass,
It wasn't pretense, but pretention.

The amount subscribed in America for suffering Ireland exceeds \$600,000. The amount contributed by England is not more than \$125,000.

Weakness acknowledged is humiliation confessed. Yet out of shame comes sometimes resolution and performance. We have come to the jumping-off place in our experiment of pure democracy, and beyond the brink are things unutterable. We have dallied with lawlessness, and have warmed in our bosoms the vipers of license. They lie coiled on our

hearthstones now, threatening to strike; and we stand mutely hesitant, with sheathed swords and unprotected throats. We have become a reproach and a by-word in the eyes of the nation; yet half a dozen well directed blows would end this reign of terror, and huy hack for us a little of the world's respect. "Unless the wheel of progress is to turn backward, and mankind are to decline as they have risen, the natural superiority of truth to falsehood, of right to wrong, will recover in some shape or other the form of practical authority," which means brute force—swift, terrible, decisive.

In this Drama you will see
Prophecy of things to be.

SCENE, the sand-lot. TIME, the morning.
DENIS (*loquitor*).—I vow
There shall be a bloody row!
D—the Council! D—the laws!
Scoundrels soon must go! (*applause.*)
Then (*presented with his "sawning"*)
Reads it with a pallid brow;
I am lame, so I'll start now.

When the "Council of Two Hundred" formulated its address to the people, it evidently had Mr. Pickering and the *Call* in its mind's eye, when it said:

"There is no middle ground upon which any man can stand. Neutrality in this crisis can only be excused by extreme age or a pitiable cowardice."

Our Kalloch's young nephew's arrested;
"The books" showed him "short." It is well
By this exposition attested
That figures and blood will tell.

We hope our political friends at the East will not fail to keep in mind the fact that we have but one controlling political issue on this coast, and that upon the attitude of the candidates on this OUR ISSUE depends the electoral vote of three States. "Shall Chinese immigration be discouraged and restrained by Congress and the laws? Shall the Burlingame treaty be modified?" This is our "live question." We care but little for financial matters, nothing for the "bloody shirt" business, and less than nothing for individual candidates. We will give our votes to that party that will give us the best assurance of speedy relief from what we regard as a pressing danger.

The nightly fire-fly when in quiet sleeping,
Or leisurely along the roadway creeping,
Seems but a sonibre bug, and only blazes
When, to be off, its masking shards it raises.
So, Kalloch—stupid in denunciation,
But lively in your coward proclamation—
You as a "man of parts" your fear discloses,
And that part brightest which your flight exposes.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord denies that she is going to marry Mr. Charles O'Connor, who, by the way, has not asked her. She avers that she is "fond of him as a lawyer, nothing more." On his part, Mr. O'Connor loves her as a client only. This kind of affection is truly touching. Talk about the loves of the angels, the attachment of Pygmalion for his statue, the preference of Paul for Virginia, the mutual flame of Abélard and Héloïse, and the passion of Maud Tarbox for Jim Snagglehy! They are not a circumstance, nor the half of one.

The only daily religious paper in the world, so far as we know, has suspended publication for lack of support. This generation likes religion well enough in its proper season, but it doesn't want it on business days. When it comes to rustling round after hash, the world, the flesh, and the devil are the trump cards of the situation, as the game is commonly conducted.

If the "Council of Two Hundred" means business when it says—

"Public threats of the accomplishment of such wicked and inhuman designs can not and will not be longer tolerated. The drills in secret places, the nightly tramp in the streets of irregular armed forces, accompanied by the arrogant threats of violence by their leaders, is an intolerable menace to the peace and well-being of society. If no harm is intended, there will be no more threats, and the display of force will be henceforth confined to public parades in the open day. The city wants peace, and it is our purpose to give it that tranquillity which will assure renewed prosperity, and again place it in the highway of its grand destiny"—we know where it can find a Winchester rifle with a man behind it.

The sand-lotter says: "I'm unable
To think destitution a trifle:
My family freeze in a stable,
With never a bite on the table.
By G—, I'll go huy me a rifle!"

That woodpecker Mayhell thrust a hill into the Assembly, imposing a tax on the Chinese, and authorizing the equipment of an army of one hundred men to collect it. This is too many; fifty thousand could get it from the Chinese, and it would be twice as easy to get it from them.

We would suggest to the *Wasp* a cartoon representing the condition of our Bible-heating Baptist blackguard, whom the miraculous rescue from a deserved death made Mayor. Let him be represented as a double-headed and double-ended dog. Let one end resemble the head of a bloody-jawed and brutal blood-hound; the other the rear of a cowardly and yelping cur, with a tin-kettle tied to his introverted tail. From his ferocious extremity, let his Union Hall speech of February 21st issue; from his other, the proclamation of March 9th.

TWO BARBER'S POLES.

The incident, as told in the funny fifth column of the New York Times, occurred at West Meredith, in the State of New Hampshire, where it is alleged that there is a wide difference of opinion as to the propriety of sliding down hill on a sled—"coasting" it is called. Mr. Hopkins was a model young man with no vices—he did not "coast." Miss Brown was a model young woman, and Hopkins was her "young man." She did "coast." One day in midwinter, Miss Brown asked Mr. Hopkins to take her to the top of Latham's hill, and let her slide down it just once. The proposal shocked the young man's finer instincts, but the young lady persisted, and finally asked him if he was so lacking in respect for her as to believe that she could propose anything that was not strictly proper. Of course, after this there was nothing to be said, and Mr. Hopkins, surreptitiously horrowing Master Charles Brown's sled, escorted the rash young lady to the top of Latham's hill.

The hill was a long and steep one, and, as it was nearly noon o'clock, not a soul was visible in the clear moonlight. Mr. Hopkins sat down on the forward part of the sled and Miss Brown knelt behind him, steadying herself by placing her hands lightly on his shoulders. Everything being ready, Mr. Hopkins started the sled, and in a few seconds they were flying down the hill at a speed of about fifty miles an hour.

Near the bottom of the hill Mr. Hopkins perceived a board which had apparently fallen from a wagon, and lay directly across the road. To strike it would insure a disaster, and Mr. Hopkins turned the sled out of the direct course to avoid it. The result was a frightful one. The sled struck a stone, and Miss Brown was shot with fearful velocity over her conductor's head, and landed head downward in a huge snow-bank.

When the young man came to himself, and disentangled his head from the wrecked runners of the sled, he saw an appalling spectacle. From the surface of a snow-bank what to his astonished eyes seemed to be two beautifully colored barber's poles projected, each surmounted with a delicate feminine hood. He called loudly on the name of the adored Miss Brown, but no one answered, and he began to fear that some accident had happened to her.

Mr. Hopkins sat down in the snow and asked himself what was the duty of the hour. To pull Miss Brown out was not to be thought of without a shudder. It was clear to his mind that he must rescue her in such a way that she need never know that the moonlight had shone upon—in short, that she should never know anything about it. After some moments of reflection, he decided to go to a neighbor's, borrow a shovel, and reach the head and shoulders of Miss Brown by driving a tunnel through the lower part of the snow-bank, by means of which he could extricate her without putting her to any inconvenience.

It took some time for Mr. Hopkins to obtain a shovel, but his search was finally successful, and he began to dig his tunnel. The bank was an enormous one, and he foresaw that he should have to work a long time before he could strike Miss Brown in paying quantities. He worked on steadily and silently. Not a sound came from the imprisoned young lady, though he repeatedly begged her to make herself comfortable, and to rely upon his devotion and shovel. Fully twenty minutes from the time the accident had elapsed, young Smedley, from the Post-office, approached the scene, on his way home. To his questions Mr. Hopkins replied by explaining in the most delicate way the difficulty under which Miss Brown labored, and the means by which he was endeavoring to extricate her. Young Smedley heard him through, and then, with a totally irrelevant remark, expressing an inexplicable confidence that in the future he would be personally and completely "darned," he climbed the snow-bank, seized—that is to say, took hold of—in fact, pulled Miss Brown suddenly and violently from her snowy tomb.

The young lady, as every one knows, recovered consciousness in the course of the evening—thanks to Dr. Sabin's prompt and skillful attention. Strange to say, however, she conceived an unaccountable hatred for Mr. Hopkins, and carried it to such an extent that she is now understood to be engaged to marry young Smedley. The most painful feature of the affair is this curious incapability on the young lady's part to appreciate the delicacy and respect with which Mr. Hopkins treated her. He would have dug her out in the course of an hour, and released her without subjecting her feelings to the slightest wound, but she actually preferred the rough and brutal treatment to which young Smedley subjected her. Can it be that Mr. Goldwin Smith is right and that we are on the verge of a moral interregnum?

A New York Social Success.

Writing of the Arion Masquerade, at Madison Square Garden, New York, on the 19th ultimo, the Times describes the decorations of the garden as follows:

The garden was never before decorated to such advantage. The Fourth Avenue side was partially occupied by an immense golden punch-bowl, filled with imitation ice, and containing a dozen enormous champagne bottles, labeled in Chinese characters. Around the base of the bowl were banked potted flowers in full bloom, seemingly springing out of a row of rocky fragments. At each side was a huge evergreen tree, and all around were ice and icicles, with little blue imps dancing in the recesses. There were two large holes in this arctic grotto, which were hung with red curtains, and were for the use of the processionists in appearing and disappearing. The inner amphitheatre was hung on the northern and southern sides with deep, pointed drapery, covered with painted figures, representing in succession the various stages through which a guest was supposed to be obliged to pass from the receipt of the invitation to the final next morning's headache. The caricatures were of the most grotesque and amusing character. They were supplemented with shields placed in the cuts, out of the centre of each of which an exaggerated bird or animal made faces at the men and women above him. Painted bolognas, strings of onions, old boots, slices of watermelon, and similar suggestive articles depended from the broad golden border of the drapery proper. Across the Madison Avenue end was a painted scene, representing Arion standing forth before a

background of golden sun, rocks, caves, dolphins, shells, amphitruons, mermaids, and painted water filling up the sides prettily.

All the pillars, of both inner and outer circles, were hidden in encircling evergreens, dotted with large paper flowers, and at the base of each of the inner rows was a large silvered urn filled with sweet-smelling and many-colored potted flowers in full bloom. Festoons of evergreens and hells composed of cut flowers also depended at intervals from the tapestry all around. The stand for the use of the press had been erected across the Madison Avenue front of the floor, beneath the gallery. It was a complete arbor of evergreens, palms and potted flowers, and stuffed doves. American flags and other tasteful devices, stuck here and there, enhanced its beauty. The front of the gallery was hidden by palm leaves and flowers. Small caricatures en silhouette oroamented the tops of the outer row of pillars. Two music-stands—one on each side, north and south—were also hidden in evergreens and flowers. Two calcium lights added their powerful rays to the myriad of colored lights of the arches and the numerous unshaded lights dotting the ceiling. The scene when the floor was crowded—as it was at an early hour—by maskers in every variety of glittering and parti-colored costume, when the seats at the sides were packed with spectators, when the music was in full blast and the fun at its height, was one that may be better imagined than it can be described. Nothing approaching it in immensity and beauty was ever before seen in New York. In the latter respect it was incomparably the best hall the Arions have yet given. A large tin star and an enormous egg suspended from the ceiling should not be forgotten. At midnight both burst. From the former flew fifty frightened sparrows, and from the latter descended a shower of *bou-tonniers* houquets.

Some Dishes which Shakspeare may have Eaten.

There are pleasant chapters to be found in the Elizabethan books of cookery. Naturally, it was a grand and heroic one. Those doughty Englishmen who drove back the Spaniards and the Armada must have been honest feeders. It was not only sound beef and bread that made these English lusty and good hewers with their swords, but it was the plentiful mingling of hot spices with their food that gave them their *elan*. Mustard belongs more to that wonderful period than to ours. If the many-sidedness of Shakspeare is insisted upon, if a vast amount of learning is advanced, to show how the greatest of all writers was divine, doctor, lawyer, all at the same time, a more modest claim—that of his being a first-class cook—may be insisted upon. Returning to our Elizabethan cook-books—for there are more than one of them—one is called the *Jewel House of Art and Nature*, and contains "divers rare and profitable inventions, together with sundry new experiments in the art of bushandry, distillation, and moulding, faithfully and familiarly set downe, according to the author's owne experience, by Hugh Platte, of Lincolne's Inn, gentleman." The date was London, 1594. The other book—less ambitious—is called *The Ladies Delights*, and its author was a gentleman, too, the fine Sir Hugh Platt, and his book was published a few years later. One can almost fancy that the dioner ordered by Justice Shallow for Falstaff was cooked according to Sir Hugh's receipts: "Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens [were there, then, chicken-fanciers in those days?], a joint of mutton, any pretty little tiny kick-shaws, tell William, the cook." Now, what does Recipe 9 of *The Delights for Ladies* tell us? Just how to hoil pigeons with rice: "Boyle them in mutton brothe, pulling sweet herbs to fill them. Then take a little rise [rice], and boyle it in creame with a little whole mace. Season it with sugar, lay it thicke on their breasts, wringing, also, the juice of a lemmon on them." With all our admiration for the Elizabethan era, this method of cooking pigeons must have made them, according to our ideas, highly objectionable. The pigeons must have tasted like mutton, and sugar in a squab would possibly, make Miss Corson drop her hasting-spoon in horror. Still, there is a great deal to be learned from Sir Hugh Platt. If rice was necessary for the birds, where did it come from? This is a question not readily solved, but it is quite probable that rice-culture was then as common in Northern Italy as it is to-day. Lemons and mace in the pigeon stew explain, too, England's commerce with the East, and France or Italy. Now for the short-legged hens; how did William, the cook, dress them? They were to be "boyled in faire water," but a complicated sauce was to give additional zest to the fowls. "A few currans and a quartered date were to be cooked in a ladle full of mutton broth, and a little white wine, a little whole mace, a bundle of sweet berbs, a little marrowe, some sugar, almonds, and verjuice were to be put in, which, when chopped and mixed, were to be put into the hens." As to the leg of mutton, that required not only the talent of the cook, but somewhat the skill of the comparative anatomist. The whole of the meat and bone were to be withdrawn, leaving only the skin untouched. The meat was "chopped up, mixed with currans, raisins of the sun, nutmeg, sugar, eggs and pepper. Then all reintroduced again into the hole whence came the bone," and this was stewed in marrow and eaten with sliced carrots. The kick-shaw (undoubtedly derived from the French *quelque-chose*) was quite as complicated, the basis being calves' feet, with the same ingredients as for the pigeons or short-legged hens, only these additions were made: "four ounces of sugar candie and three spoonfuls of rose-water, with one grain of musk." Certainly, the fine dames and brave gallants in Raleigh's time had no odor of onions about them. As much, though, as we may appreciate the literature of those days, their finer cookery must have been abominable.

An exquisite costume for a fancy ball is a water lily. The skirt of white silk to represent leaves is round and full, trimmed with flounces, pointed at the edges and bound with white satin. The green satin corsage to form the calyx fits the figure closely, and clusters of artificial water lilies ornament the bosom, waist, and hair.

Two young ladies confided their love affairs to each other. "My first lover," said the one who commenced, "was several students of law!"

THE DUEL OF THE FUTURE.

A Parisian journal has the following account of the circumstances that are to attend the dueling of our esteemed posterity:

There are advertising agencies, matrimonial agencies, funeral companies, employment bureaus—almost everything, in fact, that can be imagined—but for the dueling age we must look to the future. The day, however, will come when a joint-stock company will make a specialty of dueling, and when it does come this is how the new thing will work:

Trousperin will write a paragraph in the *Electric Eel* that Bouzinard, editor of his esteemed contemporary, the *Delirious Cockroach*, owes his laundress. Bouzinard will go to lounge at their usual haout, the Café des Dindonneaux, and meeting Trousperin, give him two Krupp whacks over the head with his cane.

Inferring from this that Bouzinard's design is to insult him, Trousperin will remark:

"You are a scoundrel, and you will hear from me, sir." Whereupon Bouzinard retorts, wittily, "I shall be more fortunate than posterity, monsieur," and departs.

Trousperin, not having the necessary funds for the hack-hire, breakfast to seconds, etc., goes to the dueling agency. "Sir," he says to the clerk, "yesterday I received two whacks from a cane—"

"Next window, monsieur; this is the Kick-and-Black-Eye Department."

"Yesterday I—" begins Trousperin at the designated window.

"Very well, sir," says the official instantly; "what is his name and address?"

"Bouzinard, editor of the *Electric Eel*."

"All right. Do you want seconds with mustaches or without? With regular fierce military mustaches it is five francs extra."

"Let me have one with mustaches and one without them."

"Ah, I see what you want—a duel of the eighth class. The charge will be twenty-five francs fifty centimes, which will entitle you to two half-clean seconds, with spring-bottomed pantaloons; a two-place coupé (you will have to sit with the driver); two fourth-quality swords, with leather handles; the attendance of a veterinary surgeon from the suburbs in case of a wound; a clean shirt for the encounter; lint à discrétion. Twenty-three francs and a half, if you please."

"Here are twenty-five francs, monsieur. As to the shirt—do I keep it?"

"If you are killed—yes; if not—no."

Trousperin withdraws, and that night receives a letter as follows:

PARISIAN DUELING AGENCY,
95 Rue Marivaux, January 22, 1880.
SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that your duel with M. Bouzinard will take place at 7:15 A. M. to-morrow, at Clamart.
MM. Puffignac and Barbotteau, your seconds, will call for you at six o'clock.
You will be expected to stand the beer.
Respectfully,
IVAN DE MUFFLENSKI,
General Manager.

Next morning the duel takes place, and Trousperin is wounded in the left thumb-nail. At noon he receives the following circular:

PARISIAN DUELING AGENCY,
95 Rue Marivaux, January 26, 1880.
SIR:—We shall take pleasure in securing a gratifying amount of publicity for your affair of honor this morning with M. Bouzinard. Specimen notices and terms are appended.
Respectfully,
IVAN DE MUFFLENSKI,
General Manager.

In the evening papers appears the customary item beginning, "After a somewhat heated newspaper discussion, Messrs. Trousperin, of the *Electric Eel*, and Bouzinard, of the *Delirious Cockroach*, had a hostile meeting," etc.

The Lively Gaul.

La Baronne de Z. applied to a detective agency to have her husband watched, she suspecting him of infidelity. For the detective's services she agreed to pay fifteen francs a day. At the end of twelve days la Baronne saw no result was obtained, save a bill presented to her of two hundred and fifty-five francs.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "Twelve days at fifteen francs makes only one hundred and eighty francs."

"Certainly, madame," says the director, "but monsieur your husband has owed us seventy-five francs for a long time. He had us watch for him during five days Mlle. X. of the Palais Royal."

An egotist saw one of his friends in a paroxysm of coughing.

"How sorry I am to see you cough like that," he said, in a moved voice.

"You are very kind, dear friend."

"Oh, it is not that I am kind, but to see any one cough like that always makes me cough, too!"

Upon reading an obituary notice of the first water:

"Excellent! Admirable! I like to hear a great man well spoken of. But this strewing flowers upon the hearse of the great is monotonous. Why does no one think of signaling the birth of our eminent statesmen and patriots?"

Said a son-in-law yesterday, speaking of his mother-in-law, who is both deaf and short-sighted:

"Doctor, the half of my fortune if you can restore her sight and hearing, and three-quarters of it if you can deprive her of speech!"

Maxime, an inveterate gambler, is sunning himself on a chair in the Champs Elysées, yellow and haggard.

A friend (severely)—See here, Maxime, this won't do. You'd better go to your bed, and stay there a day or two.

Maxime—I wouldn't mind staying there a day or two, but the nights, when the club is open—that is what grates me.

A concierge said to one of our most charming comedienues, in speaking of the latter's cook:

"Oh! she behaves badly enough to you, because she knows you are an actress. But she is imbecile to do so—for who knows what she may become herself some day!"

LONDON FOG.

LONDON, January 4, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Your readers will no doubt be puzzled to know how a letter of any interest can be written about London fog. It is an old subject, but in this case let me begin by saying I have "lived" in London fog, know it in all its colors, from white to green, and even black. I have felt my way with a stick, touching door railings, curbstones, and corners; have stood looking up in wonder at a small, luminous, meteoric ball, which nothing but holding to the post could have convinced me was a street lamp.

To begin fairly, let it first be explained that London fog is the same as Birmingham or Manchester fog. It is a British institution, common to nearly all cities on the humid isle. "London" fog is a misnomer—"British" fog is the proper term, and moreover it is a peculiarity the people are proud of. If there is anything to which this patriotic term of British can be applied, it is at once sacred in the eyes of an Englishman.

The second thing to be explained is that fog in England does not, as in America, mean "mist," but anything which obscures vision. London fog may therefore be, and often is, smoke pure and simple; sometimes it is mist, but generally is a mixture of the two, so compounded as to choke one, and also promote colds and rheumatism in a most effective way. Smoke and fog make perhaps the most unwholesome mixture known to human discomfort. An English wit has named it "smog."

Never shall I forget the first London fog which fell within my experience. For months the event had been looked forward to with interest. Other "lions," all of them, had been done. From the Isle of Dogs to Sheppard's Bush, and from Hampstead to Brixton, all prominent roads and streets had gradually come out of chaos into a kind of order; I knew London all but the fog, and finally that came, about nine in the morning of one October day.

I was sitting writing at a second-story window in a narrow street in the west centre of London, when all at once there were observed waves of green smoke in the street below. At first only a few feet in depth, but increasing, piling up as one might say, growing deeper and higher like an inundation. I noted that the smoke from the chimney pots, instead of soaring away, as well-ordered smoke ought to do, tumbled down on the roofs and then off into the street, swelling the green sea below. Then I caught the first idea of a London fog, namely, that the phenomenon is the result of a low barometer, or light air. The atmosphere becomes lighter than the smoke, and the latter sinks through the atmosphere as a stone does in the water.

The smoke rose until it reached my window, which, contrary to special injunctions, was opened for the occasion, and poured into the room. Pictures on the wall disappeared, the coal fire turned to a dull crimson like the sun when in eclipse, the outside world disappeared, and at last I had seen and felt a London fog.

The first act was satisfactory, and willingly would the rest have been foregone, but there was no escape. I tried the streets, bribed an "Arab" to pilot me to a railway station, so as to escape into the country; but there at six miles away the smoke turned to mist and smoke combined, so there was nothing to do but submit with the best grace possible. The roar in the streets, from being continuous and uniform, nearly ceased, or became spasmodic. The bewildered cabman's "hi!" with other exclamations, profane or otherwise, took the place of rumbling wheels. It was to me awful, and gave the impression of some grand natural phenomenon—not a local circumstance, as it really was.

At the end of two days, when a rain came and the fog rose, a friend living out on the high ground at Sydenham informed me that no fog to speak of was seen out there, only seven miles away.

Certain parts of London are much worse than others during a fog. I have passed into and out of the fog in Piccadilly as if passing through a streak of pure smoke—if smoke can be pure. Sometimes the fog will "lift" from some particular place in a few minutes, and then as suddenly return.

The time of coming on is usually about nine o'clock in the morning—that is, when it lifts during the night, as is common. Sometimes, however, it will remain thick and dense for a whole week, day and night. There seems to be no kind of forecast to warn people when a fog may come, or when it will go. In fact, the whole seems to depend upon barometrical pressure and the "cussedness" of the climate generally.

The chromatic changes of a London fog are never suspected until one sees by experience that the term does not mean mist. The pure white of water mist blended with ever-varying proportions of coal smoke, gives yellow, green, grey, white, and black.

The fog gives the cabman a rich harvest, and enables them to exercise that power of which they are most proud: that is, a knowledge by instinct of all the curious windings, turnings, and places in this modern Babylon. Most of all, however, is the suspension of regular fares a matter of interest to "cabby." The regulation shilling a mile can be expanded into "five bob," or a half sovereign, and the bargain which a cabman detests in ordinary times he now insists upon, for without it he may be cut off with a regular fare, fog or no fog.

The river Thames, which, in the ordinary course of American conceptions, should furnish the fog, seems to be no factor in the case; that is, for what a cockney would call a proper fog. The river, it is true, is sometimes covered with mist, so as to stop the omnibus-boats and other traffic; but the two things are distinct. The white fog or mist seems to rise out of the ground or come stealing around corners in an unsuspected manner. Clearly, it does not come from the river, unless immediately along the banks.

I have seen two dense fogs come and go within as many hours in the midland cities and towns of England, stopping for the time all wheel traffic. Sometimes a general fog comes on, extending for a hundred miles or more, so that railway signals are useless, and trains are moved by telegraph, and signaled by torpedoed placed on the track; and one who has ridden on a military train during our civil war, when no lights were permitted for fear of shots through the windows, will be reminded of the circumstance by the bang of torpedoed on an English railway during a fog.

CAL. A. FORNIA.

THE TRUTHFUL STORY-TELLER.

A farmer had some wheat stolen a few nights since, and he was so sure that he knew who the thief was, that he secured a warrant for a certain young man living near him. When the case came up for trial, the defendant said he could prove an *alibi*. In order to do this, he had brought in "his girl," a buxom lass of twenty-two. She took the stand, and swore that he sat up with her from seven o'clock in the evening until broad daylight next morning.

"People can very easily be mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I don't care—I know he was there," she replied.

"What did you talk about?"

"Love!" she promptly answered.

"What time did the old folks go to bed?"

"I give 'em the wink about ten."

"Sure he was there at midnight, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you sure?"

She blushed, looked over to her lover and laughed, and, getting a nod to go ahead, she said:

"Well, sir, just as the clock struck twelve, the old man jumped out of bed, up stairs, and hollered down: 'Sarah, yer mar wants some o' that catnip tea!' And we got such a start that we broke the back off the rocking-chair and went over backwards kerplunk!"

"Then the jury must understand that you were seated on Samuel's knee?"

"I object," put in Samuel's lawyer, and his honor remembered the days of his youth and sustained the objection.

An old gentleman from the East, of a clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver south in ante-railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not reassured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked for what they were.

"Perhaps you'll find out before you git to the Divide," was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly (it seemed to him) fierce-looking man, girded with a belt full of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out, this person, taking out a large flask, asked: "Stranger, do you irrigate?"

"If you mean drink, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our irrigating?"

"No sir." And they drank accordingly.

After a further distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand again asked: "Stranger, do you fumigate?"

"If you mean smoke, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?"

"No, sir." And they proceeded to smoke.

At the dining place, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprietor said: "Your bill's paid."

"Who paid it?"

"That man"—pointing to the supposed highwayman, who, on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied: "Not at all. You see, when we saw that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumigate, we knew that you was a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the church—you bet!" It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver.

A little Quincy urchin, who had just been the recipient of a good warming while bent over the maternal knee, sneaked around the corner and was giving vent to his feelings in words which were never learned in Sabbath-school, when a minister happened along.

"My son, my son," said the reverend gentleman, "do you not know that swearing is a great sin? You are a handsome boy, and everything about you indicates that you have been tenderly reared, and—"

"Tenderly reared!" roared the lad. "If mother would yank you across her knee and give you the 'rearin' she just give me, you wouldn't think it was so darned tender!"

The minister smiled sadly, and passed on.

Mr. John McElroy, of the *Toledo Blade*, who during the civil war was a prisoner in the hands of the Confederates, has published a book entitled *Andersonville*, which is described by those who have read it as the best and truest narrative of that horrible place that has yet been written. Here is Mr. McElroy's description of the arch-miscreant Winder and his accomplice Wirz:

"There rode in among us a few days after our arrival an old man, whose collar bore the wreathed stars of a major-general. Heavy white locks fell from beneath his slouched hat nearly to his shoulders. Sunken gray eyes, too dull and cold to light up, marked a hard, stony face, the salient feature of which was a thin-lipped, compressed mouth, with the corners drawn down deeply—the mouth which seems the world over to be the index of selfish, cruel, sulky malignance. This was John H. Winder, the malign genius who in August could point to 3,081 new-made graves for the month, and exultantly tell his hearers that he was doing more for the Confederacy than twenty regiments.

"Wirz was an undersized, fidgety man, with an insignificant face, and a mouth that protruded like a rabbit's. His bright little eyes, like those of a squirrel or a rat, assisted in giving his countenance a look of kinship to the family of rodent animals—a genus which lives by stealth and cunning. He was dressed in a pair of gray trousers, with the other part of his body covered with a calico garment like that which small boys used to wear, called 'waists.' Upon his head was perched a little gray cap. Sticking to his belt and fastened to his wrist by a strap two or three feet long, was one of those formidable-looking but harmless English revolvers that have ten barrels around the edge of the cylinder, and fire a musket-ball from the centre. Wirz was not a villain of large mental calibre, with a genius for cruelty. He was simply contemptible, from whatever point of view he was studied. Gnat-brained, cowardly, and feeble-natured, he had not a quality that commanded respect from any one who knew him. His cruelty did not seem designed so much as the ebullitions of a peevish, snarling little temper, united to a mind incapable of conceiving the results of his acts, or understanding the pain he was inflicting."

THE OTHER POETS.

An Arabian Love Song.

At the gates of the Orient stands
Zadel, Zidel;
And she clasps her lovely hands,
Zadel! Zadel!
For over the stormy tide
She waits for her lover to ride—
He is coming close to her side!
Zadel! Zadel!

Oh, swift is the Arab steed
Upon which Abuker rides!
And great is the charger's speed,
And long are his swinging strides.
But swifter the maiden's heart,
Goes out the rider to meet,
And faster it bears its part
Than the galloping of his feet.

O Zadel! Zadel! fair'st Arabian maiden,
Light of my harem, my houri;
Smile to me under the moon,
Zadel, Zadel, fair'st Arabian maiden!
Wait for me by the palm-trees
Sighing in love's soft swoon.
Zadel, Zadel, angels repeat the whispers
Where they were standing together
Under the fig's waving pride.
Charger and rider and maiden
Journey unperturbed forever
Over the sands where Abuker
Won her and made her his bride.
—E. N. Gunnison.

A Letter.

I am sitting alone in the garden to-day,
Though the summer is well nigh dead,
We have gathered the fruit and garnered the hay,
And the withering woods are red;
All the beds on the terrace are yet aglow,
And the roses are clustering still,
But the tender blossoms are all laid low,
And the evening breeze grows chill.

A time-serving robin comes chirruping near;
He is 'ware of a terrible day,
When the beds shall be bare and the woodlands sere,
So he chirrups, while chirrup he may.
The children are shouting, with kite and with ball,
Away by the hazel-wood lane,
And I—I have stolen away from them all,
Just to write to you once again.

But of what can I tell you, my only friend?
That I miss you by night and by day?
That the dreariest hours are those that I spend
Since the one when you journeyed away?
That your form seems beside me when others are by,
And your head on my bosom at night?
That regrets will arise and ambitions die—
Is it thus that you wish I should write?

But, as heedless of all these changes of thought,
Of this vast undercurrent of doubt,
We smiled and we sorrowed, we sold and we bought,
And we jested at dance and at rout;
There was never an echoed step on the stair,
Or a form at the turn of the street,
But my heart leapt up ready to greet you there,
And to thro' at the sound of your feet.

Yet here, where the bracken waves under the pine,
And the heather grows pink on the hill—
It is here, in this home that was yours and mine,
That your spirit seems lingering still;
And on days like this, when the summer is done,
And the children are gone to their play,
I can sit me down in the garden alone,
And say all that I hunger to say.

For it seems to me now, at the turn of the year,
Ere the tempests of winter blow,
I must send a "good-morrow" to you, my dear,
Even whether you hear it or no;
For it lightens my heart of some part of its woe,
And dries some of the tears that I weep,
Ere I seek for the worthiest blossoms that blow,
Which may die on the turf where you sleep.
—Violet Fane.

The Lost Kiss.

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gathered it up—where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl I had scolded,
'For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?
Come rowndyup up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'one little kiss for my dolly,
And un' little uzzer to me!'"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away,
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my memory forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.
—J. H.



Raymonde is a nice play; an excessively nice play—within the meaning of that word which imports a play of nasty ideas. Should the French literature of this century chance to be lost hereafter, it will be restored again in the remoter future, when evolution shall have qualified the Poodle race to produce a literature of its own.

At the Baldwin, *Raymonde* has been played more than admirably. A strong cast gave praiseworthy care to their several parts, and produced the play with a various completeness that calls for thankful recognition. Mr. Max Freeman divided with Miss Morris the honors of the success. *Raymonde* is cleverly contrived and well managed. The dramatic interest is lively and sustained; the characters are discriminated and individualized. In the title role, Miss Morris has a part that could not fail of being effective in the hands of an actress of half her powers. "M. Octave" owes much to the author; at the same time, few actors would have given it with half the effect of Mr. Freeman. His work, too, was of that nice sort in which the judicious joy is finished, like some Dutch pictures, with laborious minuteness, yet so masterly that there is no sense of the labor; and while Freeman's "M. Octave" is wrought out with extreme detail, the effect is that of simple ease. The range of this actor's powers may—or may not—prove to be a strained one; but he has given some warrant that, within it, they are of a high quality.

In taking leave of Miss Morris for a season, it would be only gracious to render some token as tribute to the much admirable work the lady has done for the public delight. It might also be improving to attempt some study of her method—some estimate of her gifts, and of the training she has bestowed on them—some instance of the good judgment, good sense, and good taste evinced in the management of all, and some definition of the limitations of her powers. And it is scarcely gracious to point to the distinct misuse she makes of these last, to the frequent bad taste in which her plays are selected, to the consequent waste and loss of all result from her performance, beyond that residuum which is left in the box-keeper's till. From time to time the public taste has its spasms of perversion, but they are very temporary. At one period it will run to leg business, at another to stage carpentry. Just at present it is showing a nice appreciation of tables, and is really critical of andirons. It is the manager's business to cater to each freak of these vagrom fancies, and fill his boxes and till. It is the actor's business no less to keep the same great aim in his eye; but it may be well for him to keep the other eye on the coming days when successively the leg, the locomotive, and the æsthetic chair are banished the stage, lest he then be found to lag superfluously there. In similar wise, Miss Morris may depend upon it that the fancy of the English-speaking public for, or their tolerance of, the Poodle drama, will prove fleeting. It is to be hoped that she will have prepared, against that time, something to take its place more worthy of herself and of the stage. Some of the work that is most peculiarly her own is of a kind hard to match, and which we ought not to lose, but it is a truth as certain as death or taxes that, at no distant date, she must be prepared with some different things—or go.

In "Brother Sam," it is brought home to one how much of the enjoyableness of Mr. Sothern's present engagement is due to his thoroughly admirable support. The comedy is fantastic, skirting the border of farce, with protracted raids across the line; and nothing short of excellent personation throughout the cast could save some portion of it from lapsing into mere frolicsome fooling. But it is more than saved, and a human reality preserved through all its freaks, by dint of good, sound acting. Mr. Sothern, whose work as work is of a high order regardless of the material he may be working in, is rich and delightful in "Brother Sam"; so rich and so delightful, in truth, as to provoke the question whether it was best worth his while to create this character, instead of giving, for example, a "Puff," or some other exemplar of our standard comedy? The question does not answer itself by any means. It will not be argued here, but it may be in order to point out that the practical turn of the same question is, Would it have paid Mr. S. as well peculiarly to have adopted "Puff" as to have created "Sam"? Of this question the actor himself is the ultimate judge, and it must be granted that he is probably the best qualified to decide it, as he is certainly most interested in the decision. The above test may not be the kind of test under which some would prefer to see the process of dramatic selection worked out. Under it, that which will be found to survive as the "fittest" would, in a period of per-

verted or degraded public taste, be a perverted or degraded drama. It is the principle of natural struggle for existence which has been to our English stage the law of its being, in contrast with that other principle of subsidy, under which the continental stage has been developed. Granting, now, that the success of "Brother Sam" has been greater than that of some standard comedy might have been, the fact affords no sign of vitiation in the public taste.

A confusion of thought is apt to creep in along with expressions like that just used—"standard," applied to our English drama. Aside from Shakespeare's, and a bare half-score of plays that have survived their contemporaries, the stage does not know—has never known, and never will know—any stable "standard" dramatic performances. The new plays of one generation become standard with the next, obsolescent with the third, and obsolete with the fourth. Just as "damns have had their day," so, too, in a sense, has the comedy from which that gem of speech is quoted. "Sir Affable Hawk" could not now be received with the acclaim accorded him by a public which had itself been the subject of the great railway mania. "Sir Charles Coldstream" was received by the society which sat for the portraits of Sir Leicester Dedlock and Lady Selina Vipont with the same natural rapture that was excited by "Dundreary" and his "Brother Sam" in audiences of whom Lady Tippins, Lord Decimus Barnacle, and the Prince of Wales are units. All of which is to say that the outward and visible aspect of "Dundreary" is as essentially a reflection of a possible phase of fashion in 1880 as that of "Coldstream," for example, was for a youth-time now gone bald-headed; as the maonors of a "Surface" were conceivable under the Regency, or those of a "Young Marlow" just one century ago. "Fitzaltamont," the crushed tragedian, reflects no passing fashion nor temporary social phase. Were the play good enough to maintain itself permanently on the stage, the part, as played by Sothern, is good enough to rank as a "standard" one, within the fullest meaning that that word may import.

This line of remark is not purely gratuitous, for even a judicious critic recently used the word "standard" in reference to the part of "Sir Charles Coldstream," in a collation showing that it was vaguely associated in his mind with the few surviving masterpieces of the Georgian era. Doubtless it is associated with his own early play-going days, and will thus present itself to his mind as venerable and hoary with accumulated years. For only actors read plays and know them by reading; others gaze upon the stage, behold, and indigest—then explain, expatiate, and expound. There is a collection of plays published under the title, *The Standard Drama*, in which the word is used with the same palpable oo-meaning, and the contents of which contribute to confound the confusion.

In this column, last week, an example of Mr. Sothern's acting was compared with a cancan-cutting. The comparison was not inapt, but it is now in order to add that, in handiwork of this kind, it is worth while to have some regard to fitness in the material operated upon. In *Dundreary Married and Settled*, the material was not worth working. "Dundreary" is a delightful personation—full of fine touches—of a living fellow-creature, with no more of exaggeration than may consist with a harmless and amiable eccentricity. *Dundreary Married* is something less than caricature. It is a personation of a personation, a similitude of a simulacrum. The piece is mere fooling, of a quality the reverse of excellent. To offer it at all is not altogether respectful to the public—however, it is not worth talking about.

Mr. Schmidt will do well to mitigate the elemental crasbes of his orchestra. One does not want the drums of ooe's ears brayed out.

Again there is a walking-match in progress at the Mechanics' Pavilion. The public pulse has, we presume, been carefully felt, and at the first symptoms of healthy reaction—that is to say, when it is again in a position to register so many half-dollar heats to the minute—it has been prescribed a course of Weston and O'Leary, to be followed by another go-as-you-please affair, open to both sexes. It is extremely complimentary to San Francisco that it should have been singled out as the exploiting ground of two such doughty champions of the saw-dust ellipse. It is a mark of appreciation, of kind feeling, of what not, on the part of the management, that should serve to draw out our warmest and heartiest sympathies toward the good cause, for, look you, Chicago, St. Louis, or even Cincinnati, might well have been honored with this strife of calves. Can we, by any possible means, lay the flattering unction to our souls that we are indebted for this honor to our climate? It would be so nice to do so. It is said that Westos skips, and flings, and prances, and hops down the saw-dust in his friskiest manner, recalling memories of spring lambs or spring chickens or something of that sort, while O'Leary, with set teeth, does his machine walking in the machioliest kind of way. Still we are dissatisfied, and have a right to be, that the arena is not graced by the calves, ankles, and tendons of the first person in the pedestrian trinity, Blower Brown. Yes, any management with any sense of what is due to itself and us, should certainly have provided us with Blower Brown.

An unpublished poem by Leopardi has been found.

CAPITAL SOCIETY.

SACRAMENTO, March 9, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—Did you ever see that self-caricature, by Nast, of the funny man in the last agonies of despair, trying to think of something funny? There he sits, with papers teeming with amusing pictures and laughable anecdotes strewn around him. An open letter on the table from the Harpers demanding something *funny* immediately; the perspiration rolling down his face; his hands tearing his hair; agony depicted on every feature; racking, torturing his brain for something to make this simple world giggle! Just imagine the situation of that man! Nothing could be more ludicrously horrible. Some old sage has said: "To be obliged to amuse the public! What a sad situation for a man who thinks." And we have no doubt but these jovial, laughing wits are at times the most wretchedly unhappy mortals.

You see that it is their reputation; they are expected to be witty, they must be witty, or they are a failure in society. And that is about all we think of the article or sketch that has amused or interested us—never think of the effort it has cost to produce it; and before we criticise never stop to think we could not do one-tenth as well. We feel a good deal to-day as the perspiring Nast did. Something must be said out of almost nothing.

However, something did happen of considerable importance to two people at least—Assemblyman Bruner and Miss Flint, both of Sacramento. Perhaps if we tell you of the meeting of the *Third House*, at the Capitol the other day, and the resolutions adopted by these envious Assemblymen, you'll know what this serious matter was. Well, you must know, because this Mr. Bruner is young and good-looking and altogether fine, and he made pretty Lillie Flint think so also, these sour-graped Assemblymen must go and talk about "an unwise and unscrupulous Providence removing from his seat a friend and brother, against the protestations of married members," and calling him a "kind and indulgent husband, but a tough citizen," and "another good man gone wrong." And they draped his desk in mourning, and a copy of the resolutions was sent to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts; and they offered prayers to the Lord for their brother in his hour of trial, asking Him to have mercy on his soul, and actually had the audacity to offer Mr. Bruner their sympathy! Sympathy! when their bald pates were green with envy!

We all went to Mrs. Colonel Haymond's last night. She entertained some of the legislators. Did we ever tell you about Mrs. Creed? She is one of our witty, pretty, bright little women, who has the knack of making you believe the evening would have been spoiled had you not honored her, and has all the rest of those little pleasantries that make up a good hostess—not a crowd, but just a couple of twenties, or so. Had some of the best singing we have heard this winter. There are half a dozen or so young singers here, who are a whole band of music by themselves. They are so obliging about it, too—never have colds, or no music, and are never out of practice. Crandall is the tenor. His voice is very pure, and he sings with taste and expression. After all, a fine tenor is "the" voice of them all. Mary Milliken, who studied in San Francisco, is a nightingale in the egg. Miss Wiltz sings sweetly, and Miss Jennie Wood's contralto is always pleasing. They all sang last night, which made the evening ten times more enjoyable. There was little dancing. A good supper was laid in the music-room, and everything "went merry as a marriage bell." Assemblyman Fox and his pretty daughter were there; also, Assemblyman Felton. We suppose the proper thing to say right here is, he's an unencumbered widower, a millionaire, and, we presume, necessarily "a great catch." How ridiculous! Though this Mr. Felton, we understand, is very much of a gentleman, with all his millions. Senator Baker, Senator Brown and wife, and Senator Dickenson, who never belies his name, for if any one has the dickens in him it's this same "gentleman from San Francisco." Judge Safford and wife were also present. Several of Mrs. Haymond's Sacramento friends also accepted of her hospitality—Major Beckman and wife, Albert Gallatin and wife, Mr. J. F. Sheehan and wife, the Misses Wilkins, Bernard, Seeley, and Felter, besides a few others.

Born of Fire.

Almost any pleasant Saturday evening, one standing near the junction of the Sutter and Larkin Street cable roads, at the hour of nine, may see two tall ladies in black, each with a book in hand, take leave of each other—not by kissing in the street before a crowd, but with a glance into each other's eyes and the words, from one to the other, "Shall I see you to-morrow?" One takes the Larkin-Street car, the other the Polk-Street. Both are tall. One has dark hair and large hazel eyes; the other has what was once golden hair, now sprinkled with gray, and large blue eyes, with an expression that says life's path has not all been strewn with flowers.

One who professes to know, says that the friendship existing between these two, which is so strong yet so undemonstrative in public places, was born of fire. On that awful October night in 1871, when Chicago for miles was in a blaze, these two ladies

found themselves in a doomed building, with egress through the ordinary passages and doorways cut off by the approaching flames. With a calmness born of despair, they tore the bedding from their adjoining rooms into strips, tied and twisted them together, and fastened one end of the improvised rope to the bedstead, drawn close to the window. Which descended first is known only to themselves. As soon as she (the first) approached the ground so that a jump or fall would not be fatal, one at the window, nearly suffocated with smoke and flame, trusted her weight to the rope, but before she reached the bottom the flames had caught it. She jumped, or rather fell, into the arms of her companion, who stood with open arms to receive her. With a few slight bruises, they made a hurried exit through an alley to the next street, and found their way to the shore of the lake. When there, safe from the fire, the reaction came, and it seemed for a time that death stood waiting still to claim his own. Such storatives as could be procured were administered for all were of one family on the lake shore! At dawn toward night, when the flames had abated, a friend home was offered these two ladies. After months' illness, brought on by the terrible strain upon the nervous system, they were pronounced "out of danger" by the faithful physician, who all these long weeks had scarcely left the bedside of the one expected to minister to the other. During the delirious convalescent upon the fever, each thought the other had perished in the flames, and the shrieks and moans were almost beyond the endurance of those who tended them. The day came when the physician said they were strong enough to see each other. Such a meeting! Such an embrace! Since that scarcely a day have they passed without seeing each other. They are not demonstrative in public, but this little incident, which occurred a few evenings ago, will show how true is this singular bond: an evening party a lady spoke of one of these ladies (who was absent) to a friend by her side, in the presence of the other. At the sound of the name she looked calmly into the lady's face, and said, "Madame, Miss ——— is my friend!" The lady blushed, and stammered out an apology. When the Chicago fire becomes the topic for conversation, will soon be discovered, that these two ladies are sisters—they have quietly left the room. M. H.

The following interesting details of the workings of the "Gothenburg system for Regulating the Liquor Traffic" is from a letter to a gentleman in this city written by Ernest L. Oppenheim, United States Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden:

"Roughly stated, the system consists of farming the liquor traffic to a company. The profits—interest and a small percentage to meet the necessary increase of the business—go to the public charitable institutions of the city and district. There seems sort of poetic justice in thus making the source of crime and misery contribute to their alleviation. The chief benefit of the system is found, of course, in substitution of a closely watched monopoly for individual liquor-sellers. The employees of the company have no direct interest in increasing their sales, as are forbidden, under penalties of dismissal, to sell minors or to intoxicated persons. Under the free system there existed in Gothenburg a great number of low, filthy haunts, each a nucleus of debauch and squalor, many of them habitual resorts for criminals. These have been replaced by roomy, airy, comfortable apartments. Even the first-class restaurants and the drinking-rooms at the hotels must be licensed by the company, though they are 'run' by their own employees, paying a tax upon the amount of their yearly sales. The system seems to work well, and the arrests for drunkenness have greatly increased during the past three years."

Sir William Harcourt's house in London recently took fire and the roof was destroyed. He was returning from Birmingham at the time, and on arrival met at the station by his son, a youth of fifteen known as "Lulu," who said to him: "If you please you are not to stop for your luggage, because the house is on fire," perhaps one of the coolest remarks on record. An hour before, one of the servants sought his young master and said to him: "Sir, you please tell Lady Harcourt that the house is on fire?" The boy instantly ran up to the mother, brought down the baby, laid him on his mother's lap and then delivered his message—one of the prettiest and most thoughtful things ever done by a boy of age.

Mr. George H. Jessop, formerly of this city, written a new comedy-farce called *Common Traveler*, and has already disposed of it to Mr. M. Hill. Mr. Jessop has also written a comedy Mr. J. B. Polk, which he has named *A Gentleman from Nevada*. Both of the plays are said to be bright, fluent, full of plot and incident, and to contain several good eccentric characters. Those in the city who remember what a bright, genial fellow Jessop was while one of us, will be glad to hear of his success.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is solemnly reported to have engaged the exclusive services of one of the most celebrated Parisian dressmakers, so that there might be no duplicates of her gowns.

Our girls of the period have an amount of energy and ambition that would ensure a brilliant future to the relative possessed of as much. For instance, the foremost society girls of Washington, the Everts, for example, "no matter how late their engagements may have detained them the previous night," get up early in the morning to study art, music, languages, whatever branch their tastes lead them to cultivate; and the same is equally true of young ladies of whose lively lives our readers have a more accurate information than that promulgated by the Washington correspondent. The word "society" girl is, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, a title honorable to the holder.

All monthly prostration and suffering by ladies is avoided by using Hop Bitters a few days in advance.

Epitaphy.

Here lie the remains of Mary Jane Lowder, Who burst whilst drinking a Seidlitz powder, Called from this world to her heavenly rest, She should have waited till it effervesced.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES will not only supply the waste going on in the brain, but will enable the mind to endure a greater tax than before. It will impart vigor and promote clear conceptions to the intellect. It will strengthen the nerves, and give power to all involuntary as well as the voluntary muscles of the body.

Waldpeters—"One loves most the first time, but not the second." *Nestor Roguelan*—"When a man takes a false step, her first care is not to cover herself, but to get other women to follow her." *Alphonse Karr*—"The woman who writes commits two wrongs: she increases the number of books, and diminishes the number of women." *Shelley*—"A lover sure that he is loved, cares no more to make himself agreeable."

The "Catalogue of Hats for 1880," issued by Herrmann, No. 336 Kearny Street, is the finest which an enterprising hatter has yet issued. Besides the regular trade illustrations, which are graphic and full, there are a number of miscellaneous woodcuts, designed to delight the imagination and sensibilities of the young people into whose household the catalogue finds its way.

Lafayette is all "tore up" over the appalling fact that the doctors claimed the body of a friendless barber under the late law, for scientific purposes. Time sets all things even. The barber may have been guilty of scraping the doctors' chins with dull razor, while they may now chalk out his veins and muscles, and deliberately take their sweet revenge.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had having been in his hands by an East India missionary the mulla of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Cough, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, to a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

ard week and overwhelming success of the Comedy Season.

MR. SOTHERN

And his

COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

Sothern in two of his greatest characterizations at each performance, to commence with the 3 act comedy entitled:

UNDREARY'S BROTHER SAM.

Followed by Mr. Sothern's Original Farce:

UNDREARY MARRIED AND SETTLED.

This Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

is Saturday and to-morrow (Sunday) evenings for the LAST TIME.

In preparation,

DAVID GARRICK, HOME,

.....AND.....

THE HORNET'S NEST.

THE BALDWIN THEATRE.

OMAS MAQUIRE.....MANAGER.
M. EBERLE.....STAGE MANAGER.

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Of the Engagement of

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13,

Last Clara Morris Matinee. Last performance of

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And Positively Last Appearance of

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MR. HARRY PEAKES.

The charming English Opera,

MARTHA.

Sunday evening, March 14,

THE TWO ORPHANS.

Monday, March 15,

THE TWO ROSES.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., March 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 13, of Seventy-five (75) cents per share, was declared, payable on FRIDAY, March 12, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETO-
fore existing between J. V. Hart and W. W. Phelps, under the firm name of Hart & Phelps, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent.
J. V. HART.
W. W. PHELPS.

Mr. J. V. Hart can be found at No. 27 Second Street. SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10, 1880.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE
of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at No. 327 Pine Street, in the city of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. HENRY A. NEWTON,
Adm'r of the Estate of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 10, 1880.
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THE OLD MAN GOES TO TOWN.

Well, wife, I've been to 'Frisco, an' I called to see the boys. I'm tired, an' more'n half deafened with the travel an' the noise; So I'll sit down by the chimney, and rest my weary bones, And tell how I was treated by our 'ristocratic sons.

As soon's I reached the city, I hunted up our Dan— Ye know he's now a celebrated wholesale business man. I walked down from the deepo—but Dan keeps a country seat— An' I thought to go home with him, an' rest my weary feet.

All the way I kep' a thinkin' how famous it 'ud be To go 'round the town together—my grown-up boy an' me— An' remember the old times, when my little "curly head" Used to cry out "Good-night, papa!" from his little trundle-bed.

I never thought a minit that he wouldn't want to see His gray an' worn old father, or would be ashamed of me. So when I seen his office, with a sign writ out in gold, I walked in 'thout knockin'—but the old man was too hold.

Dan was settin' by a table, an' a-writin' in a book. He knowed me in a second; but he give me *such* a look! He never said a word o' you, but axed about the grain, An' ef I thought the valley didn't need a little rain.

I didn't stay a great while, but inquired after Roh. Dan said he lived upon a hill—I think they call it Noh; An' when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost broke me down, Said, "Call an' see me, won't ye, whenever you're in town?"

It was rather late that evenin' when I found our Robert's house; There was music, lights, and dancin' and a mighty big carouse. At the door a nigger met me, an' he grinned from ear to ear, Sayin', "Keeds ob invitation, or you nebber git in here."

I said I was Roh's father; an', with another grin, The nigger left me stan'in' and disappeared within. Roh came out on the porch—he didn't order me away; But said he hoped to see me at his office the next day.

Then I started fur a tavern, fur I knowed there, anyway, They wouldn't turn me out so long's I'd money fur to pay. An' Rob an' Dan had left me about the streets to roam, An' neither o' 'em axed me if I'd money to git home.

It may be the way o' rich folks—I don't say 'at it is not— But we remember some things: Roh and Dan have quite forgot. We didn't quite expect this, wife, when, twenty years ago, We mortgaged the old homestead to give Rob an' Dan a show.

I didn't look fur Charley, but I happened just to meet Him with a lot o' friends o' his'n, a-comin' down the street. I thought I'd pass on by him, for fear our youngest son Would show he was askamed o' me, as Roh and Dan had done.

But snon as Charley seen me, he, right afore 'em all, Said: "God bless me, there's my father!" as loud as he could bawl. Then he introduced me to his frien's, and sent 'em all away. Tellin' 'em he'd see 'em later, but was busy for that day.

Then he took me out to dinner, an' he axed about the bouse, About you an' Sally's baby, an' the chickens, pigs, an' cows; He axed about his brothers, addin' that 'twas rather queer, But he hadn't seen one uv 'em fur mighty nigh a year.

Then he took me to his lodgin', in an attic four stairs high— He said he liked it better 'cause 'twas nearer to the sky. An' he said: "I've only one room, but my bed is pretty wide." An' so we slep' together, me an' Charley, side by side.

Next day we went together to the great Mechanics' Fair, An' some o' Charley's picters was on exhibition there. He said if he could sell 'em, which he hoped to, pretty soon, He'd make us all a visit, an' "be richer than Muldoon."

An' so two days an' nights we passed, an', when I come away, Poor Charley said the time was short, an' begged me fur to stay. Then he took me in a buggy an' druv' me to the train, An' said in just a little while he'd see us all again.

You know we thought our Charley would never come to much; He was always readin' novels an' poetry an' such. There was nothing on the farm he ever seemed to want to do, An' when he took to paintin' he disgusted me clear through!

So we gave to Rob and Dan all we had to call our own, An' left poor Charley penniless to make his way alone; He's only a poor painter; Rob an' Dan are rich as sin: But Charley's worth the pair o' 'em, with all their gold throwed in.

Those two grand men, dear wife, were once our prattling babes—an' yet It seems as if a mighty gulf 'twixt them an' us is set; An' they'll never know the old folks till life's troubled journey's past, An' rich an' poor are equal underneath the sod at last.

An' maybe when we all meet on the resurrection morn, With our earthly glories fallen, like the husks from the ripe corn, When the righteous Son of Man the awful sentence shall have said, The brightest crown that's shining there may be on Charley's head.

STOCKTON, February 12, 1880.

J. G. SWINNERTON.

The Press of San Francisco.

The *Argonaut* says if the daily journals of San Francisco would cease to report the speeches made on the sand-lots it would not be thirty days until no more speeches would be made there. This is probably true. Had the same course been adopted at first, Kearney and Kearneyism would long ago have been forgotten. But the managers of the San Francisco journals thought best to make reports of the performances on the sand-lots a feature of their papers, and at the same time two or three of them undertook to make prestige and coin by courting the good will of the scurvy crowd. Further, almost all the San Francisco journals were at the same time doing what they could to destroy the confidence of the masses in the public men and corporations of California. The *Call* and *Bulletin* waged unceasing war upon the Spring Valley Water Company and its officers; the *Chronicle* pursued, like a sleuth-hound, the mining industry of the coast, and daily pictured the leading mine managers and prominent Republican politicians as thieves. The effort to redeem the barren lands of Kern County, by means of costly irrigation works, was proclaimed a gigantic steal; the Central Pacific Railroad Company, while discriminating in a way to build up San Francisco and California, was declared to be an utterly soulless corporation; all the troubles of the poor were laid at the door of the Chinese, when it was apparent, all the time, that the men who waited for work were not competent to take the places of the Chinamen in case of the discharge of the Mongolians. And the final result was that a new Constitution was demanded, that the monopoly in lands might be broken, that a comprehensive system of irrigation might be inaugurated, that the money of the rich might be made to bear the burdens of taxation, that the railroads might

be brought under the direction of the State, and that mining, through the help of the stock board, might be destroyed. The new organic law was prepared and ratified, though it does not interfere with the monopoly in land, though it is a check rather than a help to any irrigation project, and though, instead of curbing the power of the railroads, it in reality removes all restraints upon them. It does, however, seriously cripple quartz mining, and generally is such a menace to capital that, according to the *Argonaut*, sixty million dollars in money has been withdrawn from the State within a year past, while during that period not an enterprise of any magnitude has been organized in the State. This is what a dishonest press can accomplish for a State; this is what the so-called leading journals of San Francisco have done for California during the last three years. In lieu of sixty million dollars, already sent away, it has secured Kearney and Kallloch to California; in lieu of the general prosperity which was the rule there years ago, a hundred avenues of labor have been closed and not one opened, and while the men who have money dare not invest it the poor clamor for work. The power of the press has been wonderfully exhibited, but the result to the State is not entirely satisfactory, nevertheless. —*Territorial Enterprise*.

The Friend of Pericles.

All educated men, and many women, feel an interest in the character of Aspasia, who has been much misrepresented and generally misunderstood, even by students of Grecian history. She has generally been portrayed as what the Athenians called a *hetaira*, or woman of the outcast class, which she by no means was, and never was so considered. Recent investigations have placed the most remarkable woman of antiquity in a truer and better light. She was born at Miletus, a city of Asia Minor, situated in the northern part of Caria, but politically belonging to the Ionian Confederacy. She was, therefore, a foreigner, and the fact that in Athens all foreign women were equally disesteemed, and that their children, even when born in wedlock, were always regarded as illegitimate, has given her an odiously false reputation. She was not at all conventional, for conventionality demanded that Athenian matrons should remain within the seclusion of their own homes. After her marriage to Pericles, who had parted from his first wife with her own full consent, her house became the resort of all the learned and distinguished men—Socrates among the rest—of the polite capital. Her husband, whom the Athenian law, strictly construed, would not have recognized as such, was honored with the title of Olympian Jove, and she was designated as Juno. Her eloquence and familiarity with politics were extraordinary, and her great gifts naturally excited envy. The comic and other authors have done her great injustice. Hermippus, the comedian, profited by a brief irritation of the Athenians against Pericles to accuse his wife of impiety, but her husband's eloquence procured a triumphant acquittal of the malicious charges. Her influence over Pericles, though necessarily strong, has evidently been exaggerated, and even caricatured. Aristophanes has declared that she was the cause of the Samian and Peloponnesian wars; but Plutarch vindicates her from the calumny, and Thucydides, who furnishes minute details of the latter contest, does not mention her name in connection with it. Her marriage to Lycicles, a cattle-dealer, after Pericles's death, has been used to her disadvantage, and an attempt made to show her mental and moral decline. But Lycicles was a considerable personage, and cattle-dealing was not only a lucrative but a dignified and important calling in ancient Greece, and through her he rose to eminence. The life of Aspasia needs to be newly written.

The Empress of Austria.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria has perfect health, the spirits of a child, and the bloom of youth, and it has come from her constant exercise in the open air and on horseback. Let our weak-nerved women, who shun exercise and God's pure air as an evil spirit, take note. Since the queen is at Godole, races and fairs have been established in the neighborhood, and she is one of the most frequent visitors and patrons. General Grant is not a better judge of a horse's fine points than she, and Rosa Bonheur does not take more pleasure in fine groupings of blooded beasts than does the Queen of the Magyars. Elizabeth is an early riser; five o'clock sees her at breakfast, and an hour afterward, no matter where she happens to be stopping, she is in the saddle or walking in the open air. Her habits of life are perfectly simple and regular. Not a woman lives less ostentatiously than she when away from the ceremonious court. She believes that her open-air exercises have kept her healthy. To the poor she is a silent and constant friend, and many are the noble acts that might be related of her majesty in every quarter where she has been. Yearly, however, her magnificent steeds—a stud of them, some forty in number—are hurried into the cars, and she is off for the foxes in Ireland. The fox-hunt over, she is back to the quiet of Godole. In the affairs of state she concerns herself not at all. This is her husband's business, and his ministers', and the whole Hungarian people say amen; for they would rather see their queen following the hounds than see her mixed up with the politics of the state. The pictures one sees of the empress, striking as they are, do not do her justice. The best of them are not half so beautiful as she. In appearance, she is everybody's ideal of a queen. She is tall and slender, and in every movement is grace and majesty itself. She has dark-brown hair, and more of it than any other woman in her empire—and Austria is famous, too, for the beautiful hair of its women. It is cut square, or "banged," across a square forehead, and fringed above a pair of splendid eyes as dark as itself. When flowing, this wealth of brown hair reaches nearly to her feet. Her complexion is fair, her face slightly oval, and her figure is excellent in its curves and outline. She knows how to dress, and how to wear jewels, and how to look even handsomer than she is. But when she would look very handsome she mounts her fine chestnut mare, lets her hair to the winds, gives her steed the rein, and then everybody thinks if there is a Diana anywhere any more it is this empress—this grandmother—dashing down the Prater.

VIVE LE CONFORT.

Monsieur had the audacity to marry on an income of eight hundred francs. After several months of house-keeping, his employer conceived the excellent idea of doubling his salary, thereby making him the happiest of husbands. Madame belonged to that category of women who, by reason of a frivolous education, have become frivolous in character, in style, and in manner. She was one of those pastry-eating creatures who daily gorge themselves with sweets. She was as incapable of buying a chicken, without paying double the price, as of sewing a hutton on a garment. Embroidery, music (and such music!), with fashionable drives and the daily promenade, engrossed all her attention. What a congenial couple! Ah! I forgot the baby, but he was so small, nobody ever saw him. He was with his nurse. All this by way of introduction.

SCENE I.

Monsieur (alone, and with an air of satisfaction).—"Curious! Very curious! Excessively curious! My wife is a perfect treasure! What luck, when all my friends are so badly married, to have won such a pearl! Economical, careful, and with that elegant manner which is so flattering. I often say to her:

"What! another new dress?" "Why, no," she replies, kissing me; 'it is an old one—a very old one—that I have had made over; it cost in all only twenty-five centimes.'

"The fact is, I have never seen a woman dress so well on nothing. A *chiffon* here, a ribbon there, and one would swear he saw a Worth creation."

"The number of people jealous of my happiness is marvelous. In the street everybody looks at us—at my wife with admiration, and at me with envy. But that is pleasing. I have a wife who keeps my house in luxury and comfort. She is a fairy. What science in marketing! *Mon Dieu!* here is her account book:

	Francs.	Cms.
Two pigeons.....	1	1
Trimming fur hat.....	2	35
Butter for the month.....	3	80
Bread, salt, and vegetables for month.....	3	50
One pair of boots.....	6	95
Butcher's bill for month.....	32	00
Matches.....		10
Quarterly bill from Mlle. Longplume (dressmaker).....	27	50
One chicken.....	1	15

"Now, I ask if there are two women in the world capable of buying a chicken for fifteen cents? What a treasure!" (kissing passionately the account book.)

SCENE II.

Enter madame, very richly dressed. "Bon jour, my dear. What! another new toilet?" "Why, no. Don't you recognize it? It is the one I wore the day after our marriage. I have brightened it up with some trimming, at twenty-nine cents a yard." Monsieur (to his imaginary public).—"There, what did I tell you?" (To Madame).—"My dear, you are a treasure (kisses). But I must go." Madame.—"Good-hye, sweetheart."

SCENE III.

Justine.—"Madame, a seamstress." Seamstress.—"Madame, I called to collect the bill for Mlle. Longplume." Madame.—"Have you the bill?" Seamstress.—"Yes, madame, here it is." Madame.—"Very well; two thousand seven hundred and fifty francs." Correct. Come back in two hours, and bring me another bill, receipted, for 27 francs 50 centimes." Seamstress.—"Yes, madame." (Exit.) Madame seats herself at a writing desk:

"MY DEAR BIG BABY:—How disagreeable these dressmakers are. They are always wanting money. Here is the bill for the two last toilets you so much admired. Send immediately the amount necessary to settle it. A thousand kisses from your little pet, AMANNE."

"Justine, take this note immediately, and bring the answer." (Exit Justine.)

SCENE IV.

Enter Monsieur, with a preoccupied air. "Singular, very singular! Excessively singular! I have just seen in a show window a dress exactly like my wife's. That is not especially singular, but the price—970 francs! That is the singular part of it. True, she does get everything at a low figure, but is it possible that she got that for twenty-nine centimes a yard?"

SCENE V.

Enter Justine. "Madame! Madame! here is the answer. (Interrupting herself.) Monsieur! I thought madame was here."

Monsieur.—"The answer—what answer? Give it to me and leave the room." (Justine departs.)

Monsieur, after having read it, falls stupefied into an arm-chair. "Ah! the miserable creature, to deceive me thus—and I so trusting, so good, but not rich enough—I shall kill them." (Growing calmer.)

"How stupid I am! What do I gain by making a fuss? Nothing. What have I to lose? Everything—my ease, my comfort, my good table, my pretty wife, who, after all, only acts for the good of her house. Decidedly best to say nothing about it."

Resealing the letter. "Justine!" (Enter Justine.)

"Here is the letter that I took from you a few minutes ago. I have not opened it. Give it to your mistress as soon as she comes in." (Alone and rubbing his hands.) "Comfort is such a nice thing. It seems to me I recognized the handwriting of my employer. Singular! Excessively singular!" —*From the French—of course.*

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1880.

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THE LIGHT RUNNING
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CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth day of February, 1880, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

POTOSI MINING COMPANY.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fifth day of February, 1880, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of March, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the first (1st) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING
Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth (8th) day of March, 1880, an assessment (No. 62) of Two (\$2) Dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
E. L. PARKER, Secretary.
Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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PRICE, TEN CENTS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SNAKES.

"He mowed all round, at length did feel
A pizing serpent bite his heel."

—Old Yankee Ballad.

It is time for the *Argonaut* to awaken to the scientific needs of the hour. Mr. Huxley of England, as well as other profound philosophers and naturalists, in different spheres of the scientific world, are after snakes. I, too, know something about them. I know nearly as much about snakes as I do about ants; and I hope your readers have not forgotten all of what I told them upon the latter subject some months ago.

I have been acquainted with a great many snakes—in the grass and otherwise—but I never yet knew one to love him. Which is pious prejudice. The prejudice is pious because we get it from Moses. Moses was a snakist. What he did not know about the snake of his times was hardly worth putting into the Five Books.

According to the great law-giver, the Divinity, with whom he was on intimate speaking terms, was also an expert among serpents. Why there was need for this to be so the man of much meekness does not explain. It is plain, however, that he wishes us to think that a display of snake lore was potent in overawing the unregenerate Egyptian and recalcitrant Israelite. His stories, however, are not consistent, which lack of consistency leads me to infer that he is the father of that style of literature, now somewhat popular in the American newspaper, known as "snake stories;" for in these "snake stories" there is a painful absence of the element of truth, which has, so to speak, a strong Mosaic odor.

In his first snake story, the son-in-law of Jethro tells us: "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." At this epoch in the Mosaic reptilian era, it appears that the serpent could stand up, and express himself in choice Hebrew; that he could talk elegant small-talk to a young woman who had no clothing whatever upon her beauteous person. This latter is good evidence that, even if he could stand up and converse well, he was no man. I shall offer no testimony in proof of my statement—that he was not a man—but I appeal, after the manner of a pull-back orator at a woman's rights convention, to every member of my sex. Am I not right, gentlemen? Of course I am.

The next scene in the history of the Mosaic snake is where he started the Horticultural Society, and delivered the first—the original—inaugural address, entitled "Fruits and Fruit-trees of Eden." His address was a success, and had a powerful effect upon his audience. In fact, without the least profanity, I may say he raised hell. After his polemical performance he was stricken to the earth with these memorable words, to wit: "Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life"—which proves beyond a doubt (in the mind of Moses) that if the serpent was not a snake previous to this curse, he became so at once and forever. It also helps to prove the doctrine of "evolution," because if the serpent—being a snake—ate dust for a constant diet in the time of Moses, he has evidently evolved since. The snake of to-day will not, does not, and can not eat dust. He will not eat it because he has no taste for it; he does not eat it because he don't; he can not eat it because he depends upon a slippery salivary swallowing apparatus in deglutating his dinner, in which dust is about as needful as sand in the eye.

Also, I would like to say, though I don't know much about her, that "lovely woman," too, has evolved since the day of the memorable scenes above referred to, because in the supposed climate of Eden, which we may say was north of thirty degrees (30°) north latitude, and therefore not tropical, no woman of this era, or of any era since Herodotus bought vegetables in the market gardens of Babylon upward of twenty-three hundred years ago, could be induced or ridiculed into going about, shivering, naked in the cold—Eden or no Eden—while her husband was boss of such a ranch as Adam had. Moses may have understood serpents, but he did not *sabe* women. Or else—the doctrine of evolution is true, and women and snakes, who according to Moses used to be on intimate terms, are living proofs that it is true.

The next appearance of the Mosaic reptile is in an interview which Moses says he had with the principal Divinity of the Mosaic mythology. The Divinity desired Mr. Moses to enter the land of Pharaoh and institute the second-hand jewelry and ready-made clothing business by inducing the women of Israel to borrow all the good clothes in Egypt, as well as all the precious ornaments of the inhabitants. But Moses said:

"What's the use? They don't believe a word I say about divinities."

"What is that in thine hand?"

"A rod."

"Cast it on the ground."

So Moses did cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and "Moses fled from before it." Which does not argue well for the courage of Moses at that period of his life. But the Divinity said:

"Put forth thine hand and take him by the tail."

Now, as the man Moses had left his shoes at the foot

of the hill, we are compelled to infer that he was barefooted, as there is nothing said about socks; and for a barefooted man to sail in and wrestle with a snake on the top of a hill, it is risky business; though I have done it myself with a rattler, in the dark, when he came into our mining cabin. But Moses pranced round till he got the serpent by the tail, and lo! "It became a rod in his hand." Now, with all due deference to Moses, the holy book of Exodus, and all the Children of Israel, I venture to say that I can find a snake out in the sage-brush country upon which no Israelite can play that game, even though backed by all the divinities in *all* the books. I arise on behalf of the snake. Justice is my plea. Let us have the facts. "A decent respect for the opinions of mankind" requires us to give the snake a chance, if we are going to call him into history.

From the top of Mount Horeb, the snake figures all the way, more or less, through the sacred writings of the Israelites and Judeans. From Genesis to Revelations he wriggles and winds, in and out, through the whole plan of salvation, then turns to an old dragon and sinks into the bottomless pit. It is a picturesque history, but it does not agree with the facts. From reading it in our youth, and hearing it at all times, we derive much of our fear and horror of many innocent reptiles. So, also, from it we get false, useless information regarding the creeping things in nature.

A snake is not the most subtle nor the most cunning of beasts. A coyote can give him many points and then discount him.

Once near Cortez, Nevada, in the sage-brush, I watched, with a strongly magnifying field-glass, a coyote and a rattlesnake. If a rattlesnake, on the approach of danger, can have time to crawl into a bush, or in between stones, he will do so; and there, coiling himself into a pile from which he erects his head and tail, he will usually, but not always, work his rattler vigorously; but he will always in such cases be ready to strike, rattle or no rattle. I say "to strike," for snakes do not bite, in any proper sense: they strike like a whip-lash—only big end foremost, and the stinger, instead of being the lash-point, is two sharp, slightly hooked fangs in the roof of the snake's mouth, well forward, under the point of his nose.

Now the snake, when coiled up, is somewhat like a steel watch-spring—when he chooses to be—and, also, he has a twist-and-untwist motion in his power, whereby he can throw himself out straight. This ability to straighten himself instantly, in any direction, is about all the springing or jumping power I have ever been able to get out of him: on level ground or down grade of course he might do a little better; up-grade, *vice versa*. The instant after a snake strikes he is helpless until he can coil, or partly coil, again.

Knowing these facts, I was watching the coyote. He was busily tracking a jack-rabbit, as a pointer tracks quail, and he was eager and excited in the chase, when suddenly, from no cause that I could see or hear at the distance I was from him, he jumped about three feet up into the air, and when he came down he had given up the rabbit, and was stepping about very warily around some object in a clear, naked, gravelly space among the sage-bushes. Changing my position a little, I could see a large rattlesnake coiled, with his head erect, near the middle of the clear space. The coyote walked around and around him, stripping his white teeth at him, jumped high over him, pretended several times to leave him and go away, but was careful each time to halt behind a bush and watch the snake. Evidently the canine wanted the reptile to straighten out and start off on his travels. But the snake seemed to feel his danger, and kept carefully in coil. At length the coyote seemed to conclude that the rabbit he was hunting when the snake interrupted him was now far away, and he must needs have snake-steak for supper; so he sat down on his haunches opposite the snake, just beyond reach of what he carefully calculated was the snake's full length; and there he remained for some time, teasing and taunting the reptile by various feints of attack and other manoeuvres. He would strike inside the limits, first with one paw, then with the other; then he would stretch out his head, strip his brilliant white teeth, turn up his nose, and sniff contemptuously at the snake, which, with arched neck and carefully poised head, followed with its cold round eyes every movement of the enemy. At last, becoming impatient, and desperate perhaps, the coyote drew as near to the serpent as it was possible for him to do with any hope of escaping the stroke of the fangs. Here he stood, on all four of his feet, with nerves strung to a high pitch. The snake still arched its neck, quivered its rattles, and eyed the coyote. The coyote would make a sudden feint, which the snake would parry in his different style. This long-range combat of eye-to-eye they kept up for some time. At last the coyote leaped—not upon the snake, as he pretended he was about to leap—but high in the air. The snake struck with full force for the place where the coyote had stood, but the beast was not there at that instant; and in the next instant, before the reptile could re-coil, the coyote had him by the neck and the life was shaken out of him. In about three minutes more the snake was in the digestive apparatus of the coyote. At least I saw him torn to pieces, and when I arrived on the spot there was every evidence that he had been eaten.

The much-vaunted subtlety of the serpent in the Judean mythology points steadily to some squirming reptilian country as being the birthplace—or "second-birth" place—of what we call our religion. This former country of vermicular horrors was, possibly, inhabited by a race akin to the

Jim-jams, and may have been upon some rank and verdurous island or continent, prior to the Glacial Period; but, most likely, the ante-Mosaic remnant of it was located in the snaky portion of what is now known as the British Empire, to wit, India. Tropical Africa is also said to be a snaky-iferous region, but there is not so much animal venom to the square foot anywhere as there is in India. Thousands of people die yearly in that country from "snake-bites," and the happiness of man there has ever been very much marred by the society of crawling things; hence the ancient faith of India is full of snakes and the subtlety of serpents. Egypt also comes into history with a heavy delegation of traditional crawlers. And, as we probably get our fearful faith from India and from Egypt, the serpentine mythology of Moses is accounted for; but that does not account for the sacred subtlety of the snake. Egyptian literature is full of snakes. Everybody can certainly have read or seen the engravings of the serpents in the ancient coronets of the Nile. Everybody has read or heard of Mrs. Ptolemy and the asp; which is a very ancient story, a very salacious yarn, and therefore pawed all over by the poets. I care little about old Mrs. Ptolemy, but I am interested in the asp, hence I give the true story, as follows:

She put him to her bosom,
Then she pinched his little tail;
The serpent gave a wiggle
And the sorceress a wail,
And then she cried "O Antony!"
And turned exceeding pale—
But the serpent died instant,
While the harlot went to jail.

The story shows conclusively that Mrs. Ptolemy (*née* Cleopatra), although a student of reptilian sorcery, as Moses was, did not *sabe* real snakes; because, when a small serpent is sufficiently calm and amiable to permit itself to be placed on a bad old woman's bosom, or upon a bare, warm arm, it is not going to strike that bosom or that arm. Small snakes only strike large game to save themselves from being trampled on, or otherwise crushed. The error arises from the false supposition that a snake can bite like a dog, or other incising or masticating animal. A snake swallows everything whole—he bites nothing. Some snakes have small sharp teeth, inclining backward, like fish teeth, for the purpose of preventing the saliva-slimed morsel from slipping out of the grasp and suction of the swallowing power; but these little teeth are not poisonous, even in the most venomous mouth. It is the striking fangs only which contain poison; and these, when not in use, are neatly folded back flat in the roof of the mouth.

But all this does not account for the vaunted and sacred subtlety of the serpent. Does it? No! Why? Because the serpent is the stupidest and least subtle of all beasts. He has very little more brain in proportion to his weight than has an angle-worm. The great talent of the snake is fear; hence his love of solitude and silence.

All the talk we hear and the gush we read about the charming power—the fascinating force—of the serpent, is error. We read of how the bird flutters around and hovers over the uplifted head of the coiled serpent, drawing nearer and nearer and nearer to the fascinating eye of the deadly charmer, until struck at last by the poisonous fangs it falls a victim to its shining foe. Oh, it is a horribly beautiful story, but it is all bosh.

The brave little bird is fighting for her family, or else is trying to get her eggs or her young and tender darlings out of the cowardly maw of the reptile which has swallowed them while she was away from home attending to business. That's what's the matter. The little bird knows full well where her dear ones have gone to, but she does not know they can never be restored to her; hence she fights the snake until he is compelled to strike his fangs into her to protect his own eyes. Sometimes he must strike often before his desperate little foe is defeated, because, aside from the protecting mail of feathers, nearly all birds have a trick of darting a wing across the breast for a shield.

I sold a subtle old sow to the butcher because, although a valuable breeder, she was a hen-charmer. She would gobble up a hen's little chickens, and then, when the hen fluttered about her nose, she would calmly keep her hog eyes on that hen, until the hen, becoming more and more reckless in her matronly grief, came near enough to be caught and torn to pieces and eaten. From this point of view, snake fascination is a very thin humbug.

If any snake wants to prove to me that he is a charmer let him try it on a hog, or a coyote, or a "road-runner," or a blue crane, or—or—or—a skunk.

Of course I do not delight in destroying these sacred and thrilling fictions, but we all owe some duty to the truth, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to do my duty, when I feel like it.

I do not wish to do the reptile any injustice, for, certes, he has been enough slandered already. He has some virtues. He swallows rats and mice. I am afraid the rats and mice will differ with me in parading this among his virtues, but no one writer can please all classes. He does not drink; therefore he is oblivious to the wine interest of California. When you say to your friend: "I don't drink," it is not good form for him to respond: "Neither does a snake." Perhaps a water-snake may take a nip once in a while, but other serpents are total abstainers, so far as I can tell. A rattlesnake will make himself and interesting

fectly comfortable in the geographical middle of the dryest desert in America; but so will lizards and horned-toads.

I have roughly dissected the heads of many sorts of snakes, and am led to believe that, while there are not many which are what we call poisonous, still they all have striking fangs. I have heard that some of the constrictors have no striking fangs, but I do not believe it. I have seen the black-snake of the Ohio Valley—which is a constrictor—strike just as other snakes do. In fact, I never yet saw a healthy, hungry snake of any kind, in the United States, that failed to strike when aroused; therefore he has something to strike with.

In one sense, all the snakes that ever I saw are poisonous: that is, they all have some medicine which helps them to capture their prey. In some, perhaps it is merely a narcotic power, like that of hypodermic injections of morphia, and affects only certain animals.

Comparatively few United States snakes are poisonous to man, or to man's intellectual friend, the hog. In a great number of species known to me I can remember only the following: the rattlers, the copperheads, the moccasins, the cotton-mouths, the (so-called) adders, and a nameless little dark-brown snake in the sage-brush country.

I wish to note here that the *tone* of color in all reptilian life depends upon and is affected by the colors of its environment. Lizards, snakes, etc., inhabiting the black lava-beds incline to blackness; those in the sage-brush valleys to drab or ashen color, though they may be the same kind of reptile in both situations. And this change of tone has led the hasty, superficial observer to find more kinds of reptiles than really exist.

There are three varieties of rattlesnakes in the United States, and perhaps no more in both Americas. First, and most widely disseminated, the banded (belled) dusky-yellowish rattler, found almost anywhere on dry upland south of about forty-six degrees north latitude, growing in rare instances to exceed four feet, but usually from two to three feet long. He is the deadliest of the lot. Next, the diamond-backed rattler, which does not differ from the banded one, save that his back is a little darker, and has a line of rhomboidal figures running the length of it. Both of these are slow, sluggish, and clumsy. The diamond-back is said to grow larger than the banded, but, in observations made at intervals from the Alleghenies to the Sierra Nevada, I have found them about equal in size. The third rattler is the massasauga, or little black rattler of the prairies, in Iowa and elsewhere.

The sound of the rattle differs with age and size. It is a sort of metallic whizz-z-zizz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z. If the snake is small, the key-note is higher and thinner; if large, it is heavier and harsher; but in all cases he has a poor ear for music who can not know it ever after he once hears it. Like the thrill of an earthquake, it is always a surprise.

They are all poisonous, but the massasauga is not necessarily deadly, particularly where the patient can get a bottle of whisky and apply himself, or herself, judiciously to that part of the bottle where the cork has been. Neither is the stroke of the larger varieties always fatal; it somewhat depends upon the time of year, state of the weather, condition of the patient, and very largely upon the courage and coolness of the person struck. A bad scare helps the poison to act, hence perhaps the Dutch-courage quality of alcohol becomes remedial. Some tribes of Indians, and all tribes of swine, bury themselves as far as possible in swamp muck when "snake-bit." The Texan and the plainsman put a little pile of gunpowder on the wound and fire the powder, then get roaring drunk if there is any intoxication to be found.

I knew a gentleman who, near Hiko, Lincoln County, Nevada, found a large rattlesnake in a desert place where were neither sticks nor stones to bruise its head with; so that gentleman followed the Mosaic style, and bruised the head of the rattler into the earth with his heel. He thought he had killed the snake, and, putting his foot upon its body, he essayed to pull the rattles off its tail. I hereby warn the reading world that the rattles of a snake are not easily pulled off. Instead of pulling off the rattles, this gentleman drew the snake's head from under his foot, whereupon the reptile made a half coil and struck him on the hand. He clapped his hand to his mouth and sucked the wound; but he had a sore on his lip, and next day he joined the Silent Majority. The moral of this story is: Be sure that the business end of a rattlesnake is very dead before you fool with the other end.

I saw an Indian woman who had some time previously been struck on the hand by a banded rattler. She had rallied from the first shock of the poison, but her whole forearm was one mass of ulcerous sores. She said she would get well "bi-um-bi," but I never saw her again. The copperhead I have not seen since I left "the States," but as I remember him he is a short snake, two feet to three feet long, of a dull, dusky, reddish-spotted color, with a flat, triangular skull of cupreous hue. He is a sluggish, hissing serpent; so little inclined to move that I once came near picking one up from among the leaves and grass, in Ohio, when I was reaching about for a stick to throw at an owl. Had I picked that serpent up, these remarks probably never would have been written, for the copperhead is generally a dead-shot. The small dark-brown snake in Nevada, of which I have spoken above, resembles a copperhead, and may be of that species modified by environment, though it is much smaller; yet the Shoshone Indians say it is more deadly than the rattler. In fact, I incline to the belief that all the snakes which we call adders, vipers, upland moccasins, and copperheads, including the little brown snake in Nevada, belong to one family, modified by environment. The cotton-mouth and water-moccasin belong to the Southern States, and are found in swamps and low grounds.

It is a vault of the societies to prevent cruelty to animals that the rattlesnake *always* gives warning before he strikes. Another error. He generally does give warning, but often he does not. I have come upon rattlesnakes in the desert, and have annoyed them with tufts of bunch-grass, coach-whips, or long-handled shovels until they would strike blindly at the empty air all about them, but never a rattle could I get out of them. Others again would rattle when they heard hoofs coming within twenty yards of them. A friend and prospecting "pard" of mine was the owner of a lively young sorrel pack-mule. This friend and myself, and two men and the mule, were steering one summer night by the

stars, through the sage-brush in the desert. The mule was a length ahead, when a rattlesnake in front of him sprang its whizz-z-z-z. That mule snorted and jumped to one side, where he stirred up another whizz-z-z-z. Then he went to "bucking"—not because the "bucking" would help the case any, but because that was his style of meeting all difficulties. Then there was music under the silent stars in that lonely desert. Such a kicking, and bucking, and snorting, and whizz-z-z-zing, and scattering of picks and shovels, pans, blankets, and grub, I have never witnessed before or since. It was the only time I ever fully realized what the Western hunter means when he shouts, "Wake snakes and come to judgment!"

So endeth the lesson.

J. W. GALLY.

An Ancient Letter.

The following is a copy of an ancient letter written by Richard Harlshorne, a prominent man and a large proprietor of land in East Jersey, addressed to his friend in England. The descendants of the Harlshornes are still landholders in Middletown. Captain Harlshorne, of San Francisco, is a descendant of the writer of this letter. The farm is still in possession of the family; the adjoining property was owned and is still in possession of the Throckmorton family, one of whom, Mr. S. R. Throckmorton, is now a resident of our city. We reprint this letter as affording a curious glimpse of those primitive times.

"DEAR FRIEND: My love is to Thee, and thy wife, desiring your welfare, both inward and outward; and that we may be found steadfast in that truth which is saving, for the welfare of our immortal souls. And, dear friend, the desire of my soul is, that we may know true love; and I should be glad to see thee and thy wife. I have partly a remembrance of thy wife. And I have thought of thee many times with tears in my eyes. The Lord has done wonderful works for me; unto Him I return thanks and praises, who is God over all Blessed forever. Now Friend, I shall give thee some information concerning New Jersey, but time will not permit me to write at length. Thee desireth to know how I live. Through the goodness of the Lord I live very well, keeping between 30 and 40 head of cows, and 7 or 8 horses, or mares to ride upon. There are seven towns settled in this Province, viz: Shrewsbury, and Middletown, upon the Sea Side, and along the River side, and up the creek there is Piscataway and Woodbridge, Elizabethtown, New Coake, and Bergen. Most of these towns have about 100 families; and the least 40. The country is very healthful. In Middletown, where I live, in 6 years and upwards, there have died but one woman about 80 years old, one man about 60, a boy about five years old, and one little infant or 2. There are in this Town, in twenty-five families, about 95 children most of them under 12 years of age, and all lusty children. The produce of this Province, is chiefly, Wheat, Barly, Oates, Beans, Beef, Pork, Pease, Tobacco, Indian corn, Butter, Cheese, Hemp and flax, French beans, Strawberries, Carrots, Parsnips, Cabbidge, Turnips, Radishes, Onions, Cucumbers, Water-mellons, Mushmellons, Squashes; also our soil is very fertile for Apples, Pears, Plums, Quinces, Currans red and white, Gooseberries, Cherries, and Peaches in abundance, having all sorts of green trash in the summer time. The Country is greatly supplied with Creeks and Rivers which afford stores of Fish, Pearch, Roach, Baste, Sheephead, Oysters, Clams, Crabs, Sturgeon, Eels, and many other sorts of fish that I do not name. You may buy as much fish of an Indian for half a pound of powder as will serve 6 or 8 men. Deer are also very plenty in this Province. We can buy a fat Buck of the Indians much bigger than the English Deer for a pound and a half of Powder, or Lead or any other trade equivalent; and a peck of Strawberries, the Indians will gather, and bring home to us for the value of 6 pence.

"Our Beef and Pork is very fat and good. The naturale Grass of the country is much like that which grows in the woods in England, which is food enough for our Cattle; but by the water side we have fresh meadows, Salt Marshes. We make English Bread and Beer; besides we have several sorts of Drink. In travelling in the country, and coming to any House, they generally ask you to eat and drink, and take Tobacco, and their several sorts of drink they will offer you as confidently as if it were Sack. Here are abundance of Chestnuts, Walnuts, Mulberries and Grapes, red and white, our Horses and Mules run in the Woods, and we give them no meal Winter nor Summer, unless we work them; but our cows must be looked after. Our Timber stands for fences about the land we manure; we plough our Land with Oxen for the most part. Husbandman here and in old England is all one, making most of our utensils for Husbandry ourselves, and a man that has three or four sons or servants that can work along with him will down with Timber, and get corn quickly. The best coming to this country, is at the Spring or Fall. We make our soap and candles, and all such things ourselves. In the Winter we make good fires and eat good meat; and our Women and children are healthy; sugar is cheap, venison, Geese, turkeys, Pidgeons, Fowls and Fish plenty; and one great happiness we enjoy, which is we are very quiet. I could give thee more information concerning this country but time will not give leave. In short, this is a rare place for any poor man, or others; and I am satisfied that people can live better here than they can in Old England, and eat more good meat. The vessel is going away, I have no time to copy this over; therefore take the sense of it. My Love salutes thee. Farewell. RICHARD HARLSHORNE.

"New Jersey, Midleton, 12th of the 9th Month, 1675."

Somebody is always making trouble for mankind. Now an epicure says that oysters are not fit to be eaten until they are at least three years old, and we suppose we'll have to look into every oyster's mouth before we swallow it to see if it has arrived at the proper catable age.

If men who belong to churches would not be so particular about carrying their umbrellas into the pews with them, but would leave them out in the vestibule, they would show more faith in those who attend the same church. As it is, there is little encouragement to a poor man to try and accumulate an umbrella.

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

"James, my boy," called Mr. Tilden to his private secretary, "James, my boy, isn't it about time the announcement was made in all the newspapers that I am about to lead to the altar a beautiful and accomplished young female of Kalamazoo or some other seaport? And see here, James," called Mr. Tilden after the retreating secretary, "suppose you add this time, by way of variety, that the *World* has been bought by the bonanza Californians in order to advocate the nomination of Judge Field."

A house that's founded on a rock
Will stand;
A ship that's founded on a rock
Will strand;
If you were found dead on a rock,
We'd think
It owing to the rye and rock
You drink.

One of the children, who had an open Bible on his knees, said: "Well, I should like to sit on the roof all my days and have nothing to do, just like Joseph in Egypt." Very naturally the attention of the family was excited by the remark, and the boy was asked to explain himself. He turned over the leaves of the book, and triumphantly read the passage which aroused his envy: "And Pharaoh put Joseph over his house." "There," he said, "that's what I would like, to sit on the roof and have a large salary."

The man who invented "Boom"
Should be flung in a cold, dark room,
And over his head
A blanket spread,
As a hint of his coming doom.

The Senate of Maryland has passed a bill prohibiting swearing by fine and imprisonment. Maryland's debt is pretty big, and it was necessary to do something to wipe it out. But unless there comes a freezing rain, so that a man may sit on the icy sidewalk on the back of his head, the sum accruing from fines will not be large enough to erect new jails to accommodate the offenders.

Which he was a small heathen Chinese,
With a grin that was frightful to see;
His labor bore fruits
In the shape of cheroots,
So quite up to snuff was Ah Lee.
"The Chinese must go," was the cry;
No heathen cigars would they try;
"Me fixee Kear-nee,"
Said that wicked Ah Lee,
"Bet makee sand-lottee man buy."
And his grin it was frightful to know,
And his queer little eyes were a show,
While, as sly as a fox,
He labeled each box
Of cheroots with "The Chinese Must Go."

A wag says of a toper: His nose has passed the rubicund

A London journal, in an endeavor to describe a good neighbor, says: "His chief merit lies in his unobtrusiveness, and we love him less for what he does than for what he leaves undone. A childless married couple or a maiden lady are generally good neighbors, provided they are not fanciers of pet animals. Lonely widows may be desirable, but there is always the risk of their having grandchildren to stay with them during the holidays!"

And shall old Tilden dye?
And shall old Tilden dye?
Then twenty thousand bald-head men
Will know the reason why!

"Procrastination is the best card in the pack. If I'd gone in at my usual hour to dynamite, my obituary would have pleased the country ere this."—*Czar of Russia.*

She archly bent her queenly crest,
And gently rubbed her shapely nose—
Then said: "We girls do not propose
To pop the question. It were best
Such timid, bashful, backward beaux
As thou art, should fain hearts disclose,
And speak the words that interest."
Then, blushing to the very roots
Of hair as Auburn as the town
Where once a Seward gained yennow,
And where they clothe in striped suits
The men on whom the law doth frown,
He muttered: "Tow the sweat pours down—
She makes me tremble in my boots."
Seeing his plight she 'gan to pout—
When he, most wretched coward, said:
"I had a notion in my head,
But have forgot what 'twas about."
Quoth she: "Of all the fools 'twas read,
Or seen, or heard, or quick or dead,
You are the sickliest!" He popped—out.

Charles Reade says that all children should be taught to have presence of mind. But haven't they got it? Catch a boy in the sugar-box, and isn't he looking for flies?

Let's muzzle
The puzzle
Inventor.
Let's take him
And shake him
Instantly.
Let's break
All his bones,
Let's make
What he owns
Of intellect twirl
In perpetual whirl,
As our
Mind power
Is hurt by this mean
Eternal
Gem puzzle machine.

The boarding-house keepers are comparing notes. "It appears to me, Mrs. Niggles, that your chicken salad is never found out—leastways, I never hears none of the boarders complain." "Well, you see," explained Mrs. Niggles, "I allus chops up a few feathers with the veal."

Krupp has invented a needle-gun warranted to kill two hundred men per minute. In case the American Association of Amateur Poets carries out its expressed intention of holding a convention in Chicago next summer, Mr. Krupp's business will receive a boom.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

Remember you? Pray, would you have me believe
You mean all you say when you look at me so?
You are fair, O Louise! you're a siren, I know—
Do you lure me with words that are meant to deceive?

You simulate wonder and wounded pride—
Are you less cruel than you would seem?
If one should choose to forget a dream
Can one be sure that its spell has died?

I will not look in your treacherous eyes—
Maddening sweet, and fair as a star!
Where the sky leans down to the waters far
I gaze, and I speak as my thoughts arise.

What hour, do you think, of the dead, dead past
Is stamped most deep on my memory?
You dream perhaps of some hours when we
Were walking or dancing, and time went fast—

Of some rose-scented night, when you leaned so near
I thought your lips were the reddest rose;
Or that other time, when I held you close
As the boat went down, to still your fear;

Or that moment you lay within my arms,
With wave-wet tresses and tender brow,
Knowing me then as well as now,
But softly fluttered with womanly charms.

Not so, Louise! it is none of these—
Their spell was broken one bitter day
When I learned your faithless treachery.
For you had a lover across the seas!

I did not tell you I knew it then,
But I watched you closely with scornful eyes;
And I gave, for your sweet words, short replies;
And you called me a cynic above all men.

But women like cynics. I, too, grew wise,
And fenced you and foiled you at your own play;
But I hated the hour and I cursed the day
That ever I looked in your maddening eyes.

Your lover will cross the seas some day,
And clasp and kiss you unrelucting—
A change in the face he left this spring—
You are unworthy, but go your way!

Not all the time that is yet to come
Could restore my faith in your constancy.
He never will know beyond the sea,
And I shall have vanished ere he come home.

Now, would you have me remember yet
The annals of these few months we've passed?
The summer has come to an end at last—
Remember? O God, that I could forget!

NORTH COLUMBIA, March 8, 1880. MAY N. HAWLEY.

CUPID—DECEASED.

CHAPTER I.

CUPID.—In the planet Earth, January 1, A. D. 1900, of an overdose of German metaphysics, Cupid, beloved son of the late Mars and Venus, aged 5,904 years.

The above notice appeared in the morning papers. The world read it at the breakfast table. Cupid died! How absurd—the idea is simply preposterous! And yet there it is in black and white. There can be no mistake as to identity; there is but one of the name who could answer to the above description. This truth being incontrovertible, no argument is advanced. So, amid loud lamentation, weeping, and wailing, the announcement is accepted as a fact.

A pall falls upon the earth. From pole to pole, from sea to sea, the dark shadow extends. This beautiful planet of ours—this lovely world, of which we vain mortals are so justly proud, which we are so loth to leave—has been metamorphosed. Wiseacres, who ere now have decided the nation's weal or woe, shake their heads over the problem of the day. They are nonplussed. How to remedy the evil—which has shaken the earth to its very centre—is the question which now agitates the public mind. Valentine & Co. have closed their doors. This is the first disastrous result of Cupid's untimely death. The failure of this firm, of world-wide celebrity—a house whose branches have extended to the uttermost parts of the earth—has thrown thousands out of employment—men, women, and children; artists, limners, poets, stationers, printers. And this is but the prelude to an awful dirge, to be chanted on the world's grand stage.

The keynote of harmony has been lost—without it art is dead, poetry hushed. Signs of communism prevail. Such a revolution is threatened as the world has never yet witnessed—disaffection which originates in the higher ranks of life. In a frenzy of despair musicians throw down their instruments—they can not interpret their masters, much less follow in their footsteps. The natural result follows: melody dies—not at once, but by slow degrees fades into a lost art. Then comes a terrible crash in the business world. The ranks of the unemployed swell into a vast army—from the north and the south, from the east and the west they muster. And belles-lettres? The patrons of this art, Calliope and Erato, are absolutely deaf. They can not be bribed, coaxed, or threatened. Love alone can appeal to their hearts, and Love is dead.

The disciples of Clio are more fortunate, inasmuch as she furnishes them with facts; but what are facts without fancy? what is history without romance? and romance is love. The publishing houses are desperate, the great presses are starving. "More, more!" they cry—with avidity they swallow the meagre supplies. Finally, they resort to new editions of old works; but this pitiful subterfuge fails. The public libraries can more than supply the demand, for the mystic spell is broken which once wove an indefinable charm around the creation of fancy.

"Tis Love that makes the world go round."

Unless the "Sisters Nine" can be appeased, for it is evident that their wrath has been kindled, the world will stop in its orbit. Euterpe, Clio, Erato, and Calliope are obdurate; can Melpomene and Thalia be conciliated? Man can at least drown his sorrows by escape from the realistic into the ideal world. But who is hazardous enough to portray the passions and emit love? Who will undertake to interpret Shakespeare and exclude Cupid? Alas! there are none. With tears in their eyes newspaper reporters plead

with Terpsichore. In vain—the lady will venture nowhere without her bold archer. Philosophy could still hold her own, but Science deems "discretion the better part of valor," and insists that, for the present, she hold her peace instead. Strange! in all Germany no man will claim to have administered the dose by which Cupid met his death.

CHAPTER II.

Something must be done; and the wise men of the world meet together in solemn conclave. Mark Twain, who is present, suggests that the money subscribed some twenty years ago toward Adam's monument, which fund has all this time been accruing interest, be diverted from its original object, and appropriated for a monument to Cupid. Thus a double end will be attained—the wrath of the gods appeased and work provided for the unemployed, for with the amount in hand a monument could be erected to the god of love equal in size and magnificence to the Great Pyramid itself. This motion prevails. A committee is appointed to make the necessary arrangements. Now comes under discussion the location of aforesaid monument. "Aye! there's the rub." Each committee-man claims the honor for his own country, the result of which discussion is, that either the whole project must be abandoned, or the corner-stone divided into several parts; the latter not being altogether feasible, the motion is reconsidered and rejected.

A member of the council now rises and addresses the assembly:

"The case stands thus: After a period of nearly six thousand years, we have succeeded in creating for ourselves a purely material world. Love, being essentially spiritual, it has been done away with, as having no part in our philosophy. The heart, as a vital organ, is absolutely necessary to our state of being, but what have we to do with its passions? The little god, who from time immemorial has held sovereign power over the universe, which power has been recognized alike in palace and cottage, whose sway has been undisputed since he 'ruled the court' in Paradise, has been deposed. After all these years we suddenly awoke to a realization that King Cupid was a tyrant. We have elected unto ourselves a new ruler, King Midas; but we find the latter a harder task-master, for his partiality has sown jealousy and discord; whereas King Cupid distributed his favors alike to rich and poor, to high and low. 'Tis the old story: 'Oh, Jupiter, take away King Stork, and restore to his penitent subjects King Log!' Now we have no positive proof that Cupid is dead. There is certainly no doubt that he has left us, frightened away by a cold philosophy. The question is, where has he hidden himself? It is my opinion that he has been spirited away by the Muses.

"Be it, therefore,
"Resolved, That an embassy be sent to Mount Olympus, in search of the missing god.

"Resolved, That the ambassadors be selected from all the world's great powers, to carry to the Muses (being women) a propitiatory offering: the incense of flattery.

"Resolved, That, woman being more accessible under the influence of a *lete-a-lete*, each ambassador select his Muse, and direct his whole attention to her exclusively. Thus each one being busy about her own concerns, danger of interference from the other eight will be obviated."

These resolutions adopted, the following selections were made: England, with characteristic modesty, claimed both history and the drama; but, objection to this being offered by the other powers, she finally decided upon Clio, leaving Melpomene to France. Here arose another discussion. Melpomene and Thalia always go hand in hand; to separate them now would create dissension between the fair sisters, and that must not be. There is no help for it—France must be allowed two ambassadors. Greece, in virtue of her ancient fame, chose for herself Calliope. Germany's right to select Euterpe was unquestioned, as was also America's choice, Erato. Italy claimed that without Urania she was powerless. Terpsichore fell to the lot of Spain; but Polymnia there was none to claim—it was she who held "the last chord," the key-note of Harmony. And here Ireland claimed a voice: "Be jabers, an' it is meself as will restore peace to the wurld!" A laugh was here raised at Paddy's expense, but it was unanimously agreed that he would be paying a lawful debt.

CHAPTER III.

Reception day on Mount Olympus. The nine ambassadors pause on the threshold of the celestial world. For once the lords of creation are abashed, and well they may be. Here they stand, vain mortals, at the fountain-head of literature, art, and science. The Muses, shrewdly suspecting their errand, cast around them the spell of silence. So astonished are they at finding themselves bereft of audacity that it is a question whether they would ever have recovered speech but for the opportune arrival of the clerk of the weather. Him Ireland accosts: "An' it's purty warrum ye've bin after making the climate for us below!"

The spell is broken. In a hody the ambassadors approach the Muses. Without difficulty each recognizes his "ladye fayre," and straightway applies the "flattering unction." The charm succeeds. First, resentment dies and is succeeded by rancor. Assisted by Momus, the god of wit and ridicule, the sisters drive the petitioners to the verge of despair. Now they deliberate; but in spite of the adage they would not have yielded had not Cupid (whom these ladies really had hidden) seen before him too fair a field to resist. If the truth must be told, the little god had wearied somewhat of heavenly bliss, and was all too ready to return to the mundane sphere from which he had fled in affright. But preparatory to taking his departure, he bends his bow and aims his arrow direct at Germany's heart—this in revenge.

Fatal arrow! it hits the mark, passing thence into the heart of Euterpe. Again he takes aim—

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice"—and thrice, and thrice!

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12, 1880. S. R. H.

Edith and Mabel had just put their dollies in their little crib when Edith, with the expression of one who has had a weight lifted from her shoulders, said: "There! I'm thankful we've got the children to bed! We shall have a little peace now!"

OUR BITTER HALVES.

There will be some fun for the wicked this summer. The sight of a Boston woman arrayed in one of the new surtout overdresses with open seams, and struggling up Winter Street in an east wind which blows each breadth in a different direction, will be enough to reconcile one to losing the winter ulster.

The Jersey City *Journal* asks: "Why should it be necessary to kiss pretty women in order to preach the gospel?" It isn't. There would be fewer editors and lawyers if it were.

"Lenten sewing classes" they are called. The ladies meet and are supposed to sew for the poor, from seven to nine in the evening. Then gentlemen are admitted, and the dancing begins. A "class" of this kind will undertake to clothe one poor child during the season—excepting the flannel petticoats; those are too coarse. The gentlemen "chip in" and buy them.

Lavender would like to know why it is that the simplest of women can rout any book agent in a minute, while the most clever of men will struggle for an hour with the loe and then yield.

Rosalind May, in her fashion letter, says "the cashmere craze is extending even to stockings." We shall probably see more of it during the windy March days.

An unexpected pleasure. *Beloved but unresponsive fair one*—"So glad to see you, Cousin Charley, and so kind of you to drop in! Now, you'll sit a couple of hours with grandmamma, won't you, just to amuse her while Arthur and I take a stroll in the garden? And be careful to speak as loud as you can, for she is very, very deaf, poor dear!"

New York city seems to have produced a new and startling point in the much-discussed question of female industry. This new departure is the detection of a band of garroters formed of black women! It is not as bad as it might be, though. They only choke and rob; they do not kiss.

She was my idyl while I wooed,
My idol when I won,
My ideal when, in after years,
Ways idle she had none.

A magazine writer says he has been astonished to find "how superior women are to men in the vividness of their mental imagery." Women are sometimes surprised at it themselves. When a mouse makes its *debut* in a room containing three or four ladies, there will ascend frightful shrieks, and the fair creatures will clamber on the chairs and tables in a highly sensational manner, all the time imagining that the innocent little rodent is a monster with eleven heads, fiery eyeballs, and horns a foot long. A man's mental imagery is not equal to such things unless it is assisted by whisky.

The glory of a woman is her hair.

A town-bred philosopher says he can not understand why a woman always ducks her head when she crosses the street. If he had ever seen a hen run into a barn, he wouldn't make such silly remarks.

"So many San Francisco girls forgot to stamp their valentines that hundreds went to the dead-letter office." This is untrue. Frisco girls sent no valentines this year.

Mrs. Livermore informs the Chicago *Tribune* that all the "cream of the East has moved West," and all that remains in Massachusetts is "the two extremes, the best and the stupidest." This mixture of metaphors may befog some of those that are left until they can not tell to which class they belong.

A Frenchman has discovered that the skulls of men are, on the average, one hundred and seventy-two grammes heavier than those of women. This will explain why the average man will permit a woman to stand in a street-car, and why, also, so many of them marry and compel their wives to support them. Their skulls are not only heavier, but thicker; but no more so than that of a mule.

He is a brute who doubts the patent fact that originally woman was man's sequel.

"What do you think of my new shoes, dear?" said she, the other evening after tea. "Oh, immense, my dear, perfectly immense!" said he, without looking up from his paper. Then she began to cry, and said she thought if he thought her feet were so dreadfully large he needn't tell her of it.

There was a young man of Morenci,
Whose mind was so stupidly dense, he
Could never see why
"She" played "Sweet By and By"
When she wanted the youth to go hence, see?

A husband and a wife the other day were overheard conversing with a friend on the street cars as follows: *She*—"Husbands do get so inattentive and careless after they've been married a while." *He*—"Yes, you run and call and halloo and whistle when you want to catch a street car. When it stops, you take it easy and dismiss the anxiety from your mind."

Minerva won the prize on the horse question, but a little girl discounted the old lady in the very first sentence of her composition on the all-absorbing topic of "The Cow." She opened: "The cow is the most useful animal in the world except religion."

Cetewayo's three daughters are now on exhibition in London. Their names are Unolala, Unqmadloza, and Unozendaba. There is some talk of—

Every man who has become President of the United States has been elected during a leap year. This is something for the girls to wonder over.

Belle—"This holly in my hair wants a little relief—it's too red." *Aunt*—"Well, why not put in a sprig or two of mistletoe, dear?" *Belle*—"Nonsense, aunt; why, I should have all the young men kissing me!" *Aunt*—"Indeed, no, my dear; they'd do nothing of the kind. I've

The fan is an indispensable article for no, know any longer how to blush.

THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK.

[An Irishman, who is not ashamed of his own country, nor resolved upon the destruction of this, sends us the following rhymed version of a good story, which he has "copied from memory."]

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That Saint Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the baby, and some blamed the clock;
Till, with all their cross questions, sure no one might know
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in old Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Patrick's birthday;
Some fought for the eighth, for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye!
At last, both the factions so positive grew
That each kept a birthday—so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birthdays but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividing—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday." "Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind drunk—which completed their bliss;
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

THERE BE LAND RATS AND WATER RATS.

In the discussion and settlement of the water question there are certain things that must not be lost sight of. We take it for granted that there is no power that can compel the Spring Valley Water Company to extend its works, enlarge its mains, or increase its reservoir supply. Conceding, then, for the purpose of this argument, that the Board of Supervisors has the legal right to fix rates to private consumers, and to compel the company to furnish the municipal government with free water, and that the Board is disposed to fix these rates at an inadequate and unremunerative price, it will be most assuredly conceded that there is no power in either the State or the municipal government that can compel the company to additional expenditure in order to enlarge its works or increase its catchment of water. Then the time will come, if it has not already come, when the city will have a scant supply of water: not enough to give its customers what they demand, and to give the city what it needs for sprinkling streets and parks, flushing sewers, and for fire purposes.

Of course the consumers must have, for domestic, manufacturing, and other requirements, what they pay for. We may endure the inconvenience of dust; we may risk epidemics from uncleansed sewers; we may submit to the discomforts of uncleanness. But how about fires? We demand of our "conscript fathers" what answer will they make to the demand for water to put out conflagrations? Water is not over-abundant for that purpose now; the mains, in some places, are too small. The President of the company, Mr. Howard, and the Engineer, Mr. Schussler, admit this scarcity and the existing danger; and, like prudent men, they desire to remedy it.

It will cost an additional million of dollars to place the twelve million (daily) gallons of the Crystal Springs Reservoir at the disposal of the present means of distribution. From two to four millions of dollars will bring the reserved capacities of the Calaveras Valley to San Francisco—enough to supply a city of a million of inhabitants. By the expenditure of say twelve millions more, making the Spring Valley Works cost in the aggregate twenty-eight millions, enough water can be introduced into San Francisco to supply a city of five millions of inhabitants. The Croton Water Works of New York have already cost forty million dollars, and it is now proposed to expend the additional sum of fourteen millions to secure the water demanded by the population of that city, which is now only three times greater than that of San Francisco.

The present necessity—which the character of our seasons and the material of our buildings demand—is enough water, to give us reasonable protection against fires. Our seasons are wet and dry. Our long series of months with diurnal winds, and no rains, renders this city above all others liable to a devastating conflagration. We have a hundred million dollars of insured property. We have another hundred millions of property uninsured. It is perhaps safe to estimate the value of the buildings and personal property of this city at three hundred millions of dollars. In view of this fact, considering our diurnal winds and the presence in our midst of a turbulent and dangerous criminal element, we ask our Supervisors if it is prudent or wise for them, by any illiberal and pinching process, to binder the operations of this water company, and prevent it from enlarging and extending its works as fast as the growing population and increasing necessities of our city demand?

The demagoguery that harps about "dear water," "water more costly than bread," "water the free gift of God," is worse than arrant nonsense. The facts are—and all the sophistry of the *Bulletin* and all the logic of the office-seeking swimmers can not hide them from the sensible people of this city—as follows: First—The city owns no water works. Second—The Spring Valley Water Company does. Third—The revenue from water rates must be remunerative, or the company will not increase its capacity of supply. Fourth—The city demands increased capacity to protect it from fire. Putting aside all other arguments against the justice, honesty, and policy of fixing unremunerative rates, of putting the whole burden upon seventeen thousand consumers, there is no answer to the broad proposition that the city needs more water for fire purposes, and that there is no place to get it except from the Spring Valley Water Company—that there is no way to get it except by a contract to purchase water of that company, and no mode under the sun to force the company to add to its capacity and means of distribution, except by paying interest on the increased expenditure incurred by the company for that purpose.

We have not the figures at command to show how many hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually paid in San Francisco for fire premiums, most of the profits of which go to the fire insurance companies. If there was more abundant, these premiums, now

so exorbitantly high, would be lowered, and saved to our citizens. European and Eastern cities pay very much less than we do to be insured against fire risks. Fire insurance is one of the heaviest burdens that our property-owners pay. It is next to taxes, and in many instances insurance costs more than taxes. It is the height of folly, it is the madness of fools, to spare any reasonable effort, at any reasonable cost, to protect this city against fire. It is unjust to impose all this burden upon consumers. It is just and fair to fix a tax, either upon hydrants, or by some other device, to make all the property within the city and county pay its just proportion. The man who owns an unoccupied lot upon the San Bruno road, on the border line of the county, should pay a water tax, to protect San Francisco against fire, and to preserve its health, promote its comfort, and enhance its beauty; because without San Francisco his lot would be valueless. The Spring Valley Water Company's works have cost more than sixteen millions of dollars, as is asserted by disinterested and competent experts, who have given the matter careful investigation; and when we consider the amounts expended by other cities, and measure them by comparative results, this may be regarded as a very reasonable expenditure. We must consider, also, that like the base of a pyramid or the foundation of a structure, large amounts have been laid out that do not make a show.

We could not find a better simile to illustrate this idea than in the dam at the Crystal Springs reservoir. At its base it is a thousand feet in width, solidly anchored to the bed-rock; costly in structure, but decreasing in width and diminishing in cost as it increases in height, till the upper part is only forty feet in width. Yet the last and most inexpensive foot of dam holds as much water as the same height at its more costly base. The company has struggled through all this costly beginning, and laid deep and broad the foundations of a water system for San Francisco that will endure for all time. The completion of this system; the connecting the Crystal Springs reservoir with its present works; the bringing in of the catchment of the Calaveras Valley; the bringing in of the various other streams of the Santa Cruz range, all work into the present system; and while the expenditure of sixteen millions of dollars does not give an over-abundant supply of water to three hundred thousand people, the expenditure of twelve millions more will give water in abundance to a city the size of London, with its four millions of inhabitants.

These are matters which the Supervisors must consider. It was this line of argument that induced the early promoters of the water enterprise to invest their money. They saw a growing city. They looked forward to its increase of population, and its growth in wealth. There will be in time one million of people, from among whom this company will have not seventeen but seventy thousand consumers—not three hundred millions of wealth, but three thousand millions to tax. Then these burdens will fall lightly on all. London has six water companies that have cost many millions of pounds sterling, and has by no means as good water as San Francisco has. In view of the health, beauty, comfort, and safety of this city, there should be such an arrangement between the contracting parties as will enable the water company to have a fair compensation for the use of its property, and enable it to extend and enlarge its works as fast as the growth and expansion of our city demands. It is to the last degree important—it is, in fact, indispensable to our safety—that these negotiations should speedily place our town beyond the danger of destruction by fire. A sweeping conflagration, with half the city in ruins, would not be an agreeable spectacle to anti-monopoly demagogues, to the *Bulletin* readers, or to those Supervisors who, in fear of political or journalistic criticism, made the calamity possible. This is a question of dollars and cents, of precaution and safety. The Supervisors are the agents of our people. They are negotiating for the benefit and protection of our property. They are the agents, not of the sand-lot mob, that has no property and does not wash; not of the political demagogues who make pretense of serving the public but who pay no taxes; not of the *Bulletin* which has a personal quarrel with the water company; but of the seventeen thousand water-consuming tax-payers, and that class of citizens which is interested in cheap insurance, because it has houses and merchandise to insure against the risk of fire. We confirm our figures and argument by the following extract from an official communication by Mr. Charles Webb Howard, President of the company, to the Chairman of the Fire and Water Committee of the Board of Supervisors:

"The company has never valued its property and works at less than the amount they have cost, viz: sixteen million dollars; and it fails to see why it is not entitled to an income on the said cost of at least nine per cent. per annum, in addition to its operating expenses, estimated for the coming year at three hundred thousand dollars. It is true that in 1877 the company proposed to accept from the city for its property and works the sum of thirteen and one-quarter millions. That proposition was not based on the company's estimate of their value, nor was the sum named at all commensurate with the real value. It is a notorious fact that at that time the city government had assumed an exceedingly hostile attitude toward this company, by reason of which fact other kindred water schemes and projects were originated and temporarily popularized, and, under powerful influences, offered for sale to the city. In a spirit of natural selfishness and business rivalry, the projectors of these schemes made seemingly liberal proposals for the city's favor. The city had even taken decisive steps for the acquisition of one of these properties, to wit, the Blue Lakes. The situation assumed a threatening aspect to the prosperity of the Spring Valley Company. Under such circumstances, it was but a step of prudence on the part of this company to assent to a sale involving a loss, rather than to risk the result of hostility which might utterly destroy or at least seriously cripple it.

"Since that time this company has expended in further improvements fully half a million dollars. The outlays of this company, amounting to fully \$16,000,000, have been judiciously and prudently expended in laying the foundation for supplying water to the present and future city of San Francisco. For that purpose it has acquired resources which will enable it, at comparatively small cost, to adequately supply five millions of people with pure, fresh water, equal if not superior in quality to that supplied to any city in the world. An expenditure of \$16,000,000 has thus been incurred in supplying the first three hundred thousand people. An additional expenditure of \$4,000,000 in extending the present works will make them fully equal to the requirements of a million inhabitants. Thus, \$20,000,000 will cover the cost of the water supply to a million people in San Francisco. To reach that result, and for a like number of inhabitants, New York City expended \$40,000,000; and that city is now advised by its Board of Public Works that an expenditure of \$14,000,000 is necessary to provide for the demands of the city in the immediate future. The Spring Valley Water Works can, by an expenditure of \$12,000,000 in still further developing its resources, making, say, \$28,000,000 in all, amply supply five millions of people; while New York, in meeting the necessities of three millions, will have expended \$54,000,000."

THE TRUTHFUL STORY-TELLER.

"Deadwood?" said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon-pie and taking a long pull at the milk, "I went there when the first rush was made for the Hills. Rather a rough town, the first lot, you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there I was dead broke—didn't have a dollar; didn't have a revolver, even, which a man'll often need out there worse'n a meal's vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in the Hills who didn't carry a firearm, an' I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weapon I had—I'm a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, you know, 'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle in easy reach, just below my coat-collar. Understand? Like the Arkansaw man carries his bowie-knife. I'm not exactly a temperance man. I just don't drink an' don't meddle with any other man's drinkin'—that's all.

"One day—I hadn't been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was sittin' in a s'loon—only place a man kin set to see any society—when a feller come in, a reg'lar hustler, with his can full and a quart over. Hed a revolver on each side of his belt, an' looked vicious. Nothin' mean about him, though. Askt me to drink. 'Not any, thank you,' sez I.

"Not with me! Me! Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tender-foot to drink I expect him to prance right up, an' no monkeyin'! You h-e-a-r me!"

"Well, when his hand went down for his revolver, I whipped out my old file quicker'n fire'd scorched a feather, an' swiped him one right across the face. When he fell I thought I'd killed him, an', the s'loon fillin' up with bums, I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Purty soon a chap in a red shirt came up to me. Sez he:

"You the man as ke-ard Bill Feathergill? 'Cos, ef so be as you are, ef you don't want ev'ry man in the Hills to climb you, don't try to hide yourself. The boys is askin' fur you now."

"It struck me that my friend had the idee; so I waltzed back, and went up and down before that s'loon for nigh three hours. I'd found Bill wasn't dead, and was bad medicine, but it wouldn't do to let down. Purty soon I see my man a-headin' for me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closing-out display of a retail dry-goods store. There was so little countenance exposed that I couldn't guess what he was a-aimin' at, so I brought my hand back of my collar an' grabbed my file.

"Hold on there, hold on," sez he; 'gim me y'r hand. I'm friendly—I've got nothin' agin yo', not a thing; but—you'll pardon my curiosity, but what sort of a d-d weapon was that, stranger?"

The dead-beat permits nothing to get ahead of him except a funeral procession. Yesterday, a seedy-genteel, who seemed to be greatly excited, rushed into a place on Woodward Avenue, and wildly inquired if they had a telephone there. Being answered in the affirmative, he rushed to the instrument, threw his hat on the floor, and called out:

"Hello! Central office—for heaven's sake, hello! hello!"

"Is there a fire?" asked the merchant.

"Fire! keep still—wait! Oh, heavens! why don't you answer me? Hello! Central office! Ah, I have them! Connect me with sub-office on Duffield Street—quick—life depends!"

"Somebody dying?" asked the merchant.

"Keep still—for your life, keep still! Ah! sub-office! Connect me with No. — Cass Avenue as soon as you can! Hello! hello! Mary! Ah, it is her! Mary, your mother has been run-over by a street-car on Jefferson Avenue, and will die. I'll bring her up in a carriage. Get everything ready. Send James for the doctor—good-bye!"

"Somebody hurt?" asked the merchant.

"Somebody hurt? No! Yes! I'm half crazy! I must get a carriage. Ah! left my wallet at the office down the river! I'll tell Mary—no, I'll ask you for two dollars until I come down after dinner."

The merchant looked at the fellow for a few seconds, and then walked to the telephone. The sub-office was saying:

"Who was getting off that rigmarole to Mary, and who was Mary? We don't connect with No. — Cass Avenue! If you don't stop your nonsense, we'll cut you off!"

The merchant turned to overhaul his customer, but shabby-genteel had slid. Perhaps he took his poor mother up on a wheelbarrow.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Hi, sonny," said a keen-looking Chicago business man; "what are you looking for? Let me see that letter."

"No, I can't let you have that letter; there's bonds in it."

"Why, I've been waiting for you this half hour, to bring me those bonds—I bought 'em of what's his name."

Upon this the lad took out a big envelope marked "J. Smith, Esq., Present;" in the upper corner, "\$2,500 U. S. 5-20s," and in the lower corner, "Commission due, \$5. Please remit by bearer."

"That's all right, sonny," said the keen-looking business man, as he halted out a scantily furnished purse, gave the boy a five-dollar bill and a quarter, and said: "There, sonny, that quarter is to reward you for your cleverness and fidelity;" and putting the envelope in his breast-pocket, he walked leisurely round the corner, and, hailing a car, was whirled away at a comparatively lightning speed. Not till he had reached Union Park did he draw the precious envelope from his pocket and tear it open. He then found that the envelope contained a copy of the *Chicago Times*, which he could have purchased at the office for five cents.

"The fish is biting very numerously to-day!" said "sonny," taking another big envelope from his pocket.

A Detroit grocer had a patent money-drawer attached to his counter the other day, and it was no sooner in working order than his clerk tendered his resignation.

"I don't want to stay where a person has lost confidence in me."

"Do you refer to that new till?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are very foolish. I haven't lost the least bit of confidence in your honesty; but I simply argued that if you had less change to squander outside I could have more of your time in the store. Loss of confidence! The idea is absurd."

The satisfied clerk took off his hat and returned to duty.

THE SAND-LOT'S LAMENT.

Oh, the bumble-bee sighs on the western wind,
And the tumble-bug's voice is still;
And the mangy cur and the spotted cow
And the wiggle-waggle are sad, sonchow,
And droop by the warbling rill.

The sand-lot sleeps in the mellow light,
And the riff-raff gather there,
And the great unwashed, and the unemployed,
And Mrs. Smith. And I am annoyed
At the stillness everywhere.

"What means," I ask of a weeping tramp,
"Thy sorrowful, briny grief?
Has the bloated holder of bonds once more
Been sitting upon thee, I implore—
Or was it some other thief?"

He rose in haste from beneath the fence,
And his face was wild and wet:
"Young man," he said, "I must caution thee:
Don't use that word, out of love for me,
Or they'll fitter your gosling yet."

He turned, and pointed to where the stand
Rose silent and stripped and bare;
"You know," he said, "that our little chief
Once called a Christian a knock-kneed thief,
And, behold, he is not there!"

"But where," I asked, "is the gallows tree
He builded upon the sand?
And where the graves of the Chinese slaves
He slaughtered on every hand?
And where the gizzards, the hair and gore,
The blood and blarney and rant and roar?
I'm just from Shasta, O tramp divine;
Speak out, and shatter these doubts of mine."

"Fair youth," he said, and his pea-green eye
Grew mellow with trickling brine,
"The voice of Kearney is heard no more.
He sleeps to-night on a prison floor,
And dreams of a cruel fine."

"He sleeps to-night in the darksome jug,
And the Council mutters low;
And the Chinese leper shuffles by,
And cocks his treacherous oblong eye,
And winks; but he does not go!"

"O youth," he said—but I moved along,
For my heart was overflowing.
And lo! the grass on the sand-lot springs,
And the buttercups are blowing.

MARCH 16, 1880.

D. S. RICHARDSON.

From One Who was not Hit.

BENICIA, March 17, 1880.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—You have evidently mounted your Pegasus—or historic mule—and given some of us a black eye, which we do not propose to restore to its normal condition by the usual external application of raw beef.

In your issue of the thirteenth instant you say: "The sand-lot thinks that a set of nondescript immigrants from Ireland, Nova Scotia, and the Rhine have an exclusive right to the control and direction of our politics." Now this sweeping innuendo means—if it means anything—that Nova Scotians form the second most important element of your graceless sand-lot rabble, that has so long been permitted to disgrace San Francisco and the State of California.

Now, sir, there are about forty of us here, men and women, who first saw the light in Nova Scotia, every one of whom is engaged in legitimate business. Some of us have records in the archives of the State and nation, in a military as well as a civil capacity, of which we are justly proud. We number among us some of the most energetic, enterprising, public-spirited, and successful business men of this community; and, so far as I have yet learned, not a single native of our little peninsula has made application for any part of your eleemosynary funds. Many of us take and read the *Argonaut*, and have a just appreciation of your earnest and honest intentions; but we believe that you have been misinformed when you publish such a wholesale fling at a large class of our fellow-citizens in this country. We claim that our women are virtuous and intelligent, and that our men have ever stood in the front rank of peaceable, law-abiding, order-loving, and industrious citizens of this State and nation. As I have said, there are some forty of us here, and not a sympathizer among us; and I believe the same to be true of Nova Scotians generally throughout the State. But should there be in San Francisco a few simple or vicious enough to have joined the "gang," it is to be hoped that you will concentrate your fire on them.

NOVA SCOTIAN.

What Smith Knows about Legislation and Art.

SACRAMENTO, March 10, 1880.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—This burgh is at present troubled with an affliction—a grave affliction: our population is being (figuratively) decimated. It is not enough affliction that poor Sacramento is situated in close proximity to a lot of law-making dervishes, misnamed a Legislature; but an "art wave" must sweep over this ill-fated city, and our people go aesthetically mad.

I was born in a country where art is the nation's pride, and thereby have an inherent love for things artistic; but this apish affectation of the Bohemian, this ridiculous subservience of rational actions to a puppy-dog dawdling with art, makes me unwell. Our young ladies all paint (*i. e.* not their faces), and fondly imagine themselves embryo Rosa Bonheurs. Our matrons have just discovered that their voices possess extraordinary purity and compass, and only need cultivation to bring them out; and even our grandmothers have again taken up their music, that they relinquished as a bad job forty years ago, when they strummed "Old Hundred" on the spinet. Then we have "Betsy and I" in the *Argonaut*, with their society notes and more "culchaw." May the gods deliver us!

They are agitated in the Legislature about the Normal School. Would it be out of place for an obscure individual to suggest that they create a school wherein California statesmen be taught grammar and gentlemanly deportment—a sort of preparatory course, wherein little Israelites be taught manners, and deep-chested politicians that leather-lunged

eloquence is not the acme of parliamentary excellence? I am an unhappy foreigner, and sorely do I grieve for the outrageous antics of my countrymen of the sand-lot; but I will say for them that, in rhetoric and parliamentary deportment, they more than compare with our neighbors on Tenth Street.

Speaking of the sand-lot, what an amazingly philanthropic people you Americans are! The "noble red man" swoops down on the frontier settler, murders him and his family, devastates his home; and lo! a generous government rewards the red devil with a winter's rations, a warm blanket, and a brand-new rifle wherewith to pick off United States troops when spring relieves him of the fear of starvation. Again, a gang of unwholesome men, aliens principally, band together for unholy purposes. They parade your streets, and flaunt in your faces banners bearing blasphemous and treasonable mottoes. They threaten pillage, murder, and other unpleasant things. By these actions they paralyze business, cripple enterprise, drive capital from your midst, and in general cause a very undesirable state of affairs; yet with marvelous patience you tolerate even this. Will your bald-headed philanthropists never learn that philanthropy's best ends are sometimes attained by apparently the most merciless of measures? That to save the patient the doctor must sometimes apply the knife. The Revolution of 1789 was not merciful, but it gave France a hope; Sir Harry Havelock was cruel, but he saved the richest gem in England's crown. Yes, you are a humane people—decidedly humane. As a people, you are hugely tickled at the peculiarities of foreigners—you take exceptions to the size of Paddy's mouth, you are amused at the cut of Johnny's clothes and at his annihilation of the letter *h*, you reflect on the color of Sandy's hair, and wind up by being remarkably well satisfied with yourself. Well, that is hardly to be wondered at in a people that possess the finest buildings, largest ships, greatest warriors, greatest statesmen—but *nom de Dieu*!—I'm forgetting all about Sacramento, and my time is up, yet I must say that I wish I was the Himalaya Mountains that I might sit down on Americans for their good opinion of themselves.

SMITH.

The social dullness continues. I have never known so many important houses of both Liberal and Tory families, to be let or closed. Lord Salisbury has returned to town, and is able to transact some business. He sees Lord Beaconsfield and the Foreign Office subordinates, but there will be no parties at Arlington Street before Easter, and it is doubtful whether there will be any before Whitsuntide. Lady Salisbury, heretofore the leading hostess on the Tory side, has no substitute. There are some ministerial dinners, but they are mostly solemn affairs. No political *salon* is now open, but receptions continue weekly. Those of Lady Cork and Lady Stanhope were well attended, but the company was miscellaneous. Lady Granville declines to resume her informal bi-weekly parties, which were interrupted last year by the fire at Carlton House Terrace, alleging that the non-invitation system was misunderstood, and many persons took offense. Lady Cook, trying a different plan, succeeds in giving brilliant parties, but has failed hitherto to assume social leadership. Devonshire House gives only dinners before Easter. Nobody replaces Lady Waldegrave. Lord Derby's dinners at St. James's Square are attended by many prominent Liberals.—*Mr. Smalley's London Letter.*

To comfort the Queen and Lady Salisbury the writer has mailed to each of the distinguished society leaders a copy of the social supplement of last Tuesday's *Call*, with the following paragraphed passages carefully marked: "The Hon. Mrs. Bunbiter—whose husband is doing such excellent service at Sacramento—will give a drum-kettle at No. 9909 Tehama Avenue yesterday week." "Mrs. Major-General Mc-Muttonhead, of the Tenth Ward Rifles, will receive at her city residence—over the Kilkeny Retreat—some evening next year." The effete London journals may now make a counter showing, if they can.

SCENE: THE MARE'S NEST. [KALLOCH seated. Enter KEARNEY, breathless.]

DENIS—"Give me a bowl of wine;
I have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have."

KE—"Those liuen checks of thine to fear are counsellors.
The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?"

DENIS—"Sweet Isaac, say me softer, I am spent.

The great Rex—Rix—had at me fierce and long;
And out of time I tumbled prone, and fell,
Dewing the sand-lot with my misery."

KE—"Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd—"

DENIS—"And yet, sweet master, men do say of thee—"

KE—"What do they say of me?"

DENIS—"That thou, at heart, art craven e'en as I."

KE—"They lie! It is an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie!"

[Enter an OFFICER.]

Well, knave, how now?"

OFFICER—"A warrant for your worship—here's the charge."

[KALLOCH reads, and turns pale. He and KEARNEY exchange looks.]

KE [feebly]—"Is it a noose I see before me?"

[Clutches at empty air, and falls in a dead faint; KEARNEY ditto.

Curtain.]

The *California Architect and Building Review* for March is an interesting number. The following shows that it is on the right side, and is not afraid to say so:

"While the great majority of people in San Francisco are groaning under the terrible pressure of dull times, such as were never known or experienced on this coast, the intelligence received from all other quarters of the United States represents a widely different condition of things. From every section of the land the echoes of business activity are heard and the song of prosperity sung. Under this aspect of affairs it is proper to inquire as to the cause, and in doing so the reasonable answer is at hand. The tendency of political turmoil has been to drive capital away from us and stay the hand of enterprise. We, as a people, have either been guilty of acts of cruelty to our own interests, or have remained quiet and unmoved while others have hewn away at the root of the tree of our prosperity. In the meantime, capital has silently spread its wings and flown to more congenial climes, or nestled away in secure hiding-places, leaving its revilers to cry for bread, while with indifferent concern the golden bird has rested upon its secure perch, or gone where open hands and hearts bid it welcome."

CXXI.—Sunday, March 21.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Vermicelli Soup.
Bass à la Buena Vista.
Potato Croquettes.
Broiled Chickens.
Tomatoes. Oyster Plant.
Roast Lamb—Mint Sauce.
French Artichoke Salad.
Orange Ice. Jelly Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Bananas, and Oranges.

Bass à la Buena Vista is a souvenir of the Mexican War, and in the time of General Scott and his famous "hazy plate of soup," the dish made a figure at the Union Club of New York. The fish is to be stewed in a thick, highly-seasoned gravy, with port wine and onions, and should be garnished with tomatoes, peeled and baked.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Macaulay's overworked New Zealander reappeared in the Senate recently (says the *World*) being introduced by Senator Voorhees, who took occasion to describe the feelings of the aforesaid New Zealander when in future ages he should uncover the ruins of the Capitol and find the frescoes of the late Signor Brumidi. It may be that the work of Brumidi was very good indeed, and it may be conceded, also, that the Government has not been so generous to the talented artist as it might have been. Nevertheless, although Mr. Voorhees's possible and coming New Zealander might be profoundly stirred by the discovery of the frescoes of Brumidi, centuries hence, let us hope, for the credit of the country, that the far-faring visitor from the antipodes will not disturb the ruins of the Capitol. If he shall know enough of art to appreciate the frescoes, what will be his sensations when he stumbles upon some of the stone images which have been set up by order of the American Congress?

The proposed reiteration of the Monroe doctrine by Congress at this time will meet with hearty approval all over the country. No project more dangerous to our safety could be conceived than the construction of a ship canal across the isthmus under the control of a foreign corporation and the governmental protection of a foreign power. The principles of Monroe's declaration have acquired a firm hold upon the people of this country, and they are not disposed to accept any adverse doctrine, even in the sugar-coated form in which it is advocated by De Lesseps.—*New York Truth.*

The *New York Hour* says: "Professor Rudolph Falk, a distinguished German savant, who is staying in New York on his return from a scientific journey of several years' duration in South America, lately delivered an interesting lecture. In concluding his lecture with his theory of the future of our globe, the lecturer contended that, in consequence of the immense attraction of the sun, all planets gradually approach the great centre, and will finally again be absorbed by their parent. The moon gets nine feet nearer the sun each year, and the earth is also on her way to her primitive home. But, long before she is absorbed, all her life will be extinguished by the ocean, which, in consequence of the approaching moon, will break over its bounds and destroy everything."

I see by the newspapers (says a writer in the *Republic*) that Bret Harte, at present representing his country at Creteil, Germany, is coming home. He is said to be in bad health, and the German climate has not agreed with him. Mr. Harte has not been over-well for several years. In his charming sketch entitled "Five o'clock in the Morning," he says: "I have always been an early riser. The popular legend that 'Early to bed and early to rise' invariably and rhythmically resulted in healthfulness, opulence, and wisdom, I beg here to solemnly protest against. As an unhealthy man, as an unwealthy man, and doubtless, by virtue of this protest, an unwise man, I am, I think, a glaring example of the untruth of the proposition."

While famine is raging in Ireland: while the civilized world, roused in her behalf, is giving her all possible assistance; while her emissaries are in this country appealing to the national benevolence; while boxes throughout the city solicit charity for a starving land—the dispatch from Rome, published the other day, that the Bishop of Kilmore and the Archbishop of Armagh had sent £850 as Peter's Pence to the Pope, must surely strike many hearts that have warmed toward the suffering island with an unpleasant chill. This tribute to the Roman Pontiff has been much increased of late in Ireland. She has never been too poor—and extreme poverty has always been her normal condition—to send money to the church, the mother beggar of all time. Peter's Pence are, like all funds contributed to the priesthood, wrung out of the poorest of the poor by constant kindling of their superstitious prejudices. This is, indeed, a strange time to be extending pecuniary aid to the Pope, who simply serves as a pretext for incessant mendicancy. It is, to say the least, very impolitic just now to be sending money to Rome from Ireland, when everybody is urged to send money to Ireland to buy food. Any one might think the Irish prelates would remember that charity begins at home, particularly when charity is so eagerly solicited from foreign lands. If they have any money to spare, they should give it to the ragged, hungry, homeless wretches by whom they are surrounded, instead of dispatching it to the comfortable and pampered minions of the Vatican. This is more than robbing Paul to pay Peter. It is actually snatching bread from the mouths of the people to put gold into the purse of the prince. We may well wonder how the bishops can have the temerity to do this thing, under the circumstances, or how the Pope dares to receive such money. Having received it, how can he keep it? It is not only a disgrace to the name of religion, it is a disgrace to humanity. And he, the head of the so-named Eternal, Universal Church, the high priest of Christianity, the purest and loftiest exponent of goodness and charity, taking golden pounds from a famished land, to which generous souls of every nation and every creed are sending bread. What a venomous stab at charity! Truly, this is stealing from starvation to enrich superstition.—*New York Times.*

The *New Orleans Democrat* says: "The notorious Reverend Delamatyr, of Indiana, has been renominated for Congress by the Greenbackers. The Convention, it is said, was a very ridiculous one, many merchants and business men who were opposed to Delamatyr going to it because the railroads allowed half rates to delegates. The resolutions adopted by the Convention were several columns in length, being manufactured out of the reverend Congressman's speeches. The nomination amounts to nothing at all, as the Greenbackers have few votes in the district, and Delamatyr owed his election in 1878 to the endorsement of the Democratic Congressional Convention, which will scarcely be guilty of this mistake again. Delamatyr is very ambitious, it is said, and aims to figure on a Presidential ticket with his reverend political brother of San Francisco, J. L. Loch."

AFTER THE HANGING.

The Ghastly Aftermath of a Public Execution.

At eleven o'clock on a certain June day a great crowd of gaping Mississippi country folk thronged the sloping sides of a hollow that, with the exception of a natural outlet on one side, converged to a small circular plat in the centre. Upon this spot had been erected a frame-work of beams, posts, braces, a platform, and a trap-door. It was the gallows—that grim monument to the majesty of the law. The hollow was a vast earthen bowl; the gallows, a lump of sugar in the bottom; the crowd, a swarm of prowling ants that crawled around like a pestilence.

For be it known that this was the first execution that had ever occurred in Kemper County.

If there is one thing more entertaining than a hanging *per se*, it is the variety of effect produced by the ghastly spectacle upon the faces and manner of the assembled witnesses. The majority were present because they had never seen a hanging; others went to gratify the natural vengeance of outraged humanity; a moiety went in the interest of "science," hoping to hear the snapping caused by the sundering of the spinal ligament.

They assisted the trembling, faltering footsteps of the victim up a ladder constructed with the finest ingenuity of awkwardness; stood him on the trap like a wooden soldier that was to be shot down with tin cannon and cork ball; and with exquisitely polite condescension, invited him to feed the assembled multitude on the philosophic loaves and fishes of the hangman's prestidigitation. And yet no tickets had been sold to that rare banquet.

A pretty, dimpled, rosy lass from the country—barefoot, and arrayed in a yellow calico dress and a white sun-bonnet, and pervaded by an odor of fresh butter and milk, and wild violets and innocence—stared horror-stricken at the awful preparations. The bright roses soon fled, and refused longer to play hide-and-seek with the dimples; and the large blue eyes overflowed with tears.

The cap was drawn; the loop was adjusted. The girl buried her face in her gaunt old mother's bosom, and gasped:

"Are they nearly ready?"

"Very nearly."

"Who is that talking?"

"The priest."

"Praying?"

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"What are they doing now, mother?"

"They are tying the man's feet and hands."

"Do they tie his hands before or behind?"

"Neither; to his sides."

"Oh, mother, mother!"

"What, my child?" and the older voice began to quaver.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

The girl sobbed pitifully. She buried her face deeper, and clung closer to her mother's neck.

"What are they doing now, mother?"

"The sheriff is getting down."

"O, me! Can I hear it, mother?"

"What, my dear?"

"When it drops."

"I think you can," and the older heart throbbed wildly.

"What are they doing now, mother?"

"The sheriff has a long, bright knife."

"What for?"

"To cut the string," so faintly that it is a whisper.

"And now, mother?"

"My—God! my—child! I don't know—I can't—look—any—longer!"

[They say that in the course of events the girl married and became a mother. Quite natural. They further assert that her first-born came into the world dead, with its neck unnaturally stretched, and its head bent far to one side.]

There was another interesting group, composed of boys between the ages of four-and-a-half and seven years. One was a negro named Tony, six years old, black as tar, homely as an ape. The others were all white. One of these, "Buck," was a chubby boy of five, with freckled face, red cheeks, and white hair. These two and the five or six others were standing or sitting in every imaginable posture indicative of awe, interest, and fear. Tony was dressed simply in a pair of his father's pantaloons cut off at the knees. Consequently the waist-band came quite under his arms, dispensing with the necessity of a shirt; and the buttons in front were connected with those behind by short strings, that served as suspenders. He was quite small and weazened. Buck, on the contrary, was large and strong; his general manner was nearly like that belonging to the advanced years of a patriarch.

After the body had been placed in a coffin, Tony wriggled to his feet and swaggered pompously up to Buck, and burying his skinny arms deep in his vest pockets, demanded:

"Wha' what yer suckin' yer thumb fer?"

Buck snatched the thumb from his mouth, and looked ashamed. Tony pursued his advantage by remarking, tauntingly:

"You was skyerd, too!"

"I wasn't," protested Buck.

"Yas you wuz, wh-when he chopped de string!"

"I wasn't; but you was, though."

"H-how?"

"Seen you?"

"Seed me?"

The white boy nodded. He never wasted words.

"Seed me, d.d yer?"

Buck did not deign a second nod.

"Wnat yer see?" persisted Tony.

The white boy took the thumb from his mouth—it had again found its way there—and answered:

"You got pale."

The absurdity of the idea was so apparent that even the slow penetration of the little black imp was not long in detecting it.

"Me got pale?"

"The thumb prevented utterance."

"You knows?"

"Seed me?"

A nod.

"H-h-how kin yer see me git pale wb-wh-when I's black?"

Now, kin yer answer dat?"

Another nod.

"Y'ever seed er nigger git pale?"

Nod.

"H-how?"

"You know them little red streaks in the white o' your eyes?"

"Yas."

"That's how you tell when a nigger's pale."

"H-how?"

"Cause the streaks turns white, an' you can't see 'em."

Having delivered himself of this startling physiological truth, the young man rose to his feet, and he and the negro trotted off to regain their companions, who were already several rods away, deep in a discussion of the scene they had just witnessed.

"I wonder if it hurt him."

"Course it did!"

"How do you know?"

"Didn't you see him doin' his shoulders this way, and sorter reachin' out his feet before him?"

"Why, I've seen 'em do like that in the circus."

"What do you think about it, Buck?"

"Nothin'."

"Would you like to be hung?"

Buck shook his head.

"Why?"

"Hurts."

"How do you know?"

"Dunno."

"I wouldn't mind it!" exclaimed the boastful Tony.

A peculiar and mischievous look came into Buck's face.

He asked Tony:

"You wouldn't?"

"No! Shaw! why doan my daddy heff me up by my hade clar o' de groun' mos' ev'ry day, to see London?"

"Don't it hurt?"

"No!"

"What does they hang people for, Tony?" queried a cross-eyed little wretch.

"Wh-why, ter see London, course!"

"What, with a rope?"

"Oh, er rope!"

"Yes."

"Waal, doan yer know?"

"No."

"Den I ain't er-gwine to tell yer!"

Buck had developed an idea.

"Let's hang Tony," he said.

The proposition was hailed with delight.

But numerous obstacles presented themselves—there was no material for building a scaffold, no carpenter's tools; Buck solved the problem by suggesting a tree. There was no rope: Buck stole an old, partially decayed clothes-line.

They soon found an appropriate spot for the execution. It was at the head of a deep and shady ravine, walled in on three sides by precipitous bluffs. Ascent or descent was extremely perilous, as it could be accomplished only by clinging to the stems and roots of bushes that lined the walls in many places. The boys clambered down, and discovered a tree on which could be successfully tested the efficacy of capital punishment. It was a stunted, crooked magnolia, leaning far to one side, and having a branch that ran out horizontally, about eight feet from the ground. They danced around the tree in the highest enjoyment of the delightful preparations, which were conducted by Buck, Tony, and two or three others—none more happy than Tony himself. They tied one end of the rope to the limb, and secured the other around Tony's neck.

A tremendous obstacle now obtruded itself. They had no trap. The improvised gallows was a failure.

"Now, look-a-hyar," said Tony, "I don't want ter be h-hung in dis byar style. Ef I ain't er-gwine ter drap, dey ain't no fun."

"You can jump off'n the limb," suggested Buck.

This solution of the difficulty was received with the most demonstrative joy. Tony sat upon the limb, the rope around his neck.

"All right, Tony," said one of the leaders; "but wait till you say everything. Now, make a speech, you know."

Tony grinned and cleared his throat.

"Ladies 'n gembles!"

"There ain't no ladies, Tony."

"Waal, doan I has ter say h-hit anyway? Ladies 'n gembles! I wants ter dress yer wid er few las' words. I's er mighty big sinner. A-hem! Wh-what did he say?"

"Talked about his mother."

"Oh, yas! An' wh-when I was er little bit o' chile, dest about so high, an' use ter go an' git de ole 'oman switches—"

"No; when she used to pray with you."

"Yas. An' she would tol' me ter be er mighty good chile, an' min' her wh-when she holler at me; an' ef I didn't git down awn dem marrer-bones 'n say dem prayers quick, she'd make er flo'-cloth out'n me, an' tie me ter de well-bucket fer er sinker; an'—an'—"

"Advisin' 'em, you know."

"An' ef yer ever does anything wrong, an' dey catches yer 'n hung yer, wh-why, den, look out! Now, wh-who's er-gwine ter pray?"

But the prayer was dispensed with, as was also the blind-folding and the tying. One boy armed himself with a stick, which he made believe was a knife, and gave Tony particular instructions to drop at the moment the knife struck the imaginary cord that held the imaginary trigger. The boy then looked around solemnly, made a grand sweep with his arm, and, with a strong blow upon the trunk of the tree, sprung the trap.

True to the working perfection of the machinery, Tony was launched into space.

A strange and unaccountable thing had happened. Tony found himself sprawling upon the ground. He scrambled to his feet with a look of triumph that ill-accompanied the astonishment visible in the faces of the spectators. They had committed the error of allowing too much rope for the distance.

"H-bit doan hurt!" exclaimed Tony.

"Cause you ain't hung," Buck quietly remarked.

This abashed Tony, when he had realized the situation. He crawled upon the limb again, and they contracted the length of the rope.

All ready again. The knife fell.

Tony slipped from the tree; the rope tightened, stopped the upper part of his body with a jerk, and then snapped and threw him violently upon the ground. He slowly and with difficulty raised his head and looked around, as though his neck was stiffened painfully with a cold, his eyes staring as if he had seen a hideous spectre, his mouth drawn with pain, and the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Confound that rope!" exclaimed a boy.

Buck regarded Tony silently.

"What's the matter, Tony?" asked another boy, as he noticed the remarkable expression in the negro's face.

Tony was sitting on the ground, carefully feeling his neck all around, and was unable to speak for the suppressed sobs that choked him. He rose to his feet, looking ruefully about, the boys enjoying his discomfiture immoderately.

"Let's try it again," said Buck.

"No, you don't!" screamed the colored boy, with a determination the firmness of which could not be doubted. He was as fierce as he was frightened, and occupied himself with rearranging his suspenders, which were on the point of slipping from his shoulders.

"Why, Tony?"

"Yer plays too rough. Dat's why, now!"

"Did it hurt?"

"Course it did!" he said, with a look of contempt.

They insisted; Tony refused. One little fellow caught forcible hold, but Tony threw him off and bounded into the brush. They pursued him, captured him, and brought him back, crying and struggling fiercely. Finally they succeeded, after the greatest difficulty, in lifting him from the ground, while Buck could climb the tree and tie the rope. There was no ceremony about the affair then. The work was done silently and in dead earnest. The unfortunate victim yelled, but the boys were not to be cheated out of the fruits of the first grand lesson they had learned in the economy of government, the protection of society. They had seen a thing about which a great popular commotion had been raised—a simple thing: a beam, a rope, and a man. What prevents a frequent repetition of this phantasmagoria from the magic-lantern of the law? Surely not the popular taste. It is true that the magic-lantern is, as it were, a species of reserved and exalted privilege; but the slide on which the ghastly picture is painted can be removed, and utilized in an improvised magic-lantern sometimes vulgarly called a mob. But this, also, has a flame, a reflector, and a magnifying lens. It answers for all practical purposes. It is an off-pring of necessity.

The rope was at length securely tied. The cries of the unwilling victim were suddenly checked, as his weight was gradually allowed to fall upon the rope, strangling him. They were determined that a sudden jerk should not again frustrate their plans. Throwing his liberated hands wildly about, he clutched a boy by the hair, and made him yell with pain. It required strong efforts to release him. Then they all withdrew to a short distance.

Not a sound of any kind escaped the hanging child. The boys looked on silently, and with grim satisfaction. He vainly endeavored to reach up and catch the rope that was choking out his life; but there seemed to be a weight upon his arms, and he could raise them no higher than his shoulders. He kicked to the right and to the left, and squirmed and twisted. The knot was behind his neck, and the rope fell directly across the windpipe and great arteries. The boys watched the contortions of his face with absorbing interest, and a few became somewhat pale with an excitement tinged with anxiety; but they possessed too much stoicism to betray their feelings by any overt act, while the younger boys—and especially Buck—looked on with such calm courage.

"I wonder if it hurts him much?" queried a boy. There was no reply.

Buck, on being asked the question, nodded; and, with his thumb in his mouth, never removed his gaze from the suspended Tony.

"Well, we'll take him down after awhile. I wonder why be don't say something, Buck?"

"Can't."

"Why?"

But Buck merely shook his head, and said nothing.

The poor little hanging wretch grew more and more quiet as the moments flew by. His teeth were shut close, but his lips were slightly parted, and his eyes stared with a dumb, beseeching, horrifying agony. After the lapse of a few minutes his struggles ceased, and the body turned slowly from side to side. Then there was a slight shivering; the eyes rolled upward, and became fixed.

Said a boy: "I'll bet you he won't go around any more, blowing about it's not hurting him."

Buck looked at the speaker, and then at the swinging body. He told them to hold Tony while he climbed the tree to untie the knot. They did so; but through a little carelessness and ignorance they allowed the body to lunge to one side, and it fell to the ground like a log. They stared at it, and a boy asked:

"Why don't you get up, Tony?"

"What are you doing your eyes that way for?" asked another.

"Ain't he still?" remarked a third.

"Do you think he is putting on?"

"I don't know. Here, you take hold of that other arm, and help me pull him up. Tony!"

He was lying on his back. They raised him by the arms to a sitting posture; but as soon as they released him he toppled to one side and forward, and one of the eyes was buried in the dirt. The boys were thoroughly alarmed. They felt that something awful had happened, but they were ignorant of its nature.

"What's the matter with him?"

No answer.

"Does anybody know?"

Still no answer.

"Do you, Buck?"

A quiet nod.

"What is it?"

"Dead."

OAKLAND, March 10, 1880.

W. C. MORROW.

THE PROSPECTOR.

"The night is near, the trail is dim,
With chaparral o'ergrown;
Till morning stay, go not that way
Alone."

"Day after day, year after year,
I'm like a dry leaf blown
By the shifting gales o'er hills and vales,
Alone."

"And wintry storms have o'er me lower'd,
And snow-flakes round me flown,
As nights I lie beneath the sky
Alone."

"And summer's days have seen me oft
Where the sun has fiercest shone
O'er burning sands, on desert lands,
Alone."

"Far in the mountains gleams a light
That guides me on and on;
I follow its gleam, through forest and stream,
Alone."

"'Tis Fortune's beacon guides me on;
O'er yonder bluff it shone.
Ere falls the night I'll scale the height
Alone!"

Over the bluff, in the deep ravine
With sage-brush all o'ergrown,
Lie a pick and a pin, and the bones of a man
Unknown.

WILMINGTON, March 1, 1890.

ED. HOLLAND.

Mind in Scientific Persons—Evidences that They Have It.

Learned dogs, cultured pigs, and accomplished mules, says the *New York Times*, are by no means infrequent. What is still more remarkable is the fact that animals can teach a variety of things to scientific persons, and that the latter unquestionably possess instinct which is susceptible of cultivation, and which gives us a right to consider them as differing from animals only in degree. There are scores of interesting facts which support these assertions, and which ought to be collected and published by some judicious literary dog.

For example, there is the anecdote of the scientific person who was taught to speak the cat language. He was of the small French mathematical breed, and of great intelligence and activity. He was once matched against a wiry Scotch mathematician to extract cube roots, and won in twenty minutes and three seconds, having at the end of that time extracted fifty roots, to his antagonist's thirty-four. The cat, who was a remarkably accomplished animal, with an especial fondness for scientific persons, taught the French mathematician to converse fluently, not only in the classical cat language, but in the difficult and little-known tortoiseshell and Maltese dialects. The two would frequently sit up on end on the front piazza, and converse with an evident enjoyment which excited the envy of the neighbors. The cat testifies that the mathematician displayed in conversation a degree of intelligence upon rat, bird, and other important subjects which is unusual even among well-informed cats, and that his accent, except as to a few difficult syllables, was unexceptionable. It is painful to be compelled to say that the French scientific person's morals were not cultivated by the cat, who was, unfortunately, an avowed atheist. He took his pupil with him on midnight excursions, and introduced him to the dissolute and musical circles of the back fence, where a bullet from a revolver put a premature end to what was certainly a most interesting and valuable experiment.

Only less remarkable was the English scientific person, who was taught to sit with his mouth open in hot weather, and pant. He was the property of a respectable mastiff, who treated him with great familiarity. By bribing him with small mineralogical specimens, which the mastiff found and brought home in his mouth, the scientific person was gradually taught to sit up and hang out his tongue precisely like a dog, and to pant with an ease and perfection which could not be surpassed. The scientific person was evidently quite vain of his accomplishment, and found it a great relief in warm weather. His example, however, was never followed by others of his kind, and in some cases even seemed to excite the anger of his less intelligent acquaintances.

That scientific persons really possess instinct has often been claimed and is often denied—the assertion being made that what observing dogs mistake for instinct in scientific persons is only reason simulating instinct. But there is evidence to the contrary that can not well be resisted. There was a scientific person in New Jersey of the Positivistic species, who was accustomed to break into yells of rage whenever he heard a church bell. Now, this was evidently not a reasonable act. He knew that he was not compelled to go to church, and that the church could not go to him. The sound of the bell was not intrinsically unpleasant, and did not do him any possible injury. His rage, then, was not reasonable, but instinctive, and was a clear proof that he was possessed of genuine instinct.

These incidents sufficiently prove the propositions that scientific persons are possessed of instinct, and that their minds are susceptible of cultivation. Hundreds of other incidents of the same general nature might be mentioned, did time and space permit. Nothing can be done, however, within the limits of a newspaper article with such a subject except to call the attention of intelligent and observing animals to it, in the hope that it will be taken up and investigated by our learned dogs with the care and fullness which it deserves.

A lady tells something which ought to have remained a secret with her sex. It is, that a woman in choosing a lover considers a great deal more how the man will be regarded by other women than whether she loves him herself.

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, who was a clergyman, that he always refused a marriage fee, saying with much pleasantry, "Go your way, poor children, I have done you mischief enough already, without taking your money."

TOPICS FOR LEAP-YEAR AND LENT.

A Russian countess parades the streets of Nice escorted by three large bloodhounds of quarrelsome disposition.

It is decided that rosebud dinner parties are proper in Lent. The girls are supposed to be too young to be wicked.

The young daughter of Mr. George H. Pendleton is one of the few ladies who in this age cultivate the charming old fashion of harp-playing.

Rose-juice is the name of a new color, which looks as if produced by crushing a blush-rose petal. It is not pretty, for it inclines too much to soferino.

"If girls intend to take advantage of their leap-year prerogatives, they should be careful to act like gentlemen." They have started in the right direction: they dress as near like gentlemen as possible.

White pansies make exceedingly pretty flower-knots for the necktie during Lent, but they are principally in demand for the weddings of persons who, like Queen Victoria, see no reason why one should not be married out of the season as well as in it.

Prettiest of all the embroideries for gowns are the little brown twigs of the flowering almond, or the peach-tree, with their pale pink or rosy blossoms; and the girls who have stolen the design from the Royal Art patterns, and are using it, are making themselves the most elegant of gowns.

A Frenchman has invented a new dish, and Paris has gone crazy over it. Take a head of celery, and boil the heart in vinegar-water for a quarter of an hour; wipe it dry, and place it in a sauce made of sugar flavored with lemon-juice. Serve it cold at dessert. It is called crystallized celery.

It is said that in fashionable circles in England dancing parties no longer open with a waltz, but with a quadrille, in order that the young people may become pleasantly acquainted. A better way still is to precede the dancing by a reception, in which everybody shall be introduced to everybody else, and thus anything like awkwardness or unnecessary formality is avoided.

Madame de Lesseps went to a fair for the benefit of the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum in New York, and gave her fan to the managers, who immediately sold two hundred shares in it at one dollar apiece. Then the Vicomtesse de Lesseps turned flower girl and sold roses at one dollar each, and altogether showed that a French woman with a title is a valuable accession to those who are engaged in charitable works.

Sarah Bernhardt is described as suddenly taking into her head the resolution to become a sculptor. She began at one o'clock in the morning, just after returning from the theatre, and for a model she took her old aunt, Madame Bruck, who was roused, grumbling, from a sound sleep to sit until six o'clock, having her ancient features put into clay.

The tall, fair, and fragile looking Princess Blanche d'Orléans is going to marry the Prince de Ligne, who, although not of royal birth, is allied to several reigning families. Princess Blanche is the second daughter of the Duc de Nemours, and is the frequent companion of her father in Paris society. She is the only remaining unmarried granddaughter of Louis Philippe.

A Philadelphia girl is already disgusted with leap-year. The other evening as she began "Will you—" her young man, without waiting to ascertain whether or not she was going to propose, sprang from the sofa, rushed off, and has carefully avoided the house ever since. And yet, aware that she possessed a very large mouth, she was merely about to ask, "Will you please shut your eyes while I yawn?"

A female journalist on the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* told a reporter that she was out all hours of the night, went straight along, and was never meddled with. She carried a pistol for a time, and learned how to use it, but finally threw it aside, thinking the men of Chicago were so tame and gentle that they did not need to have it drawn on them. Presence of mind, she says, is more protection than a pistol, anyway.

"Oh, mamma doesn't allow me to dance with midshipmen," was the response of the daughter of a high functionary to a gallant young middy on one of Queen Victoria's ships, when asked for a waltz. But the young woman—who has Indian blood in her veins—relented when she found he was a nobleman as well as a middy, and claimed him for a partner. "Oh, mamma doesn't allow me to dance with squaws," was the boy's reply, as he moved away.

The new lisle-thread stockings are the "beautifullest" as yet. They are quiet in effect, and combine often two colors in hair-line horizontal stripes, like crimson and blue, gold and black, black and white. They are clocked with the brightest colors. Then there are the ribbed plain colors; the plain with silk embroidery, in a single contrasting color, on the instep; the unbleached shades, with perpendicular lace ribs and lines of color half way up the leg; and the spun silk plain, with the clocks in another shade or hue.

It is young ladies of whom Olive Logan is raving now. It is Emily Von Schaumburg whose classic beauty she compares to that of Cleopatra; and Mattie Mitchell, daughter of the ex-Senator from Oregon, of whom she says that she speaks French with a "certain dainty and somewhat hesitating precision that is nothing short of kissable whenever heard." That is a pretty way of excusing stammering French, isn't it?

In Washington, the recurrence of the Lenten season has a most marked influence upon social life. The receptions go out and the lectures come in, while various forms of "improving" mental entertainments are cordially welcomed to fill up the gap caused by the sudden cessation of livelier amusements. Especially, as it is no longer correct to eat good things, the ladies of fashion find time to go to cooking school, and store up wisdom as to the ways and means of providing good things for the future.

Muslin dresses are to be very simple this summer, it is said. Simple skirts with one flounce, fan waists, ribbon belts or sashes, little shoulder capes with the ends fastened at the belt, make up the prospect with which some dressmakers are

terrifying their customers. "Single skirts," cry the girls, who never have known what it is to move without having a mass of drapery about them. "Single skirts! Mamma, mayn't we go to some actress and learn how to walk?" Mamma had better send them. It isn't easy to be graceful in simple robes.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the marked superiority of women over men is in few points more remarkable than in their superior powers of smelling and tasting. A woman will detect the faintest odor of tobacco when a man, even though a non-smoker, often fails to discover any symptom of it. As with smell so with taste. Women are marvelously acute and fastidious in the matter of sauces and all flavoring ingredients.

"Leap-year gives young ladies a gentleman's privileges in making love." Perhaps it does. But no respectable young man, says an able Western journal, will have anything to do with a young lady who takes a position on the street-corner and winks at the gentlemen as they pass by. Nor would it look well for a dozen or more young ladies to loaf around in front of a church an hour and a half on Sunday nights, sparring and knocking one another's hats off, and dancing a tralla-la on the sidewalk in order to kill time until the congregation is dismissed, and then buckle up to a young man and escort him home. Not any.

A novelty has recently appeared in a Boston ice-cream saloon, in the shape of a girl who sets a table instead of dropping things on it, who takes an order courteously, and, in short, shows that she deserves the title which the most incapable of her sisters most strenuously insist upon—that of "lady." Nobody has yet been able to decide exactly how to treat her, or to determine whether it is best to try to keep her humble and gentle by snubbing her, or to bow down and worship her; and so the ordinary customer simply stares in astonishment and gratitude, and resolves to haunt the saloon in future in order to enjoy the sensation of being served by her.

A wedding-party had gathered at Belvidere, Wis., and just as the clergyman was about to commence the service, the floor gave way in the centre and sank about three feet, mixing bride, groom, clergyman, and spectators in one common mass. The lights were extinguished, fortunately, without any damage, and for a few minutes confusion reigned supreme. It was soon ascertained that nobody was hurt, and no damage, except that to the floor, sustained. The lamps were relighted, the bride and groom again took their positions, the guests being this time arranged on a sliding scale, and the ceremony was conducted without further interruption. Had there been a cellar under the floor the consequence must have been disastrous.

Philip (of the Boston *Courier*) has invented an improvement on the device for dropping members of the orchestra who play false out of sight, and for silencing characters in the theatre. It is simply a pair of gigantic tongs, governed by machinery under the control of the usher. The instant that symptoms of the last scene begin to appear, and Rusticus and Suburban arise to put on their overcoats, these tongs drop from the ceiling, catch them up by the collar, and deposit them in the lobby in less than three seconds, choking them on the way, so that they can not make any disturbance. This is what is needed to accommodate gentlemen in a hurry to catch a train, and loth to disturb their neighbors. They need only to stand up, and they will be swept away with the greatest precision.

As this is the season, especially during the sudden changes we have had recently, when we are all exposed to colds, it may be comforting to hear that we need not take cold if we do not want to; that taking or not taking cold depends mainly on the will. A very high medical authority so declares, and adds that we know very little of the forms of disease, even the commonest. Cold-taking seems to be the result of a sufficient impression of cold to reduce the vital energy of nerve-centres presiding over the functions of special organs. It is easy, then, to see why a strong fit of sneezing rouses the dormant centres, enabling them to resume work, and avoid evil consequences. This explains why the worst effects of a cold do not usually follow a chill which excites much sneezing. Shivering is a less positive convulsion to restore the paralyzed nervous energy, though it may in less degree serve the same purpose. The shivering that proceeds from the effect of poison is totally different. We refer to the quick muscular agitation and teeth-chattering which occur when the body is exposed to cold, and no ill results supervene. The natural indication, therefore, to ward off the consequence of a chill, is to restore the vital energy of the nerve-centres, which restoration may be insured by a strong, sustained effort of will. Experiments often made attest the truth of this theory, which is well worth trying. If all a man need do to prevent a cold is to resolve not to have one, he should be ashamed of a cold, which, it would appear, is not only an annoyance, but a confession of mental infirmity.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has recently printed some reminiscences of the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in the course of which she says that he was exceptionally fortunate in his domestic life. His home was one of the pleasantest in London. Once in a conversation with him I asked whether he thought the majority of marriages were happy or unhappy. "Happy, certainly," was the reply. "I think most men marry for love, and get the right woman, with whom they are perfectly satisfied through life. Of course, however, there are wives who fail to hold the hearts of their husbands."

"Will you tell me," I said, "in what you think is the secret of a woman's lasting power—what quality it is in her which makes her hold her husband's heart forever?"

"That she should be a pillow," answered Mr. Dixon seriously. "I mean that in her, as on a pillow, her husband must find repose. He gets hard knocks enough in the world—people stick their sharp corners into him—they hurt his pride or wound his sensibilities. Let him be able to go home feeling that there, at least, is some one who believes in him utterly. He has no need to tax himself, if he is tired. She will be contented even if he does not tell her his best stories, or tells her the old ones three times over. She asks nothing of him but that he will be himself. Do you think years make such a refuge of less worth? No, never stay long away from such companions—cerest flattery, the most perfect rest."

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1880.

OPEN LETTER TO THE "COUNCIL."

Will the Executive "Council" indulge the *Argonaut* in saying that the intelligent people of this city hope there will be no compromise with the revolutionary element that has for more than two years disgraced this city? We have endured the insolence of this criminal mob till endurance has ceased to be a virtue. Just as public opinion becomes ripe for an old-fashioned vigilance committee, that would make swift work with such cowardly villains as the sand-lot leadership has developed, certain of you very rich men step to the front and assume direction of events. This is becoming, provided you do not compromise the dignity, manliness, and self-respect of your fellow-citizens. If you compromise with these villains you disgrace every brave and honest man in San Francisco. Demand of these wretches that they turn their arms over to the authorities, and if they refuse, fight them. Demand that there be no more meetings upon the sand-lot; if they refuse, disperse them. Demand that there be no more threats; and if they refuse, choke them. Let yourselves be assured that you will be supported by the moral sentiment of this community, and be upheld by a discriminating and intelligent public opinion throughout the United States. This revolt is mostly confined to criminal and ignorant aliens, and it carries with it the elements of danger to Republican liberty. To temporize with it is to encourage it; to show fear of it is to make it perpetual and formidable. Be assured, gentlemen, that for you there is but one honorable, consistent, and manly course to pursue, and that is to stand bravely up to the law, and to the maintenance of all the legal rights of all the citizens of San Francisco.

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war. Kearney has thrown up his tail and bellowed. If this was the result of an honest conviction that his course had been an injurious one to the community in which he lives, and to the class to which he belongs, and not the result of cowardice, we should accept it, and give to him the credit that attaches to the meanest criminal when he confesses his crime and promises amendment. Regarding his present attitude as one resulting from cowardice, as a square back-down in the presence of a danger he dare not face, and on the eve of a conflict he had not the courage to engage in, we are not disposed to accord to Mr. Kearney any other virtue than that of prudence. This newly assumed position saves the city from a conflict, and saves us from whatever disgrace may have followed the bloody and forcible suppression of a mob of foreign knaves and villains, who have made menace, blasphemy, and blackguardism their trade for now more than two years. We are not pleased that this question should have had a peaceful solution, because we regard the kind of agitation we have so long endured as the beginning of an evil that is only eradicated by being killed. However, we accept the situation, and we shall not be unmindful of the lesson it has taught us. It has disclosed the existence of perils that were hidden. It has warned us of dangers that we hoped did not lurk within our political system. It has put all thinking and patriotic persons—native and foreign-born—upon the inquiry how best to guard against these dangers, and ought to bring into party alliance all foreign and native-born who love the country of their birth and the home of their adoption. We shall not be deceived by this cowardly and politic truce. This exhibition of the white flag is not for surrender, but for opportunity to manoeuvre, and for the enemy to rest upon its arms and gain strength, till at some later time it can strike society a foul and more effective blow. In the meantime there should be no relaxation of vigilance. The arms placed in the hands of citizens in aid to authority should be kept bright. The secret corps that with its Winchester repeating rifles struck

terror to this crazy Richard should be maintained, and the regiments should be filled to their full quota, and kept in effective condition; and the organization of citizens that has given expression to this public opinion should not be disbanded. The greatest care should be exercised in the choice of our new policemen, and no one should be given the "star" who can not be vouched for by well-known and respectable citizens as law-loving, patriotic, brave, and in earnest sympathy with good government. Out of this agitation there should grow an "American" party, composed of the respectable of all nationalities. It should be called and known as "American," and the foreigner who has come among us and is not willing to join an American party, let him join the enemy, composed of the treasonable, the ignorant, the vicious, and the idle.

This raid of the ragged has demonstrated to capital the desirableness of its being upon friendly terms with labor; and has illustrated the indispensable necessity that labor should be in friendly cooperation with capital. This relation has been understood by intelligent persons in each class. The intelligent working class has not participated in this raid, but it has been the first to catch the boomerang in the face—the first to be wounded by the recoiling weapon. Up to the time of the inauguration of this agitation there was abundant labor at remunerative wages. An honest day's work commanded an honest wage. Since two years ago money has hid itself, capital has withdrawn, and labor has experienced a pinching time. This has put the better class of working men upon reflection, and each one has had the question fairly presented: "Is it better for me to be in political or social sympathy with the men who have money, or with those who have none?" The answer has come in practical form. The gaunt guest has come to their dinner-table, and they have had an appeal taken from the councils of the corner grocery to the fireside and the home. The eloquent agitation that comes from the low-browed and brutal and blasphemous blackguards of the sand-lot has been answered and its logic refuted by the wives and babies at the hearth-stone. And the mute appeal of hungry loved ones is more pathetic and powerful than the boisterous blasphemy of the selfish political agitators. It is self-apparent, clear to the dullest comprehension, that the laborer, the mechanic, the manufacturer, and, indeed, the worker in all kinds of industry, mental and physical—all who earn salaries or sell the productions of their handicraft, or receive daily wages—can alone prosper when confidence prevails, and enterprise is stimulated by the hope of financial reward. The lesson taught has been a hard but useful one. It will not have been taught in vain if the wealthy shall become somewhat less sordid and selfish, and the poor less jealous and vengeful.

Whether this agitation is ended or not, there is the ever-present, and, so long as it exists, the ever-disturbing question of Chinese immigration. This agitation, now transplanted from the sand-lot and remanded to the national councils at Washington, must not be lost sight of, and the effort, by legal and peaceful endeavor, to arrest the incursion of these Chinese barbarians must not be relaxed. Our laboring population has a right to demand of the political power of the Government its best and most earnest effort in this direction. It is a proposition as clearly demonstrable as any problem in mathematics, that the American or European can not compete with Chinese labor and live. The conflict is an unequal one, made so by conditions that no statesmanship can vary or change or modify. There is but one peaceful remedy, and that is for the Congress of the nation to check Chinese immigration. The only other remedy is a bloody one, brought about by the inevitable collision of two forces that can not live in harmony with each other—two races having nothing in common, and that can not exist side by side in peace. The slogan of the sand-lot that "The Chinese must go" was as brutal as it was impudent. The Chinese among us are protected by law. There is no mode of resisting a law except by a revolution, and it does not become one class of foreigners to make a revolution in order to drive out another class that has the same legal right to be in the country as it has. American-born people—and foreign-born who comprehend the spirit of our laws and the genius of our institutions—would, in the event of unlawful demonstration, be compelled to fight in their defense. The same man who would spare no exertion to arrest Chinese immigration would arm himself to protect the Chinese among us. This ought to be understood at the East. It seems a willful determination on the part of the Joseph Cooks, and Henry Ward Beechers, and other long-haired humanitarians of the sentimental and, we believe, hypocritically pious class, to misunderstand and misrepresent public opinion here upon this question. The question is a burning one. Wealth and labor, intelligence and stupidity, industry and idleness, all classes, all parties, all religions are united in the desire to have this question promptly disposed of. The labor class is not more interested than the wealthy in the speedy solution of this problem.

The great evil that underlies our Government, and that threatens its prosperity, is found in the principle that invites

all nations to send their overflowing peoples to our shores, and, when here, clothes all the adult males of the white races with the elective franchise. From nearly every State in Europe we are receiving an ignorant, criminal, and pauper immigration. The Russian Nihilist who fails to burn a palace, the Spaniard who fails to kill his king, the Englishman who is under police surveillance for cracking a crib, or the Irishman who does not succeed in murdering his landlord, comes to America, and upon the hour of his landing becomes a politician. The Socialist, who thinks property a theft and accumulation a crime, or the Communist, who would divide and take to himself that which he has not earned, is the natural ally of the office-seeking party politician who regards the loot and plunder of office more desirable than the earnings that result from toil or the savings that result from self-denial. Had we eliminated the lurking elements of political discord, taken from Kearney and Steinman and Wellock and Cannon, and the other naturalized citizens that had come to us from foreign countries, the right of the elective franchise, there would have been no agitation in our city, or, had it occurred, it would have been promptly suppressed. There would have been no piece-clubs to have given birth to the organization of the sand-lot. There would have been no element of irresolution with a Democratic Mayor. Robert Ferrall as a criminal judge would have been impossible. Trials by jury, with only the American-born upon them, would be a different institution from that composed in part of the foreign-born who are in sympathy with the class whose crimes they are called upon to decide. Desmond would not be the Sheriff of this county, and would not have been in a position to bail Cannon, charged with violating the law, or, in event of Kearney's conviction, to extend to him the hospitalities of the county jail. We should not have a clerical demagogue filling the executive chair of our city, leaving the City Hall to stir dissensions upon the sand-lot and move discontent to open violence. Legislators would not pass laws to "conciliate" law-breakers. Judges would not be compelled to adjudicate for the popular sentiment before which they must go for reflection, and public opinion might be a healthy, national, and patriotic sentiment, instead of a passionate class agitation.

Repeal of the naturalization laws becomes an imperative duty in the presence of the perils that to-day threaten our republic. This repeal would not affect present citizens, but would limit any further advance in this direction. It would prevent us from receiving some good citizens from other lands, but it would prevent a multitude of bad characters from becoming citizens. Such a law would commend itself to a majority of the better class of adopted citizens, and ought to become the unanimous sentiment of all native-born who are not politicians of the demagogue stripe. This is not Know-nothingism, because it denies to no foreigner any privilege now enjoyed by him. It is not the result of any narrow bigotry. It is simply patriotism, in providing against a danger that none are quicker to see, or more anxious to avert, than our better class of foreign residents. The intelligent, honest, and thoughtful German fully understands this argument. The educated and well-disposed Irishman appreciates the suggestion. The well-disposed men of family and property who are born abroad would rather deny themselves the elective privilege than to share it with the evil-disposed of their own countrymen. The argument that addressed itself to our forefathers, and that was a strong one in the last generation, has no longer any force. The conditions that existed half a century ago no longer continue. A broad empire and a sparse population, sailing ships that made but occasional voyages across the sea, might well have convinced our early law-makers that invitation to the immigrant from foreign lands would only be accepted by the provident, the adventurous, and the desirable. A population of fifty millions closing in upon the vacant places of our continent, the disturbed condition of Europe, the cheap-carrying, swift-steaming vessels, admonish us that our invitation has been too broad, our continent too narrow. We are in danger of being overwhelmed with an inundation of undesirable people. Paupers and criminals from Europe, and slaves from Asia, threaten to engulf in the whirling eddy and maelstrom of their violent conflict the Government that gives them asylum—the European immigrant to overturn and destroy the laws that control society, the Chinese to eat up as locusts the substance of the land. This remedy, viz: a repeal of the laws extending the franchise to men of foreign birth, or conferring it alone upon Congress, is possible whenever there shall arise the "American" party, embracing the native-born and the respectable foreign-born, which shall have the bravery and the patriotism to avert a national peril by a heroic remedy.

When Danton was executed, he said: "We fall the victims of contemptible cowards, but they will not long enjoy their victory. Robespierre follows. I drag him after me." History says that Robespierre witnessed the execution gleefully, rubbing his hands. "Next gentleman" is the Baptist preacher. We hope to see him come to the guillotine of Judge Rix's tribunal before long. He is singing very low just now, trying to keep step to the tune of the *Bulletin's* hand-organ.

AFTERMATH.

On Sunday evening of last week, at the Metropolitan Baptist Church—owned, we believe, by a very wealthy Jewish gentleman named Lankershim, who, having seen the error of his ways, has turned from Judaism to become a Baptist deep diver—the reverend hard-shell Baptist, who, by the kind intermeddling of the devil, has become Mayor of San Francisco, preached his usual screed. He mixed his religion, his politics, his personal quarrels, his vanity, his blackguardism into an olla-podrida of blasphemy and nonsense. To this delectable feast of slobber and flow of idiotic slush he charged an admittance of ten cents—money-changers in the temple!—and here, sweating and smelling bad, the admirers of this foul-mouthed and vulgar blather-skite listened for an hour. He compared himself to Moses, Aaron, and Joshua; the likeness would have been more striking if he had confined the illustration to some of the peculiar weaknesses of Solomon, and David, and Uriah Heep. He complimented Moses and Lewis Kaplan; the one as the great lawgiver, and the other as the fittest man to run an American register of voters. He abused a writer upon the *Argonaut*, for this has now become one of his themes. It draws—it draws ten cents. This is religion. This is one of the meek and lowly men of God. This, a preacher of God's Word. This, the exemplar of the life of Christ. This, the teacher of holy things. This, the man—one of the men—whom an organized Christian church has licensed to preach the Gospel, to warn sinners to repentance, to lead by his example in the straight and narrow path. Isaac Kalloch in the City Hall is a politician, and for his political acts has a right to be measured as other men are measured; but when he drags his politics and his personal blackguardism into the pulpit, and there exposes the wounds upon his person and the scars upon his moral character, he becomes a target at which the shafts of exposure may be safely directed.

When the warden has put on the muzzle,
Kindly send Denis this puzzle;
For—in the snug House of Correction—
He'll have leisure for solid reflection:
14, 15, 13.

After all, trial by jury is not an unmixed evil. For once, at least, in San Francisco this bulwark of liberty has proven no defense for sand-lot threats. Twelve good and true men have found the agitator Gannon guilty of using incendiary language. At the present writing it is impossible to determine whether the meshes of locally administered law are loose enough, and large enough, to permit the comfortable wriggling through, into liberty and license, of agitator Gannon and his more notorious chief. The arrest, trial, conviction, and almost certain imprisonment of Denis Kearney gives the law a triumph, and in a small way vindicates its supremacy. Some there will be who will regret that there could not have been a different trial of conclusions between the agitators and society. Whether there has been or is to be any compromise between the Council and the criminals we are not advised. We hope not. We may, however, accept the decision of the courts as evidence that the law is not yet powerless when behind it there stands a healthful and earnest public opinion. The case of Tweed illustrated the power of law and popular opinion, when united. In spite of his political position (deemed impregnable), in spite of the popularity that made him State Senator after indictment, and in spite of his six millions of criminal accumulations, he was driven to exile, brought to imprisonment, trial, and conviction, and died a pauper at Blackwell's Island, abandoned by all but his immediate relations. It now remains to be seen whether the boastful friends of this criminal will rescue him with the strong arm. We do not believe they will attempt it. We wish they would.

Said Mr. Pickering: "We
Have reason to think we see—
By certain infallible signs,
Which, like the flavor of wines
That are better than wines less good,
Are commonly misunderstood—
That the sand-lot is, as it were,
Prepared for a while to defer,
That is, to continue to not
Decide to get itself shot."

The *Bulletin* of Monday contains the following editorial: "It occurred to some good people in this city whose names are Pickering and Fitch, and who have endeared themselves to this community by the manly, heroic, unselfish, and patriotic course exhibited by them in conducting the *Call* and *Bulletin*, to compound a felony between the two 'most prominent criminals that have ever disgraced this city.' We suggested this cowardly and infamous proposition of compromise to leading members of the citizens' organization. The result has been that certain members 'of the committee (whose names we suppress, because this is a lie made out of whole cloth) have had the shamelessness to interview the political Baptist, with a view to 'induce him to call off his dogs, from which it is hoped 'much good will result. Anxious to save the commercial business of respectable people, and the small advertisements of Irish servant girls, we sincerely hope that the city of San Francisco may not be unwilling to sacrifice its

"dignity, its manhood, and its self-respect by compromising 'with the demagogues, idlers, tramps, vagabonds, and criminals who for two years have menaced the lives of citizens 'and threatened the repose of the community.'" Or words to that effect.

Perhaps one striker in ten thousand knows something of the statistical side of the wages question. This one man has commonly some reason outside of present necessities which impels him to join or lead a strike. He may be an honest fanatic, believing in agitation and abstraction as the great cure-alls of modern social inequality. He may believe in socialism as thieves and incendiaries do. But in either case he knows that facts and figures argue the certain defeat of his cause, whatever may become of him. He knows that the wages lost in every long strike outweigh the greatest possible pecuniary good which may accrue to the individual striker in half his working lifetime. At the present writing the skilled workmen of the Eastern States are striking right and left; which may be good for their children's children, but which can not but be bad for themselves.

We have been endeavoring to introduce the head of John the Baptist into our columns, making the historical incident illustrate what ought to be done with the Reverend Isaac. The head of John the Baptist on a charger! We have studied up the case so far as we can, and have analyzed the motives of Mr. and Mrs. Herod, and Miss Herod—or Miss Herodias, as she is called—but we can not find any way to get Isaac's head on to the "charger," except by cutting it off; and to suggest that might incite (or tend to incite) a riot; and, as we have no confidence in Judge Rix, we are timid about a too free indulgence in this kind of joking. So we have determined to offer a reward for any conundrum, metaphor, poem, or story that shall introduce and dispose of this perplexing difficulty. One year's subscription to our valuable and widely circulated journal as a prize to any one who will cut off Kalloch's head and bring it to us on a charger.

A beautiful calm rests upon the surface of musical society, and the muffled boom is stealing westward. In New York there are lock-outs in the piano factories. In Washington nihilism of melody has stolen into the social atmosphere in the guise of banjo-playing beauties. In Chicago, recently, ten young men were fined ten dollars each for whistling *Pinafore* at prayer-meeting. Near New Orleans, last week, a negro was hung for setting the Exoduster to music. And in San Francisco the departure of Wilhelm and his J is being followed by the Eastern flight of Ah Sin with his mandolin.

K. K. K.—THE EVIL TRINITY.

There are three things which seem to me
Unutterably vile;
But when I question, musingly,
Which is the vilest of the three,
I am perplexed the while.

Perhaps, however, I may rank
These creatures thus—at best:
And if I err I humbly pray
That you will class them any way
Your fancy may suggest.

The first, and least obnoxious thing,
(Already on the shelf)
Is Denis Kearney. I opine
That he was made like "doctored" wine,
And could not help himself.

The next is Kalloch, man of God—
Who, from his high estate,
Stoops down to pander at the feet
Of dirty rables in the street,
And deal in billingsgate.

The last, and vilest of the vile,
The type of things that crawl—
Of pride and manliness bereft—
With not a spark of honor left
Is this: *The Morning Kall*.

FORS HORATIONI—*In re Kearney and Kalloch, et id genus omne.*—*Virtus* (the intelligence of this State) *repulsa nescia sordide* (too long careless about the demonstrations of the sand-lot) *nec summit* (has at length awakened to the situation), *aut ponit* (and is about to purchase) *secures* (some hemp) *arbitrio* (being well advised in the premises) *popularis aura* (and hang—and—and—and—
T. T.

The extreme "American" sentiment against the inter-oceanic canal is quoted in another column. The sensible, conservative opinion of our best men seems to be that such fears as are outlined in the paragraph quoted are groundless. The distinguished gentleman whose name is representative of this scheme is now in this city. We trust he may make himself thoroughly understood by our ablest and most wealthy citizens before he takes leave of us.

There is a merchant in this city whose place of business is the most convenient street corner, whose stock in trade consists of a blackboard, a bit of crayon, a bundle of pamphlets, and a box of patent pens. "One of the great unwashed," one might reasonably think, after a casual glance in passing, for he wears ordinary clothes and his face gives no patent indication of either settled respectability or positive intelligence. "He belongs to the sand-lot," one might reasonably say, in classing him for future possibilities. Yet the other day this man preached as good a sermon as it has

ever, been the writer's good fortune to listen to, and preached against Kearneyism at that, and in the open air. It is impossible to reproduce even half that he said, and if it were possible the language without the oratory would lose half its value. But one central idea, the "Golden Text"—as they say in the Sunday-school lessons—may be paraphrased as follows, and it is very well worth remembering:

"My friends—This California that you are abusing is God's garden. In it there is every needful fruit of the earth, every useful beast of the field, every palatable fish of the sea. Here is a climate where none need freeze, nor live in dread of sun-stroke, nor cringe at sight of a frothing cur. Here are all things which man has needed in the past to make mankind good for something, and yet 'ye stand all the day idle,' waiting for something to turn up." My private opinion, publicly expressed, is that you would rather loaf and lie and drink beer, than work and save and wear clean shirts; and I think the sooner you stop sniveling about hard times and go to work at a dollar a day in the park, or wherever you can find a day's work to do, the sooner you'll have a chance to do something better."

Says the chief society carpenter of the *Call*: "Efforts were made to keep the affair a profound secret, but the matter is gradually leaking out." This in an appendix to a detailed account of "An Affair of Honor on the Cliff House Road." The appendix was inspired by Mr. Irwin's ruthless chief, and was designed to assure the gentlemen interested that the *Call* would not needlessly give them away. Mr. Irwin's initial version—in verse—was cruelly suppressed by Mr. Pickering. It is reproduced below:

They met upon the Cliff House Road—
Love's husband and Love's thief.
Each tried, according to the code,
To fill the other's beef
With lead enough to plant a lode:
The husband came to grief.
And Love's life—mended a la mode—
Turned over a new leaf.

The good God sent us one of his timely showers. The earth was dry after the north wind; parched and thirsty, it drank in the genial rain. Not only did it do the country good, rejoicing the hearts of the farmers, but it prevented the Paddies' parade. Saint Patrick's procession miscarried, and during all the seventeenth of March our eyes were not offended with harp or shamrock, or with a wild Irishman on horseback or a priest in open brouche. Nor did we see the green above the red, nor hear the "grand old national songs," nor see the offensive exhibition in our streets of soldiers in a uniform that does not belong to our nation, nor wince to see a foreign flag take the honored place of our stars and stripes. The famine in Ireland—which we are sorry for—and the rain—which we are thankful for—did us the good turn to spare us a most un-American exhibition.

There is a society in this city called the Theanthropic Society—a society which, we presume from its nomenclature, deals with such topics as are supposed to bear relation to both Deity and man. This society holds weekly reunions of a Sunday, at a public hall, which are attended by those searchers after truth who adorn and grace this cosmopolitan community. A subject of very grave importance is under discussion at present, and has been for the last two Sundays: no less a one, in fact, than the character of David—the David—the David of history; the man of genius as well as the "bad" man. He is prosecuted with vim and animosity by white-bearded atheists; defended with spleen and enthusiasm by red-faced parsons and moderate rabbins. On the whole he gets what is called, in colloquial parlance, a "pretty rough deal." The Theanthropic Society have played a good card in David. The fact that he played the devil with the decalogue is alone sufficient to draw a good house. The house last Sunday was crammed—five hundred men and four ladies. When a certain reverend doctor, in the heat of zeal, employed a very cogent *ad hominem* argument in the case of Bathsheba, the five hundred men roared, and three out of the four women shook the sawdust from their feet and tramped majestically out. Nature triumphed, but prudery was dissatisfied. Alas! poor David.

SECTION 423. Any person who shall, in a public speech, in the presence of twenty-five or more persons, use any profane or obscene language, or who shall, in such speech, advise or encourage any act of criminal violence against persons or property, or who shall, in such speech, advise or encourage the forcible execution of any law except by the regularly constituted authorities charged with that duty, or forcible resistance to the proper execution of any law, or who shall, in such public speech, advise or encourage any person or persons to molest or interfere with any other person in the lawful enjoyment of his property or in the carrying on of his lawful business, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and be punished accordingly. This Act shall take effect immediately.

The foregoing section, prepared by Assemblyman Tyler, is on its face a clear and unequivocal phrasing of a necessary protective measure. Some such law ought to have been on our statute-books long ago. Such a law, rigidly enforced, would have made Kearney impossible. If we had been so governed a year ago, Kalloch would now be devoting his entire attention to preaching—"and sich."

"Love your enemies; bless those who curse you, and do good to those who despitefully use you and persecute you." *Vide* the following letter:

DAVID BUSH, Esq.—Dear Sir: The Chinese residents are not unmindful that there are many honest work-people here that have families who are in need of the necessities of life to keep hunger from their homes; and while we are aiding our own distressed countrymen to reach the same end your noble efforts are aimed at, not desiring to be exclusive in aiding the distressed, we enclose a check, the amount to be expended in the good work as your judgment directs, with great respect,
Yours, respectfully, CHINESE

CERTAIN PHASES OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

From "The Californian" for March.

(The able article by General John F. Miller, discussing certain phases of the Chinese question, is herewith reproduced from the March number of the *Californian*. The paper has attracted considerable attention in the Eastern States, having been extensively reviewed by the newspapers, and sought for in all quarters as a plain, truthful, straightforward, and most temperate statement of the social features of the Chinese problem. The article will be particularly interesting to the believers in the "man and a brother" doctrine.)

In the discussion of this question, it has been asserted on the one side with much apparent confidence—and as vehemently denied on the other—that the opposition to Chinese immigration is confined to political demagogues, ignorant foreigners, and the vicious, unlettered element of California society. While this contention is of but little importance in the process of solution of the main question, which must be settled from considerations higher than are to be found in the character of the advocates upon either side, still it was deemed expedient to make an attempt to eliminate the question of character from the discussion by definitely showing what proportion of our people, honest or dishonest, were for Chinese immigration, and what proportion were against it. To this end, the people of this State were recently requested, by a statute law, to express their opinions upon the main question by ballot. The response was general; and when the ballots were counted, there were found to be 883 votes for Chinese immigration, and 154,638 against it.

This action will probably be regarded as decisive of all it was intended or expected to settle, but this is not all. California has, with surprising unanimity and supreme earnestness, after exhaustive discussion and passionless deliberation, declared, by this, the best method known to a free people, in favor of a policy of exclusion toward certain classes of Chinese immigrants. What shall be the influence of this declaration—so deliberately made—upon the minds of those who are charged with the ultimate solution of the great problem, is a question which must bide its time for answer. It may be important to note, however, that this action is taken by a people who are not unmindful of the spectacle which they, in themselves, present. This stand is taken in plain view of all mankind, and is maintained without a blush, in the full blaze of the civilization of the nineteenth century. Is it the attitude of ignorant defiance of the world's opinion? or is it the earnest, dignified protest of a spirited people? Does it display base motives, an illiberal, unreasoning spirit and temper? or is it the expression of honest, intelligent men, who believe they are in the right, and realize what they are doing? These questions must be answered sooner or later; California must yet be justified in this position, or stand abashed and humiliated before the civilized world. The situation is interesting, if not dramatic, and challenges the attention of American publicists and statesmen. Such an attitude would never have been assumed by any people of average intelligence without some good reason, and it is to be presumed that some individuals of the one hundred and fifty-four thousand who voted for Chinese exclusion, are able to give their reasons for this action. Many of these reasons have been given, and repeated in almost endless forms of reiteration, until it is perhaps impossible to present anything new, either in fact or argument, upon the subject. Some of the reasons which have been given are founded upon considerations of public policy, others upon moral duty, others upon principles of economic science; but the general foundation of all is, perhaps, in that higher law, which is the oldest of all human laws, the law of self-preservation. The people believe themselves to be engaged in an "irrepressible conflict." The two great and diverse civilizations of the earth have finally met on the California shore of the Pacific. This is a consummation which was prophetically seen by philosophers long ages ago, and which was expected to mark a most important epoch in the history of mankind.

Speaking of this event in the United States Senate, session of 1852, William H. Seward characterized it as "the reunion of the two civilizations, which, parting on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and traveling in opposite directions around the world, now meet again on the coasts and islands of the Pacific Ocean." He then adds: "Certainly no mere human event of equal dignity and importance has ever occurred on the earth." In this connection he made the prediction that this great event would be "followed by the equalization of the condition of society, and the restoration of the unity of the human family."

The first fruits of this process of "the equalization of the condition of society" are now visible in California, and the public judgment is, that this equalization of condition and the "restoration of the unity of the human family," so far as it relates to the antipodean peoples who have here met, will be effected—if at all—at the expense of the life of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The two civilizations which have here met are of diverse elements and characteristics; each the result of evolution under contrariant conditions—the outgrowth of the centuries—and so radically antagonistic that any merging together or unity of them now seems impossible. Experience thus far indicates pretty clearly that the attempt will result in the displacement or extinction of one or the other. They can no more mix than oil and water—neither can absorb the other. They may exist side by side for a time, as they have endured here for nearly thirty years; for let it be understood that there is a small but growing province of China on the Pacific Coast; and that in the very heart of our metropolis there is the City of Canton in miniature, with its hideous gods, its opium dens, its slimy dungeons, and its concentrated nastiness.

The Chinese have existed here for more than a quarter of a century, in an organization as complete as any among men—displaying every characteristic of Chinese civilization; subjected all this time to the influence and example of western civilization, modern thought, American laws, and Christian teaching, and they have remained changeless and unchangeable; as immutable in form, feature, and character as if they had been moulded like iron statues when made, and never "of woman born"; as fixed in habit, method, and manner as if, in their daily lives, they were but executing some monstrous decree of fate. With their beathen temples, which they have here set up, they brought also a code of laws, which their chiefs enforce upon their people with relentless ferocity, under the sanction of penalties the most dreadful,

imposed by secret tribunals, who are enabled, under the concealment of an unattainable dialect and other hidden ways, to execute their decrees in the very shadow of our City Hall—within pistol-shot of the office of our Chief of Police. They exist here under a Chinese system of government not unlike that under which they lived on the banks of the Se-Keang; and this in spite of American laws, and in defiant contempt of American police. Thus far, no visible impression has been made here upon the Chinese, or their peculiar civilization. Their modes of life are the same that they and their ancestors have for fifty centuries pursued, in their fierce struggle with nature for subsistence. Here we have found the Chinaman utterly unable to emerge from the character which has been stamped upon him and ground into him by habit and a heredity as old as the records of man. He seems powerless to be other than he is, and he would not be other than he is if he could.

It is a fact of history that wherever Chinese have gone they have taken their habits, their methods, their civilization with them, and have never lost them. Other peoples go abroad, and sooner or later adopt the civilization and habits of those by whom they are surrounded, and are absorbed in the mass of humanity with which they have come in contact. The European immigrants, within a short time after their arrival in America, become Americanized, and their descendants are genuine Americans. The Chinese are always Chinese, and their offspring born on American soil are Chinese in every characteristic of mind, form, feature, and habit, precisely the same as their ancestors. We have not only our experience of thirty years with the Chinese, but numerous historical examples of like character, all tending to prove that the Chinese are perfectly unimpressionable; that no impression has been or can be made upon the civilization which here confronts ours.

These questions here arise: If we continue to admit this immigration until the Chinese form a considerable part of our population, what impression will they make upon the American people? and what will be the effect upon Anglo-Saxon civilization? Can the two civilizations endure side by side as two separate forces? If not, which will predominate? When the end comes for one or the other, which will be found to have survived? All these queries presuppose that the present unique experiment will be permitted to proceed. But it is not probable that the American will abandon his civilization and adopt that of the Chinese. It is quite as impossible for him to become such a man as the Chinaman is, as it is improbable that the Chinaman will become such as the American is. Nor is it probable that the American will abandon his country and give it up to the Chinaman. Can these two meet half-way? Can a race half Chinese and half American be imagined? A civilization half Anglo-Saxon and half Chinese? It is possible that the experiment now going on will be brought to a halt before it comes to that point. This attempt to take in China by absorption is likely to result in an epidemic of "black vomit." Is it not manifest that at some time in the future—should Chinese immigration continue—a policy of exclusion toward these people must and will be adopted in the fulfillment of the law of self-preservation? Why not adopt it now?

It is said in answer to all this that the Chinese do not come in sufficient numbers to in any way disturb the equilibrium of American society or threaten American institutions; that there is no danger of any large immigration of Chinese; that they have a right to come under treaty stipulation; and much more which involves considerations of moral and religious duty, and which the limits of a single article forbid us to mention or discuss.

That an exodus from the province of Kwang Tung in China has begun can not be denied, and that more than enough of these adventurers to form the population of a new State of the Union are actually in the United States will not be disputed. They have entered California because it is the nearest of all the States, and most accessible. They would thrive just as well in any of the States of the Union, and this they are rapidly finding out. They are coming in numbers exactly proportionate to the openings for them, and those who have been here the longest, and are the most intelligent and opulent, are engaged in creating new openings. At first nearly all who came were mere laborers of the lowest order, men who only sought labor under the direction of superiors. The American was then the superior who directed their labor; but now there are thousands of Chinese proprietors and managers in California who direct the labor of their fellows as skillfully and successfully as ever the Americans were able to do. These have entered into competition with American employers, and thus not only furnish labor for their countrymen, but force the American proprietors to employ labor of the same grade. Many American proprietors have refused and still refuse to give employment to Chinese, but it is found that this practice of self-denial for the common good is at the cost of fortunes, and that it has no appreciable effect upon Chinese immigration. It only serves to multiply Chinese proprietors and new openings, and the Chinese continue to pour in as before.

All the Chinaman needs to make him an employer is capital. The accumulations of past years are now being used as proprietary stock, and the disposition to so use them is rapidly growing. Skilled in handiwork, they have only to learn how to apply it, and they are as competent to direct labor as any proprietors. For example, they learned at low wages the whole business of making American shoes and cigars. Now the shoe-factories and the cigar-factories of San Francisco are, for the most part, carried on by Chinese, and their former employers are driven from the business. Having been trained at home in the art of wrestling from the earth the largest possible production, and seeing here what sorts of the earth's produce are of greatest value, they have become the autocrats of the garden, and our markets teem with the fruits of their tillage; none but a few Italians being left to contend against them in gardening. They have, in the same way, come to understand the intricacies and the whole art of field husbandry, and now they begin to appear as farmers and landed proprietors. Even the American who employs the Chinese as laborers finds that he can not compete with these, because the Chinese farmer brings raw recruits from China for his farm, by a process unknown to the American; and, being bound to him by contracts, made in China, for a term of years—which to break involves more to them than life itself—they gladly and faithfully work for three dollars a month. This statement can

be easily verified. It is asserted by those who know, that there are many young Chinese now working for Chinese employers on the low lands bordering the Sacramento, for three dollars per month, under contracts such as are described above.

Practically, China is the great slave-pen from whence laborers for this country are being drawn; and there are myriads now ready, and only stand waiting for the beck and sign of Chinese chiefs, to come and toil like galley-slaves for wages upon which an American laborer would starve. Even here, in this sparsely settled region, successful competition by white men with Chinese, either as laborers or proprietors, is found to be impracticable, in all the employments and industries involving manual labor in which the test has been made, and particularly in all light employments hitherto filled by women and young people. The immediate effect of this is seen in the tardy increase of our white population. The ratio of increase is not now equal to that of natural increase without the aid of immigration. White immigration to California has ceased, or if not entirely stopped, it is more than balanced by emigration. It is open to observation that thousands of our white laborers are quitting California to escape Chinese competition, and are moving upon the northern Territories, where but few Chinese have yet penetrated; for the Chinaman is not the fearless pioneer who first subdues the forest or makes the desolate plain to blossom. He waits until others have won the conquest of nature, and then he comes and thrives in the contact with other men. The process of the displacement of the Caucasian and the planting of the Chinese instead, has here begun, and it is going on, slowly it may be, but steadily, with the silent, inexorable movement of time. And this process will continue until a crisis is reached and passed, and a new departure is made in our civil polity as respects immigration.

How the Chinese are able to thus supplant white men in their own country has often been explained. Volumes have been printed illustrative of the phenomenon, and explanatory of the possibility of a thing which at first would seem improbable. The clearest and most satisfactory exposition of this branch of the subject which has yet appeared, perhaps, is by an able writer in the *North American Review* for June, 1878—Mr. M. J. Dee. He shows, by scientific reasoning and fact, that it is not the highest, most vigorous, or enlightened type of man that always survives in the struggle for subsistence: "He may conquer an inferior people, and govern them for a time, but if they can produce as much as he by their labor, and are content to live on much less, he will either become like them in course of time, or disappear." Applying this to the Chinese, he shows that it is their revolting characteristics which make them formidable in the contest for survival with other races of men: "His miserable little figure, his pinched and wretched way of living, his slavish and tireless industry, his indifference to high and costly pleasures which our civilization almost makes necessities, his capacity to live in swarms in wretched dens where the white man would rot if he did not suffocate." The method of the Chinese is also graphically described by Hon. A. A. Sargent, in a speech delivered before the United States Senate in March, 1878: "The Chinese work for wages that will not support a white laborer's family, being themselves well fed on a handful of rice, a little refuse pork and desiccated fish, costing but a few cents a day; and, lodged in a pig-sty, they become affluent according to their standard on wages that would beggar an American."

In the long warfare of his race for the means of existence the physical character of the Chinaman has become adapted to the very smallest needs of human life, and with a capacity for the largest labor. He is a man of iron, whom neither heat nor cold seems to affect; of obtuse nerve, and of that machine-like quality which never tires. His range of food is the widest of all known animals—embracing as it does the whole vegetable kingdom, and including every beast of the earth and creeping thing, and all creatures of the sea, from the tiny shrimp to the great leviathan of the deep. He can subsist on anything, and almost upon nothing. He has brought with him the Chinese science of sustaining human life, and he shows no disposition to lose it. The white man can not acquire it and does not want it. He could only get it by an experience such as the Chinese have gathered in the long ages of their history. This represents in some degree the advantages which the Chinese have over our race in the battle for the "survival of the fittest." When we reflect upon the time it has taken the Chinese to train their bodies down to their present state, in which they possess the capacity for labor and the power of endurance equal to that of the most stalwart races, at the same time possessing such a marvelous vital organism and digestive machinery that they are enabled to subsist on less than half the food necessary to sustain life in other men, we begin to see the impossibility of the American Caucasian ever coming to the Chinese standard in these respects; and when we think of what that training has cost—of the pinching hunger, ceaseless, grinding toil, the human misery, the unspeakable horrors of that long, doleful agony of the ages, which has made the Chinese what they are—the mind shrinks from the contemplation of the possibility of such a fate for the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent.

Those who affect to believe the territory of the United States sufficient in extent and fertility to afford a home for all mankind, and stretch forth their arms in generous invitation and welcome to all sorts of people, have probably never thought much of the future of their country, nor considered well the interest of posterity. Suppose all immigration to be now stopped, how long a time would elapse until the United States should be, by natural increase alone, as densely populated as any European State? Malthus cited the United States as an example in which the natural increase of the human race is in a geometrical ratio, fixing twenty-five years as the term in which the population doubles itself. Macaulay approves this estimate. Adam Smith wrote that "in North America it has been found that the population doubles in twenty or twenty-five years." The general estimate, by those who have given the subject attention, is, that a healthy, vigorous population will, under favorable conditions as to food, climate, and space, double itself by natural increase every twenty-five years. Our census returns do not probably prove the exact correctness of this statement, if applied to the United States, but the estimate is not far out of the way. Taking, then, thirty years as the term in which the population of this country would double, without the aid of

immigration, we should have in sixty years one hundred and eighty millions of people. Permitting immigration, but limiting it to European peoples alone, we should unquestionably have that number within sixty years—perhaps within fifty years. Supposing the territorial area of the United States to remain the same it now is, long before the second centennial year the question of subsistence will have become the "burning question" of the time. The grandchildren of many who now so benevolently invite Chinese immigration may find it difficult to obtain a homestead, even upon the bleak, gravelly plains of the great "American Desert."

It is perhaps an open question now, whether the United States as a nation has or has not come to that condition, in which invitations and inducements to immigration from any quarter are unnecessary and mischievous. It is certain that immigration is not a necessary aid for the settlement of the country embraced within the present national boundaries, for by natural increase alone of the present stock this area will, within a century, become so crowded that the conquest of the whole continent will be regarded as a necessary measure of relief. Since it is clear that the country is not large enough, and can not be so extended (without making republican government impossible) as to accommodate a moiety of the human race who desire to come, is it not time to begin a rational discrimination among the varieties of men who are crowding in upon us? Or is it to be said that there is no choice among the races of men, and that all immigrants are equally desirable? Or, if it be admitted that some sorts are more desirable than others, has the nation no power of discrimination? After what may be considered a patient trial, the Americans of the Pacific States are of the opinion, that there is a vast difference between the varieties of men who come to the western shore, and that of all the bad sorts who have come and continue to come, the Chinese are the worst. They believe also that the nation has the power to discriminate against these, and that the time has come to exert that power.

It ought not to be forgotten, in considering this subject, that man is in a certain sense an animal—that there are different types of men as there are various breeds of a particular kind of animal, and that from climatic causes, the character, quality, and variety of food, the influence of employment, of care, shelter, particular habits, and other causes, some of these types in the process of evolution have attained to a higher plane in life than others, just as some breeds or strains of the same kind of animal are found to be better than others; that the lower types of men, as in the case of other animals, generally under like conditions, increase most rapidly, and that the tendency is therefore toward a predominance in point of numbers of the lower types, where there is no intelligent interposition or restraint. It has come to be regarded as axiomatic that the increase of animal life, including man, within any particular environment, is limited only by the means of subsistence.

In considering the question of moral duty in the alleviation of the distress which has resulted in China from overpopulation, by inviting immigration hither, it is well to remember that the Chinese have abundantly illustrated the foregoing axiom. They are a type of humanity who have increased and kept up to the utmost limit of the means of subsistence, never practicing any intelligent restraint, but just as fast as the pressure of want has been relieved by emigration to this and other countries, or in any other mode, the measure of increase has been again filled; so that, in fact, emigration is but a temporary relief to those who remain at home, and furnishes to such a people no permanent alleviation. The emigrants are alone benefited, and this, as we have seen, is at the expense of our own people. If twenty million Chinese were to emigrate to America as fast as ships could be found to carry them, their places would be again filled in China by natural increase within a short period, and the immigrants would supplant an equal number of white people in this country. The benevolence which prompts the unlimited admission of these millions into our country is misdirected, for the effect of it is simply to aid the increase and distribution over the earth's surface of an inferior variety of man, and to check the increase and distribution of a superior type. It makes China the breeding ground for peopling America, and that, too, from a bad and scrub stock. The effect of this proceeding upon our own race and people, and the institutions they have here established, is the matter of supreme importance. "Charity should begin at home."

Not are we alone to consider the immediate effect of the presence of the Chinese as a part of our population, but we must look beyond that, and think of the elements which they will infuse into our society as progenitors. With that heredity which moulds and forms and directs the Chinaman, which is his life and being, and from which he can never escape, it makes no difference whether the child of Chinese parentage is born in the United States or in the Mountains of the Moon, he will be a Chinaman still. It is in the blood. There can be no mixture of that blood with the Caucasian without the deterioration of the latter race. At present there does not seem to be very great danger of the mixture, but should the Chinese continue to come as they now come, it will in time take place. It is not the fault of the Chinese that marriages with whites have been so rare. In their civilization woman is a chattel. The Chinaman's title to his wife is "title by purchase." Numerous attempts have been made in California to acquire this title to white women, but generally without success. While Chinese women in California bring, in the Chinese market, for wives, from five to six hundred dollars, as high as three thousand dollars is known to have been offered by Chinamen for a white woman as a wife, and frequently one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. These are the most notable examples of Chinese extravagance, for they are singularly economical in all else.

Whenever the Chinaman becomes a citizen (and this must follow logically from a policy of unrestricted admission into the country), when he begins to vote and hold office, it is probable that it will not be so difficult to find a wife in the country of his adoption.

But it is vain to pursue this line of inquiry further. The infusion of such an element, whether by one mode or another, into American society, places republican government and free institutions in the face of new dangers. A people who boast a civilization more than six thousand years old, and who have not yet advanced in the evolution of conduct to the conception of moral principles—whose highest achieve-

ments in ethical science culminate in the Confucian maxim, "honesty is the best policy," and in whom not a trace of, nor even a substitute for, the moral sense or conscience ever appears—give no promise of attaining to that enlightenment which qualifies a people for republican government and the appreciation of American institutions. If the Chinese came with arms in their hands seeking a conquest of this country by force, what a magnificent spectacle of martial resistance would be presented to the view of an admiring world! The motive and effect of the present peaceful invasion is the same as in the case of an invasion by force. The method by which the conquest is to be accomplished differs, but the result is the same. Resistance by force to one of these modes of invasion would be applauded as the exhibition of the loftiest patriotism and the strongest devotion to the great interests of mankind. Those who should conduct such resistance, and make successful defensive war, would be named the patriots and heroes of the nation.

Why, then, is peaceful resistance to a stealthy, strategic conquest, without force, characterized as illiberal and morally wrong? The motive for resistance is the same in the one case as in the other. It is to save our country from the contaminating influence of the Mongoloid and his civilization. It is to preserve this land for our people and their posterity forever; to protect and defend American institutions and republican government from the Oriental gangrene. And this is the duty of every American citizen. In the words of Cardinal Manning: "It is the duty of every member of a commonwealth to use his utmost power to hinder all evil, and to do all good he can, to the State or people to which he belongs. These are positive and natural duties which he can not fail to discharge without culpable omission, or rather without a dereliction and betrayal of the highest natural duties, next after those which he owes immediately to God." We of this age and country hold republican government and free institutions in trust for Anglo-Saxon posterity. If this Oriental invasion continues by our permission, the trust may be betrayed.

JOHN F. MILLER.

Laundry Reform.

While nearly all kinds of labor have been reduced in price from fifty to nearly a hundred per cent., the charges for laundry work continue to be exorbitant, and they appear even extortionate to the arrivals from other countries. To render matters worse, the odious Chinese have almost a monopoly of this lucrative branch of industry, and, on coming hither, it does not take them long to forget that clothes-washing is done in most parts of China for about twelve cents a dozen, counting large and small pieces promiscuously. We are aware that Asiatic labor—in Asia, not out of it—is the cheapest in the world. The writer, on arriving in Calcutta a number of years ago, and after a long voyage requiring to send some hundreds of articles to a laundry, was asked and gave only two rupees—about a dollar—per hundred pieces for having them washed and ironed. Although the charge was but a cent apiece, he considered that the work was better done than similar work is in San Francisco. Here shirts, for example, are so bestreached as to make the wearer feel like one of Falstaff's "men in buckram," while the manner in which buttons are plowed off with the smoothing-iron is anything but conducive to smoothness of temper. Cleanliness is declared to be next to godliness; but it certainly costs much more in this city to keep the body clean than the soul. Of course, it is not to be expected that laundries should be as free as the seats in some of the churches. Neither should the former be so expensive as to drive a man of small means to hide a garment, which has long lapsed from its immaculate purity, by wearing a scarf which develops from his neck into the elaborate proportion of his chest. Such dodging of dirt is nearly as reprehensible as dodging the "seventeenth" of a prosy preacher. It may be some satisfaction to be able to shake a paper collar—which never has been much of a success from the wash-tub—in the face of the laundryman and say, "You rascal, I've got you here." But no philanthropist has yet invented paper shirts, paper drawers, paper socks, and paper handkerchiefs. What a refreshing thing it would be, and how economical, if, after having done good service to the mind, an *Argonaut* could be made to do good service to the body! What local Edison is prepared to immortalize himself by inventing a solution from which paper, if immersed therein, would emerge of the consistency and durability of muslin or calico? Seriously, the local laundry-charges are grossly exorbitant. In most parts of Europe such work is done for a shilling—twenty-five cents—a dozen; and, the high price of Spring Valley water to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no valid reason why we should pay nine hundred per cent. more for laundrying than is paid in India or China, and from four to five hundred per cent. more than is paid in Europe. As Denis Kearney and his sand-lotters object to work for a dollar a day, let them supplant the Chinese as laundrymen, and fight shirts (without the disadvantage of there being men inside them) at fifty cents a dozen, and they would make much more than they will get out of the Bush fund.

The lamp-shade fever rages almost as fiercely in Boston as it did in Vienna and London, but ladies seem slow to learn how the pretty things are made. Everybody learns to fold the square twice, into a little square and to cut out a small central square, and then to press the paper through the hands again and again until it is limp and looks like crape, but comparatively few know that a little wringing is what is needed to produce the best effect. The prettiest way to make the double shades is to use cranberry and rose-sublime or light and dark purple paper, and cut the lightest colored paper large enough to fall below the top of the lamp-shade, and to make the dark-colored paper fit tight about its upper rim, and only fall a short distance below the top of the light-colored. The upper squares can be made from the strip left on each sheet of paper after cutting off the large squares, and if the corners be cut from the lighter square used for the shade, the whole, when the gas is lighted, will look like a large morning glory.

That which most flatters the self-esteem of a woman is for a man to love her without daring to tell; provided, always, that this silence is not eternal.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

"Little Annie, of the Délassements," said the old baron, reflectively, "was the handsomest woman I have ever seen. In her day, when I first remember her, I mean, because since then she has aged a 'good deal'; indeed, for the past two years she has even been dead."

A woman is surprised by her husband reading Dumas's book, *The Divorce Question*, and closes the book, blushing so that her face does not match with her dress.

"Oh!" she exclaimed hurriedly, "don't think I would; indeed, I give you my word of honor I skipped all the passages marked with galaxies of asterisks in the reviews."

A young woman in mourning passes on the boulevard. *Friend* (to Calino)—"Young widow, very likely. Do you think there's anything so nice to see as a pretty young widow?"

Calino (with conviction)—"That depends. If she isn't one's own widow, I grant it. Otherwise——"

Local item from the *Figaro*:

Yesterday, towards three hours, the horse of a vehicle of master, having broken his shafts, was running through at the gallop the street of the Peace. He upset one dame aged, who was transported as soon in a pharmacy. The horse, having traversed the place Vendôme, was seized at the nostrils by a passing at the entry of the street Castiglione, but he could not be mastered until the moment when he was turning in the street of Rivoli. The citizen courageous, of whom the blood-cold had hindered the beast furious to cause maybe several graves accidents, is withdrawn himself to the felicitations of the throng without having made himself acquainted.

There is nothing new under the sun, especially on the stage. In Daudet's play, *Le Nabab*, "Monpavon," the *gommeux*, who is afflicted with loss of memory to the very verge of imbecility, calls every one "Thingummy" or "Whatshisname," even alluding to Voltaire as "Chose."

This, after all, was one of the habits of no less potent, grave, and reverend a person than Montesquieu, who burst out one day with: "Where's Thingummy—you know Thingummy as well as I do—Thingummy that used to teach Whatshisname?"

"Thingummy" in this case was the Prime Minister, Cardinal Fleury, and "Whatshisname" was the king, Louis XV., whose instructor the cardinal had been.

Talleyrand's talent for saying an impertinent thing neatly was frequently exercised at the expense of the sovereign he had restored—Louis XVIII. He had sent his wife, from whom he was separated, to England. Under the Décazes Ministry she returned to France in spite of their compact, an event which her husband did not fail to attribute to royal inspiration. The king, with malice aforethought and a touching display of innocence and solicitude, asked the grand chamberlain at his *lever* if it was true Madame de Talleyrand had returned.

"Perfectly true, sire. It is my little 20th of March," replied Talleyrand.

On still another occasion, Talleyrand cast up to Louis his flight from the Tuileries on Napoleon's return from Elba. He had in the Chamber of Peers opposed the Spanish expedition with such warmth as to fall into complete disgrace, and the king resolved to give him the broadest of broad hints to leave the court.

"Are you not thinking of leaving Paris?" said the king. "No, sire, unless your majesty should be going to Fontainebleau, when I shall have the honor of following, to discharge my duties near your majesty's person."

"I mean," said the king, "do you know how far it is from Paris to Valençay?"

"Sire, it is just fourteen leagues further than from Paris to Ghent."

And when Charles X. said to him on the eve of the Revolution of July: "A sovereign who is menaced has to choose between the throne and the scaffold."

"Your majesty forgets the post-chaise," politely said M. de Talleyrand.

A young lady in Keokuk, Iowa, beautiful, attractive, and daring, received calls from three gentlemen one evening last week, and exerted herself to the utmost to entertain them. The time was spent most agreeably, and in the course of the evening the question of matrimony and leap-year privilege was broached, and culminated in a proposal from the young lady in question to a young medical student. Of course it was made in a jocular manner. They agreed to be married at once, and one of the gentlemen present was called upon to perform the ceremony. It happened that the gentleman who was called upon to tie the nuptial knot was a clergyman, and the groom threatens to place the marriage on record, while the young lady feels so badly over the matter that she has left the city for the West on a visit among friends. She will probably return when she finds out that a marriage is invalid in Iowa unless a license is taken out in advance.

Mr. Beecher does not favor the use of adjectives. In the *Christian Union* he is reported as saying: "Barrow is the one solitary man speaking the English tongue who was a master of adjectives, and could use them endlessly and never once amiss; for to a large extent adjectives are like leaves on a switch: they make it look pretty, as a branch, but they prevent it striking tinglingly when you use it. They cover up and smother the sense, and a style that is choice in its adjectives is far preferable to one that abounds in adjectives. I recollect a case in which my father, at a public meeting, was appointed to draw up an article. He had written one sentence, 'It is wrong.' Some one in the meeting got up and moved, in his enthusiasm, that this be corrected, and that the sentence read, 'It is exceedingly wrong.' My father got up and said, in his mild way, 'When I was writing into this resolution, in its original shape, the way I wrote it; but, to make it stronger, I took exceedingly.'"



Miss Morris's "Camille," which was given for Mr. Maguire's benefit on Thursday evening, has heretofore been fully noticed in this column. The *Two Orphans* is rather more suggestive as a peg to hang a screed upon.

When Mr. Wilkie Collins obliges us with a new novel, those who are wise will hasten to put themselves into the proper mental attitude for devouring it, buy a copy (in paper cover—price 75 cents), square away for a long evening's read, finish the volume in the small hours, and shy it into the wood-box. We have had our money's worth. And so long as Providence shall continue to bless us with faculties undimmed and digestion unimpaired, we want never to see that work again. Yet it was clever in its way—really, very clever; the plot is ingenious, the interest quite absorbing. We track this to the end of the book, and—shy it into the wood-box. For the plot was all there was in it, and in solving its conundrums we pick the nut. The *Two Orphans* is a specimen of a kind of plays out of which one may in like fashion get a remunerative share of pleasure and profit—once. A clever plot; dramatic development; picturesque setting and dressing; episodes both stirring and pathetic—in fact, a line of sustained pathos; respectable dialogue: the whole play is at once pleasing to the outward eye, while keeping alive, without any flagging, the interest awakened in its opening scene. But so also did Mr. Collins's novel, which possessed, in its different way, even superior merits, and which we consigned to the wood-box. Shall we do otherwise with the play? And yet on this performance they have thrown away at Baldwin's—actually tossed away by handfuls—more good acting than would have been carried a first-class comedy: excellent, admirable, "way-up acting"—done to empty seats and echoing walls.

There is a deal of comfort in making one in an audience of six-and-twenty: stage-boxes empty, two lonesome females and a peppering of men in the orchestra, nine strays in the circle, and some dejected cherubim aloft. Here you may settle to a thorough, selfish enjoyment of the play. You seem to come into a sort of personal relation with the players; you know how they feel up there, and you feel a thin glow of friendliness stealing on. How sympathetically you follow each performer through his part, and warm to his successes, and condone his shortcomings. They are only small shortcomings—errors of the head, not heart; he means well—oh, excellently well—the rogue. Even the stick—the man who doesn't know quite what to do with his hands—awakens an unresentful interest; you watch those hands, and would not have them one whit less big or useless than they are. There is something pastoral in the moral atmosphere of a lighted, empty theatre. It is not lonely, any more than the woods and glades are lonely. Even in the odors of the place there are faint balsamic hints, beguiling you to commune. To allay his surging passions, young John Chivery used to withdraw amidst the linen on the clothes-lines; it reminded him, he said, of "groves." That's the idea—Groves. That's the way we enjoyed the *Two Orphans* at Baldwin's.

There appears to be an actress coming on at Baldwin's—a plump and pleasing person. With Miss Baudet's advantages in this way, it does not call for much of an actress to be a good deal of a success. The young lady is giving an amount of promise that has got to be interesting. Any answer to the question, Have we an actress among us? is more momentous than most people are apt to think.

"David Garrick," originally personated by Mr. Sothern, is an admirably finished piece of work. Just how his best effects are produced, it would not be easy to define. The actor stands there in *propria persona*, is seen to catch the clue to the old father's dilemma, throws himself into the spirit of his own plot, and carries it through to its not tearless climax with thoroughly honest and gentlemanlike feeling. This is what the "Garrick" of the play is meant to do, and what Mr. Sothern appears to do. If the part gives the impression only of a thoroughly wrought, and not of a brilliant one, one reason is, because Mr. Robertson was not Sheridan—to say nothing of Mr. Sothern's not being Garrick. The comedy is a fairly clever fancy, neatly worked out, and owes quite as much to the actor as to the author. The one old objection to it can never be subdued. We all know Garrick so familiarly that it is out of the question to lend one's self to any sense of reality in what is going on. You might as well have a play marrying Dr. Goldsmith to Mrs. Clive: it would be quite the same thing. (Not a bad notion—that! but no need play "Clive"? Might not David Gar-

rick do better if it were called *Barry, the Actor*, and Spranger made the hero instead of David? The change would be reasonable. Certainly more women did fall in love with the handsome Barry than with the brilliant Garrick. As a lady who acted with both has told us—"In 'Romeo' she thought Garrick would have leaped into the balcony to her, while she felt that she must leap out of it to Barry." True, "Evelina" confesses that she herself longed to rush on the stage to Garrick—or in words to that effect. But really something ought to be attempted to relieve this pleasing comedy of its hopeless and oppressive unreality.

All Mr. Robertson's work is comedy of manners, and of good manners; most of it is also comedy of mere manners. To this rule *David Garrick* is the only exception, in so far as its theme is one of the perennials—viz., a girl falling in love with an actor. We fall in love with actresses, and if the inducement suffice, they espouse us. Witness, Her Grace of Bolton, the Countesses of Derby, Essex, Harrington, and Craven, Ladies Bacher and Thurlow, Mistresses Coutts, Martin, Sartoris, and the rest of that long list; or else they are good enough to produce noble lines of Fitz-Clarences, or even a Canning—last of English statesmen. Beauty being their prime qualification for this elevation, the effect produced on the stock of an opulentocracy should be inestimable. And the actors who fascinate girls commonly possess the same valuable qualification, but the dear creatures are restrained from yielding to their passion. The actor may be bought off, like John Kemble, who also got huddled out of the price; or if he marry, like "Gentleman" Smith, finds his wife dropped by the family. However, the essence of the theme of Mr. Robertson's play is not the matrimonial climax (which may or may not ensue), but the falling in love by an individual in front of the stage with another upon it: that is perennial, and will be found as green and hale a century hence as it is to-day, and was a century ago, when Garrick and Barry, Pope and Bellamy inflamed the hearts of the inimical sex, and brave old Johnson forsook the green-room, where "the white bosoms of your actresses, Davy," assailed his rugged rectitude.

But the language of this comedy is not the language of the people personated at the period assumed. If it were, we should not tolerate it. What such language would have been, may be read in "Evelina's" account of the Branghton family. The language in the play is the language of our own day and generation fitted on people of that, and Mr. Sothern should tone down the acting of his party of cits to fit it; or else, let him shave his own mustache! If verisimilitude be the object in view, the manners they portray are probably no exaggeration; but if verisimilitude be the aim, let Mr. Sothern shave his mustache! The make-up of the party is admirable, and their reproduction of a lost form of vulgarity is doubtless a just one; but this appears as much an anachronism on our stage as their lost lingo would be. *A propos* of which, it was fascinating to hear the lady who did "Araminta" introduce the word "botany" into her speech—a word which it is fairly certain that a woman then in "Araminta's" walk of life would have never heard; and further, had she meant to use its equivalent, she would have spoken of "her berhal," and pronounced it "arbal." It is safest in these matters to assume that Mr. Robertson was aware of all that his characters had any need to speak. No: reflection only makes it more plain, that the imperfect and defective archaism of the dining party will bear toning to a more recent pitch. We need not go in too vehemently for the congruities till "David Garrick" shaves his—shaves his—O Lord, "David Garrick" with a mustache!

Well, it is likely that *David Garrick* will continue to be played when *Ours* shall have become strange and tame, and *Caste* and *School* successively, though perhaps more gradually, dropped. Doubt it? Why are my lord "Poppington" and "Letitia Hardy" played no more? There is more meat on either of the two comedies in which they figure than on all of Mr. Robertson's *pieces de resistance*. But those, like these, are essentially comedies of mere manners, and not of manhood; they have fallen musty with the fashion they reflected, and we do not want them any more. While, on the other hand, *David Garrick*, as a comedy of life, may remain fresh and sweet for the delectation of our grandchildren.

Home, in which Mr. Sothern is the original "Captain John White," will hardly survive any of Robertson's more ambitious work. Like all the rest, it is quite charming as played, on account of some love-making—chiefly mute, and portrayed in explicable dumb-show. Granting that your love-making in real life hath always been of this ancient and fish-like fashion—for

"The mute I'll fish,
Though they can't speak, they wish—"

yet your older dramatist thought needful to voice his love volubly. If now, scenes of passion and tenderness are to be languaged in two ejaculations and an "aside," employed to punctuate protracted "business" of spilling the music-sheets and assuming to blush, it is obvious that the future will command its own dramatic talent adequate to the production of its own comedy. Granting this, in turn, why should *Home* be played in the year 1900? There is one reason, and just one, viz., that some duffer will then be giving his copy of Sothern's "Captain John White."

And however many good new things they may be having A. D. 1900, it is likely that few of them will be better than that duffer's second-hand Sothern. This reflection is commended to the thoughtful attention of professional duffers, now young.

Worshipful Sacramento.

SUNDAY, March 14, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—We wonder if it will be breaking the Sabbath if we gossip to you, and that gossip concern our good churches?

We never owned a pew, we do not attend any church in particular, nor with regularity. The fault is in ourselves; we are blind to our own good. It's generally the way with all of us: stupidly, obstinately blind to what are our own benefits, we invariably tread the path that leads us to sorrow, when the pathway of contentment is just as handy, just as inviting. We invariably choose the friends that will betray, and snub those who would be true. We invariably look at the crooked, mysterious side of religion, and overlook all that is plain and beautiful.

But we heard Dr. Dwinell to-day—the pastor who has presided over the Congregational church for seventeen years. He told us how nearly nature is allied to God; and looking at him, we wondered why we all could not be as good and true to our better natures as this venerable, white-haired old man. I saw in the audience the calm, white face of an elderly lady; the kind, blue eyes looked so trustfully up at our minister; the white hair was smoothed so placidly over the brow; and this made another problem: had life gone smoothly, evenly with her? Her face said so; but we don't believe it had. We think she was one who has had the fortitude to bear his burdens bravely, and has trusted in something higher than pigmy man. We have the best choir in the city at this church. Four young, good voices sing praise. Godwin McNeill, bass; Jennie Woods, contralto; Mary Milliken, soprano; and Mr. Crandall, tenor. We think if we could always watch Dr. Dwinell's good face, and this quartet would forever warble their sweet strains in our ears, heaven wouldn't be so hard to gain.

Professor Maxham and Rev. Mr. De Witt are making a stir at the Baptist church this month, aided, of course, by its minister, Rev. Mr. Frost. They are holding revivals, and if any one could tempt one to embrace the good side it's Pastor Frost. He looks to be such a hearty, healthy representative of religion. You know, perhaps, he's the very largest man in town, perfectly grand in his proportions, and he talks so earnestly and frankly, as if he believed every word he said, and was determined upon making you believe also. And then he is assisted now by this Professor Maxham, who sings exquisitely, and who draws crowds every night to bear his tenor singing. He sings during the services charming little solos, which, if they are religious in tone, and might not please the popular taste as well as "Bahies on our Block" are unusually fine, and affect one strangely.

Heigho! Monday morning, with all the bustle and business of the week commenced anew! Work rushes, men push, children laugh and scream, and one hundred chances to one, if the good resolutions of peaceful yesterday aren't forgotten in the pell-mell of hasty to-day. We are all so fickle; 'tis so easy to do the right thing, surrounded by right influences, and so easy to so humanly err, when every day, with all its glare and self and temptations, crowd on you. Well, enough for moralizing—we can afford that once a week; but friend, you know, one never says on Monday what one says on Sunday; one never says in broad noon what one does in languorous moonlight!

There's a musical society here, called the Philharmonics. Perhaps a hundred voices have joined, and occasionally they give a public concert. We attended one last week, which was certainly very creditable, and showed marked progress in music. 'Tis so very pleasant, having these literary and musical and artistic societies; it tones down and smooths out the rough edges of life so!

And, indeed, every one you meet nowadays has some hobby or other. Either they are head over heels in painting, and filling their homes with all those pretty artistic things, or they are working hard in music, and occasionally a would-be *prima donna* comes out; or they are studying French, or German, or Spanish, and throw foreign idioms at you promiscuously; or they are embroidering every article of wearing apparel in *chenille*; and all the ladies, and some gentlemen, have some such thing to engross their spare moments. It's perfectly astonishing how industriously every one is becoming.

"'Twas whispered one morning in"—the school-room, that some half-a-dozen of our lady teachers are to tie themselves in the nuptial knot at the end of the school year; and we wish them as much success in their new school as they have gained in the old.

But, *au revoir*; this letter is bidding fair to be perpetual.

BETSY AND I.

Music may be defined as the science of accords, but it proves in actual fact to be the science of discords—one of the last great rows is in Cincinnati, between Theodore Thomas and Nicbols.

Alphonse Karr—Love is a bird which sings to the heart of woman.

THE PIPER.

CONTEMPORANEOUS HUMAN NONSENSE EXERCISED UPON AN UNCIVILIZED SORT OF SIMPKINS.

The following suggestion for a new libretto—so very new that its freshness suggests the emerald—is one of the best of many recent clever skits at the class of work which libretto writers so persistently foist upon a long-suffering public. For this example the ballad man of the New York *World* is responsible:

Simple Simkins, simple piper,
Pipe no more—your art is vain;
I have climbed to 'ther, riper
Music, and I hate that strain.

Any piper born would botch a symphony;
Tityrus himself, though bright the day,
Though he lent to either laughing nymph a knee,
Made but squalid music, I dare say.

Is it lies, you ask the poets,
Tell of simple strains like those?
Why, of course, you goose, you know it's
Bosh, or else it would be prose.

Tell me, Simkins, would you take your clothing off,
Deck your old and baldish head with greens,
Sit on saw-logs—buss I know your loathing of—
And be happy? Not by any means.

Like to see your legs in marble,
Do you think? and talk with gods?
Drop, fat Simkins, drop that hor'ble
Pipe, and talk to me. What odds?

I can do a lot of things that Zeus couldn't,
Hoary, clumsy heathen that he was.
Hairy Pan his whistle there's no use tootin',
When Apollo would be dumb with us.

Tears, soft Simkins? Tears are idle
Salt and water things, you know;
Up to Color's fountain side,
Drop them there and let them flow.

It is bad political economy
To produce and not to market tears.
Hear me howl so that the meek shall honor me
For melodious anguish all my years.

CATALEPSY—A HOWL IN CORPSE-COLOR.

Music—Piccolos, violins, and trombones.

And must I leave thee, Paradise?

I would not die, not yet;

But grievous 'tis to open placid eyes;

Once more upon a world of discontent,

Once more my soul, the cloistered penitent,

To thrust into the fever and the fret—

I would not live—not yet.

Yet into life ye hurry me—

Nay, I'll not go—not yet!

All I've forgot will rise to bury me

With clods of earthly, weary woes and strife.

Ye dig my peace a grave and call it life!

Death I would rather choose, did death forget—

I will not live—not yet.

Sweet sickness, from thy mastery

Loose me not yet, not yet!

Enwrap I've lain in this soft mystery

As one unborn, as unconceived, undreamed;

Serene, apart, another's soul I seemed

Till, half-awaked to longings and regret,

I can not wake—not yet.

Grim Pain, I had forgotten thee;

Wistest thou for me yet?

Black Care, how long since I had thought on thee!

Stern Hate, stained Love, vain Hope—why, all are

here!

I live, then! Had I died! I was so near.

But, as it is, good nurse, some breakfast get—

I would not starve—not yet.

Among the curious and interesting spectacles now offered by the theatres of Paris, the performances of the Spanish dancers at the Théâtre Taitbout may be cited as the most singular and characteristic. Though these dancers failed in London, Paris accepts them. They are some of *les vrais Espagnols* of which the Marquis de Campo-Tasso sings in Offenbach's opera of *Les Brigands*. The songs, the costumes, the dances, and above all the great liquid eyes and white teeth of the female performers are all genuinely Spanish. Some of the dances are Oriental in character, and show the influence of the Moorish occupation of Spain. A very curious and interesting scene is that wherein one of the *danseuses*, dressed as a bull-fighter, reproduces the various phases of a bull-fight: the waving of the cloak to attract and infuriate the animal, the throwing of the *bandilleros*, the attack, and finally the dealing of the death-stroke. The manoeuvres with the cloak are remarkably graceful. The leading dancer, Mlle. Gomez, is an accomplished artist, and performs her various national dances with an immense amount of dash and vivacity. She bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. Hoey, late of Wallack's Theatre, New York, which is to say that she is a very pretty woman.

Dr. Carver is astonishing the Parisians at the Folies Bergères. His rifle brings him in twenty-five hundred francs a week. He dashes on the stage, mounted on a Mazeppa-looking steed, suddenly wheels and hits two balls tossed toward the ceiling, first one and then the other. Again, holding a mirror in his hand, he hits the mark behind him. A commendable feature of the doctor's performances is that he attempts no shots which endanger life. The Folies Bergères, by the way, is what would be called in America a variety theatre, but it gives a vastly more entertaining programme than the American variety theatre has offered its patrons in recent years. It is at this bouse that the Hanlons—or Hanlon-Lees, as they are now known—always appear when they are in Paris. The place, indeed, depends very much upon England and America for its performers. There are ballets, solo singers, and acrobats; while everybody in the audience smokes and drinks. Unlike the American houses of similar rank, it is handsomely, even luxuriously furnished. On the second floor there is a large space for promenade, with numerous small tables and chairs scattered about.

The churches and the theatres of Washington, D. C., are alike troubled with pickpockets.

We are not in the habit of making editorial mention of patent medicines, but in case of Hop Bitters feel free to do so, because their merits deserve to be known.

A writer in Forney's *Progress* says: "A French dyer, in business in Moscow, has a charming daughter, but she is as cold as she is beautiful. She not only will have nothing to do with any of the legion of young men who would pay their court to her, but if they write to her she shows their letters to her father, who has not the best of tempers, as may be understood upon reading what follows: A Russian lieutenant fell in love with the young lady, and asked for a rendezvous. When he went to keep the appointment he met the old gentleman, who forthwith dipped him in a large tub of blue dye. He brought the dyer into court, and there that personage swore that the blue was a preparation of his own invention, and could not be removed. He expressed his willingness, however, to dip the lieutenant again in some other color—which might or might not take effect—giving him his choice of shades, but regretted that it was entirely out of the question to restore the natural hue of the average man. The lieutenant has the severest attack of blues ever reported."

"EPILEPTIC FITS"

ST. PAUL, MIN. January 4th, 1878.

JAMES I. FELLOWS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—I have deferred writing to you ere this that I might be able to give an account of the effect of your medicine. I can now safely say that it is undoubtedly the best I ever tried, as there can be no doubt that my little girl is in a fair way of recovery, and you must bear in mind that this is a very bad case, and I do honestly believe that had I not given it to her she would have been dead ere this; now she eats hearty and is gaining in flesh, the fits are only partial, and the action of the heart is less terrible. I am, sir, yours very respectfully,

D. WALTER OAKES.

The custom of sending illuminated cards at Easter seems to be getting as popular as is the same at Christmas. The novelties in this line exceed those published during the Christmas holidays. Without doubt the largest as well as best collection of these goods is to be found at Snow & Co.'s, 20 Post Street.

Commerson—Women mistrust men too much in general, and not enough in particular.

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Mass, under the direction of the composer. Select Soloists, Grand Chorus and Orchestra. Admission, \$1. Concert to commence at 8 P. M. sharp.

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THE TWO ROSES,

As played at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, over 500 nights.

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In active preparation,

FRENCH FLATS.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

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And his

COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

this (Saturday) and to-morrow (Sunday) evenings, matinee to-day at 2 P. M., last three performances of Robertson's sterling comedy called

HOME,

OL. JOHN WHITE.....MR. SOTHERN.

To conclude with the eccentric comedy,

A REGULAR FIX

UGH DE BRAS.....MR. SOTHERN.

Mr. Sothern in both pieces.

ositively last week of Mr. Sothern, commencing Monday, March 22, and production of Byron's new comedy, called

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In 2 Buzzes and a Stinger.

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Opposite California Market.

All kinds of coal at lowest rates. Orders may be sent by telephone through any of the company's offices free.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., March 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 13, of Seventy-five (75) cents per share, was declared, payable on FRIDAY, March 12, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary. Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE

Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAY & CO.,

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

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As regards beauty and number of styles, Herrmann still leads.

Spring Catalogues now ready. Send for copy.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE

of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at No. 327 Pine Street, in the city of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. HENRY A. NEWTON, Adm'r of the Estate of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, Deceased. Dated at San Francisco, March 10, 1880. SAFFOLD & MEUX, Attorneys.

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TWO PUZZLES IN ONE. SOMETHING NEW!

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107 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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PATTERNS—MARCH STYLES.

Send Stamp for catalogue. AGENCY, 124 POST ST., San Francisco.



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JUNCTION MARKET AND PINE STREETS.

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THE GRAPE AND THE ORANGE.

Facts and Figures Regarding their Culture in California.

A valuable essay was read by Mr. De Barth Shorb, of San Gabriel, at the Circus Exhibition at the Riverside Colony. We wish we could reproduce the entire essay with its full argument, instead of the few facts and figures to which our space confines us. The wine interests of California originated with the early missionary fathers at the Mission of San Gabriel in 1772-73; there was planted the first vineyard, and from it were distributed the first vine-cuttings—hence the name, "Mission Grape." "In 1855," says Mr. Arpad Haraszthy, "there were in California 1,500,000 vines; in 1857, 2,250,000; in 1859, 4,000,000. The number of vines now growing in California is estimated at 45,000,000, with 5,000,000 to be added this year." In 1875, Mr. Charles Wetmore says, France produced, of wine, 190,000,000 gallons. The area of land in California, adapted by soil, climate, and conditions, is more than ten times greater than the vine-growing area of France. Our lands are virgin, and practically inexhaustible in extent. The phylloxera is the disease of old age in vines, and it is subject to demonstration that new vines, produced from wild varieties or from the seed planted in new ground, are not liable to this parasite. The consumption of wine is practically unlimited. The world is its market, and ten times 190,000,000 gallons of wine might be sold if California could produce it. In France, the average consumption of wine is about 40 gallons per capita. In America we have 50,000,000 people; to furnish them wine at 40 gallons each would require 2,000,000,000 gallons, and last year California had only 6,000,000 gallons for sale in foreign and Eastern markets. Mr. Shorb makes this estimate of the profit of vine-culture at San Gabriel, where the value of land is from \$50 to \$60 per acre: "Grape vines, ordinarily pruned, should yield about 8 pounds per vine, or say 8,000 pounds per acre. The cost of pruning, cultivation, picking, and delivering, at convenient distance, should not cost more than from \$18 to \$20 per acre. I have done the work for less than \$18 per acre. I have contracted it done by others for less than \$20, and had a faithful performance of the contract. Estimating the cost, therefore, at \$20 per acre, and the yield at 8,000 pounds, sold at 1 cent per pound, or \$20 per ton, and you have the result of \$50 per acre. These figures relate exclusively to the Mission grape. When other varieties are found to be more valuable for wine purposes, as many of them are known to be now, a better price and higher profits will, of course, accrue. I wish also to be understood to refer to the vineyardist's profits only, without regard to the profits of the manufacturer." Vines may be grown in any part of our State, and there are millions of acres of good vine-lands to be purchased for less than \$5 per acre.

Mr. Shorb quotes from the *Riverside Press and Horticulturist* the following tables—for the correctness of which he vouches—regarding the profits of the raisin culture. There is no labor in making raisins that may not be performed by women and children; and there is an unbounded empire of land in the San Joaquin Valley, well adapted to raisin-making, that can be bought (with water) at \$20 or \$30 per acre:

A correct statement of the raisins made by A. P. Combs from the grapes off Shugart & Waite's vineyard of 890 vines:

275 boxes London layers, at \$2.....	\$550 00
4 boxes London layers, at \$2 50.....	10 00
50 boxes London layers, in hf at \$2.15.....	107 50
3 boxes London layers, in hf at \$3 00.....	9 00
50 boxes London layers, in qr at \$2.35.....	117 50

382		\$794 00
CASH PAID OUT.		
Grapes.....	\$211 25	
Teaming.....	10 00	
Picking.....	28 00	
Boxes.....	52 00	
Paper.....	12 10	
Inspector's fees.....	5 77	
	319 12	

Net profit.....\$474 88

Mr. R. H. Henderson submits the following as the result obtained by him from two acres of vineyard. The vines were rooted one-year-old slips, planted in the spring of 1877. The crop of raisins made in 1878 was 140 boxes. The crop of raisins made in 1879 was 475 boxes, of which

400 were London layers, sold at \$2.....	\$800 00
75 layers at \$1.50.....	112 50
	\$912 50

EXPENSES.

Boxes and paper.....	\$63 25
Pruning and watering.....	18 00
Cultivation.....	15 00
Picking.....	35 00
Packing in boxes.....	40 00
	171 25

Net profit.....\$741 25
Or, \$370 62 per acre.

We will at some other time follow Mr. Shorb into his figures concerning the orange culture, which, in his judgment, is a local industry, and confined to the southern portion of our State. We will venture to express the opinion that the area of land where the orange may be successfully cultivated is much greater than Mr. Shorb believes. The writer has a small orange grove in Marin County that has not been injured by this winter's unprecedented frosts. His limes that were in bearing condition were injured; of his lemon trees only four were injured, and they not badly. The orange trees are promising, bearing their fruit to perfection. Marin County is not as cold in its winters as Naples or Sorrento, where the orange flourishes; and it is our opinion that if the young orange tree is protected beyond its babyhood that it becomes a hardy tree, and will produce fruit in any of the coast or valley counties of our State.

Mr. Shorb gives as the result of his own experiment in growing oranges upon seven acres, for 1877-78, a profit of \$8,210 through his commission merchants in San Francisco, Messrs. A. Lusk & Co. This he admits to be an exceptional profit, but says: "I do believe that, by growing good fruit, when the trees have acquired an age of from ten to fifteen years, for all good fruit sold, a result of from \$250 to \$500 per acre, net, may be obtained."

When the idlers who now throng our cities and clamor for unearned bread shall be willing to go out to the country

and labor, there will be no necessity for sand-lot profanity against God, or complaint of unjust laws. Mr. Shorb concludes his address by saying: "From the limited area on which the orange can be successfully grown, and from the fact that the consumption will exceed the supply by the enlargement of our markets, my opinion is, that with us the orange interest will always pay more than the grape interest per acre. For the State, and nationally considered, the grape will become the great overshadowing interest, dwarfing in its great results the orange, cereals, and bullion yield combined. I believe this will occur before the close of this century. When all our warm valleys are planted in orange, lime, and lemon, when all our sunlit hills are covered with the graceful vine pouring forth rich treasures into the lap of the individual owner, county, State, and nation, then will you have heard the last murmurings of discontent and communistic threats—all this will be hushed; the cry of want will give way to the notes of joy and thanksgiving arising from happy homes and contented firesides throughout the land; cities will be drained of their tramp element, the laws will be better observed, and society saved."

What They Know About Everything.

Two gifts, perforce, He has given us yet;
Though sad things stay and glad things fly,
Two gifts He has given us: to forget
All glad and sad things that go by,
And then to die!—*Swainburne.*

Everything good in man leans on something higher.—*Emerson.*

Formerly they languished, they burned, they died for love; to-day they chatter about it, they make it, and more often they buy it.—*Joyce.*

The desire of being pitied or admired is commonly the true reason of our confidence.—*La Rochefoucault.*

The sword of a woman is her tongue, and she never lets it rust.—*Chinese Proverb.*

If kissin' wasna' lawfu'
Lawyers wadna' allow it;
If it wasna' holy
Ministers wadna' do it!—*Burns.*

Experience and enthusiasm are much like the two huckets of a well: as the one rises the other sinks, and they are found only for a moment together.—*Robert Dale Owen.*

We rarely like the virtues we have not.—*Shakspeare.*

The bravest are the tenderest; the loving are the daring.—*Bayard Taylor.*

It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against man than her reputation against woman.—*Rochebrune.*

A mask of gold hides all deformities.—*Decker.*

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!
—*Tennyson.*

The most brilliant qualities become useless when not sustained by force of character.—*Segur.*

Live with your friends as if they might some time become your enemies, and with your enemies as if they might some time become your friends.—*Talleyrand.*

One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule!—*Byron.*

Power does not consist in striking strongly or often, but in striking justly.—*Balzac.*

Sorrow makes us very good or very bad.—*Georges Sand.*

All this boasted knowledge of the world
To me seems but to mean acquaintance with
Low things, or evil, or indifferent.—*Bailey.*

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness.—*Montaigne.*

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone.—*Hume.*

Time wasted is existence; used is life.—*Young.*

We love the evil we do until we suffer for it.—*Ben Jonson.*

To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.—*Wordsworth.*

How disappointment tracks the steps of hope!—*Landon.*

How little do we know that which we are; how less what we may be!—*Byron.*

Of all the ruins of the world, the ruin of a man is the saddest to contemplate.—*Théophile Gautier.*

N. B. S.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love forgive us—cinders, ashes, dust.—*Keats.*

When crime weighs heavily we throw it, at hazard, upon other heads; and when the truth gives it back again, and we are compelled to keep it, we then reclaim it and try to make it a fit subject for pride. This is the last subterfuge of conscience—the last evolution of crime.—*Lamartine.*

There is no such coward as the woman who toadies to society because she has outraged society. The bully is never brave.—*Outida.*

While many admit the abstract probability that a falsity has usually a nucleus of reality, few bear this abstract probability in mind when passing judgment on the opinion of others.—*Herbert Spencer.*

To know how a bad man will act when in power, reverse all the doctrines he preaches when obscure.—*S. Montague.*

The human mind is like a drunken peasant on horseback—prop it on one side, and it falls on the other.—*Luther.*

Our very worst passions will often produce sublimer effects than our best.—*Bolingbroke.*

Learning without knowledge is but a bundle of prejudices: a lumber of inert matter set before the threshold of the understanding, to the exclusion of common sense.—*Buwer.*

FAG, M. P.

BITS OF VERSE.

Plays.

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! Beside,
How long the audience sits before us;
How many prompters, what a chorus!
—*Walter Savage Landor.*

The Gone Before.

I fling my past behind me, like a robe
Worn threadbare in the seams, and out of date.
I have outgrown it. Wherefore should I weep
And dwell upon its beauty, and its dyes
Of Oriental splendor, or complain
That I must needs discard it? I can weave
Upon the shuttles of the future years
A fabric far more durable. Subdued
It may be in the blending of its hues,
Where sombre shades commingle, yet the gleam
Of golden warp shall shoot it through and through,
While over all a fadeless lustre lies,
And starred with gems made out of crystallized tears,
My new robe shall be richer than the old.
—*Ella Wheeler.*

Mind Thine Own Aim.

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark;
Ay! mind thine own aim, and
God help the mark!—*Emerson.*

From a Counting-House.

There is an hour when first the westering sun
Takes on some forecast faint of future red;
When from the wings of weariness is shed
A spell upon us toilers, every one;
The day's work lags a little, well nigh done;
Far, dusky lofts through all the close air spread
A smell of Eastern bales; the old clerk's head
Nods by my side, heavy with dreams begun

In dear dead days wherein his heart is tombed.
But I my way to Italy have found;
Or wander where high stars gleam coldly through
The Alpine skies; or in some nest perfumed,
With soft Persian luxury set round,
Hold out my arms and cry, "At last!" to you.
—*H. C. Bruner.*

The Singer.

While with Ambition's steadfast flame
He wastes the midnight oil,
And dreams high-throned on heights of fame
To rest him from his toil—

Death's Angel, like a vast eclipse,
Above him spreads her wings,
And fans the embers of his lips
To ashes as he sings.
—*J. W. Riley.*

The Age of Wisdom.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never is known the barber's shear,
All your wish is women to win;
This is the way that boys begin—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window-panes—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray:
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was passed away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet a month is gone.

Gillian's dead—God rest her bier—
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.—*Thackeray.*

Trust.

A picture memory brings to me:
I look beyond the years, and see
Myself across my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read His works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath His hand;
That pain itself for good was planned
I trust, but can not understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love!
—*John G. Whittier.*

My Dear.

O wind of the west that bringest
O'er wood and lea
Perfume of flowers from my lady's bowers
And a strain of melody,
While soft 'mid the bloom thou singest
Thy songs of laughter and sighs,
Steal in where my darling lies
With a kiss on her mouth from me.—*Leonard Joyce.*

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Nos. 1 (March 25), 4 (April 15), of Vol. I of the ARGONAUT for 1877. Twenty-five cents will be paid for each of the above numbers at the ARGONAUT office, 522 California Street.



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WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO hereby certify and declare that we have formed a partnership, under the firm name and style of the OAKLAND PAC MANUFACTURING COMPANY; that said partnership has for its object the manufacture and sale of all kinds and descriptions of jute fabrics; that its principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, having its works and factory in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership and their places of residence are as follows, that is to say: **WILLIAM SCHOLLE**, residing at Number Twelve Hundred and Thirty-four Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; **ISRAEL CAHN**, residing at Number Eleven Hundred and Twenty Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and **JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN**, residing in the Town of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California. Dated March 16, 1880.

WILLIAM SCHOLLE,
ISRAEL CAHN,
J. BRANDENSTEIN.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, } ss.
On this Eighteenth (18th) day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public in and for said city and county, personally appeared William Scholle, Israel Cahn, and Joseph Brandenstein, known to me to be the persons respectively named and described in, and whose names are subscribed to, the within and foregoing certificate of partnership, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same respectively.
In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written. **JAMES MASON,** Notary Public.
(NOTARIAL SEAL)
Endorsed—Filed March 18, 1880.
WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.
By J. WHALEN, Deputy Clerk.

\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit sent. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.
— THE —
NEW WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
A SPLENDID NUMBER FOR APRIL.
The Californian. April Number.
The Californian. April Number.
The Californian. April Number.
The Californian. April Number.
The Californian. April Number.

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RAVEN BLACK AMERICAN SILKS are now being retailed by the following established firms:
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THE TEST.
Hold a slip of silk in a blaze of fire. On removal, if it ceases burning at once, it is positive proof that such silk is not adulterated, and will neither cut nor grow shiny in actual wear. Otherwise, if on removing a slip of silk from the blaze it continues to burn, it is positive proof that such silk material is from 1-3 to 3-4 adulteration, and will either cut or wear shiny.
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Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms \$50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 2001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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dealer in Wood, Coal, Charcoal, and Coke, 816 Pacific Street, between Stockton and Powell.
Charcoal Depot.—Charcoal for sale in lots to suit, from 1 to 10,000 sacks.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, March 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 53) of Thirty Cents per share was declared, payable on SATURDAY, March 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 2nd inst.
P. JACOBUS, Ass't Secretary.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING
Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth (8th) day of March, 1880, an assessment (No. 62) of Two (\$2) Dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
E. L. PARKER, Secretary.
Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

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PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE STORY OF A GARTER.

CHAPTER I.

Did you ever watch the mouth movements of a choir singer? Did you ever mentally wonder how much of the lip contortion was caused by the necessities of the hymn, and how much by the affectation of the singer? The sunshine of a Sabbath morning was streaming into the village church at Brighton, when thoughts somewhat in this wise filled the mind of a very proper person—a very methodical bachelor, with calm eyes and square back—who stood up in his pew, giving praise to some Lord in his imagination; but in reality quietly and intently regarding the not unhandsome mouth of the soprano.

His own face unwittingly took the shapes that hers did, as he devoutly followed the words and music. Some bugles and other dangling ornaments that trembled on the soprano's bonnet served to draw his eyes thither, as objects in motion always will; he found it somewhat annoying to try and watch both her mouth and the vibrations of the bugles at her summit.

George Woodward Fenton, which is a much better sounding name than his really was, had come to Brighton for the purpose of building a bridge across East River. He was a civil engineer, of modest fame, but undoubted ability; he had a good head on his shoulders, despite the fact that he looked like a minister; the worst that was said against him was that he had experienced religion, but this fault was condoned by the man he knocked down the second day he was in Brighton—said man having incautiously remarked that George looked like a "damned Bible-pounder."

Fenton did everything slowly and sedately, but then he had a knack of being sure of what he was about. The town trustees had looked askance at his spectacles; his air had a tinge of stupidity about it; they were inclined to sneer at his plans, his specifications, and his arguments. They had been used to contractors of the florid style: who would invite all hands to drink when the meeting adjourned, who estimated their day's work by the amount of cursing bestowed on their men. Fenton coolly impressed upon them that they did not know what they were talking about; that he did; that he was prepared to do the work perfectly; that if his terms were not satisfactory, it was of no consequence—he would immediately return to New York, whence he had been imported.

From a position of arrogant indifference, the trustees gradually bent a listening ear; the very independence of this young man seemed to work in his favor; with becoming dignity they awarded him the contract, which he accepted with becoming carelessness. For his imperturbability really became George—there was an indefinable charm about his half-stupid manner; you felt, somehow, he was not such a fool as he looked. For a slow man, he was remarkably brisk in the way he brought forward his material, and pushed the work of the bridge; the trustees eyed him still more askance; but when they said "Good morning, Mr. Fenton," now, the tone was mollifying and respectful. It was plain, from the start, he would finish the work for much less than the appropriation, giving the trustees a "chance" on the "extras" that might be added.

This was the state of things on this particular Sunday morning, when we find our religious bridge-builder intently surveying the interior of the soprano's mouth, whether with the eye of a civil engineer or not, it would be rather ungallant to remark. Perhaps he did not take enough notice of the young woman that chanced to occupy the same pew. If he had done so, his mechanical eye would have been delighted, for even a mechanical eye has some sense of harmony. He would have noticed that she was perfectly attired; that her cheek was round and plump, and destitute of toilet accessories; that her eyes were brown and mild—in fact, reader, he would have shared her hymn-book, offered in the early part of the service, instead of possessing himself of one from the seat in front. I can only account for his short-sightedness by the thought that in looking at distant objects we neglect those which we might touch.

For her part, she seemed cognizant of no neglect. Being alone, she neither giggled, ate candy furtively, nor followed in other ways the beaten path of young ladies at their divine worship. No doubt all these sins would have been hers, had she but had companions to share them with. I shall, perhaps ungraciously, give her no credit until I find she in truth deserves it.

The preacher had said, "in conclusion" for the third and final time, the Doxology was sung, a sea of bald heads and bonnets bowed to receive the gentle patter of the benediction; the service was over. People rushed toward each other to converse in whispers, as though the pews were very ill, and anything above a modulated religious lisp would be fatal to them.

Our civil engineer, having nobody to rush toward, looked longingly at the door, and then despairingly at the crowd that intervened, and while ruminating on the slowness of an outgoing congregation, he placed his foot on my story. Stooping down, he picked up the Thing, and with one quick glance threw it down again. Ashamed of his cowardice he again bent down, and hurriedly possessed himself of the Thing, which he crushed into his hand, whence he placed it in a safe place of concealment.

When I say that it was only a common lady's garter,

I mean "common" in the sense that it was an article of utility in very general use—this particular one was not a common one among its fellows. This last fact, however, was totally lost on our friend Fenton, who now had all he could do to preserve the innocent expression habitual to his face. He had all the sensations which we imagine a pickpocket ought to have, and which the light-fingered gentry no doubt would have were they honest men. His complexion, at all times a clear one, now showed an alarming increase of color, which he both felt and cursed. The fact of merely having picked up a stocking-sustainer would not have moved him so, but when it touched his palm it had felt warm; and from that sensation of warmth did he date his feeling of guilt.

Once in the open air, everybody did not seem to be looking at him—the fresh air was grateful; he felt that he had made a fool of himself. Still, the garter lay like a load in his pocket; if it had been a stolen bird's nest, he could have accounted for his feelings. I regret, both for my own and the reader's sake, that the supersensitiveness of Mr. Fenton should cause us all this trouble. I am sure we could find garters, every day and by the dozen, without being disturbed much, either in mind or body. But this engineer, who had great executive powers with his men—who, in case of necessity, was not deficient in the art of bringing them to terms with a muscular force that not only surprised but convinced them—this man with men was completely put out by a little band of silk and elastic, that now nestled cosily enough in his pocket.

The beauty of that peaceful Sabbath afternoon, its calm restfulness and balmy air, were perhaps partly lost on him, as he wandered with uncertain step toward the suburbs. Like a true workman, blind instinct brought him to the bridge he was building. Looking into the water that flowed beneath him, he was struck all of a sudden with the absurdity of his past sensations, which now appeared to him in such a ridiculous light that he laughed and laughed again.

That laugh seemed to make him brave, for, with an air of lazy interest, he drew the Thing from its hiding-place and examined it. It was a dainty affair, he had to admit—the groundwork was in pale-blue silk, worked with satin of a darker shade; it had a large rosette to match, and the clasp, a very unique device, was certainly silver. The clasp was further made interesting by having engraved on it, in fairy script, the name "Lally." He first read it "Sally," but the disappointment which this name unconsciously caused him was removed on closer scrutiny.

"Lally," he repeated, speaking to the bridge, "the last name ought to be 'Gag.'"

With this remark he put the subject of it away, and devoted his attention and the rest of the day exclusively to a calculation concerning his bridge-making.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. George Woodward Fenton—I give you his full name, to prevent myself from slipping into his real one—dined at the best hotel in Brighton. He did not lodge there, however, but had found a room to his taste, near the scene of his labors. This room was peculiarly adapted to his purpose; it was an addition to the original building, with an entrance on the street. With no desire or cause for secrecy, it was yet pleasant for him to feel that he could enter and depart at will, without making the fact known to the other occupants. These latter consisted of a highly respectable widow and her daughter—a daughter who insisted on taking extraordinary care of Fenton's "den," carrying her duties to the extremity of replenishing his towels, matches, etc., while he was poring over his plans. These interruptions, while they were noiseless, and evidently intended to be unobtrusive, nevertheless annoyed him. He was not a nervous man, but a woman "fussing" around him when he was at his nightly tasks did not add to his powers of concentration.

This girl—whose name, by the way, was Harrisonia Muggs—was an anomaly to Fenton in many ways. She was by no means unprepossessing; she had good features, good eyes, and dazzling teeth; she had all these, and a plump figure, always well displayed—yet, seemingly against all reason, she was not attractive. At least, so Fenton thought, but in this he differed from the young sprigs of Brighton. 'Sonja, as she was called, was in a chronic state of being courted. Fenton began to believe that the neighboring towns, also, sent in their quota of white vests and prominent watch-chains to worship at her shrine. When the evenings were fine he frequently kept late hours, in enjoying either long walks under the stars, or an occasional game of billiards at the hotel. At such times he rarely came home without interrupting the dismissal of one of 'Sonja's slaves.

The Sabbath-day on which Fenton has been brought before the reader proved a most eventful one for him. He had attended church in the evening, indulging in a long ramble afterward, and was returning home. The night was starry, and rather dark. As he approached his doorway, the form of a person, or of a pair of persons, became dimly outlined; his indifferent eyesight led him to conclude it was 'Sonja saying the last word to her company.

On a nearer approach, however, the object took the shape of a woman, alone, and, as it proved, very ill. She raised a face so pale and wan that, even in that indistinct light, Fenton saw and was moved by its misery. In trying to answer to his offer of help, she made an inarticulate sound; unversed as this bachelor was in women's ways, he knew

that he held a fainting woman in his arms. They were strong arms, too, and showed none of the sensitiveness that their owner had that day. In an instant she was lying on his bed; he lit a lamp, and forced brandy between the closed lips. She recovered, sighed, and fainted again. A woman in distress needs a woman. Fenton went to the door to call, when, at the threshold, a thought held him back. How could he explain this strange situation to a woman? Something must be done, and that quickly; he was perfectly cool, but the thought of just what to do made his temples throb painfully. One more look at the white face of his unknown visitor determined him to go for a doctor.

That worthy was fortunately up and dressed—Fenton almost dragged him to his room. The man of medicine made a hasty examination. Then he turned to Fenton:

"Your wife, I suppose, sir?"

The patient had been groaning when they came in; she continued, as though in great pain.

"No," said Fenton.

"Where is her husband?"

"Her husband?"

"Yes."

"I don't know that she has one," and, not satisfied with the look on the doctor's face, Fenton briefly explained matters.

The physician's face cleared a little, as he said gravely: "This young woman is about to have a child." Then he added, in an almost griefed tone: "I hope you have told me the truth."

Fenton had served in the army, but this was the heaviest fire he had ever stood under. The doctor mistook his emotion for an evidence of his guilt. Seeing this, brought the engineer to his senses. His face had its old expression when he spoke—"It is as I have said. If you do not believe me, there is the door."

The doctor only smiled good-humoredly. "Your anger is honest," he said.

CHAPTER III.

It was a fortunate thing for after-comers that the hotel-keeper's wife was a good soul, much given to gossip. Otherwise they might not have heard how "late one Sabbath night, the only carriage in the village had brought to the hotel the village doctor, the bridge-contractor, and a pale young woman; how she had to be carried up-stairs, and the best room made ready for her; how the bridge-contractor had appeared much concerned, and paced the hall for two hours; that his spectacles were on upside down; that he wiped his eyes suspiciously when he thought himself unobserved; that he laughed heartily to himself, and slapped his thigh almost while he wept; how the doctor had come down the stairs rubbing his hands in glee, and saying that all had gone well; that they had gone away together, but not before leaving word that every comfort should be given to the poor sick lady, the same to be charged to Mr. Fenton." Here, at the money part, the good woman always came to a fitting conclusion.

Fenton was neither romantic nor imaginative. As he went to his room at gray dawn, the affair appeared to his practical sense a very serious one. A woman, unknown, with her babe, had suddenly appeared, and made him, in spite of himself, a man of family. So far as responsibility went, he was in every way a husband and father; he could get no other view of it, whichever way he looked at it. According to his idea, it never once dawned on him that this matter would bring him any more trouble than the temporary care of the two helpless ones, until their friends should appear to relieve him.

But the unfortunate woman had already disturbed his peace in another way. She had given him a problem to solve. In the carriage she had murmured "Lally." Uncertain that he had heard aright, his waiting ear had caught the name a second time more distinctly. His mind was prone to dispose of things—a conclusion arrived at, the thing worried him no more. But he must have the conclusion. The monetary difference this event would cost him he had disposed of, and now this "Lally" must haunt a mind that loved to be unhaunted.

He took out the garter and looked at it, and I guess he damned it a little. He never allowed his religion to interfere with the proper expression of his feelings. But for this little band of silk, satin, and silver, he could go to his bridge and be content; but he knew that the beating of the hammers and the grating of the saws would both keep time to that refrain: "lal-la-ly—lal-la-ly—lal-la-ly."

Then, having a revulsion of feeling, he began to wonder who "Lally" was. Was it a man or a woman? It must be a woman; yet the name of her husband, or worse, her betrayer, would naturally be the one that a woman's lips would utter, under such circumstances.

The morning sun streaming into the room cut short his meditations. A summons from Mrs. Muggs warned him that his coffee was ready. Breakfast is rarely a social meal. Fenton relied on this fact, I think, when he made this the only one he took at home. On this occasion he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts and the toast to notice that the expression on the widow's face was hauled a little tighter fore and aft, and that her nose had found an angle. 'Sonja, too, graced the table with her presence, and, in a condescension, acknowledged by Fenton by the nodding of bows. His interest began and ended by

unforeseen occurrence had brought her regal form to light at least three hours earlier than usual; for until nine o'clock 'Sonia's being alive was a mere matter of speculation. Unlike her mother, she wore a "willing to forgive" aspect, which evoked as much emotion from the sugar-bowl as it did from the culprit.

But he, poor fellow, was calmly innocent of having done any wrong, besides being certain that his presence of mind in removing the poor woman had prevented at least two of her own sex from being her judges. With this consoling reflection did he fold his napkin and depart. Had he listened to the conversation that began in his absence, he would have learned to what extent windows and keyholes had been utilized, by a pair of night-robed females in shivering *dishabille*. The hauled-taut expression transferred itself from the widow's countenance to 'Sonia's.

"Mother!"

"Well?"

"Did you ever see such impudence?"

"No."

"Do you intend to stand it?"

"Well, 'Sonia, my child—"

"Don't *child* me—if you intend to remain passive, I assure you I don't!"

"But we can't afford—"

"To have our reputations ruined for ten dollars a month," broke in 'Sonia, while she continued excitedly: "It's just this, ma, if he don't leave, I will. I'll go off with Charley."

Mrs. Muggs was completely crushed. The threat had frequently been made, and had never failed to strike terror to her heart. The numerical strength of Charley had something appalling about it; a single elopement might be followed by a penitent return; but the poor widow had only an indefinite idea of how many of Charley there was; if 'Sonia went off with them all, she might as well bid good-bye to her forever. The prospect of having no one to save and slave for, to scratch and scrimp for, was, indeed, a gloomy one.

"He shall go," said she in a weak voice.

The civil engineer, among his men, and busy in the sunshine, felt like Fenton again. The still, small voice drumming "Lally" in his ear was, after all, entirely absent. His mind was filled with naught but his work until the sun was low in the heavens. Thanks to his indifferent eyesight, his sensitive nature was spared the looks that some of the men's faces wore. They had nothing against a man's getting into a scrape of that kind, but the fact that he was "one o' them church-goin' fellers" made them feel the imposition. Their conscientiousness, however, did not reach their pockets: they gave no visible offense.

But the bridge-builder was now a marked man in Brighton, and sooner or later he must become aware of it. As he ascended the steps of the hotel, the suggestive interest of the crowd of loungers did not pass unnoticed by even his defective vision; it caused him a pang, and spoiled his supper; contrary to his habit, he worried over it a little; he felt this was but the beginning, and he could not clearly see the end. Open insults he could have met with blows, but a man's looks are his own, as are also his knowing smiles; a man certainly can have the disposal of his own features. The doctor, with the true story, had championed Fenton's cause, but his delivery at second-hand lacked the impressiveness that Fenton would have given it. He would have seen the village in perdition before he would open his mouth. He had strictly forbidden his name to be disclosed to the unfortunate woman; fearing her gratitude more than the contumely of all Brighton. Poor thing! she lay there blessing him, happily unconscious of the gossip she had caused.

In no enviable state of mind did Fenton reach his lodgings that night. The world had him foul; he was too proud to explain, and angry at being misjudged. An envelope on the table attracted his eye. He knew the superscription; he had frequently mailed 'Sonia's letters. She, with her reputation trembling in the balance, had put the culprit's dismissal on paper. She well knew that her mother's courage could never be screwed to the sticking-point of a verbal dismissal. The poor widow was in some remote corner of the house, bemoaning the loss of Fenton's ten dollars. He read his sentence:

"MR. FENTON—Dear Sir:—It appears strange to two lone women, who have nothing in this world but their good names and a scanty pension, that you should seek their fireside to bring disgrace upon them. After last night's shocking proceedings, we can afford you the comforts of a home no longer. This is a sad duty, but you can leave the seven dollars due on the washstand. We might have believed your story to the doctor, but for that souvenir from *her* which hangs on the wall. It shows too plainly the character of your relations. Yours obediently,
MRS. JOHN MUGGS, per HARRISONIA MUGGS."

This missive was almost fatal to Fenton. But when he had recovered from the fit of laughter it caused, he was more kindly disposed toward the injured 'Sonia than he had ever been. "'Sonia," said he, apostrophizing the note, "I thank you. You have found me my temper. And as for you," he continued, taking down the unlucky garter, "I shall never lose it with *you* again; since you have parted me from such scum, you and I shall part no more."

CHAPTER IV.

Three weeks passed. As to go to the hotel was out of the question, the doctor, with some crowding, had kindly made room for the outcast from Muggs's. Brighton's nine days' wonder had in a manner subsided, but Fenton's feelings as to how he was regarded remained the same. He worked harder than ever at the bridge, which was rapidly approaching completion. Though he was unaware of it, a reversion of opinion had taken place in the village. Fenton had a personality that could not long remain under a cloud; his treatment of the sick lady, and his delicate consideration for her feelings, was not lost on those who noticed it.

But there had been growing within him a strong sensation of curiosity to know who and what she was—to learn her story and its connection with "Lally." He shrank from the idea of intruding upon her with questions; he thought of addressing her a carefully worded note, but the latter plan seemed like a subterfuge. He gave up the idea with a sigh, and determined to let matters swing along as they chose.

One forenoon, however, while he was at work, a sudden inspiration determined him to go and see her. It was a delightful sunny morning; she would be in health and spirits on a day like this, he thought. It also pleased him to think that he was about to present himself to her in his

working garb; it would place her more at her ease than if confronted by a fine gentleman. He framed several sentences that were to dispel at once all constraint in this first interview.

The hotel he never reached. A messenger, hot and panting, met him half way, to say that the mother and child had disappeared. The chambermaid had found the room empty—the bed undisturbed. Fenton actually forgot to give the boy a quarter, as he took a note from his hand, and, in much amazement, opened it. The lad, who had run very hard, for he knew his man and was sure of a tip, turned on his heel, somewhat chagrined. The note was addressed—

"TO MY UNKNOWN FRIEND:—My coming was unhappy; my going is ungrateful. But a miserable woman, who can bless but not reward, prays that God may do both to you. I would like to see you, but am not sure that the sight of me would be pleasant. Never till this night did it occur to me in what false position I may have been the unlucky means of placing you. My going will at least remove the cause. Bless you again, and so—adieu."

There was no signature. He absently turned the paper over in his hand. Then he softly whistled a low refrain. Raising his eyes, he saw the boy a short distance away, kicking up clouds and looking sheepish. "Oh," said Fenton, and threw him a coin. The lad was the happier of the two then. Well, she had gone away with her child. Fenton was conscious of a great disappointment, yet mixed with his varied feelings was one of relief. A thing of that kind, like all things, must end some time and in some way; perhaps it was best now, and in this way. When he struck the matter-of-fact vein in his composition, this civil engineer always found comfort. He turned—a little thoughtfully—and walked back to the bridge.

And were it not for "Lally," he might as well walk out of the story. As I am here relating rather indifferently what really occurred very interestingly, the reader will share my chagrin when I tell him that I can not stop this story in the genuine stereotyped style. Had I my way (which, alas, I have not) I should send Fenton in search of the woman he had befriended; he should find her, make love to her, and marry her. But Fenton—though he had a noble nature—was a man of plans, estimates, and specifications; as he walked back to the bridge, now about completed, he calculated his profits thereon. He roughly estimated what the hotel and doctor's bill would aggregate; and, feeling that he would soon leave it, he summed up what Brighton had cost him, and what he had cost Brighton.

Nor was it with many regrets that he boarded the train (after cashing his check at a humorously small bank) and watched the green hills of Brighton gradually disappear. He spent six years in New York working at his profession. Sunning himself in Central Park one day, he met a little girl in great distress. On asking the cause of her grief, she said she wanted "Lally." It gave him a start, even after six years, to hear that memory revived.

"Who is Lally?" he asked.

"My aunty," sobbed the little one, "and I've lost her."

"Well, don't cry, we'll find her."

"But *where* is she?" inquired the child, as they walked along.

"I've got her at home, I guess, in my trunk," ventured Fenton, with a wise air.

The child held up a puzzled face, but he never smiled.

"Oh!" she said, her tears breaking into smiles, "there she is!" There came toward them a lady, still young, with mild brown eyes and a pretty face; six years before she had offered a hymn-book to Fenton in the church at Brighton. As for him, he knew this *might* be the owner of his garter; he regarded her with a little more attention than was perhaps polite. She had the advantage; she *knew* him; she had been to Brighton, and there got his full name and description from the doctor. He would have raised his hat and departed, but she detained him.

"Your name is Fenton," she said, hesitatingly. "You were my sister's friend. I—would—like to—to—to know you," she added, turning crimson and then white.

No, reader, you are wrong, they did *not* marry. But she got so that she called him "George," and was not afraid to say "garter" right out before him. They may have got married after they got out of this story. He learned in time how her sister had been betrayed, had returned with her child and her story, and since had died. "Lally," or Alice Browning, was in Brighton on a visit that Sunday, little dreaming she was so near her lost sister, whose child eventually found Fenton in the park.

George and Alice and little May were in Brighton not long ago. They crossed the bridge that he had built, and found the village now a town. He saw something familiar in the thin face of a woman they met. It was Mrs. Muggs. He spoke to her kindly, and inquired for 'Sonia. The widow burst into tears, but managed to articulate "She's gone off with Charley!"

JOHN C. CHALMERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1880.

The old theory which allowed a blonde to wear only blue flowers and ribbons, and consequently made her look insipid, has been very nearly extinguished during the last half dozen years, and the fancy for Jacqueminot roses may utterly destroy it. These sumptuous blossoms are beautiful when worn by a brunette who knows how to make them contrast with black lace, but they are at their best when they adorn a blonde who chooses to array herself in a robe of creamy crape, draped with antique grace, and to relieve it with great clusters of Jacqueminot buds and half-opened blossoms placed at the belt and high on the side of the square opening at the throat, and gathered at the belt. The single rose that nestles among the puffs on the top of her head brings out the gold of her hair, intensifies the coolness of her gray eyes, and makes her one of the prettiest pictures ever seen at a dinner party.

The porter of a Danbury shoe store was dusting out the place of business on Monday morning, when a ruralist straggled in. He wanted a pair of shoes.

"What number is it?" queried the porter.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen," said the man, with an absent look on his face.

"Holy Moses!" gasped the porter. "Three legs and no two mates!"

OUR OPHIDIAN FRIEND.

From the "Californian" for April.

Cylindrical thing
Without leg, without wing.
Glazed membrane stuffed with motion,
I hold the heretical notion
That because you crawl
Is no reason at all
For laying such odious stress
The whole length of your lowliness.
A walk and a glide,
A stride and a slide,
A trip and a slip,
A skate and a skip,
Are equally proper, for all I see,
Sly, India-rubber iniquity!

I learn, in buildings with bell and steeple,
That you are abhorred by exemplary people
Because in your skin did a villain deceive
The lady initial—ingenious Eve.
Now take it for granted the story is true,
The fellow inside was the culprit—not you.
But you're mischievous still, at this distant day:
You wheedle lean children's last doughnut away;
And innocent birds, on a tour from the South,
You entice, in a trice, down your murderous mouth.
The sparrow, wee wren, and canary,
A-whistling their solos, unwary;
Bobolink to begin it,
The lark and the linnet,
Bluebird and robin,
Together go bobbin'
To twiddle and spindle,
To diddle and dwindle,
To prance it,
To dance it,

To hop up and pop up and die
'Neath the gaze of your glittering eye.
If this be the case, I am happy to say
That you kill in a very considerate way.
Would man might as gentle be,
Lithe, odizing oddity!
Limp reptile, with head so close to the heart,
How can conscience and reason be counseled apart?
In view of so serious organic confusion,
'Tis idle to censure slight moral obtusion.
After all that I've heard, imagined, or read
Of the woman's seed and the serpent's head,
I can't be convinced that 'twere best to inveigh
Against a creature that harmlessly garters my way,
Or, armed with cudgel, from bickory hewed,
To beetle its limber longitude.

Abused, abjured Ophidian,
Bask on in peace meridian;
The more of the tale of the tempter they make,
The more I shall hold to the tail of the snake.
JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Violets.

All flowers are sweet; but those my heart doth love
The best,
Bloom where the eyes are closed and hands are crossed
At rest.

All flowers are sweet; but these fair blossoms spread
With dew,
Call back the mother-eyes, so sad, so sweet,
So blue!

To-day I feel a breath; the curtains swing
Apart,
And memories, like silver mist, float round
My heart;

I hear the echo of a song sung long
Ago,
As 'mid the nestling leaves it wanders to
And fro.

The while the perfumed dew falls on my heart
Like rain,
And scent of violets—she loved them so—
Gives pain.

CLARENCE T. URMY.

A Portrait in Water-Colors.

What doth she lack? Why, surely, naught.
She's womanly down to her finger-tips;
With a dainty, feminine "trick of thought,"
And decorum that never trips.

And the subtle flattery half untold,
That thrills like a perfume or swift caress,
You would almost swear it was virgin gold,
And you dare not wish it less.

Her speech is strung with pretty things,
As rose-hips are strung on the grasses sweet,
And their glossy beauty a glamour brings
Whenever we chance to meet.

And yet, I wonder what comes between
When I touch her outstretched finger-tips?
I wonder what shadow, never seen,
Lies on her upturned lips?

Something—"a rift within the lute,"
On the waxen fairness a speck of dust,
A bitter tang to the perfect fruit—
Shall I say it?—a vague distrust.

She's a charming friend for sunny days
When buds and blossoms and south winds blow;
But for sorrow that walks in sodden ways
She'd have but a decorous "Oh!"

She quotes the charmingest bits of lore,
With quotations that always are a *propos*;
She has knocked a little at every door,
But their secrets she'll never know.

She gives me more than I would claim;
She gives me, she says, her very summer;
But it cloy, for I know she'll give the same
Each hour, to the latest comer.

I like her—at least, our likings blend;
We are friends? Oh yes, for she told me so;
But if she forgot to be my friend,
Would she make a generous foe?

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1880.

KATE M. BISHOP.

A class in journalism is to be established in Cornell University, in deference to the wishes of many of the student

THE CHARLEMAGNE CROWN.

Translated from the French of Henry Murger.

Toward the close of December the letter-carriers of the Bidault administration were charged with the distribution of about a hundred copies of a letter of invitation, of which the following is a certified copy:

M. ———:—MM. Rodolphe and Marcel pray you to do them the honor of coming to pass the evening with them, Saturday next, New Year's Eve. There will be laughter.

PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT.

I.

At seven o'clock, opening of the parlors; bright and animated conversation.

At eight o'clock, entry and promenade in the parlors of the intellectual authors of *The Mountain in Labor*, a comedy rejected by the Théâtre de l'Odéon.

At half-past eight o'clock, M. Alexandre Schœnauer, distinguished artist, will execute upon the piano an imitative symphony, *The Influence of Blue in the Arts*.

At nine o'clock, first reading of a memoir on the abolition of trouble in tragedy.

At half-past nine o'clock, M. Gustave Colline, philosopher supernatural, and M. Schœnauer, will begin a discussion of philosophy and metaphysics compared. In order to avoid all collision between the two antagonists, they will be tied together.

At ten o'clock, M. Tristan, man of letters, will describe his first loves. M. Alexandre Schœnauer will accompany him on the piano.

At half-past ten o'clock, second reading of the memoir on the abolition of trouble in tragedy.

At eleven o'clock, narration of a cassowary hunt, by a foreign prince.

II.

At midnight, M. Marcel, historical painter, blindfold, will improvise in white crayon the interview between Napoleon and Voltaire in the Champs-Élysées. M. Rodolphe will also improvise a comparison between the author of *Zaire* and the author of the Battle of Austerlitz.

At half-past twelve o'clock, M. Gustave Colline, modestly undressed, will imitate the athletic games of the Fourth Olympiad.

At one o'clock A. M., third reading of the memoir on the abolition of trouble in tragedy, and collection for the benefit of the tragic authors who will one day find themselves out of employment.

At two o'clock, commencement of games, and organization of quadrilles, which will be prolonged until morning.

At six o'clock, sunrise and final chorus.

During the whole of the entertainment the ventilators will play.

N. B.—Any person who attempts to read or recite any verses will be immediately put out, and delivered into the hands of the police. All are requested not to carry off the wax-candle ends.

Two days after, some copies of this letter were in circulation on the third floor below literature and the arts, and occasioned there a profound sensation.

However, among the invited guests there were some who questioned the splendors announced by the two friends.

"I mistrust much," said one of these skeptics; "I have been sometimes to Rodolphe's Wednesdays, Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. We could not sit down, except morally, and we drank filtered water in eclectic pottery."

"This time," said another, "it will be very solid. Marcel has shown me the plan of the entertainment, and it promises a magical effect."

"Will there be any ladies?"

"Yes; Phémie la Teinturière has asked to be queen of the feast, and Schœnauer ought to bring some ladies."

This is, in few words, the origin of this entertainment which caused so much astonishment in the Bohemian world. For about a year Marcel and Rodolphe had announced this sumptuous gala, which was always to come off the approaching Saturday; but painful circumstances had forced their promise to make the tour of fifty-two weeks, and they could not take a step without running against some irony of their friends, among whom were even found some inconsiderate enough to make energetic complaints. The thing beginning to be a bore, the two friends resolved to put an end to it by fulfilling the engagements which they had undertaken. Therefore they had sent out the above invitation.

"Now," Rodolphe had said, "we can no longer retreat; we have burned our ships. There remain before us eight days in which to find the hundred francs which are indispensable to do the thing well."

"Since we must have them, we will," Marcel had replied; and with the insolent confidence they had in the goddess Chance, the two friends rested easy, convinced that their hundred francs were already on the way—the way of the impossible.

Nevertheless, two days before the one designated for the entertainment, as nothing had yet turned up, Rodolphe thought it would be, perhaps, more sure to assist Chance, if he did not wish to be left in humiliation when the hour for lighting the lamps should arrive.

To facilitate matters, the two friends modified progressively the sumptuous features of the programme which they had prepared; and by modification after modification, by much striking out from the article "Cakes," by carefully reviewing and diminishing the article "Refreshments," the total expense was found to be reduced to fifteen francs. The matter was simplified, but not yet settled.

"Now," said Rodolphe, "we must do our utmost. In the first place, we can not postpone it this time."

"Impossible," replied Marcel.

"How long is it since I have heard the story of the Battle of Studzianka?"

"Nearly two months."

"Good! Two months is a respectable delay. My uncle will not complain. I will go to-morrow to make him relate to me the Battle of Studzianka. That will be five francs, surely."

"And I," said Marcel, "will go to sell an 'Abandoned Manor' to old Médecis. That will make five francs also. If I have time enough to put in three turrets and a mill, that will go, perhaps, at ten francs, and we will have our budget."

And the two friends went to sleep, dreaming that the Princess of Belgiojoso begged them to change their reception days in order not to take away her habitués.

Awake early in the morning, Marcel took a canvas and proceeded quickly to the construction of an "Abandoned Manor," an article which was in particular demand from him by a second-hand dealer in the Place du Carrousel. On his side, Rodolphe went to pay a visit to his uncle Monetti, who excelled in the recitation of the retreat from Russia, and for whom Rodolphe procured, five or six times a year, the satisfaction of narrating his campaigns, in consideration

of a loan of some money, which the veteran dealer in stoves and chimneys did not often refuse when one knew how to show great enthusiasm in hearing his recitals.

At two o'clock Marcel, with head lowered and carrying under his arm a canvas, encountered, on the Place du Carrousel, Rodolphe, coming from his uncle's; his attitude announced bad news.

"Well," said Marcel, "have you succeeded?"

"No; my uncle has gone to the museum at Versailles. And you?"

"That animal Médecis will not have any more ruined chateaux; he wants a 'Bombardment of Tangier.'"

"We are lost in reputation if we do not give our entertainment," murmured Rodolphe. "What will our friend the influential critic think, if I make him put on a white cravat and yellow gloves for nothing?"

And they re-entered the studio, suffering the liveliest anxiety. At this moment a neighbor's clock struck four.

"We have only three hours before us," said Rodolphe.

"But," cried Marcel, approaching his friend, "are you sure, quite sure, that there is no money about here?"

"Neither here nor elsewhere. From whence could it come?"

"If we search under the furniture—in the chairs? It is claimed that the *émigrés* concealed their treasures in the time of Robespierre. Who knows? Our easy-chair has perhaps belonged to an *émigré*; and then it is so hard that I have often had the idea that it contained something metallic. Shall we make an autopsy?"

"This is child's play," replied Rodolphe, in a tone of severity mingled with indulgence.

All at once Marcel, who had continued his rummaging in all the corners of the studio, uttered a shout of triumph.

"We are saved!" cried he. "I was very sure that there was something of value here. See there!" and he displayed to Rodolphe a piece of money as large as a crown, and half corroded by rust and verdigris. It was a Carolingian coin, of some numismatic value. Upon the inscription, fortunately well preserved, could be read the date of the reign of Charlemagne.

"That! That is worth thirty sous," said Rodolphe, casting a disdainful look on the coin.

"Thirty sous, well employed, will make a fine effect," replied Marcel. "With twelve hundred men Bonaparte made ten thousand Austrians lay down their arms. Skill equals numbers. I will go and change the Charlemagne crown with Father Médecis. Is there not something else to sell here? Hold, I will take along the cast of the tibia of Jaconowski, the Russian drum-major. That will make bulk."

"Carry off the tibia. But that is disagreeable. There will not remain a single object of art here."

During the absence of Marcel, Rodolphe, fully decided to give the party anyhow, went to find his friend Colline, the supernatural philosopher, who lived two steps from him.

"I come to entreat you to do me a service. In my position as master of the house I must positively have a black coat, and I have none—lend me yours."

"But," said Colline, hesitating, "in my position as invited guest I need my black coat myself."

"I will allow you to come in an overcoat."

"I never had an overcoat—you know it very well."

"Well, listen; that can be arranged. You can stay away from my party, and thus loan me your coat."

"That is disagreeable. Since I am on the programme, I don't want to be missing."

"There will be many other things missing," said Rodolphe, with a sigh. "Lend me your coat, and, if you wish to come, come as you choose—in your shirt-sleeves. You will then pass for a faithful servant."

"Oh, no," said Colline, coloring. "I will put on my brown coat. But still, it's very disagreeable." And, as he perceived Rodolphe, who was already possessed of the famous black coat, he cried to him: "Wait a moment! There are some little things inside."

Colline's coat merits mention. At first this coat was completely blue, and it was through habit that Colline called it his black coat. And, as he was then the only one of the band possessing a dress-coat, his friends had also the custom of saying, in talking of the official garment of the philosopher: "Colline's black coat." Moreover, this celebrated garment had a particular shape—the most fantastic ever seen: the tails very long, attached to a waist very short; possessing two pockets, veritable gulfs, in which Colline had the habit of keeping about thirty volumes, which he carried eternally with him—which made his friends say that, when the libraries were closed, the scholars and men of letters could seek information in the tails of Colline's coat, a library always open to readers.

That day, strange to say, Colline's coat contained only a quarto volume of Bayle, a treatise on the supernatural faculties in three volumes, a volume of Condillac, two volumes of Swedenborg, and Pope's *Essay on Man*. When he had unloaded his library coat, he allowed Rodolphe to put it on.

"Hold on," said he, "the left pocket is still quite heavy. You have left something."

"Ah," said Colline, "it is true; I forgot to empty the foreign-language pocket." And he drew out of it two Arabic grammars, a Malay dictionary, and a Chinese work, *The Perfect Ox-Drive*—his favorite reading.

When Rodolphe returned home he found Marcel, who was pitching quoits with some five-franc pieces, three in number. At first sight Rodolphe repulsed the hand which his friend held out to him: he believed that friend had committed a crime.

"We can go ahead," said Marcel. "We have the fifteen francs required. I'll tell you how: I encountered an antiquary at Médecis's. When he saw my coin he almost fainted—it was the only one that his cabinet lacked. He had sent all over the country to fill this gap, and had lost all hope. So, when he had carefully examined my Carolingian crown, he did not hesitate a single moment to offer me five francs. Médecis nudged me, his look completed the rest. What he meant was: 'Share the profit of the sale, and I will bid over him.' We ran it up to thirty francs. I gave fifteen to the Jew, and here is the balance. Now our guests can come, and we will dazzle them. Hallo! you have a dress-coat!"

"Yes," said Rodolphe, "Colline's coat." And as he fumbled in the pocket to get his handkerchief, Rodolphe let fall a little volume, forgotten in the foreign-language pocket.

The two friends instantly proceeded with the preparations. One arranged the studio; the other made a fire; a canvas-frame, garnished with wax candles, was suspended from the ceiling, by way of a chandelier; a desk was placed in the middle of the studio, to serve for the orators; they placed before it the only easy-chair, which was to be occupied by the influential critic; and they arranged on the table all the volumes—romances, poems, stories—whose authors were to honor the party with their presence. In order to avoid all collision between the different bodies of literary people, the studio had been disposed in four compartments, at the entrance of each of which, upon four signs, hastily manufactured, could be read:

POETS.	ROMANTICISTS.
PROSE-WRITERS.	CLASSICISTS.

The ladies were to occupy a space in the centre. "Ah, but we want some chairs," said Rodolphe.

"Oh," said Marcel, "there are plenty on the landing, hung along the wall. If we could gather them!"

"Certainly, we must gather them," said Rodolphe, going for the chairs, which belonged to some neighbor.

Six o'clock struck; the two friends went to dine in all haste, and came up again to proceed with the lighting of the parlors. They were dazzled themselves. At seven o'clock Schœnauer arrived, accompanied by three ladies who had forgotten to bring their diamonds and their hats. One of them had a red snawl, spotted with black. Schœnauer designated her particularly to Rodolphe.

"She is a highly respectable lady," said he; "an Englishwoman, whom the fall of the Stuarts forced into exile. She lives modestly by giving English lessons. Her father was a chancellor under Cromwell; she has told me all about it. You must be very polite with her, and not be too familiar at first."

Steps were heard on the stairs; they were those of the guests arriving. They appeared astonished to see a fire in the stove. The black coat of Rodolphe bowed before the ladies, and he kissed their hands with a regal grace. When they had a score of people, Schœnauer asked if they should not have a round of something.

"Presently," said Marcel; "we await the arrival of the influential critic, to light the punch."

At eight o'clock the number of guests was complete, and they commenced to execute the programme. Each number was alternated by a round of something—they never knew what.

Toward ten o'clock appeared the white vest of the influential critic; he only remained an hour, and was very abstemious in his drinking.

At midnight, as there was no more wood, and it being very cold, the guests who were seated drew lots to see who should throw his chair on the fire.

At one o'clock everybody was standing.

This remarkable party was during eight days the subject of the gossip of the quarter; and Phémie la Teinturière, who had been queen of the feast, used to say, in talking of it to her friends:

"It was remarkably fine; they had wax candles, my dear."

March 20, 1880. T. F. ROBERTSON.

Two—Too Brief—Poems.

[The two examples of obituary verse which appear below are selected from the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Morning Call*. We are urged to this act of journalistic friendliness by a desire to rescue these scintillant examples of pathos from the rut of business-burdened commonplace. And so we place them—as only we may—upon Parnassus.]

O Allie, our darling, that we have loved so dear,
You have gone and left us to weep bitter tears;
When we look at your school-books and your sweet little slate,
We sit down at the table, see your vacant seat,
Both morning and evening, we can't you forget;
We will remember the day you drew your last breath,
That dear little beauty and sweet little pet,
Just died like an angel, we can never forget.
We were all standing round her, with eyes full of tears,
And her sweet little lips up to mine I did squeeze;
She went to the Market grammar school, and had never lost;
Her teacher said she kept ahead of her class;
The teacher and schoolmates they all said the same,
But that sweet little beauty with them could no longer remain.

Our darling little Katie, she took her long sleep;
She, going to her grave, leaves her parents to weep.
We gave up our dear darling to the heavens so high!
Her brothers and sisters all around her did cry;
They went on their knees, and for her said prayer;
They cut off a little curl to save some of her hair.

The correct get-up of a fashionable French dandy of to-day, the *Parisian* tells us, consists of a long black overcoat reaching to the ankle and ornamented with fur collar and cuffs, chevrot tweed trousers, high waistcoat showing one black pearl stud in the shirt, the collar upright and meeting in front, yellow gaiters over very pointed shoes, chamois gloves stitched with blue, woolen gauntlets, low-crowned silk hat with a narrow brim, and a cane with a steel or silver knob. Men who respect themselves do not wear flowers in their buttonholes. For evening dress, the bow of the cravat should be horizontal, the trousers wide at the bottom, patent leather shoes should be worn, very open at the instep and ornamented with a bow or silver buckle, and the wearer should endeavor occasionally to show his dark silk socks—maroon, blue, brown, or black, with tiny colored spots.

Somebody spoke angrily before one of our richest bankers of a poor wretch who had stolen a pocket-handkerchief. "Eh! *mon Dieu!*" said the banker, good-naturedly, "we must not blame him too much. We all began with small things."

"Mamma, what are twins made for?" Her precocious brother replied: "So that cannibals may eat philopœnas."

The courts have decided that a railroad ticket is good until used. This is not true of eggs.

Cetawayo says he never shall forget the
Washington, as he never knew what it

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

The darkest hour is generally just after the gas company sends in its bill.

"Sweet are the uses of a university," said a girl when a senior asked her to go to the concert.

Candidate mumbles in his sleep: "Convention—Cincinnati—fraud issue. Happy thought! Get nonunion; buy a large majority!"

It is now asserted by a prominent dentist that the only true way to clean teeth is to bite into a raw potato three or four times per day.

The house-fly, if in good health, can lay twenty thousand eggs in a season. Inventors are figuring ways and means of grafting the fly on the hen.

A Tennessee man can so perfectly imitate the sounds made by two dogs engaged in fighting that he can call a Memphis congregation out of church in three minutes.

An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him; "but it's better in the dark."

Mrs. Partington—Well, I declare! Here's an ingenious young man who has invented an arrangement by which the deaf can see and the blind talk. Such talons as his should be reorganized by a statute.

Professor Proctor says there are no cats in heaven. The fact that all angels are represented without wearing boots or shoes proves the absence of such midnight howlers in the better world. No boots, no bootjacks; no bootjacks, no cats.

Go up, old bald-head, and look for capillary attraction—go to the ants, the sisters and cousins and ants, if necessary, and learn wisdom. If you can't find it there, subscribe to this paper, and we'll teach you enough in one month to make your head swim.

In response to a fond mother's query: "How are you, dear boy?" the dear boy writes back from Leadville: "I am pretty well, mother; getting along first rate. Have gained twenty pounds since I have been here, in half-ounce installments. Have not yet been shot in the head."

An Indiana man has sued for a divorce from his wife on he ground that she whistles while he is reading the Bible. If he had been a Connecticut man he would have kicked her down two flights of stairs and then chased her into the woodshed and locked her out. Connecticut folks insist on having religious exercises respected.

Little Birdie Blue-eyes

Sitting in the sun,

While her older brother

Fooleth with a gun.

Soon a loud explosion

Wakes the echoing wood—

All that's left of Birdie

Is her worsted hood.

"Am I tired of life?" said a cheerful old man the other day, in reply to the question. "Not a bit of it. I remember landing in this town with a chip hat and a hickory shirt and a pair of breeches. I've been way up, and I've been flat on my back, yet I'd like to begin and go it all over again—chip hat, shirt, breeches, and all. Why? Well, you see, when you come to the end you don't know what's beyond. I'm dead sure of this other thing; and, on the whole, this world just tickles me to death."

Professor—"What method does man employ to express his thoughts?" Scholar—"He habitually employs speech." P.—"Right; but when he can not employ speech, what does he do, eh?" S.—"He—P.—"See here! Suppose you were a hundred miles away from some one you wanted to say something to, what then?" S.—"I would—I would—" P.—"Suppose you had to announce to your father that you had been plucked—had failed in your examination—what would you do, eh? How would you announce it?" S.—"Oh, I'd write him a letter." P.—"Go and write him one then."

He was bald-beaded, he had colossal feet, his ulster was apart, and there was a hazy look, like a mackerel sky, in his blue eye. He was braced up in a corner of the saloon, and he regarded everybody who came in with an imbecile smile. "S-say," he gasped, catching at a lead-pencil speculator who was vending pencils at two for five cents, "why'm I melancholy?" The riddle was too much for the lead-pencil speculator's mind. He gasped for breath. "Because," continued the conundrum propounder, as he placed his knife rakishly in his mouth and tried to light it with a toothpick, "because I'm mor'n full!"

They say the Czar sleeps in a feather-bed, and a while ago he jumped into it so hard that the ticking hurst, and the air was full filled with feathers; and when he opened his mouth and drew in his breath to yell, he found out how eider-down tastes, and the more he struggled the more the feathers flew, and he had a terrible time; and when, aroused by his cries, the servants came in with lights, and after groping about in the cloud found the old man and hauled him out, it took four hours to convince him that it wasn't the most horrible attempt yet made on his life, and twenty servants have been at work for the last two weeks trying to get the feathers picked up in that room.

Scientists—very useful people they are, too—tell us that the slightest displacement of air causes a commotion in the atmosphere that never ceases. Think of this, ladies, when next you throw an old tin pan after the cross dog who is stealing the bones from the backyard rubbish. The effect of the throw, especially if it is a hard, womanly throw, is felt far beyond the limits of the neighborhood. It goes on and on, till it gets beyond the confines of this world, and affects the movements of the planets in their orbits; it is liable to jar the moons of Jupiter, shock Mars, leave an abrasion on the nickel-plating of Saturn's rings, and to throw the handle of the "Dipper" and the tail of Ursa Major all out of true. Hesitate long before you throw away an old tin pan. The children might like it to make mud cakes in, and to your poodle's tail.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Slander is the foulest whelp of sin.—*Pollock.*

Instruct thy sorrows to be proud.—*Shakespeare.*

To be suspicious is to invite treachery.—*Victor Hugo.*

Nature does never wrong; 'tis society that sins.—*Bailey.*

Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a pleasure.—*Byron.*

He makes no friend who never makes a foe.—*Tennyson.*

The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence.—*Mrs. Hale.*

It costs more to satisfy a vice than to feed a family.—*Balzac.*

They never taste who always drink,
They always talk who never think.—*Prior.*

The heart that could not love was the first atheist.—*Mercier.*

Beauty without grace is a hook without bait.—*Ninon de l'Enclos.*

A woman is too slight a thing
To trample the world without feeling its sting.—*Owen Meredith.*

Forgetfulness is a flower that grows best on graves.—*Georges Sand.*

Whilst the heart keeps desire, the mind keeps illusion.—*Chateaubriand.*

Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thoughts.—*Shelley.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth how little worldlings can enjoy.—*Young.*

What a reasonless machine can superstition make the reasoner man.—*Miller.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth but has its chord of melancholy.—*Tom Hood.*

If thou hatest a man, do not kill him; let him live—that is hard enough.—*Japanese Proverb.*

We are by no means aware how much we are influenced by our passions.—*La Rochefoucault.*

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.—*Byron.*

Experience is the name that many men give to their follies and their sorrows.—*Alfred de Musset.*

I love men, not because they are men, but because they are not women.—*Queen Christine of Sweden.*

Of all demoralizations, the greatest is that which is confined to the respect accorded to riches.—*S. Guinand d'Epéry.*

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.—*Edmund Burke.*

The way to conquer men is by their passions. Catch but the ruling foible of their hearts, and all their virtues shrink before you.—*Tolson.*

Blasé, of course, everybody is. But there is always some ammonia to wake us up. When we're young, the ammonia is coquetry; when we're old, it is scandal.—*Ouida.*

N. B. S.

Success is a rare paint—hides all the ugliness.—*Suckling.*
Life hath no blessing like a prudent friend.—*Euripides.*

It is worse than useless to deplore the irremediable.—*Symonds.*

Moments make the hues in which years are colored.—*Bulwer.*

It is the nature of man to reason from himself outward.—*Winwood Reade.*

But past, who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate.—*Milton.*

Whole communities may be insane as well as individuals.—*Bishop Butler.*

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.—*La Rochefoucault.*

Vanity makes a man show much that discretion would conceal.—*Boulainvilliers.*

The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest.—*Carlyle.*

The individual soul should seek for an intimate union with the soul of universe.—*Novalis.*

There's nothing of such infinite vexation as one's own thoughts.—*Vittoria Colonna.*

When we can do nothing else against a man we hate, we can at least paint his effigy as the devil's.—*Bulwer.*

Advice, to be useful, must be adapted to the character of the person to whom it is given.—*Madame de Rémusat.*

The object of ambition, unlike that of love, never being wholly preserved, ambition is the more durable of the two.—*Bolingbroke.*

Married people, from being so closely united, are but the apter to cease loving, as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.—*Swift.*

Divorce is the simple separation of the body. It is like the book to the manuscript, and you can have as many editions as you choose.—*Dumas, fils.*

The vainest woman is never thoroughly conscious of her own beauty till she is loved by the man who sets her own passion vibrating in return.—*George Eliot.*

The secret of man's being is still like the Sphinx's secret: a riddle that he can not read, and for ignorance of which he suffers death—the worst death, a spiritual.—*Carlyle.*

The existence of a principle of evil is the necessary incident of the existence of a principle of good, as a shadow is the necessary incident of the presence of light.—*Draper.*

FAG, M. P.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

The unenviable distinction of having been the noisiest theatre in the world will be readily accorded to the Theatre-Royal, Dublin—recently destroyed by fire—by those who remember the opera nights in that building. On those occasions the top gallery, familiarly known as "the circle of the gods," was wont to be filled with undergraduates from the university, who made it a point of honor to go to no other part of the house when the lyric drama was presented. If one of their number made his appearance in the dress-circle, arrayed in swallow-tail and white necktie, he was made the subject of playful and unfeeling remarks by his friends in the upper tier.

When the curtain was down, the students enacted uproarious interludes; at times singing in full chorus of about three or four hundred voices, and again listening while one of their number gave them a solo. On one memorable occasion a time-honored Dublin practical joke received a new commentary; they stuffed a dummy straw man and smuggled it past the ticket-taker. Between the acts a furious mock struggle was got up around the dummy, with sticks brandished and yells of "Throw him over." The pit began to grow seriously alarmed, for, unlike Danza, they were not anxious to have a god showered into their laps. When the struggle was at its height, and the straw man about to be launched on his airy flight, one of the boys, or "men," as they insisted on being called, yelled, "Don't waste him! Kill a fiddler with him!" Amid a deafening roar from the whole house, the flimsy fabric was thrown over; but it resolved itself into a shower of straw and cast-off clothes in the fall, and nobody was hurt.

Dublin audiences used to be exacting in the matter of encores, and the writer has seen Madame Trebelli-Bettini compelled to repeat three times the famous *brindisi* from *Lucresia*, beginning "Il segreto per esser felice." Sims Reeves was, perhaps, the only singer who successfully rebelled against this barbarous custom. He once called for a chair from the wings, and calmly sat down before the footlights, amid a storm of hisses and yells. After an uproarious half hour, he conquered.

The late Theresa Tietjens was an especial favorite in Dublin, and on those nights when she interpolated some one of Moore's melodies—generally "The Last Rose of Summer"—in *Marta*, the enthusiasm was wont to rise to its highest point; and the students frequently unharnessed the borses from her carriage and dragged her home after the conclusion of the opera. Ilma di Murska was the recipient of a similar honor on one occasion, and, after she had reached her hotel, the mob of undergraduates would not go home or be comforted until she sang one of Moore's melodies from the balcony. Naturally enough, she was hoarse for a week afterward.

Charles Kean liked Dublin well. It was there that, after long, patient toil, he achieved his first success; for at the outset of his career, and for a long period afterward, he was a complete dramatic failure. Naturally of mean and insignificant physique, ugly of feature and weak of voice, he was an example of what can be done on the stage by work and study. In those heroic parts which call for a noble, commanding presence, like "Hamlet," "Macbeth," or "Othello," he was not a pronounced success; but in the pathetic rôles, "Richard II.," "Wolsey," and "Lear," he was great. There was a rare note of true pathos in his voice, and during his delivery of Wolsey's farewell, even the stolid pit was wont to feel very damp. But his great part was "Louis XI." There was a certain fiendish, sardonic malignancy about his conception of the part that made it a complete, accurate, and intense historical portrait. Physically, the rôle suited him. At the opening of the play, as Kean gave it, a party of children were discovered, playing noisily and making a fearful racket. When Kean entered at the back of the stage, he ran down to the front in the peculiar, undignified, unconventional manner of his original, took one of the boys by the ear, turned a glistening, piercing, bitter stare upon him for some seconds, and then released him completely cowed into trembling silence. Not a word was spoken, but "Louis XI." stood revealed, selfish, malignant, and careless of forms, not the king of inches, but the king of brains.

"King John" was one of Kean's successful impersonations; and the murderous whispered instructions to "Hubert" were delivered with excellent force. It was once the writer's ill-fortune to see that exquisite scene completely spoiled. One of the constituents of the gallery—not on that night filled with undergraduates, who only went there on opera nights—failed to hear the beginning of the speech, and interrupted two or three times by shouting, "Spake up!" until Kean completely lost his temper, broke down, came forward to the footlights, and, almost tearfully, explained that a whisper was a dramatic necessity of the passage. He was evidently greatly distressed, and his mind was out of joint for the remainder of the night.

The incident serves to emphasize one of the defects of the Theatre Royal. It was too large, there having been but one larger theatre, as distinct from the opera houses, in the three kingdoms. "Old Drury" is somewhat larger, and of late years it has been chiefly abandoned to spectacular and lyric drama. The age of large theatres has gone by, and of the many theatres built in London of late years, few are much larger than the Bush Street Theatre in this city. The saying of Charles Mathews about a certain large theatre in Philadelphia might have been applied with justice to the Theatre Royal of Dublin: "It only needed two things to make it perfect—that every spectator should be furnished with a telescope, and every actor with a speaking trumpet." The old tradition of a democratic pit was always preserved in this theatre. The modern London practice of dividing this classic ground into stalls was never adopted, and to the end "the front row of the pit" remained the emphatic stamping-ground of persistent play-goers and the nursery of dramatic critics.

E. F. CAHILL.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 20, 1880.

"Let me look at a revolver," said a man who walked into a store at Sandstone, Mo., and a weapon was shown him. "Show me the cartridge," he added, and carelessly loaded one of the chambers. "Excuse me for using this a minute," he further remarked, and shot himself through the brain. Some people have a great deal of cheek.

THE PERFECT DINNER TABLE.

In reply to the query: "Can any one give the description of a table set for a fashionable dinner party?" an Eastern contemporary says: It is purely a question of aesthetics. Good taste will do what too much money would spoil. First, the linen must be perfect. Sprawling figures on a table-cloth are not desirable. A centre figure is excellent, with a small pattern following as to the border. Small napkins are shabby things. Very generally in the United States we skimp such things. A French napkin is large enough to cover the knees. Of course, you do not want to tuck it around your neck, but you might do so if you wished to, and it would still keep your gown, if you are a lady, from being soiled. Red monograms on napkins, recalling clots of blood, are ugly. Too much embroidery on a napkin is in bad taste. Such linen as serves for actual use loses character when it is paraded. A nice thing—nice is exclusively feminine in this sense—is to place on the wood of the table a covering of Canton flannel. This makes a pleasant, soft landing-place for dishes, and, besides, prevents the mahogany from being stained or burned by a hot dish. Table-mats are *de rigueur*. Perhaps the most approved are made of Chinese or Japanese straw. Wooden folding ones are apt to clatter and to become soiled, but it is that noisiness in folding up which is disagreeable.

A volume might be written on the china. There used to be in olden times certain parade sets, which were only brought forward on state occasions; but these, mostly of elaborate design and gorgeous decoration, are out of fashion to-day. A clear white china, ornamented with a line or two of gold, is fine enough. Monograms on china are not in good taste. All these letters stuck on plates are quite as readily purchased by a hotel as by a private individual, and the distinguishing elegance of a *chiffre* seen under gravy is never very startling. Glass? Why, only have the plainest. Cut-glass, with sharp points all over it like a *chevaux de frise* or a porcupine, are disagreeable things to handle. We have before this inveighed against the littering of the table with too much glass. A goblet, one wine-glass, one small goblet, and a champagne-glass suffice. These already, with their round bases, take up fully twelve square inches. If more glasses are wanted, fresh ones should be brought. As to cutlery, only white ivory handles are permissible.

Silver! Why, here there are innumerable differences of taste. Remember that we lead the world now in our silver furniture. You can have spoons and forks of Japanese or Etruscan, Russian, or other patterns, as you want them. The old paddle pattern is now in the background. Still, we have a sneaking passion for the old order of things. Any day you may see at the great silversmiths' in New York dozens on dozens of plain, honest old spoons and forks going into the melting-pot, to be born again into the newer style. It is true that in many of the spoons, on the left-hand side, where the metal has touched the lips of generations of soup-eaters, the silver has been worn to a knife-edge. In the forks the tines are attenuated; of course, they are useless now, but still the writer has a reverence for these old wares. Not more than one spoon and fork, with knife, should be placed before each plate. We write this, because there is sometimes seen a "doubling-up" process, so that the table recalls a cutler's show-case.

The water question at table is another mooted point. The French *carafe* system seems *à la mode*. In New York, there is a regular business done in having water frozen in *carafes* for dinners. The ice-pitcher, which has to be carried around as glasses are to be replenished, is inconvenient. Of salt-cellars, one small one before each guest is excellent. No caster on the table, if you please. The American caster is an abomination, and should be hurled from our dinner-tables. On the sideboard it has its place. Did it ever strike you that people never want mustard on their beef at a dinner party? It is the centre of the table, and ill decoration, where good taste is wanted. We have before written in regard to the false taste displayed in the *éponge* business—how these most ungainly things, worse in style, more shocking in taste than the typical fireman's horn of forty years ago, are often to-day placed on a table. There are works of art, which are in the possession of some few people, which are delights to look upon, but they are exceptional. If in a handsome salver, in a large, ample vase, there be a wreath of flowers, the effect is charming. This centre may be relieved by baskets containing fruit. On a French table, the cake, the dessert, is often placed where it remains in permanence during the dinner. In France they have, too, at times, a habit of making an immense display with *hors d'œuvre*, which fringe the table. There is butter, radishes, pickles, anchovies, olives, tunny, caviare, and no end of things. It is in bad taste, and confuses the symmetry of the table.

We are asked "whether lamps with tinted shades are ever used at dinner?" We never heard of such a thing. Fancy an odor of kerosene or of best sperm oil mingling with the fragrance of a roast canvas-back, or the lustre of blue or pink lights making spinach look purple, and the stewed celery like beets! Some people eschew gas, and will not dine comfortably unless in dress-coats and by the flicker of candle-light. This is a remnant of that protest which the candle-makers threw down fifty odd years ago to the gas companies. There is a fragment of some little good sense about this candle-light. If not as brilliant as gas, candle-light gives out a purer-colored flame. There is a yellowish tinge about gas which mars a delicate complexion. The sex is not as handsome by gas-light as by candle-light. For a long time, people who gave feasts kept on burning their candles at dinners, and some do it to this day. But a well-lit gas chandelier, nicely hung, well-shaded; has, even among the most prejudiced, long ago supplanted candles. As to *menus* to be set before each guest, though stationers have endeavored to urge this fashion, it has been coldly received, because it gave the dining-room a restaurant appearance, and the idea is a just one. It would be uncomfortable to have one's guests more engaged in reading their bills of fare than in general conversation. But cards with the names of the guests, placed alongside of each plate, are necessities. Flowers may or may not be distributed; but to hand them about after dinner, demolishing the centre-piece, is rarely done. A pretty little bouquet beside each lady guest may be an elegant compliment; but still, a bouquet at a dinner-table is rather in the way than not.

THE HOLY MARVEL OF EASTER DAY.

"You have heard, my boy, of the One who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and Crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward—
Cared for the corpse of the martyred Lord,
And piously tumbled it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

"Now close by the tomb, a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing-bird on her nest,
That was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced by the cruel nail,
Her heart now broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depth of her sorrow she sang.

"All night long, till the moon was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup
A song of sorrow, as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

"But soon there came, through the weeping night,
A glimmering angel, clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the earth and the heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld the celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;
Notes climbing notes, still higher, higher,
They shoot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of that grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth,
That hailed Christ risen from the earth,
He said: 'Sweet bird, be forever blest—
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest.'

"And ever, my boy, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down the Lord of light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue;
Reminding mankind, in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day."

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

Notwithstanding Edison's delay in perfecting the electric light, it is now extensively utilized in San Francisco and other American and European cities. Hitherto it has, for the sake of display, been chosen for the most part for sidewalk illumination. But lately it has by no means been so restricted. The Public Library, the Baldwin Hotel, and other local institutions are using the electric light, wholly or partially, for illuminating the interior of the buildings. Gas companies nearly everywhere are in as bad odor as their gas, and the question will probably soon arise whether the public will fare better at the hands of electric light corporations. The electric light has by no means produced such a *furor* as was occasioned by the discovery of gas for lighting purposes. Many will probably remember the first appearance of the following lines:

"I thank my God the sun and moon are both hung up so high
That no presumptuous hand can reach and pluck them from the sky;
For if it could, I do not doubt but some reforming ass
Would move that they be taken down, and light the world with gas."

As a corporation is said to have "neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned," our faith is not boundless in either gas or electric light companies. The day may arrive when people will manufacture their own gas as cheaply as it is done in the neighborhood of the sand-lot.

At last there has been a move at Washington in the matter of the Chinese question, and the President has appointed James B. Angell Minister to China in place of Seward (recalled), and John F. Swift of California and William H. Trescott of South Carolina to constitute, with the new minister, "a commission to negotiate and conclude, by treaty, a settlement of such matters of interest to the two governments now pending between the same as may be confided to it." Notwithstanding our wishes to the contrary, this is the best we can get—a minority of one in the settlement of a question so vital to our local interests. Mr. Swift, however, has the ability to carry all the responsibility of his position, and the merits of the question to take him squarely to the front in the deliberations.

Problem: to make an absolutely honest man of a street-car conductor. The bell-punch seems good. The Clay Street people think they have found something better. How would it do to give conductors a place to sit down for an occasional half block? It might help the conductor to think over his sins. Perhaps, too, if the horse-car driver were given a seat he would not ask the conductor to divide. Possibly better pay and shorter hours might mend matters.

Beecher, in one of his late sermons, said that Christianity was "heavenly drunkenness." On the same basis we suppose Sin would be designated as hellish sobriety. And yet temperance is the longest and strongest shout of the "Salvation Army."

Mr. Crane informs us that the true pronunciation of the word "dynamite" was discovered by an Irishman immediately after the attempt to blow up the Czar with it. It is called, by this mute inglorious Webster, "dam-nigh-it."

It would be well if the fashion of supper after the theatre for theatre parties superseded altogether that of late company dinners, immediately before the play. People who dine quietly *en famille* before going to the theatre are not apt to chatter like so many magpies while the performance is in progress, and make of themselves such nuisances that if they were not dressed in silk and broadcloth, they would certainly be asked to keep quiet, or leave the house.

SUNDAY ON THE PRESIDIO.

The topographical advantages of this peninsula are not half understood by our citizens generally. Few cities crowd into so small a compass so many, so varied, and such surpassing beauties of outlook. That San Francisco is builded just within the Golden Gate, and upon one of the most beautiful of bays; that, a few miles west of the busy city's throbbing life, the blue Pacific is chafing against the broken shore-line, and tossing its crested billows far beyond the farthest horizon; that the "Old Man of the Mountain" is looking down from his throne on towering Tamalpais in perennial grandeur; that the harbor has its picturesque islands, and the eastward landscape its rampart of lofty hills—these, and a hundred other facts about our city, we know in a general way, yet we do not realize how much it might mean to us if we knew them better. Nothing makes this fact clearer than a stroll along the crown of the hills north and east of the cemeteries. There is now under consideration by Congress, agreeable to a suggestion by General McDowell, a proposition to make a public park in a portion of the Presidio Reservation. No other spot on the peninsula offers so many advantages. Unlike the neighboring land to the immediate south of the reservation, there is little or no sand on the tract; and the soil of the gulches and little valleys, opening northward and running down to the harbor, is a deep black loam, obviously adapted to the growth of many of our most beautiful trees and shrubs. Yet were the future of this reservation of no promise, the locality has beauties of position which are in themselves so well worth attention that one wonders the spot is not already better known. The completion of the California Street Road to First Avenue has made the spot easily accessible, and during the past ten days many have visited it. Leaving the cars at the present terminus, First Avenue, one walks north a few blocks and enters the reservation over a most romantic old English stile. "But where is the *park*?" one asks involuntarily, for the first sensation is one of disappointment. There is a little strip of sand just within the reservation line, and, crossing that, one enters a bit of upland prairie, that at this season is carpeted with springing grasses and fantastic flowers. In its soil and botanic growth the major portion of the reservation is in almost exact contrast to the park proper, a mile to the south. But, as one goes on a little way, the verdure under foot ceases for the moment to attract, for, on reaching the crest of the ridge, the neutral bit of bay just inside the Gate bursts into sudden, almost startling, view—a picture that has scarcely its Western equal. It is not alone the picture itself, although it holds not a bit which is not in some degree beautiful or picturesque, but there is besides that the suggestion of beauty unseen beyond the beauty seen—"A new world beyond the new world," as Canon Kingsley said, in opening his first lecture in Platt's Hall. The garrison quarters are in the foreground, their red chimneys lowering under the gray sky, or gleaming in the sunlight. Trees and flowers and neatness and floral profusion there, and around them circle the green-brown, cheerful-sombre hills and winding drives and meandering, treeless gulches. Away to the west is a quadrant of tossing sea, with the fog-clouds hovering above the far, flickering horizon. Directly in front are the narrows of the broadening bay. They are beautiful in all weathers—passing beautiful, with their shifting colors, as the rifted clouds hurry away to the north, and the long lines of sunlight are crossed by bars of shade. Sometimes the tossing white-caps break the direct rays of the sun into fragments of yellow glint, and one can see little patches of clear sea, like the sheen of a woman's veil with bright eyes flashing behind it. Here, at least, our bay is *always* beautiful; and beyond that the Saucelito hills rise from the water—at first the sheer cliffs, then the climbing hills, and at last the peerless sky-line of old Tamalpais. It was a pretty sight, last Sunday, to see this pleasant upland thronged with people—hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men and women and "young people" and children. Not all of them—perhaps a very few of them—appreciated the full beauty of the panoramic scene. Yet all of them could enjoy the magnificent sensation of freedom, the glorious privilege of being in the country and among the free flowers, that this situation holds in its free gift and bids us all accept. All of which is in charming contrast to the necessary straight-lacedness of the other park.

"Where painted placards warn from off the grass,
And civic rules deny one little flower."

The California Street Road—we have this officially—will soon be completed, with steam dummy and full line of cars, to Sixth Avenue; thence south along Sixth Avenue to Golden Gate Park, terminating opposite the entrance to one of the principal park drives. When our citizens come to realize that they may thus visit these two chief points of interest within the city at almost the same time, they will "learn something greatly to their advantage."

The *Californian* grows apace, and its brief history has been a story of continuous improvement. The number for April—just out—is in very satisfactory fulfillment of the promise made by its sponsors. It is good for three reasons: it is readable, it is stimulating, and it is clean. Sam. Davis contributes a characteristic story. An anonymous somebody, who has evidently been in "mighty good mental company," furnishes an interesting chapter on "Notable Autographs." The "Outcroppings"—in large type in the present number—are a deal richer than outcroppings generally. Fifteen articles—exclusive of the departments—are given in this number.

CXXII.—Easter Sunday, March 23.—Bill of Fare for Eight Persons.

Eastern Oysters. Amber Soup.
Baked Scalloped Prawns.
Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hotel.
Beefsteak Sauté, with Mushrooms. New Potatoes.
Green Peas. Stewed Celery.
Roman Punch.
Roast Turkey—Cranberry Jelly. Lettuce—Egg Dressing.
Strawberries and Whipped Cream.
White Sponge Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Oranges, and Bananas.

To SCALLOP PRAWS.—After boiling the prawns, shell them and put them in a saucepan with a can of French mushrooms, a pint of béchamel sauce reduced with oyster liquor; thicken with the yolks of four eggs; season with salt, red and white pepper, and some chopped parsley; put in a baking-dish; sprinkle fine white bread-crumbs over; put a lid on the top, and bake twenty minutes. Squeeze the juice of a lemon over, and serve in the same dish.

THE SHORT WOOL-CLIP.

MISS LAURA NEWTON TO MISS GRACE APPLEBY.

LOS ANGELES, April 4, 1879.

MY DEAR GRACE:—I told you in my last letter that I would never write to you again unless you promised to come and make me that little visit I have been looking forward to so long; and yet here I am, like a loving old schoolmate, sitting down to send you another letter before I have seen so much as a scratch of your graceful pen! But how can I be resentful toward my Grace? And how could any one but the most stony-hearted resist the sweet influence of this lovely day, as I swing in my hammock and watch the hazy outline of the San Gabriel Mountains, the air soft and sweet as a dream of love, and all nature about me in a state of perfect, blissful rest?

I write to you to-day, dear Grace, merely to urge you again, with all the pleas which I can summon strength to make, that you come and make us that long-promised visit. And I make my plea especially strong, I hope, by adding that my cousin, Hugh Benedict, is just in from Arizona, stopping with us for awhile, and I think it would be pleasant for both of you if you could come. The dear boy has been running the greatest risks in the world on his Arizona ranch—fired on again and again by Indians, hothered by his Mexican herders, and altogether playing the hero that he is; and I know you would enjoy, as I do, hearing him relate all his wild experiences, describing horrible hair-breadth adventures, and then smiling, in his quiet, nonchalant way, as though it were all the most natural thing in the world. Do you remember him? He lies in an easy-chair not far from me, as I write, smoking a wonderful pipe, which he treasures as if it were the most precious thing in the world; and as I tell him that I am writing to you, and ask if he has any message, he says, the saucy boy, "Yes; ask her if she remembers the time that I broke her doll's house, when we were children together, because she said she wouldn't marry me. And tell her she'd better come down to Arizona. Women are a pretty scarce article there!" Isn't he an impertinent fellow? Now he wants to take back his message, when he hears how rude it sounds all written down; but I tell him no, it must go now, as I am at the end of my paper almost, and I can not rewrite a whole sheet. You'll forgive my sending such a message, won't you, dear Grace? I know he only meant it in fun, for he's the largest-hearted, noblest of fellows; and ever since Uncle Harry adopted him he has been the dearest, most devoted of cousins. You know that uncle gave him his choice between going to college or starting in business, letting him choose his own style of business; and the plucky fellow said that college was all very well for weaklings, but he would prefer to strike out for himself, and take nature at first-hand. So he chose to forswear civilization and become a sheep-raiser; and Uncle Harry bought him a splendid ranch in southern Arizona, stocked with sheep, and Hugh has been "roughing it"—as he expresses it—for three years, having some old chums of his with him till just now. They have recently left him, and he feels lonely; "so lonely," he said to me a little while ago, when he could spare a few minutes from that precious pipe, "that I declare, Laura, if I thought any woman would have me, I have half a mind to marry, and have somebody to cheer me up when the wool-clip is short." So now, Miss Grace Appleby, a word to the wise. You know how I love you both. Bless you, my children! Do come. No more room to write a word. Lovingly, your LAURA.

P. S.—Can you read this scrawl, where I have written across the lines? Papa is always scolding me for it. Oh, what a lovely sunset!

MISS GRACE APPLEBY TO MISS LAURA NEWTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, 6 April, 1879.

DEAREST LAURA:—It is very kind of you to keep insisting on my paying you a visit in your lovely little corner of the world. But how can I do it, dear Laura! I am just beginning to reap the reward of my long patience, and have actually five little music scholars, who absorb nearly all my time, and heaven knows how much of my vitality; and it would be positively wrong for me to run away from the life I have set for myself, and go to my dearest Laura.

You know how I hate this music-teaching, this constant drumming over and over of the same monotonous scales and exercises, trying to make the stupid little fingers of my stupid little scholars comprehend the mysteries of the pianoforte. But how can I escape it! And what have I to look forward to in my life but a long vista of piano-fortes, with a cheerful variety of black and white keys, and a long procession of stupid little scholars, marching up with stupid little smiles to play their stupid little exercises—occasionally, heaven be praised! depositing a stupid little pittance for me, their awe-inspiring teacher, their Rubenstein, their Clara Schumann, their—bah! how I hate it all!

You will forgive my meeting your cousinly enthusiasm with indifference, or worse than indifference, my dear Laura; but candor compels me to say that if any one thing were needed to keep me away, very far away, from Los Angeles, it would be the news that your saucy Cousin Hugh was with you; for a more disagreeable, harum-scarum (gracious, how is that spelled?), and thoroughly unruly boy than he was when I knew him, I must say that I have never met. He may be large-hearted and noble. I trust he is. There was considerable room for improvement. And, to tell the truth, I never knew him or met him except for those two weeks that I spent with you in Boston, when we were all children together; but I have a vivid recollection of a broken doll-house, an army of mutilated dolls and dresses, and a particularly roguish cousin of somebody's standing by and grinning like a young demon. Now, don't go and read him all this rubbish, dear Laura, promise me; but say that I do not thank him for his message, that I do remember the time of which he speaks, and that I am not going to Arizona, whatever the market there. But enough of your cousin. Let him return to his muttoms. I simply can not go down just now, dearest Laura, much as I would like to; and we must content ourselves with visiting on paper for a while longer, as we have been doing for two long years now.

Now, don't laugh at me, my dear old Lamkins, and don't say I'm growing romantic in my old age; but I have some- tell you. The fact is, Laura dear, I have been for

many days now under the most wonderful spell and fascination that mortal can conceive of. I hardly know where to begin, I hardly know what to say, I hardly know what to think of myself, that I should be so worked up about a man whom I have never really seen, and yet whom I see constantly, every evening and far into the night; a man whose name even I do not know, and yet whose face I gaze at by the hour, often losing myself as I sit at my window, late in the evening, and waking from a nap in my chair only to find the wonderful face still before me, as noble, as fascinating, as sadly, mournfully attractive as ever. Do you think I am raving, dear Laura, or that I am about to have another of my brain-attacks, such as I had in dear old Florence so many years ago? No, no—but listen.

In the first place, there is a wonderful young artist—Arthur Thistlewaite; but he's not the man. Mr. Thistlewaite has rooms directly across the street from me. Mr. Thistlewaite has hosts of friends, whom I have seen coming and going at the door of his boarding-house. Mr. Thistlewaite has a fashion of leaning out of his window, in the evening, after his laborious artist-labors are done for the day, and of smoking a long-stemmed pipe (like your saucy cousin's, perhaps!) while he gazes upward at the stars, or down into the quiet street, as a passer-by attracts his attention, or abstractedly into space, as his artist-fancy may lead him.

But it is not Mr. Arthur Thistlewaite (whose name I learned from my boarding-mistress), or his wonderful pipe, or his long evening reveries, when the light of his pipe shines like a glow-worm in the darkness—it is nothing about Mr. Thistlewaite personally which has fascinated me and put me under the spell I have mentioned. Neither is it his crowd of merry friends by whom I have been attracted. It is one face only from out of this throng that has riveted my attention and is the cause of all my excitement, which is far greater, my dearest Laura, than I dare avow to you, for you would think me crazy, I fear.

Having said this much, how can I attempt to describe a face which I have never seen at a nearer distance than the width of a street! How, at any rate, could I give you, with these flat words and this cold ink, any idea of the calm, sad profile, the earnest, steadfast look, the head slightly bent forward, as if peering into some dark mystery of the past or future! I can only say that I am fascinated, spell-bound—in love, if you will—with whom, I do not know.

I have never seen him (the unknown) enter Mr. Thistlewaite's lodgings, or leave them; although I have watched an entire day, "from morn till dewy eve," and on into starry night. He never appears with the throng of merry loungers, brother-artists, and friends, who come rapping so many times a day at his lodgings. From this I conclude that he either lives in the house, or gains entrance by some rear passage. And, from all the signs, I conclude that there is some dark, brooding mystery over his life, which calls for concealment from men. But no—this can hardly be, for now I remember that, while I have never seen him entering the house with the artist's friends, I have often seen him in the rooms with them, as they moved about Mr. Thistlewaite's quarters, inspecting his pictures, smoking—well, doing I don't know what. But always there was the same quiet, sad air, the same noble look, as if he did not share in the joys of this world, but had another world of thoughts, pleasures, and anticipations. Ah! there he is this very moment, as I write!

Mr. Thistlewaite has drawn his red curtains. His noble-faced stranger-friend sits not far away, the light of a flickering fire falling full on his face. His shadow I see perfectly outlined against the thin curtains. Mr. Thistlewaite is talking with him. I can see his figure also, occasionally, as he rocks forward in his rocking-chair. If I could only hear what they are saying! If I could only penetrate the mystery which surrounds them, and which seems to call for these secret nightly meetings with drawn curtains! Perhaps he is some old friend of Mr. Thistlewaite's (in disgrace—who can not be abroad in the day-time). Perhaps he is some brother-artist, in distress, with a wife and some little—no, perish the thought! He shall not have a wife! He shall not have any little—oh, Laura, I can not write any longer this evening. I am on fire with excitement. I look across the street at those two figures behind the red curtains, and I can hardly see them for the blind whirl into which I am thrown.

It is two hours later. All this time I have been alternately sitting at my window, watching those two earnest talkers, and pacing my room in a fever of excitement. Aunt Lucy has come in several times to see why I was up so late and walking the floor so constantly. I have told her (what a fibber I am!) that I am thinking out the plot of my story for the *Argonaut*, and poor Aunt goes away quite satisfied, only begging me not to sit up "too very late."

The light across the way has just gone out. Mr. Thistlewaite opens the window, and for a few moments I see the light of his pipe, as he sits smoking his last smoke, leaning out into the darkness. I am glad he smokes in this way, just before he retires, and after his nightly interviews with his friend. It seems to cool me down and quiet my nerves, after their intense strain while I am watching the two figures.

I must close now. I am utterly worn out, and so are you, too, dear Laura, with this tremendous epistle of mine. Forgive me, won't you, Laura dear? I do not know what I would do if I had not you to come to with my troubles—for troubles I am almost inclined to call these curious sights and feelings and forebodings of mine. I do not know what is to come of them; something quite important, or quite dreadful, I feel certain.

One thing, dear Laura: of course you will say nothing of all this to your cousin. It is between us two. I would never forgive you.

Good night, and pleasant dreams! What my dreams will be it is hard to say! Always affectionately yours,

GRACE.

MISS LAURA NEWTON TO MISS GRACE APPLEBY.

LOS ANGELES, April 10, 1879.

MY DEAR GRACE:—

And now as to what you call your "trouble," and your "curious sights and feelings." Why, my poor little pussy-wussy, what is the use of going and falling in love with a man's shadow, or working yourself up into such a froth of

excitement over somebody who is you don't know who? It may be your artist-friend's tailor, coming nightly to dun him, with a bill for the manufacture of the velvet jackets and gorgeous waistcoats which he undoubtedly wears! Or it may be some poor relation from Oakland, whose coat is a little too threadbare for daylight exhibition to the critical city's eye! Or his landlady's gawky son! Or almost any one but the sadly, mournfully fascinating individual that you imagine.

No, no, dearest Grace, do not worry yourself over such a needless worryment. Either draw your own curtains resolutely, and shut out the "two figures behind the red curtains" and the "glow-worm" pipe and the nocturnal artist leaning out of his window (how shameful of you to watch him at such a time, you naughty, had girl!), or make a hold push for liberty by bribing your landlady or one of your "stupid little scholars," or somebody, to find out who your disturbing young stranger may be, that seems to be making such a lunatic of you again—pardon me, dear Grace, for saying "again," but you ought to remember how "lunatic" you were in Florence just four years ago this month, and all because of that ridiculous little Frenchman. But I will not remind you of all that terrible time, dear Grace.

If you had only come down to peaceful Los Angeles, and my hammock and saddle-horses, as I have you, all this would have been avoided, my dear Grace. But now I fear it is out of the question, since you say that you are going along so swimmingly with your music scholars. Heaven prosper you, and send you "no end of lucre," as Cousin Hugh says *à propos* of his last fall's wool-clip; for you deserve everything that is good, dear Grace, and much better luck than the long, dismal vista of white-and-black-keyed piano-fortes which you seem to see before you.

Good-bye now, dear. We are all off for a long horseback ride to Santa Monica, and I must put on my habit.

If you have time to get those little things at the White House of which I wrote several weeks ago, I wish you would send them, please. Los Angeles is such a poor place to shop! By-bye. *Toujours à toi,* LAURA.

P. S.—Cousin Hugh left suddenly yesterday. How could you think that I would read him anything about your "troubles" and so on? For shame! Such a lovely, perfect day as it is! Do come and join us—eh?

MISS GRACE APPLEBY TO MISS LAURA NEWTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, 14 April, 1879.

DEAREST LAURA:—It is all very well to tell me to draw my own curtains, and shut out the figures over the way; and all very well to advise me to bribe some rattle-tongued individual to find out who my wonderful stranger is. But how utterly impractical you are, you dear old, hammock-swinging, horse-riding, novel-devouring girl of the Angel City! Imagine me, a woman, with all the foibles of the sex properly developed, and especially that propensity which we are supposed to possess above incurious men—imagine me pulling my curtain tight, and foregoing this sight across the way, night after night! Not if it kills me! And you would do exactly the same as I, you easy preacher you! You know you would.

And as for bribing some one to find out who he is, I admit that that might be attempted, perhaps; but what a risk I should run! And what a scandal might be created if it were known in polite San Francisco that Miss Grace Appleby, spinster, music-teacher by profession, hitherto believed to be of sane mind and body, had been detected in an attempt to learn, by means of a bribed emissary, the secret of one Arthur Thistlewaite, artist, whose misfortune it was to inhabit rooms across the way from that prying spinster aforesaid! No, no, dear Laura, it might be done; but I dare not try it. I would rather "suffer and be strong."

But what a mockery it seems, this "to suffer and be strong"! "Suffer"—yes. "Be strong"—I fear not, dear Laura. Not that I want to worry you needlessly, and not that I am in any such danger as you apprehend, you poor goosey. But no one can endure such suspense long, and especially I; nervous and delicate as I am. And yet what can I do? I can not run away. My funds would just about carry me to the farther edge of Oakland, and there leave me, a candidate for the poor-house. I can not change my quarters. Auntie has rented the house for a year, ending next December. I can not make Mr. Thistlewaite drive away the fascinating stranger. I can not see any way to end this exciting mystery. And besides, I like it!

I can begin to understand the fascination which various wicked things have for their votaries; really I can, dear Laura—though I know I am shocking you. I know this excitement is not good for me. I know this sitting up till past midnight every night, burning with curiosity, is not good for me. I know that after my hard day's work with my little scholars, I need absolute quiet, dear Laura. And yet I can not resist. I look at my watch a hundred times a day. I trudge from one house to another, giving my stupid lessons, thankful that each one given brings me nearer evening and my mystery. I return to my room toward dusk, and sit silent and alone at my window, thinking, as the shadows creep upward on the steeple at the corner, how all the world seems at rest, and only I am tortured with a sickening anxiety! And now the dark house opposite, with its old-fashioned windows and mysterious air, will soon show a lighted window and a pair of red curtains; and a little later, Mr. Thistlewaite and my wonderful stranger, talking together, the one so quick and impulsive in all his movements, the other so quiet, so severe, so impressively mournful in his mood. All the fatigue and turmoil of the day seem to be left behind me, and I sit there on fire with a new life, waiting—ah, for what, dear Laura? Why was I born to be such a mystery to myself?—to be so romantically sensitive? And yet I know that that sad face which I shall so soon see against the curtain yonder, is bound to exercise a great, a moving influence on my life, for good or for evil, some day. For evil? No, it can never be. No evil could result from so noble a face. It must be, therefore, for good. But what good? And when? And how?

MIDNIGHT.—It has been an eventful evening in my life. I tried to obey you, dear Laura. I shut my blinds, firmly resolved to be good. I even went to Aunt Lucy's room, and astonished my aged relative by the exceeding quiet of my manner, and my interest in a forlorn pair of old gloves that

she was mending. I came back to my room, intending to retire, when I heard music—a piano and voices. You know how fond I am of music. I was conquered. I threw open my blinds, turned down my light, and saw, as well as heard, that the music came from Mr. Thistlewaite's. Evidently a party of his friends, making the evening merry for him. I did not see my stranger. I feared I was going to miss him. Several men were leaning out of the window, smoking and talking. Occasionally I could catch a word or two of what they said. It was naughty, Laura, but it was very nice! I had to be very careful, as the moon was shining full into my window, and the opposite house was in shadow. After a while the window was vacated, the curtains were drawn close, and I saw my stranger again. The whole party seemed altered the moment his face appeared among them.

This was about nine o'clock. There was a sudden ring at our door-bell. Who could it be at that hour? Everybody had, fortunately, retired. Aunt Lucy is a famous sleeper. I crept down stairs, trembling with excitement. The stairs seemed to creak preternaturally. I asked through the door who it was. "Messenger boy." What did he want? "Have something for young lady," was the answer. I opened the door cautiously. A box was put into my hands. The boy was asking me to sign something, but I slammed the door in his face, and, climbing quickly to my room, I opened the box, and found the loveliest, sweetest mass of rose-buds, violets, heliotropes, every flower I love—but not a sign as to the sender. I examined the box. It was a gentleman's hat-box. "Herrmann, San Francisco," was marked on it. I knew that that was the famous hatter on Kearny Street. But who could have sent it? Was it really for me? Yes, there was my name and address in full. I placed the flowers in vases all about my room, and returned to my window.

But why, dear Laura, shall I tire you with all this? I am simply beside myself with curiosity, anticipation, yes, love—anything that you will, and I do not know how I can endure the strain much longer. I have hung about my window the whole evening, I have watched the face against the curtain opposite, I have petted and caressed my lovely flowers as though I might coax their secret out of them—but I know absolutely nothing more than I knew last evening, except that I am the more completely in the power of this my mysterious stranger, who seemed to move among all this gay party as sad and reserved and majestic as ever.

Dear Laura, I must say good-night. I am again completely exhausted, as always after these midnight vigils.

Good luck for me seems to be increasing. I have already six new pupils, all of whom have come to me within three days. Can there be any connection between my new pupils, the flowers that I received this evening, and the stranger in the artist's room? Who knows? Ah, Laura, things turn out very strangely sometimes!

And I am to have such a lovely time on Thursday evening, at the Art Reception! The Silvermans have invited me to join their party, and I am going to wear my pink silk, that I wore last at your Santa Monica "german," you remember. I will tell you all about it. Fortunately, no one up here has seen my pink silk.

Yours, with love, GRACE.

MISS LAURA NEWTON TO MISS GRACE APPLEBY.

LOS ANGELES, April 26, '79.

DEAREST GRACE:—What in the world has become of you? Have I done anything to offend you? Surely you could not have been provoked at my making fun, in a light way, of your "troubles" and your face across the way! But now nearly ten days have gone by since you sent me your last, and you have not given me a word about the great Art Reception, of which you promised me a long account. I have been waiting anxiously every day for your letter, as I know you must have had a lovely time. Who was there? and how did my Grace look in her pink silk.

Now, dearest Grace, do sit right down at once and give me a full account of yourself since your last letter. Los Angeles is so quiet and dull! We had a pleasant little "german" last week at Union Hall; but I was not very well, and I quarreled fearfully with Jack Wright, my partner; he was so provoking, I never knew him so stupid.

And do not imagine, dear Grace, that I meant to make fun of your fascination for the mysterious stranger. Really I did not. And stranger things have happened than that you should find that he was really somebody whom you could love and who could love you in return. It would be odd, though, would it not? To fall in love with his shadow, then with the man, then he with you, then—oh, Grace, I grow quite excited myself as I think of it all. And it would not be anything unprecedented, after all. You remember that Carrie Pinkerton fell in love with her husband's back-hair, in the American Chapel at Dresden, long before she knew him, or his name even; and she told me she used to "worship" it almost, to use her emphatic word. And I am sure they have always been happy together, very.

FRIDAY, April 27.

I have been interrupted several times already, dear Grace, and here another day has gone by, and yet my letter is not finished. I am expecting the Whitneys every moment, to drive me out to San Gabriel; so that, for fear of being delayed again, I am going to close this at once, and be sure of its going to you, although I know it is not a letter at all, compared with the delightful long ones that you send me—or used to send me, you bad girl!

By-bye. Write at once, and do not forget to tell me everything.

Hastily, but with all the love in the world, your

LAURA.

MISS GRACE APPLEBY TO MISS LAURA NEWTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, 3 May, '79.

DEAR LAURA:—I have not written to you before for reasons that will be apparent when you have read this letter. I wished to give you a little lesson in contemporary history; and I delayed writing in order that I might give it in one chapter, without a break, as I felt sure I could be able to do. I can now do it.

To begin: Mr. Arthur Thistlewaite and I have been fast friends for several weeks now; how fast friends, I may tell you very soon.

About the first day of April—a day sacred to certain

pranks not unknown to you—Mr. Thistlewaite suggested that we should play a little joke on my good friend, Miss Laura Newton, of whom he had heard me speak so often and so warmly—please blush! Very well! What should it be? I suggested to him that a certain marble bust in his rooms had a fashion of casting a shadow on his red curtains which bore a striking resemblance to a living and breathing mortal.

"Capital!" he said; "it shall be the bust of my old school friend, Hugh Benedict. You shall weave a romance around it for your old friend in Los Angeles. We will enjoy the sport here."

This romance we were just about commencing, when your letter came announcing your cousin's presence in your house, and giving me his polite messages regarding the population of Arizona and the comforts which he proposed for himself in the event of a short wool-clip.

"Capital, again! quite à propos. Mr. Hugh Benedict shall be treated to a share in the joke."

Then came my first letter to you, describing my terrible anguish of soul over the mysterious stranger in Mr. Thistlewaite's room. Oh, how I worshiped my mysterious stranger! How my days and nights were racked with the thought of who he was, and how I loved him!

I told you to say nothing of this to your cousin, knowing well enough that you would tell him everything. Then came yours, saying that you had told him nothing; from which I knew that he had read every line of my letter. Mr. Hugh Benedict then left you suddenly, and as suddenly appeared in the rooms of Mr. Thistlewaite, his old friend. He arrived at noon. I learned of it an hour later.

Miss Appleby had chosen to speak slightly of him, and he had come up here to teach her a lesson! In fact, he was going to teach her a lesson that she would never forget. This he told his good friend, Mr. Thistlewaite; this Mr. Thistlewaite, my good friend, at once communicated to me. Capital, again.

But she had written to Miss Newton about some handsome fellow or other that she had seen in Mr. Thistlewaite's rooms. This fellow must be got out of the way before he could begin action. "But, man alive," said Mr. Thistlewaite, when he had read my letter to you—which your cousin carried in his pocket, as he now carries every letter that I have written to you since the first of April—"man alive, this must be my bust of yourself that she has fallen in love with! The description is perfect: 'the calm, sad profile; the earnest, steadfast look; the head slightly bent forward, as if peering into some dark mystery! How fortunate! Just the thing, my boy! Yes, we'll teach her a lesson, as you say! Nothing could be more opportune!' Result, a close compact and an alliance offensive and defensive between Mr. Hugh Benedict and Mr. Arthur Thistlewaite, a still closer alliance between Mr. Arthur Thistlewaite and Miss Grace Appleby, spinster aforesaid.

The rest is quickly told—how I fell deeper and deeper in love with the noble, sad face behind the red curtains opposite; how I wrote it all out to you, you sent my letters to the gallant Benedict, the gallant Benedict read them aloud to Mr. Thistlewaite, Mr. Thistlewaite in turn communicated their contents to me, making the circuit perfect, you see, as it should be. The plans of Mr. Benedict are progressing famously; the plans of Miss Appleby are progressing with equal success.

Finally the Art Reception came on, and now Mr. Benedict was to see with his own eyes how abject a slave Miss Appleby had become to his very marble image. Miss Appleby, spinster aforesaid, in lovely pink silk, is promenading on the arm of Mr. Augustus Silverman. Quite as if by chance Mr. Arthur Thistlewaite appears, is presented to Miss Appleby by their mutual friend Mr. Silverman, and presently asks: "Will Miss Appleby promenade with him? Will she look in at the statuary room?" Miss Appleby accepts, with the proud and dignified grace for which she is famous. They enter the statuary room.

Suddenly she is transfixed with amazement. She stands, with dilated eye, before a marble bust, with "calm, sad profile" "the head bent slightly forward." She can hardly speak. She points with her gloved finger ever so politely and gracefully to the marble bust, with an appealing look to Mr. Thistlewaite. She sees the marble presentment of all the noble traits which have fascinated and bewildered her for so long. She appears as if she would swoon. She asks, with palpitating voice: "Who?" And, as Mr. Thistlewaite says, quite unconcernedly: "Mr. Benedict, old friend of mine," she faints, my dear Laura—faints with the most faultless grace in the world, arranging her pink silk about her in becoming folds; and being scarcely aware, as she is hurried to her carriage, that another gentleman, who is addressed by Mr. Thistlewaite as "Benedict," or "Ben, old fellow," has flown to them, when she fainted so becomingly, and is helping the poor unconscious girl to her carriage.

Miss Appleby was a very lovely invalid for a week or so—such a terrible shock had this sight of the marble bust given her! And, having given up music-teaching, and dismissed all her stupid little scholars, because of a contemplated change in her life, she had all the more time to receive and appreciate the devoted attentions of Mr. Hugh Benedict, lately of Boston, now of Arizona, and also to enjoy the lovely and all too costly presents with which he showered her. Oh, how she grew to love him, and how she doted on wool and the sheep trade and the darling little lambs!

Last evening, about eleven-thirty by the clock (he is a tireless visitor), as he knelt with inimitable grace on the carpet at my feet and mumbled something that was probably Arizona dialect for a proposal, I bade him rise, and explained in a word my April-fool joke with his cousin, Miss Newton; bidding him return to his dear little muttons, and wait till women were not so scarce in Arizona. As he dashed out of the door, the noble fellow, I think—I will not be positive—but I think I heard him say: "Sold, by Jove!" But whether he meant himself or his other sheep in Arizona, I can not pretend to say.

Mr. Arthur Thistlewaite and I have been engaged since the 22d of March. We are to be married next week, Thursday. Won't you come, dear Laura? We think of making our bridal tour to Arizona, to see how long the wool is this spring!

Devotedly yours,

GRACE.

LOS ANGELES, March, 1880.

M. S. S.

INTAGLIOS.

Delirium.

My heart is drunk with the bliss of loving,
Held in a passionate dream of bliss;
While yours is dumb with the weight of proving
How much of heaven lies in a kiss.

Oh, sweet, dim stars, float on thus forever,
Soft-eyed night hold the moon in eclipse;
Let my soul lie steeped in this bliss forever,
Drunk with the breath from thy passionate lips.
—Mrs. M. B. Hewett.

I Love You.

Beloved, the briefest words are best;
And all the fine euphonious ways
In which the truth has been expressed
Since Adam's early Eden days,
Could never match the simple phrase:
Sweetheart, I love you!—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Still Waters.

I do not love as others do, you say;
Because I do not woo you in their ways,
With many love-words, and much honeyed praise.
Nay, darling, but I love you more than they.
For light emotions we find easy speech;
But for the great, the joy that grows to pain
In its intensity, we seek in vain
For any voice or language that can reach
Unto its height or depth. I do beseech
You to believe what I do here maintain—
That ready speech would come were you less fair;
Swift, empty words for lesser love would come;
Your very loveliness is my despair—
It is my mighty love that makes me dumb.
—Carlotta Perry.

About Kissing.

Little child, when twilight shadows
Close the western gates of gold,
Then the loving arms of mother
Tenderly about thee fold.
Over lip and cheek and forehead,
Like a shower, caresses fall;
For a mother's kiss at twilight
Is the sweetest kiss of all.

Pretty maiden at the gateway,
Shy sweet face and downcast eyes,
Two white trembling hands imprisoned,
How the golden moment flies!
Lips that softly pressed thy forehead,
All the rosy blushes call;
For a lover's kiss at twilight
Is the fondest kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband,
More than half a lover yet—
For those sunny hours of wooing
Are too sweet to soon forget—
On thy smiling lips uplifted,
Full of love his kisses fall,
For a husband's kiss at parting
Is the dearest kiss of all.

Weary mother, little children
With their dimpled hands so fair,
Passing over cheek and forehead,
Soothe away all pain or care;
Lead your doubting heart to heaven,
Where no dreary shadows fall!
For the sinless kiss of childhood
Is the purest kiss of all.

The Proudest Lady.

The queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me!
And spurns and scorns and scouts me!
Though I drop on my knees and sue for grace,
And beg and beseech with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the calendar—
A lily's almost as tall;
But oh! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all!
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me!
To spurn and scorn and scout me!
But oh! I've a notion it's naught but play,
And that, say what she will, and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

For at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she coaxes and nestles and peers and pries,
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And owns she loves me dearly.
—Thomas Westwood.

Fallen Flowers.

One of the workers of the world
Living toiled, and toiling died;
But others worked and the world went on,
And was not changed when he was gone,
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furled;
And only a few men sighed.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to fail,
And fell down slain in his blood-stained mail,
And over his form they slept;
His cause was lost and his banner furled;
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from an o'erwrought heart,
But ere men listened the grass and wind
Were wasting the rest unsung like a wave;
And now of his fame that will ne'er depart
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love
Loved and grieved and faded away—
Ah me! are these gone to the God above,
What more of each can I say?
They are human flowers that flower and die,
This is the song and the end of them.
—Arthur.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

The Council of Two Hundred are not doing the work which was expected of them, but the work they are doing is good of its kind. It is important that San Francisco have a good charter, and that the sand-lot element have nothing to do with contriving it. In uniting all respectable electors in support of a non-partisan, anti-sand-lot ticket, the Council have, we hope, secured that end. The fifteen gentlemen whom it has persuaded, both Republicans and Democrats, to accept as candidates, are men of character, brains, and social worth. We think we could mention the four who will make the charter, and the eleven who will assent; but when we reflect that the Declaration of Independence was mainly the work of Thomas Jefferson, and that Congress merely concurred, this arrangement does not strike us as particularly objectionable. Most of our laws are the work of fewer heads than four. It is now the clear duty of every man who wears clean linen—whether he own an Alderny cow or not—to stand in and vote for the Citizen's Ticket, not hoping too much from success, nor fearing too much from defeat. No kind of charter is going to spare us a conflict with the mob, nor save us from future misrule when the spirit of senseless discontent, stimulated by immigration of foreign paupers and criminals, shall again have made head; but next to a speedy solution of our present monstrous difficulty the best attainable government for our city is what we most need; and to that, such a charter as will be devised by the gentlemen nominated by the Council will materially assist us. Absolutely good government would be possible only among a people good enough to need none, but in this faulty world and these ailing times it is no small advantage to head off the Sand-lot, even at the ballot-box. The malcontents will show their full numerical strength; unless we show ours we shall lack the means of a comparison which it is now most important to make.

Two weeks ago a correspondent of this journal, writing over the signature "Vigilante," made an unconsidered protest against the shuffling policy and hesitating half-measures of the Council of the Citizens' Protective Association, predicting nothing but unwise action from its talk, and nothing from its unwise action but augmented disorder, characterizing its method as mere intimidation, describing its declared resolution to work "within the law" as infantile, and censuring its personnel as lacking backbone. We thought at the time that these criticisms were not justified by events, and that, wanting such a basis, they were at least premature; to-day we are constrained to confess that our correspondent's judgment is apparently in process of vindication, and his predictions in imminent peril of fulfillment. The Sand-lot is more menacing than ever, the just indignation of decent people more powerless than it was before, through having ceded its control to those who, in the plenitude of their prudence, have decided that it shall move, not when it will, but when they will—not with the formidable effectiveness of its own righteous promptings, but within the sinuous lines that have all along restrained its speed and consumed its power. We really did not need an organization unknown to the laws to strengthen our hands in obeying those which we had not broken. We did not require a council to repeat the story of our danger, and apprise the enemy of our forbearance—to confirm our apprehensions, pledging us to non-resistance—to comfort us with assurance that our cause is just, and warn the wicked that we will not fight. These services we could have performed for ourselves. No question is here raised as to the motives of the eminently respectable and conservative gentlemen who have come forward to assume control of this movement. It is their movement, as yet, and they may properly guide it in any direction which may seem to them most likely to lead to a lasting result; but we submit that the pres-

ent aspect of affairs is not encouraging to one who does not wish to die in strict conformity to law—the hostiles of the Sand-lot freshly war-painted and digging up the hatchet, only the more deeply to bury it in our skulls, and the Council of Two Hundred solemnly smoking the pipe of peace and making a slate for a charter election! We venture to suggest to the lawyers and politicians who are heading this crusade against the enemies of God, that, having brought us face to face with the foe, it will be prudent for them to stand aside and let him have a fair fling at us. "Savans and jackasses to the rear!" thundered Napoleon on the eve of an engagement. In the dark hours between lawset and manrise there will be opportunity for statesmen and attorneys to inspect our line of retreat.

We do not, we think, exaggerate the importance of the situation. It is at least important enough to be understood. It is of the nature of insurrections to come when most threatened and least expected. During the few years immediately preceding our civil war, the Southern States had, in every direct and indirect way, declared their intention to ruin if they could not rule. Their every utterance was a menace, their every act a preparation; yet the North was well assured that nothing would come of it. Secession came at last as a surprise, and war as an amazement. In France, the year 1788 did not expect the year 1789, and even the bared arms of '92 had not prepared the public mind for the red hands of '93. Here in San Francisco we have alternately trembled and laughed at the cry of "wolf," and despised the howling of the pack and the gleam of their uncovered teeth, even now our language is more guarded than our throats. For this false feeling of security—this childlike reliance upon a something called, variously, the "intelligence of the masses," the "public spirit of our citizens," the "patriotic common sense of the American character," and similar witches' horse-shoes that we nail above our doors—the Argonaut confesses itself somewhat to blame. We have ourselves at one time denounced the sand-lot mob as dangerous, and at another ridiculed it as harmless. After crab-salad, truffles, and a break in stocks, Kearney, and his ugly following of long-lipped and flat-browed aliens, have stalked before the eyes of our imagination as malign and dismal demons, breathing fire and slaughter; when the victual has been humane and the wine Christian, the capering of these unhandsome louts has entertained us no end, and we have come near to loving them. This, in all penitence, we admit to be wrong; they are either dangerous or harmless. They are not a peril one week, and a diversion the next; and with a juster sense of our responsibility as the only journal in the city that, with whatever variation of mood, has been consistently their enemy, we shall not fail henceforth to point out the peril of the situation so long as we conceive it to exist, and demand attention to the crimes and deserts of those who prolong it. The torch is kindled for our homes, the knife whetted for our throats; we know that there is a resolute intention to apply both. We know that these miscreants "mean business"; that murder is in their minds, and the means of murder in their hands. We know that their loud talk is not empty declamation; that they have the confidence of ignorance and the courage of confidence; that they will fight well and die hard. If we do not attack them they will attack us, and their disregard of the law gives them that most precious military advantage, the initiative—an advantage that is not decisive, for we shall beat them, but one which, if we suffer them to grasp it, as it seems we must, will enable them for a time to do the thrusting while we parry. Even this is better than to twiddle our thumbs and tap our toes in the courts while Clitus Barhour is saving from the prison scrubbing-brush the necks that are due to the lamp-post. It is a thousand times better than revising lists of candidates for municipal office, or hatting ballots at a caucus. It is even better than enrolling as "special constables" to back up the police in arresting Mrs. Smith for carrying a concealed weapon.

But the Sand-lot will not give us even the satisfaction of immediate resistance. It threatens all the time, but it will strike only when it is best prepared and we are least aware. It holds its murderous designs in *terrorem* over our homes and families. It goes from house to house, intimidating our women and children. It prowls about our gates at dead of night. It compels us to make arsenals of our banks, stores, offices, and residences, loopholes of our windows, and sentry-beats of our garden walks. Whoever has the misfortune to have a fortune, the disadvantage of a wife and children, and the vulnerability of an unstained reputation, must sleep with one hand upon a weapon; going to his business, must leave his family exposed to insult at his own door; and can not open his newspaper without the apprehension that he will find himself to have been publicly defamed. The thing is become intolerable, and there is apparently no hope of its mitigation by peaceful and legal methods. The judge who sentences a Kearney and a Gannon one day must submit to be publicly reviled by them the next. In any civilized country they would be re-arrested with the curses still hot upon their lips, and summarily consigned to a cell for contempt of court. In England, where justice between man and man is

more nearly perfectly administered than anywhere else in the world, and whence we derive whatever of good is in our judicial methods and whatever is noble in our legal traditions, no man dares publicly to impugn the motive of a judge, nor publicly to assail the justice of a sentence, even when passed upon himself. Here, in the interval between his sentence by one court and his discharge by another, any foul-tongued miscreant may snap his dirty fingers at his judges, and cast such discredit as he is able on the one institution upon whose purity, power, and good repute the existence of organized society depends. The rascal's utterances are privileged, for they go to make up a part of that public opinion which is superior to law, religion, and reason. His vote has helped to make the judge who tries him; it logically follows that if dissatisfied with his creature he shall be permitted to undo with his tongue what he did with his hand. If he can not depose he may at least defame. Two or three years of experience ought, we should think, to be enough to convince us that the laws are powerless for our protection when large bodies of voters choose to move against our property and persons. With a Bench largely occupied by creatures of the Sand-lot, with a Mayor who is at once their tool and their chief, with a militia in whose weakness and worthlessness lies our only hope, for we are concerned lest they join our enemies, what, we ask in all seriousness, have we to expect? The moment we are sufficiently aroused to make a dumb, blind effort in the way of organization, the politician and the lawyer come to the front to misdirect it. The former, true to his instinct and the stupid traditions of his craft, throws himself into the imminent deadly breach between two political parties, and proposes to give us a new set of municipal office-holders; the latter gives legal advice gratis, and suggests an amendment to the proposed city charter. And behind these tom-fools, with their quack remedies, twenty thousand manly hearts beat impatiently for action, and forty thousand broad palms are itching for the feel of that which the Sand-lot has so long been dangling before their eyes.

We do not counsel violence; we do not counsel anything. We describe the situation as, with some knowledge of the subject and some previous connection with related events, we perceive it to be. If advice is wanted, the spokesmen of the Council of Two Hundred are competent to give it, and enough of it. They are charged to the lips with wisdom, and discretion, and secret information, knowledge of the ropes, and how to pull the wires—with methods of organization and plans of action. They are charged with everything but action. And at the last they will burn in their beds, and the little Kallochs and Kearneys and Gannons will cobble their charred bones into kennels for cats. No; violence is not a thing to be advised. It would be useless to advise it if we wished; men who take the sense of the press before acting do not act. Short, sharp, and decisive action is of spontaneous growth and instantaneous manifestation. The opportunity that hesitates is lost. It is touch and go; when the cloud and the earth are sufficiently full of electricity there is lightning, that is all. And when our social atmosphere is sufficiently charged by the friction of our political machinery, the flame will leap out and the thunder follow. We could not hasten this condition, and the Council of Two Hundred can not much retard it. We are not admirers of lynch law; it is ugly and repulsive. It hangs without suitable inquiry—always the right man, it is true, but never at the right moment; commonly it could with distinct public advantage have hanged a good deal sooner. We are opposed to hanging, anyhow, but then if we or Kearney and Kalloch are to hang, we have a natural preference for them. We are opposed to bloodshed; blood is nastily warm, and has a smell that sickens. But the blood of a sand-lotter would be less offensive to us than our own. Taking life is a disagreeable necessity, but losing it is worse, and there is coming an opportunity to choose between these evils. It is useless to argue that if the law-abiding part of a community would do its duty the necessity for Judge Lynch would not arise. This may be true or not; it is at least certain that it would not arise if the other fellows would do their duty. We do not care to bandy arguments; we are not didactically inclined, either. We admit that we are imperfect; that we are children of error and sons of darkness; that we have not properly protected the purity of the ballot-box from the machinations of the Democrats; that we ought to have put up a stronger man against Kalloch; that so many of us should not have gone to the Cliff House instead of voting two or three times each against the new Constitution. We confess we ought to have done more to purify the judiciary by stuffing the ballot-box against Judge Ferral. All the same, we think we have the right to live as long as the Sand-lot; that we have a right to keep our property as long, and hug it as tight, as they their poverty; that our wives and babies have a right to protection from the domiciliary visits of tramps and ruffians. And if there is left among us any spirit, any manliness, any courage, and any care to regain the good opinion of the brave women who have learned to despise us, these rights we will instantly assert in the most effective manner that is left us. The hour is in labor with the man—"savans and jackasses to the rear!"

AFTERMATH.

Governor Perkins accompanied his approval of the Revenue Bill with a message of disapproval. He found the bill good enough to sign, but bad enough to enforce attention to its defects. In his message he uses the following language: "Failing to find in it any constitutional inhibition to justify the interposition of an executive veto, and not deeming myself at liberty to disagree with the Legislature on a question of merely public policy as involved in a revenue bill, especially when the sentiment of the people appears to favor the measure—for I heartily subscribe to that which has been so pointedly said by another, that 'the Executive should have no policy or plan to enforce against the expressed will of the people'—I have, therefore, reluctantly given the bill my official signature." In this explanation, we think, Governor Perkins has gone wrong at several points. In the first place, he should not have signed the bill: every reason justifying his "reluctance" would have justified his refusal. If he does not feel himself "at liberty to disagree with the Legislature" on a matter of raising revenue, it is difficult to believe he would feel at liberty to disagree on any. Is it because a revenue bill is so important or so trivial? We take the ground that Governor Perkins has no right to sign a bill for any other reason than that he believes it just and wise—a good bill. In giving the Executive the veto power, the Constitution bestows upon him a distinct legislative function; he becomes a part of the law-making machinery, and, as a legislator, is as much bound to give effect to his opinion as is any member of either House. His duty of private judgment is even more imperative than theirs, for his action is more important. He has no right whatever to subordinate his opinion to theirs, for their action in any particular instance is no more "the expressed will of the people" than is his. The people have put him where he is, in order to judge of the soundness of what comes before him for signature, so that in case of doubt it may be returned to the Legislature for reconsideration under harder conditions of passage. Nor has he the right to consider whether or not the "sentiment of the people"—aside from its partial expression in Senate and Assembly—appears to favor a certain measure. Neither he nor any member of the Legislature is the people's delegate. We have elected them to use, not our judgment, but their own. That is why we chose such wise and virtuous gentlemen as we know them to be. It is the business of a representative of the people to do for the people, not what they wish done, but what, according to his own judgment, they need done. No other theory of representation is tenable, and all others are mischievous. If we were Governor or President we should veto every measure that did not meet our approval; but those that we signed we should stand to, not adducing excellent reasons why we ought to have done differently. We do not think we should have too little legislation in this country even by compelling the "expressed will of the people" in every instance to take the form of a two-thirds vote in the Legislature.

Gentlemen of the sand-lot, stand up. Do you know where New Zealand is? Do you know that it is a big, fertile, comparatively new country? Well, it is all that and more. But it took the bull by the horns, years ago, and there Chinese immigration is limited, regulated and kept well in check. Yet the latest advices tell of hard times and labor troubles and almost the devil to pay in that big, fertile, comparatively new land. Is it not just possible that labor has itself made mistakes and neglected opportunities? If in New Zealand, why not in California? Come, now, what answer?

"A native-born American citizen," writing in the first person singular, and like a band of music, on the question, "Shall Americans govern America?" says: "Having just read in your last issue an article on naturalization, I can not resist the impulse of expressing my own ideas on the subject. First, the sentiment, not new but eminently sound, that no foreigner should be allowed to vote who has not been here long enough to know something of our institutions and laws, meets my views. Twenty-one years was my term of probation. Second, no foreigner should be allowed to become a citizen of the republic without having first obtained, from some responsible authority in the country from which he emigrated, acceptable proof of his respectability and good character. For why should America be made the receptacle for all the scum and offscouring of Europe? Why should outlaws, ex-convicts, and criminals from foreign lands be accorded, without limitation, all the rights and privileges enjoyed by honest and respectable native-born? Why should this free land be made a nest for snakes? Third, no man, native or foreign, should be allowed to vote who is not able to read and write. Such a one is unable to appreciate the value of the ballot. In his hands it generally becomes a commodity for sale to the highest bidder, and has no significance beyond its money value. So long as an individual remains tied to the leading-string of ignorance, and is entirely dependent upon others for his opinions of government and politics, he is as ignorant as a child, and entitled justly to the same consideration as a minor. Ignorance breeds a very large proportion of our political troubles, and it is quite

time 'the bull was taken by the horns.' Good government, in order to be enjoyed, must be understood, and the privileges of our noble system should be allowed to no man who is totally incapable of appreciating them. Everything worth enjoying in this world is worth working for, and I see no reason why this rule, so generally accepted, should be less applicable to law and government than to property and money. Extreme liberality regarding citizenship we, as a nation, have thoroughly tested, and its disadvantages are becoming more and more apparent. Give ignorance power, and it becomes tyranny. Treat rascals as honest men, and you only enlarge the sphere of their villainy. Remove the dread of the gallows, and you convert cowards into braggarts. Our present troubles in California illustrate all these theories, and it is time they were understood, and an effective remedy applied. The respectable foreign-born, as well as the native element, are equally awakening to the necessity of putting on the brake. The people are ready, and what is required now to set the ball in motion is thorough organization, backed up by an honest, independent, fearless press."

The New York papers point out discrepancies in the prices of mining shares, as sold there and here. The difference, they say, is sometimes as great as ten points. Naturally, and pardonably, they draw the inference that the San Francisco brokers are making "wash" sales, "and the same with intent to deceive." It may be, it may be, but really the innocents of the New York market—Keene, Roberts, Dorsey, Gashwiler, and similar babes—ought not to expect our old hands at the business to keep them posted in the correct values of stocks. They must learn by experience, these callow fledgelings; they must observe—and endure—the methods of our elder birds.

"Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?"—*Shakespeare*. Who would have thought Treasurer Shaber had so many bondsmen?

Kearney, like the man who was incredulous when told that he had been talking prose all his life, would probably be amazed if a bloated schoolmaster, or lecherous editor, were to tell him that he had been making use of logic in his speeches. But it is so; he is an unconscious logician. Last Wednesday evening he said: "The votes in favor of Chinese immigration were 223, and the Citizens' Council consists of 223 members. These Chinese-lovers meet in secret, with barred doors." The insinuation is beautiful extremely, and logical no end. It is that particular thing which in logic is known as *suggestio falsi*. Kearney long since learned the principles of *suppressio veri*, and is one of the greatest living masters of *assertio damboshi*.

AN INTIMATION.

Respectfully Commended to Some of Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

When Baron Munchausen's postillion
Emptied his cheeks in his horn
To sound an alarm, of a million
Breaths not a note was born.

In vain to his lips he applied it;
But later, when hung in an inn,
The sounds that were frozen inside it
Thawed out with a terrible din.

Thus vainly our sand-lot fellows,
Exalting the trumpet of fame,
May crack their ambitious bellows
And the world not hear a name.

But when their antics shall alter
Our coldness to heat, and we choose
A suitable beam for the halter,
A suitable neck for the noose,

That tube will begin to clatter
The name of each rogue to guide
Our choice; and then little 'twill matter
That he long ago laid it aside.

That the law debarring corporations of this State from employing Chinese should be declared unconstitutional is what any except a mere tyro in the legal profession must have anticipated. In meditated legislation it never does to "make the wish the father of the thought," at least unless the "wish" has a constitutional prop. All good citizens of California wish to place as many obstacles as possible in the way of the Mongolians obtaining a firm foothold in our State, but a great deal more than "wishing" is necessary to get rid of this most undesirable class of immigrants. There is a right and there is a wrong way of banishing them from our soil. The one is by the slow and tedious process of constitutional reform; the other, by taking the metaphorical "bull by the horns," and, in defiance of law, driving the Chinese like so many swine into the sea, or across it in ships. This unreasoning, sand-lot policy can scarcely find endorsement on the part of our reputable citizens. As a rule, men who bave everything to gain and nothing to lose by a disturbance—for the bringing on of which the presence here of the Chinese is their alleged excuse—care little for the law. When such a course is attempted, or even threatened, the majesty of the law should be invoked to assert itself in its greatest potency. That the decision in question should prove disappointing, if not positively aggravating, to the masses of our citizens is only to be expected. But no feeling of this nature

should interfere to prevent the law, as expounded by the tribunals appointed for the purpose, from being obeyed to the letter. It often takes a long time to retrieve a great mistake. It was a great mistake to encourage the Chinese to land here in the first place, and a greater mistake to permit and encourage them to acquire almost equal rights with those of American citizens. Reasons then existed, which no longer prevail, for keeping Mongolians out of the land. Americans and Europeans were not permitted to penetrate into China, and therefore it would have been perfectly just to say: "As you will not allow us to pass into the interior of your country, you shall not put foot on the shores of ours." But now the fact is patent that they are not only here by invitation, but that they have acquired a positive right, by a constitutional amendment and the Burlingame Treaty, to remain here. All this can not be easily undone. There are few things more difficult than to take a backward step in legislation. Nevertheless, it would be weak and idle to contend that no solution can be found for the Chinese problem. We apprehend that the solution must be discovered by Congress; and, as Congress is seemingly with us in the matter, it will be well to practice for a time, in this connection, the virtue of patience.

About the meanest kind of intimidation is that attempted in the financial column of the *Bulletin* by trying to throw discredit upon the mines which will not furnish the editor with a monthly statement of their product. Because they do not choose to take the trouble to gratuitously supply such information about their private business as this enterprising journal finds it profitable to sell, they must submit to be described as "fearing publicity," and therefore probably barren of prospect or unsound in management. We are pleased to observe that most of them endure this petty outrage with composure, and our meddlesome confrère admits that he must abandon his monthly tabulated statement of the gold and silver product, for lack of information. But surely he is too easily beaten. Has he tried defiling the graves of a few directors' fathers, or calling the wives of unreasonable secretaries an ass?

Isn't the New York *Times* a little unreasonable? It complains of the introduction of sand-lot rhetoric into New York—a striking piano-maker having described the manufacturers as "vile fiends, suckers, and bloodhounds, who haven't the feelings of a dog." Really, this seems to us very mild and moderate language. There may have been a time, some years ago, when we would have considered it disagreeable asperity if applied to ourselves, but now the Sand-lot has given us so poor an opinion of ourselves that we should take it as a compliment; and it is not likely that New York manufacturers are any better than we. The *Times* is prematurely concerned; just wait till that striking piano-maker gets his intestinal strings keyed up to the Kearney tension, and there will be music worth objecting to.

It is to be hoped the local Democracy is satisfied with its attitude on the joint Senator question; certainly the Republicans are. In approving the choice of the Sand-lot—the precocious Master Freud—the County Committee of our friends the enemy have delighted us exceedingly; if our man is to be beaten we should perhaps prefer that he be beaten by a man; but of that we have now no fear. If our opponents had divided their forces the chances would have been that of their two candidates one would have been a better man than Freud, for none could have been worse. That man might have got that half of the Democratic vote which our candidate will now secure—the decent half. The other half would have been given to the sand-lotter in any event. With reference to the Democracy the Workingmen's party is like a good-natured dog lying in the sun: his sense of dignity will not permit him to rub noses with the fraternizing kitten, but he lets her amuse herself with his tail.

Later—The respectable tail, having failed to "waggle" the Democratic dog, has broken square off at the end of the back, and the mangy body has contentedly crawled back into the sand-lot kennel where it has all along belonged. It is sad, but suggestive. The coming election will draw more than one line. But the Bourbons are broken-hearted. To have their high-toned *ultimatum* answered by the proclamation of the rank and file to "go to hell and nominate," is altogether too personal as to the place of holding the upper-crust convention.

The thirty days of grace granted to the Chinese to stop being nuisances expired on Wednesday last, but the Health Officer has not as yet decided what to do with them. The jails are all full of Mayor Kallach's relatives and Kearney's friends, and there is no suitable place for quartering arrested heathen. The Health Officer thinks, therefore, that he will wait awhile, and it really looks as if he would. Messrs. Gannon and Kearney, however, who have done about as much as anybody—except Judge Rix—toward filling the jails, are urging more prompt and vigorous measures. They propose to "organize."

It is not a very intelligent esteemed contemporary—formerly a tailor—who says that the capitalist who wind must expect to rip the whirlwind.

THE BLONDES MUST GO.

The blondes must go because we are weary of them; because they have been weighed in the balance and found to be anything but fine and true gold; because it is high time the brunettes were coming to the front, and, finally, because fashion wills it. And so the blonde must go. She is no longer to gild the stage and the parlor; and the sudden flood of brightness that used to be so rare, that when, once an age, a woman was born with it, painters painted her, troubadours celebrated her, and locks of her hair were handed down like a treasure—that brightness is going into eclipse; and where bleaching baths and alkaline water and annatto and orpiments and bichlorides of tin and gold powders have reigned, litharge and nitrate of silver and Aleppo galls and iron and bismuth are seizing the sceptre. No more will the lithe ladies of the spectacular and the burlesque display the new golden fleece as they dance down the boards and shake at us the wealth of their

"Fine locks,
Stained like pale honey oozed from topmost rocks,
Sun-blanching the live-long summer."

No more will every damsel who patrols the avenues out-Saxon the Saxon in her braids and curls. No more will the little love-locks flutter gold-threaded round the temples, but dark and heavy braids and waves must supersede them. No more will the delicate fade colors be seen among us, pale as the early sunrise tints; but deep, rich bodies of colors, of crimson and orange and emerald and lapis blue, the only wear of your brunettes, will efface their airy softness.

And do they really suppose—the people who utter the pronouncement—that the blonde is going to cease at their dictum? The blonde who went—a nondescript, or with black hair—and sat patiently as the camels'-hair brush passed over each hair, till the black hair became brown, and the brown red, and the red gold, and the gold flaxen—that silly blonde may go, and all her glory with her. But the blonde of art and literature and history, the blonde of beauty—could all the Eugenies and Metternichs that ever ruled the court, could all the Cora Pearls that ever ruled the demi-monde, banish that blonde when nature has once given her the right to be? Did Titian paint his women with that hair to have some modiste announce the day of his destiny over, and the blonde a good-for-naught? And have all the poets that ever handled pen launched out in praise of the hair that Titian painted to have their script become a dead-letter? Shall Maud and Enid and Elaine and Guinevere depart into the world of shadows with Evelyn Hope, with the Fair Rosamond, with Gerdun, with the Lorelei, with Porphyria, with David when he went harp in hand before Saul:

"God's child, with the dew
On his gracious gold hair;"

With Sordello's boyish dream of Palma:

"How the tresses curled
Into a sumptuous swell of gold, and wound
About her like a glory!"

With Milton's fair Sahrina,

"In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of her amber-drooping hair,"

With all the array of Homer's golden-haired Greeks, with the sad old Tithonus, when he no longer took pleasure in Aurora, as in the early dawn he saw

"The dim curls kindle into sunny rings,"

With Italian Aphrodite, as she

"Backward drew
From her brows and bosom her dear hair,
Ambrosial, golden, round her lucid throat
And shoulder;"

With the Blessed Damozel whose

"Hair that lay along her back
Was yellow, like ripe corn;"

With Lilith, the first wife of Adam, according to the Oriental tradition,

"All the threads of whose hair are golden,
And there in a net his heart is holden;"

With the Venetian ladies who listened, their black velvet masks in hand, to good Galuppi's music—

"Dear, dead women, with such hair, too! What's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?"

How the poets used to love the yellow hair, the beautiful flesh that belongs to it, the ivory, the rose, the gold!

"His sunny hair,"

Says Tennyson, of Paris,

"Clustered about his temples like a god's;"—

While the same poet makes the lover sing to Maud,

"Shine out, little heads, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and he their sun!"

And another of his lovers cries,

"My ringlet, my ringlet,
Thou art so golden gay,
Now never chilling touch of time
Can turn the silver gray."

Meanwhile, Browning hardly acknowledges the possibility of any other color for the hair than the blonde; and even when he speaks of dark locks at all, it is usually that sort of which people say it is black in the shade and gold in the sun.

"Quick the round, smooth cord of gold,
This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,
Fell down you like a gorgeous snake,"

Says one of Browning's lovers, in recital of an episode of the past to his lady in the gondola. When Merton sings of Mildred, in the "Blot on the Scutcheon," it is to mention how her

"T' goes sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,
Golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble,"

where you will find the poet of the "Ring and the Book" again talking of some maiden's

"Great gold hair,
Hair such wonder of flax and floss,
Freshness and fragrance—floods of it, too!
Gold, did I say? Nay, gold is dross!"

And again he describes other hair as

"unfilleted,
Made alive and spread
Through the void with a rich outburst,
Chestnut, gold interspersed."

And yet again, when hastening home, and fancying the vision there, he cries:

"Oh, loaded curls, release your store
Of warmth and scent, as once before
The tingling hair did, lights and darks
Outbreathing into fairy sparks,
When under curl and curl I pried
After the warmth and scent inside,
Through lights and darks how manifold,
The dark inspired, the light controlled,
As early art embrowned the gold!"

And so the blondes are going out! And just as Nora Perry's little Madeline Hays is stepping in, too:

"Soft, yellow silk hair, Madeline Hays,
Unrolling its lovely Greek twist,
Blowing out its golden mist—
It was this that I caught first and kissed,
My bloom-blushing Madeline Hays;
Then, through hair all a-dazzle, Madeline Hays,
Eyes and mouth, cheek and chin, too,
Out of the dazzle came glimmering through
All the love colors—red, white, and blue—
What could a man do, Madeline Hays?"

Well, if go they must, surely they have good company to go in, for what is true of one poet is true of almost all the rest in this regard, and it is a golden-haired twain of famous phantasmagoria that accompany them where they will hardly need the golden bough of the sybil to open the way for them, while they see

"The fashion of the foolish world go by."

Fantasy.

A cloudlet, dimpled in the wind's caress,
In undulate beauty stands against the sky,
All sumptuous in its airy loveliness.

The sunbeam fills its pendulous chinks with gold,
And stars its breast with quaint embroideries,
Which wantonly twist and ripple, fold on fold.

Until the downy structure breezes fray,
Dissolving it to naught, like golden hopes,
Which, when they're brightest, oft are blown away.
—R. K. Munkittrick.

On Some Lines of Lopez de Vega.

If the man who turnsips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.—Dr. Johnson.

The wife of the Chinese ambassador at Paris appeared at the recent ball in the Elysée unveiled. She tottered about the rooms on her little feet—a quaint, small woman, with her hair plastered down to the sides of her whitewashed face. Her husband consented to her appearance after a desperate struggle against his prejudices, for the Chinaman who knows that his wife is gazed upon unveiled is held to be dishonored. "It was funny," says the correspondent, "to see him trying to look the other way, so as not to incur the disgrace involved in the knowledge of her presence. One corner of an almond eye was fixed on vacancy, the other was watching the wife to see that she did not stumble as she walked about the rooms. The result must have been far more reassuring than the ambassador expected. Nothing happened. China was not scandalized. Europe was not convulsed. The sight of the Chinese beauty was a little disappointing. She was very handsome, or the reverse, according to your way of looking at it. I have heard the most contradictory verdicts from different people. Her olive skin was covered with powder laid on as thickly as if it were a clown's face at pantomime time. She tottered about the rooms for a short time on her poor mutilated feet, and then went home, no doubt to dream of what the sun and moon and the morning stars would say the next day of this awful innovation of all the Confucian proprieties.

A man out West has invented a device to prevent market-men from palming off old eggs. The invention is thus described: He proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. This stamp is arranged with a pad, which is saturated with indelible ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is well known, she kicks slightly with her hind-leg. An electric disk is arranged so that her foot touches it, when the stamp turns over on to the ink-pad and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. The hen then goes off about her business, the farmer's hired girl removes the egg, replaces the stamp, which is ready for another. On each evening, after the hens have retired to their downy roost with the roosters, the date of the stamp is changed to the following day, and the good work goes on. In this way there can be no cheating. You go to the grocery and ask for fresh eggs, and the groceryman says he has some eggs of the vintage of March 1, 1880, for instance. You look at them, and there are the figures, which can not lie.

A mean man put fifteen hornets in a whisky bottle and gave it to a Texas man in the dark to take a drink out of, and though the hornets did their work as they went down, the Texan remarked that it wasn't real Texas whisky, as it lacked fire.

A visiting clergyman was just rising from prayer at a St. Paul church, when an usher strode up the centre aisle and handed him a big bouquet, just as they do in the theatre.

Editor Smith was routed out of the Albany Journal to prevent its being made a Grant paper. Editor McPherson gets his dismissal so that the Philadelphia Press may be turned into a Grant organ, with Editor Smith at the bellows.

THE TYRANNY OF TYPE.

Sooner or later we may have to consider whether freedom of expression does not tend to tyranny of expression; whether that safeguard of human freedom, the press, may not become the most irresponsible and virulent tyrant men have ever lived under. Already, indeed, the signs of our times show that this perplexing question is forcing itself not only upon thinkers, but upon the multitudes themselves, who do little more than act: How shall the press be regulated?

The respectable and time-worn assurance that public opinion will regulate the press is not so often made, nor so completely accepted, as formerly; for there are reasons to believe that in many cases the press overrides, if it does not actually manipulate, public opinion.

There is a conscious fear lurking in the community that freedom of expression can be made to mean any latitude of abuse, and often is made to mean freedom to meddle with private affairs, and to hold up to contempt and scorn and obloquy, from which there is no escape and for which there is no redress.

The press oftener boasts of its indefatigable enterprise than of its rectitude of purpose. Still oftener it boasts of furnishing to the ravening public, with untiring promptitude, much that is inconsistent with private rights. News-gathering has become not only a science but an art—not always a fine art. Where is the citizen who can say, when in his home, which was once his castle, that he is safe from the news-gatherer—more intrusive than the tax-gatherer! Will burglar-alarms protect innocence and modesty from the interviewer? Will candor and carefulness insure fairness and honesty in the printed utterance? What conspicuous public man is there who can say the public press will not manufacture its personal news concerning him, when events refuse to furnish it?

News-gathering has become, in great part, news manufacture. Scarcity of the real article in some offices is not allowed to affect the supply. And thus the lash of enterprise sometimes becomes the sting of falsehood.

News-mongery is, of all the weapons in the hands of the fourth estate, the one which is most subtle, most inexorable, most deadly, and most defiant. It is at once the wand of Prospero and the club of Ajax. It can caress or crush; it may smooth our vanity to-day and pierce us to the marrow to-morrow, and in either case we are as clay in the hands of the potter. We smile or groan at the mercy or caprice of our master. The stinging two-line paragraph of to-day bears the same relation to the ponderous editorials which were once wielded to pulverize men that the conical bullet bears to the catapult. Old Andrew Marvel was not far wrong when he said that types were more fatal than bullets. These modern air-guns touch their pellets through cuirass and corsage. They send reputation, character, and morals, and the marksman hides safely behind the answer that it is news.

Unfortunately for the system, the average man is not yet educated up to the point of submitting meekly to any rumor or insinuation or disclosure of his private affairs because his neighbors will chuckle over it. The broad principle that every man ought to sacrifice something for the good of the community does not meet with ready acceptance when the sacrifice involves privacy and social rights. Mrs. Langtry's friends in London successfully objected to the lady sacrificing her reputation in order to provide the community with something to giggle and gossip over; and the lawsuit which grew out of a libelous paragraph hothotened a strong disposition on the part of all who had reputations to lose to draw the line where news ended and scandal began.

In this country, the unhealthy demand for smartness and pungency has thrown the newspaper upon its creative resources. It can not do without a personal column, and the personal column, as a rule, is the haldest excuse for pandering to the itching desire of everybody to know what everybody else is doing. In this department of newspaperdom, all ordinary rules, even those of the prize-ring, are suspended, and to the paragraph is allowed the privilege of striking "below the belt."

It probably does not inflict any material injury upon Mrs. Delany Delroy to have it said that she "wears a profusion of paste diamonds," but there is in the Delroy breast an ineradicable repugnance to having even Mrs. Delroy's jewels appraised by a reporter; especially as there is no guarantee that he is above spite or envy or revenge.

It is interesting to inquire what can be done about this. To correct publicly is fatal. Better never to have been horn than to make the paragraph an enemy. Better to suffer in silence than to invite public attention to what may have escaped at least one-half the public.

But if the personal column is annoying, the news column is distressing. If the reverend and every way worthy Doctor Thingamy is charged by an irresponsible enemy with outrageous conduct, the click of the telegraph does not consider his life-long services, or remember the chances in his favor. The indefatigable night-editor does not weigh the record of years against the sudden breath of evil. Have we not seen spasms of rage and calls for violence in the great dailies that remind us of mob rule.

The penalty of public life is abuse; that has passed into a proverb. But it passes the understanding to explain why the free press should consider abuse a weapon of civilization.

Very curious is it to consider what effect this state of things is having upon our public men. They are slowly growing to understand the new heroism, which is silence. To be great is not to do, but to suffer. "The successful man," says an Eastern proverb, "is he with a thick skin." "Chaste as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny," ought to be worked in worsted, and put up at all nominating conventions, to deter sensitive candidates.

An able journalist, who has read the country an excellent lecture on journalism, has strangely overlooked the ethical side of it. He, too, gave all his admiration to its dynamics and its restless enterprise. But he might have told us that what it really needed was reverence—noblesse oblige—that delicate consideration of the private rights of all men which lies at the bottom of courtesy and conservatism, and that common-sense determination never to expose a great private wrong until it was perfectly plain that it is a public wrong.

TRINCULO.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

The latest wrinkle is the midnight frown.

Simpkins's wife swears at him horribly—but he says it's only her custom.

The Vassar College girl who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler is convalescent.

He who Mrs. to take a kiss,
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

"Women are seldom deceived," says a philosopher. True. Men are constituted differently, however.

"No, Algernon, dear; I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at its pap's nose."

A woman who was always finding fault with her husband slipped and fell recently, and now she is deaf and dumb and numb. She struck on her thumb.

"Minnie, I wish you would not give milk to your kitten on the carpet." Minnie—"Don't disturb her. She is on her last lap."

The Empress of Austria is said to be a reckless rider. Congress wants her to attach to an appropriation bill.

A Dakota girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.

When ladies meet they always greet with kisses heard across the street. But men, more mild, don't get so wild; they meet, then part, when both had "smiled."

An Indiana girl who was suddenly kissed at a party has become insane. Such things should be talked over a week beforehand.

Diana locks are the names of new bangs introduced into fashionable circles. They are called after the arrowy goddess because they quiver whenever a beau comes around.

A dressmaker got mad because her lover serenaded her with a flute. She said she got all the fluting she wanted in her regular business.

One hug is worth a dozen love-letters, and they can not be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

"She had quarreled with her old hald-headed lover, and, in dismissing him, said: 'What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of your hair.' His reply was: 'Had you given me a lock of your own, you would not have known whose hair you were sending.'"

The French have a saying that is good to import for circulation in this country. It runs: "The snails and their wives have always a happy household, and the reason may be that monsieur and madame never inhabit the same house." There is a half of meaning in this brief sentence.

When a Milwaukee man advertises for a lady to elope with him, it is embarrassing both for him and the woman who answers the advertisement to find that they are already husband and wife.

A Laplander does not have to go into mourning when his wife dies. He can marry while the body is still in the house, and have a second wife to ride to the grave with him. This makes things warm and convenient.

A *propos* of dancing, an inspired idiot propounds the following 13, 15, 14 query: "Is it womanly to allow about your waist an arm that is not the arm of brother or lover, and know that he who holds it there is, with every one of your heart-beats, learning the secret movings of your soul?" This is the most difficult conundrum we ever encountered, and we are compelled to give it up. Is it?

A Vermont woman went to a store and asked for a "cook book," and they gave her a volume of Joseph's lectures; and after she had got up a dinner by it they found it necessary to call four doctors to get the family through the night, and rival sextons roosted on the fence for two days, prepared for emergencies.

Now, this is business. Mrs. Nellie McAfee notifies the Kentucky Legislature that unless it provides for a monument for her father, Humphrey Marshall, she will build one herself and epitaph it with allusions to the base ingratitude of his State.

Philip says that there are two things of which he can never be convinced. The first is, that a girl who wears yellow flowers in a drab ulster has any sense; and the second is, that a drab-haired girl who puts on a squash-colored tie ever had or ever will have any.

Dr. Holmes, in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, says: "When a young female walks with a male, not arm and arm, but his arm against the back of hers, you are generally safe in asking her what she gets, and who the feller was you saw with her."

A new and interesting game has been started for evening parties. The ladies write their names on a slip of paper, wrap it up in a ball of yarn, twine, or rags, and, when they get to where the party is to be held, each lady puts her ball in a basket. Before leaving, each gentleman draws a ball from the basket and takes the lady home whose name is found in the ball. It's more fun than having the measles or falling off a log, to see them pairing off.

"How it does remind me of my courting days!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, remarking the blush that the delicately-turned compliment of Araminta's young man had brought to the girl's cheek. "In those halcyon days, when I was young and perceptible, how frustrated I used to feel when Daniel paid me a compliment, as he always was doing! Yes," she continued, stopping to hush off the tear that trembled at the tip of her attenuated nose, "yes, Daniel was one of a thousand. And he never changed during all of our years of matrimony."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

13-15-14.

Little blocks shall all remind us
What block-heads are yours and mine
When we depart and leave behind us
Still unsolved the final line.

The problem that perhaps another
Donkey will, with might and main,
Sweat and toil and swear and bother,
Trying to bring right again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
Wrestle now no more with fate,
Cease the phantom gem pursuing,
Throw the — thing in the grate.

Push, brothers, push with care,
Push the 14 to the 15 square;
The 6 to the 7 and you've got it there!
The 10 to the 9, or you don't care where,
But the 15 and the 14 they will stick there.
Push, brothers, push with care,
Till your minds are a jumble, and you curse and swear.

A Solemn Fact.

The patient preacher plods along
Through theologic deeps,
The while the deacon, bless his soul,
Bows down his head and sleeps.

And when the preacher takes a rest
From theologic matter,
The drowsy deacon rises up
And passes round the platter.

And when at length he back returns
From his collecting trip,
From out his vest upon the plate
He lays a poker chip!

A Good Scheme.

There was a young girl named Kate,
Who on rollers thought she could skate;
So she went to the rink,
Dressed in blue and pink,
And came home with a lump on her pate.

Say, Succulent Sweetheart?

Straight where she strayed, with stride he strode,
Sad sighed he on the sod and said,
"Say, see I sigh and see you so"—
She had no heed, but hid her head—
Maud's mood the mud of mead made mad;
No answer knew she now but "No."

Oh! Yes There Is.

There is sleep for the eye that is tearful,
A balm for the heart that is sad—
And a calm for the spirit that's fearful,
And for every liver—a pad.

Hard After Tennyson.

Summer-time will come again,
With its softly blowing zephyrs,
Lowing kine are in the fields;
Some are cows and some are heifers.

A Tuneful Parody.

A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking;
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it fall;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rose leaf—that is all.
An ancient tomcat on the summer kitchen;
A bootjack raised, a solemn caterwaul;
A moment's silence, and a quick departure;
And then, a wasted bootjack—that is all.

She Would Have Chewing Gum.

The bright-red sun was setting on the egg of morrow's dawn,
As a Vassar girl strolled, pigeon-toed, adown the level lawn;
And the fading rays with roses wreathed the hair of one who lay
In the gath'ring twilight lonely, filled with terror and dismay.
"She may cry and howl and kick up; but she wouldn't do my sum,
And I'll never, never, never let her chew my chewing gum!"

"Teacher," Bessie's white lips faltered, as she pointed to the maid,
"Do you hear that horrid creature? Do you know what she has said?
In her dark and gloomy pocket she has twenty sticks of spruce,
And she says that I shall have none—I! her only friend, her chum;"
And she spoke in husky whispers, "I must have her chewing gum!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the teacher (every word froze in her ear),
"For years I've taught at Vassar, and I will not interfere;
I know the regulations, and respect the rules and laws;
I'm here to educate your mind, and not supply your jaws.
I have done my duty ever; I've been cool, discreet, and mum;
But I can't make Bertha Underwood give you her chewing gum."

Wild the girl's eyes, pale her features, as she totters up the stair,
And the dew falls in soft pity as the stars see her despair.
Not a moment stops the maiden till she gains the upper flight,
And stands out in the darkness like an angel carved in night.
Now she enters Bertha's chamber, and pants, "Now let her come!"
Still her frightened heart's wild beating, "I must have her chewing gum!"

Far out, the distant city seems a tiny, sparkling speck,
Where she well remembers often buying spruce gum by the peck.
Above, the throbbing heavens seemingly reflect her soul,
In which the spheres of vengeance their mighty music roll.
Shall she still their diapason? Shall she smite their anthems dumb?
She crushes swift the feeling; she must have that chewing gum.

Quick she strips the bed of clothing, quick she wraps her in a sheet,
And the garment, winding tenderly, clothes her from head to feet.
Then in a darkened corner, like a member of the host
Who sometimes wander back to earth, she stands, a rigid ghost.
And, panting, still she listens till she hears the fairy drum
Of Bertha's fairy footsteps, bringing up that chewing gum.

Such a yell! A quivering figure lies trembling on the floor;
The very duns stop sighing as they shrink back from the door.
Swift the ghostly Bessie steals from where the gath'ring shadows curl,
And bends in flattering triumph before the prostrate girl.
With trembling hands she searches in the pocket of her chum,
And cries out in her madness, "I must have her chewing gum!"

The pale, soft moon rose slowly; each bright star bent her head,
As the patron orb of Vassar threw her rays around the dead;
And, like another moon, the teacher climbed the winding stair,
To find fair Bertha robed in death, and Bessie kneeling there,
With no remorse on that pale face, as she whispered softly, "Come!
The angels have got Bertha, but I've got her chewing gum!"

AN EXPERIMENT IN REFORM.

The pious Mr. Alden, of the New York *Times*, says that there is a growing feeling among practical men that there is room for improvement in the present method of taking up collections in churches. The plate, which gives publicity to the amount contributed by each person, has driven out the old-fashioned hag with its facilities for the secret deposition of buttons and one-cent pieces, and, though spasmodic efforts to bring about a return to the hag are made from time to time, they are rarely, if ever, successful. If any reform is to be made, it must be in connection with the present plate system, and it is in this direction that the hopes and labors of practical reformers now tend.

It is generally conceded that the smallest amount which any self-respecting man can put on the plate is a ten-cent piece. He may allow his children to limit their contributions to the copper coinage of the country, and if he smiles benignantly when his little girl chips one cent on the plate, he may successfully create the impression that he is encouraging her to give of her own pittance of spending money, and that he is not personally responsible for its trivial value. He cannot, however, reduce his own contribution to an amount less than ten cents without exciting unfavorable comment from the occupants of neighboring pews. If he does not happen to have a ten-cent piece in his pocket he is in a difficult situation. Either he must give a twenty-five or fifty-cent piece, as the case may be, or he must assume the air of having forgotten his purse. The latter expedient may be permissible once in a while, but is seldom successful.

Few men, conscious of large coins in their pockets, can assume the look of mingled sorrow and indignation which ought to accompany the pretended discovery that they have left their money at home, and a quick-witted deacon can nearly always detect an imposture of this kind, and can overwhelm the unhappy perpetrator by a prolonged and significant presentation of the plate at his elbow. Occasionally, a nervous man makes the terrible mistake of contributing a gold dollar instead of a ten-cent piece. An accident of this kind is, of course, purely the fault of the sufferer himself, but it must necessarily produce in him a state of mind which renders him unable to give his attention to the subsequent sermon, and to obtain the full benefit therefrom. Almost equally unfortunate is the case of a man who really wishes to give something, and who, having no small coins in his purse, will not pretend that he is without money. There is nothing for him to do but to put his smallest coin or bank-note, whatever may be its value, in the plate. In this way many a conscientious man has been compelled to give fifty cents, or even a five-dollar bill, when he wished to give only the usual ten-cent piece. The mental anguish thus caused has in many instances been followed by prolonged sickness, and occasionally by even fatal results.

It is claimed that the first reform to be adopted should be to grant every contributor to a church collection the right of taking change out of the plate. As is well known, this is at present impossible, and whatever sum is now placed on the plate must remain there. Could a man put in, say twenty-five cents, and take out fifteen, he would never be compelled to choose between giving too much and giving nothing at all. Had the practice of taking change out of the plate been permitted in the Black Run church, the unpleasant incident which occurred a few Sundays ago would have been avoided.

Black Run, as any map may fail to show, is situated in the Colorado mining district, and the Baptist church is presided over by an able and athletic preacher. On the fourth Sunday in February last a collection was taken up for the Franz Josef Land Mission, and the plate was passed around by one of the deacons. There was present a miner from Red Gulch, who was anxious, as he phrased it, to "put up" for the Franz Josef heathen, but who had no coin smaller than a twenty-dollar gold piece. When the plate reached him, he inquired in a low tone, "How much is the ante?" The deacon told him that he could contribute whatever he chose. "Then," replied the ingenious miner, "I'll chip in a dollar," and thereupon he put in his twenty-dollar gold piece, and undertook to withdraw nineteen dollars. This the deacon objected to, on the ground that no change was given at that establishment. A struggle ensued, in the course of which the plate was upset, and the entire congregation rushed to pick up the scattered money. Had it not been for the presence of mind of the presiding minister, the entire amount already collected would have been absorbed by reckless persons eager to "jump the deacon's claim"—as the local papers subsequently expressed it. The minister, fortunately, happened to be an old Californian, who thoroughly understood the true way of dealing with a Colorado assembly. Drawing a heavy revolver, and leaning it on the edge of the pulpit, he demanded "order" in a stentorian voice. "The brethren," he remarked, "will please take notice that I've got the drop on them, and any brother who declines to go to his seat, or who touches any of that money, will have a funeral at his house to-morrow at two o'clock p. m. Our mining friend from Red Gulch will please let go the deacon's neck-tie, or he is a dead man." This address, together with the minister's known reputation as a pistol shot, instantly restored order, and the deacon, picking up the scattered money, including the twenty-dollar gold piece, resumed the collection, and the service proceeded without further interruption.

Ministers of so much presence of mind are, however, rare, and in almost any other church a disturbance like that which was so promptly quelled at Black Run would entail the loss of a good deal of money, and, perhaps, a deacon or two. Were it to be understood that change could be always taken from the plate, no such difficulty would ever occur. It is this reform which is now earnestly advocated by many intelligent men, especially in our Eastern States. Were it to be adopted, it is quite possible there would be a perceptible increase in the average amount of a church collection, since there would no longer be any temptation for a frugal man with nothing smaller than a dollar bill in his pocket to refuse to contribute anything, and to sully his integrity by feigning to have left his purse in his other pair of trousers.

The aphorism of Lavater is good: Trust him smilingly praises all alike, him less who sneeringly all alike, him least who is wholly indifferent to all.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, March 22, 1880.

My last letter from this Territory, just about one year ago, was from Texas Hill, the then terminus of the Southern Pacific road, work upon which was shortly thereafter suspended, and not again resumed till this year. On Friday of last week, finding ourselves—that is, myself and other half—resting amid the orange groves of Los Angeles, recovering from the strain of a long endurance of Kearnyism, and resting from the tension and somewhat monotonous pleasure of defending our home from the midnight attacks and surveillance of sand-lotters, burglars, and other kindred criminals, we accepted the invitation of the railroad magnates to make another excursion to this mysterious and marvelous Territory, in a special train to the old city of Tucson, the new, and only temporary, terminus of the road. I will not describe again the desolate character of the country after passing out from the groves, vineyards, and productive farms of the Los Angeles valley, nor again express my regrets that so beautiful and lovely and productive a territory remains in the ownership of such a man as Lucky Baldwin. I regret the doctrines of Harry George could not find experimental demonstration in dividing this land into small farms, and distributing them among the industrious and willing workers, who would turn them into delightful and happy homes. I will not again describe the desolate and God-forsaken country lying between Colton, the California frontier of fertility, and Tucson, the Arizona frontier of wealth and productiveness. All this may be found in the *Argonaut* of one year ago. Our journey, from Los Angeles at two o'clock on Friday, to Tucson, eleven o'clock on Saturday, was as delightful as a special train, forty miles an hour, a good cook, good larder, and good company could make it. Our expected arrival was welcomed by a universal turn-out of all the people of all Tucson and all the country round about; welcomed by the roar of artillery, by music, orations of welcome, committees in blue ribbons, a procession of all sorts of vehicles, from army ambulance to the most nondescript conveyances; a banquet, toasts, and speeches by the gentlemen of Tucson; a ball in the evening, where we saw ladies of dress, culture, style, deportment, beauty, and breeding, equal to anything San Francisco may present as its "best society." And why not? As we of California claim that our people were the pick of the best of all the world, now the people of Arizona claim that their Territory is settled by the fittest who have survived our early struggles for civilization, for nearly everybody in this part of the Territory is from California.

And now for Tucson and its surroundings. Out upon a treeless plain, unsheltered from the sun—without shrub or bush to hide it from sun or wind, with a few scattered and outlying patches of Spanish farms to indicate our approach to it, without a spring or stream or river to irrigate its broad mesa lands—we strike the town. Its streets are broad, and mostly at right-angles, paved with white dust. Its buildings are uniform in style of architecture—adobe-mud boxes, without ornament, style, or pretension; some windowless, pierced with small holes to admit the light; all one story in height, all of one color, white-brown—dried-mud color; no paint or place for paint; some with broad porticoes to hide the entrances from the glare of the sun, and all comfortable—just what the climate demands: cool in summer, warm in winter, and as enduring as the prehistoric remains of Casa Grande and other cities that antedate the observations of Jesuit fathers and the traditions of Indians. The city contains some eight thousand inhabitants, of whom six thousand are Mexicans. Its number of houses may be computed by remembering that all are of but one story. The area of the city may be estimated by knowing that, except on business streets, the houses are scattered. Along one side of the town runs a pretty stream, through a small, fertile valley. The town backs down upon the streamlet and valley, where a beer-garden gave the entertainment of Saturday—spacious willow-shaded gardens, a comfortable beer-saloon, a spacious hall, where we feasted and danced. In this valley, which is an oasis, and ought to be a garden-spot, we saw no fruit-trees. The town is badly supplied with pretty good water from wells. An experimental well is now being bored. Eighteen miles away from the town is a mountain spring, from which Mexican and Spanish enterprise has for more than three and a half centuries neglected to make any effort to bring water, and want of enterprise since its American occupation has made no effort in the same direction. Tucson is the shiretown of a county as large as an average State of our Union. A Federal court is now in session. The bar is composed mostly of California immigrants, and mostly of young lawyers who have been in practice in our State.

Tucson and Arizona have a most interesting history. Within the half century after Columbus discovered America, Spanish enterprise and the zeal of the Catholic Church pushed its Jesuit and Dominican fathers out into this wilderness, and extended the empire of Spain by the conquest of its armies, and the jurisdiction of its church by the blood of its early martyrs. Six miles away from Tucson stands the magnificent church of San Xavier del Bac—alone, with no human habitations around it, except those of

the Papago Indians, upon whose reserve it is located, and who were converted to Catholicism some two hundred years ago. It has only an occasional service, but it is a costly and magnificent structure of pure Spanish architecture, adorned with carvings and frescoes, and has now, some years past, celebrated its centennial anniversary. Tucson was settled in 1750, or thereabouts, and contests priority with Santa Fe in New Mexico and Saint Augustine in Florida. It looks as though it might have been built, yesterday, or its appearance might indicate that it was contemporaneous with the foundations of the Seven Cities of Cibola; traditions of which were revived more than three hundred years ago by the adventures of Father Redonda and his associates. Arizona is interesting from its later conflicts with the famous Apaches, through the strongholds of whom we came yesterday, and had pointed out to us the battle-fields where the bloody Chief Cochise gave frequent evidence of his hatred of the white race. Indeed, the Apaches were the Ishmaelites of the land, at war with the Papagos, Pimas, Maricopas, and all the other surrounding tribes. They have now disappeared, or at least subsided, leading a sullen and angry life, pent up upon a reservation, and not permitted to longer indulge in the freedom of their murderous raids. And then, away back of Jesuit father, Spanish invader, or Indian, was another civilization. Its monuments are scattered over the land. In the ruins of great cities, the stone foundations of great edifices, mounds of artificial construction, caves dug in the cliffs, broken pottery scattered over the broad mesa lands, well defined irrigating canals, all indicating the certainty that this now treeless, waterless, and desolate country was once the home of a great, populous empire—an agricultural, peaceful people. What has become of them? What has become of the water that irrigated their lands? What of the trees under which we may presume they sheltered themselves? All these are interesting questions for our ethnologists, and wise men who delight in speculating in this direction. To them, Arizona will be found a field of most interesting study.

At daylight on Sunday morning we left for Tombstone, a mining camp, arriving at sundown, and writing now at ten o'clock in the evening. I have only had time to observe that this camp—of four hundred and eighty-one houses constructed, twenty-eight in process of construction, a mining population of two thousand five hundred—is a type of California in 1849 or of Nevada in 1861. Gambling, with its music and rattling dice; whisky at two bits a glass; a floating population of adventurous miners, old prospectors from California, Nevada, and elsewhere, crowding the saloons and streets; great ore wagons, as at Virginia, hauling from three mines at Tombstone to three mills twenty miles away, where water is more abundant. Here water is three cents a gallon, and only sold at retail from carts, and the town has not yet attempted to put a tariff of rates upon it for fear the hardy monopolists, who bring it in on mule-back from distant mountain springs, would fail to appreciate my friend Swift's theory that it is God's gift and should be free. Every house is a saloon, and every other house is a gambling hell, and everybody is happy. Money is not plenty, but the whole population is wealthy in anticipation. Everybody has a mine, and every mine is worth a million. I have seen the busy, bustling town, drank its *mesa*, but have not seen its mines. Last October there was one tent here. The town is located upon a plain or *mesa*; no trees, no water, but level-land slightly. It promises to become a second Virginia City in the character and occupation of its people.

To-day I shall visit the mines, and if the one-hundredth part that I hear is ever realized, then Tombstone is the treasure-hox of the world. This is not a place where idlers without money, and who are too proud to steal, will find a pleasant residence. It is a place where working men and capitalists may come with safety, I think. But of all this I shall know more when I have seen more. The stage awaits my letter, and I close in haste.

We know that if every one would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping themselves well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to use them.—U. & A., Rochester, New York.

The "Grand Spring Opening" is often a flat failure, because the half that is promised is not forthcoming. In the present instance, however, it is gratifying to be able to chronicle a positive success in every respect. Last Tuesday and Wednesday Madame Skidmore opened her extensive stock of Spring Millinery at her beautiful store, No. 1114 Market Street, between Mason and Taylor. San Francisco is fortunate in its tradesmen and tradeswomen; for no other boon has it better reason to congratulate itself than upon the almost perfect establishment of Madame Skidmore.

I deem it a duty to state that Mr. —, of this county, had his right lung seriously affected with tubercular deposit, accompanied with night sweats, frequent hemorrhage, copious expectoration, and much emaciation. The use of Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites seems to have arrested the progress of the disease almost immediately; the hemorrhage has not returned, his appetite is excellent, and he is able to attend to his business as usual.

A. SMITH, M.D., Campbelltown, N. B.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery St.

Hackett & Dean, Dentists, No. 126 Kearny Street, Thurlow Block.

MORSE'S PALACE OF ART, 417 Montgomery St.



The week has been an agreeable, if unexciting, one at the theatres—Mr. Sothern drawing full houses at the Bush Street, in "Spoonbill" (*Hornet's Nest*), "Fitzaltamont," and "Dundreary"; and some very good acting being done at Baldwin's by the regular company in *Two Roses*. This slight but rather clever play is stated to have run five hundred nights at a London theatre—a thing not difficult to imagine, for it is well worth seeing, and London contains a good many people among whom a play has to go round.

At the Baldwin, Mr. Jennings, as "Digby Grant," and Mr. Bradley as "Mr. Farnival," a lawyer, were fairly successful. The first named character appears to have been suggested by that of "William Dorrit," the Father of the Marshalsea; the parallel is not carried out very closely on the stage. The plot of the story turns on the same pivot as that of *Pinafore*—"I mixed those babies up!" There is a blind lover in the play (Mr. O'Neill, and good), who had been mixed up in infancy with his illegitimate brother, and who comes in for the estates—a trifle of some ten thousand pounds a year. In the last scene there is a spiritless episode of presenting a service of plate, which had better be cut for an American audience. Bishop has a good part—"Our Mr. Jenkins"—in which he is infinitely amusing. It would be a treat to see Bishop in "Launce," and leave small cause for regret that we shall never witness Backstone's. San Francisco has already seen what Bishop can do with "Launcelot Gobbo;" he owes us now only a "Launce." Of Miss Jeffreys-Lewis's Rose, it is proper to remark that her arms are really fine.

Mr. Sothern has played through an interesting range of characters during his engagement, and has added to our permanent memories of the stage. For reasons suggested in this column last week, it is likely that *David Garrick* will last longest as an acted play, and *The Crushed Tragedian* may well maintain the second place. For the interest of its theme, also, is of an enduring sort. Like *Garrick*, it is a play about actors, who will probably never cease to appear a sort of magical and awesome folk to the general. On the surface of their natural lives there rests an opalescent yet opaque film. When this is stirred aside, exposing the human current flowing beneath, the general eye will hasten to explore its depths with a special and eager kind of curiosity and interest. The play of *The Crushed Tragedian* exhibits these recondit creatures in their familiar baunts, where they are seen to go through the forms of consuming their food, loving and being loved, bating and machinating, dealing with that grewsome enigma of these waters—a manager; and, in short, exposing under plain, white daylight the intimacies of a region familiar only under an unreal aspect in the spectral glare of footlights. The subject of the play is not likely to lose this part of its charm; and aside from this, the enormous fun of "Fitzaltamont" is attraction enough.

Mr. Sothern's "Dundreary" has filled so large a segment in the sphere of public vision during recent years that the real amount, as well as the excellence, of the other work that he has been doing, is commonly slighted and underprized. Sothern may not visit San Francisco again, and it will be something for many of us to bear in mind this evening, that we shall then be witnessing our last performance from one of the first comedians of our time.

The members of the Olympic Club give three of their delightful exhibitions at the Grand Opera House on Friday evening, Saturday matinee and evening next. This club has always made a perfect success of its annual exhibitions, and this—the twentieth—promises, from the programme, to excel all previous ones. Mrs. Tobin's company sing the *Chimes of Normandy* much better than some of the professional companies.

Maud Granger—the emotional Maud—is married. Her true name, as it appears on the marriage certificate, is Annie Brainerd. She is the daughter of a farmer living near Middletown, Conn., and prior to coming to New York was employed in a sewing-machine salesroom in Hartford. She is said to have been employed in a printing office before that. After a residence of a year or more in New York, she made her appearance in amateur theatricals, and afterward on the stage of the Union Square Theatre. Since then she has been in the regular companies at Daly's and at Wallack's, with McKee Rankin in *The Danites*, and in other organizations. Her debut on the regular stage was made seven years ago. Her age was given on the certificate as thirty-five years. The groom is her junior. He was formerly employed in Frank Leslie's publishing house, but is now in the employ of that establishment.

TO THE PEOPLE OF... SAN FRANCISCO.

TICKET

Of Fifteen Freeholders, Nominated by the Citizens' Protective Union, to be Voted for at the Special Election on Tuesday, March 30, 1880:

SAMUEL M. WILSON.....LAWYER.
COLONEL J. P. HOGÉ.....LAWYER.
MORRIS M. ESTEE.....LAWYER.
CHARLES KOHLER.....MERCHANT.
RALPH C. HARRISON.....LAWYER.
A. S. HALLIDIE....CAL. WIRE WORKS.
THOMAS B. BISHOP.....LAWYER.
T. I. BERGIN.....LAWYER.
A. COMTE, JR.....BANKER.
WASHINGTON BARTLETT...LAWYER.
JAMES M. McDONALD.....BANKER.
JAMES M. McNULTY.....PHYSICIAN.
ISAAC WORMSER.....MERCHANT.
M. P. JONES.....MERCHANT.
JAMES THOMAS BOYD.....LAWYER.

We, the undersigned, a Committee acting under authority of the Citizens' Protective Union, present for your suffrages at the election to be held on Tuesday next, the foregoing names of fifteen Freeholders, who are to constitute a BOARD to prepare a CHARTER for the City and County of San Francisco in the manner provided by the Constitution of the State. The selection of these names has been made in the fulfillment of a public duty, undertaken at the generally expressed desire of the best representative men of this metropolis, and the effort has been made to rise above the bias of political partisanship, and to act solely for the public good in the performance of this duty.

We present the names of men for this most important trust who are known to all the people: men who have long been identified with the growth, progress, and varied interests of the city; men who appreciate its great advantages, know its wants, and see its perils; men who have aided in making the best parts of its history, and who have the capacity, honesty, and courage to perform the duty which shall devolve upon them, if elected. We ask all voters who desire good government, the permanence and stability of free institutions, the enactment and enforcement of just laws, peace, order, and healthful prosperity; all who take pride in the good character of our city, and who have faith in its future, to come up to the support of the ticket which we here present.

We believe that all citizens who fail now to take their places at the polls and support these representatives of the conservative power, the moral strength and progressive energies of the city, fail in the most important duty of citizenship. Such neglect of duty gives aid to the bad, unscrupulous men who have brought the greatest mischiefs upon this people, and who have done their utmost to bring this city to a condition of anarchy, unrest, industrial stagnation, and financial ruin.

The overwhelming importance of this election justifies us in asking every business man to close his place of business on the day of election not later than twelve o'clock, and that the day be devoted to San Francisco and the public good. Let no good citizen falter or fail in his duty now.

SAMUEL COWLES,
R. T. CARROLL,
E. E. EYRE,
ISAAC E. DAVIS,
WILLIAM HOLLIS,
ISIDOR GUTTE,
WM. T. GARRATT,
HORACE L. HILL,
GEORGE W. GIBBS,
STEWART MENZIES,
REUBEN MORTON,
DAVID PORTER,
J. W. SHAEFFER,
JOHN ROSENFELD,
LEVI STRAUSS,
CHARLES E. McLANE,
W. F. WHITTIER,
JAMES R. KELLY,
WILLIAM DUNPHY,
JOSEPH SEDGLEY.

GRAND CONCERT BY THE LIEDERKRANZ

At Platt's Hall, April 10.

A. C. EIMER'S "SYMPHONIC Mass," under the direction of the composer. Select Soloists, Grand Chorus and Orchestra. Admission, \$1. Concert to commence at 8 P. M. sharp.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

This (Saturday) and Sunday nights, matinee at 2 P. M., for the last times,

MR. SOTHERN,

On which occasion will be revived the ever attractive comedy of

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN,

In which MR. SOTHERN will appear in his world-famous character of

LORD DUNDREARY.

Monday, March 29, first appearance in San Francisco of

PROF. E. C. TAYLOR,

The World's Greatest Illusionist, and DR. RUTH and MRS. RUTH, Champion Rifle Shots of the World.

In Preparation—THE ROYAL MIDDY.

THE BALDWIN THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
R. M. EBERLE.....STAGE MANAGER.

This (Saturday) Matinee, March 27, positively last performance of

THE TWO ROSES.

This (Saturday) evening, March 27, by particular request,

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING.

To-morrow (Sunday), March 28, for this night only,

THE GIRLS.

Monday, March 29, first time in California of the great New York success,

FRENCH FLATS.

OLYMPIC CLUB.

Twentieth Annual Exhibition!

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

TWO EVENINGS AND ONE AFTERNOON,

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CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EACH PERFORMANCE.

Tickets for the three performances, \$2.00. Single tickets at regular theatre rates.

Seats reserved at M. Gray's, 117 Post Street, six days in advance, and at the Opera House on the days of performance.

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FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, 922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin.

This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term on MONDAY, March 22, 1880. MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

SPECIAL ELECTION, Tuesday, March 30.

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EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.

HENRY B. HYDE, PRESIDENT.

Twentieth Annual Statement for the
Year ending Dec. 31, 1879.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS JAN. 1, 1879..	\$34,195,368 53
Less Depreciation in Government Bonds, and Appropriation to meet any depreciation in other assets.....	296,545 79
	\$33,898,822 74
INCOME	8,347,080 85
	\$42,245,903 59

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Policy-holders for Claims by Death, Dividends, Surrender Values, Discounted and Matured Endowments and Annuities..	4,988,871 09
Other Disbursements as per extended statement.....	1,276,034 88
NET CASH ASSETS DEC. 31, 1879.....	\$35,980,997 62

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages.....	\$10,475,062 90
Real Estate.....	8,204,796 02
United States Stocks.....	5,488,978 89
State, City, and other Stocks authorized by the Laws of the State.....	6,696,039 53
Loans secured by United States and other Stocks.....	3,673,700 00
Cash and other Ledger Assets as per extended statement	1,442,420 58
Market value of Stocks over Cost.....	\$35,980,997 62
Accrued Interest, Rents and Premiums, as per extended statement.....	1,037,837 96

Total Assets Dec. 31, 1879.....\$37,366,841 75

TOTAL LIABILITIES, including legal reserve for reinsurance of all existing policies.....\$29,851,434.00

Total Undivided Surplus.....\$7,515,407 75

Risks assumed in 1879.....\$26,502,541 00

N. B.—For the details of the above statement, see the Society's "Circular to Policy-Holders," and other publications for 1880.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

SAMUEL BORROWER, Secretary.

E. W. SCOTT, Superintendent of Agencies.

WM. D. GARLAND, Manager, No. 240 Montgomery Street.

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DIONYSOS AND ARIADNE.

Come, Ariadne, a suitor awaits thee,
Jove-born Bacchus, a suitor divine;
Weep no more tears for the false-hearted Theseus,
Welcome the ivy-crowned Lord of the Wine,
Come, Ariadne!

Fair Ariadne, the pine-groves of Nareos
Echo the songs of a jubilant train,
Singing the praises of brave Dionysos,
Author of joy and dispeller of pain.
Come, Ariadne!

Satyr and Bacchant, in wild dithyrambic,
Greet thee as bride of the God of the Vine—
Lover most dutilful, Bacchus the beautiful,
Fair Ariadne, would gladly be thine.
Come, Ariadne!

Bind up thy golden locks, fair Ariadne,
Chaplets of roses are weaving for thee.
Queen Aphrodite regards thee benignly—
Look no more sadly on shore and on sea.
Come, Ariadne!

See, Ariadne, the waving of thyrses;
Hark to the bacchanal shout, and the beat
Of cymbals and drums, as exulting he marches,
Spoils oriental to lay at thy feet—
Come, Ariadne!

Fair Ariadne, the fates have decreed it—
Star-gemmed in heaven thy chaplet shall shine,
To mark to the wondering ages and nations
The love of the rosy god, Bacchus divine.
Come, Ariadne!

March, 1880.

OMNIBUS GATHERUM.

AN AMUSING SCENE IN A WOODMAN'S CABIN.

In the discharge of their judicial duties the early judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York were compelled to travel, often on horseback, to the most distant counties. Their route often lay through forests, opened by no thoroughfares except what were known as "bridle-paths."

Among these early judges was the illustrious James Kent, afterward Chancellor of the State, and author of those incomparable law lectures and commentaries, "distinguished alike for classic elegance and deep erudition," which unite his name with those of Montesquieu, Blackstone, Coke, and other great legal commentators. He was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court in February, 1798, Chief Justice in 1804, and Chancellor in October, 1814. Before his elevation to the bench, he attained a peerless position at the bar, while he was equally distinguished in literature.

Few, if any, of the early judges made more frequent journeys, in the discharge of their duties, to that far-off region, as western New York was regarded in those days, than Chancellor Kent.

He decided to spend his first vacation, or part of it, with John C. Spencer, afterward so illustrious in the history of the State and nation.

Accordingly, early in July, 1815, accompanied by his wife, he left his home, in the city of New York, in a private carriage, on a tour to the country of the Genesee, as western New York was then called. Though the distance which he was to travel was less than three hundred miles, yet the journey was regarded as far more dangerous and protracted than a journey now to the Rocky Mountains.

On the fifth day of their journey the travelers arrived at that wonder of the age, Cayuga Bridge, erected by the Manhattan Company in 1800. From this bridge the scenery was surpassingly beautiful, excelling, wild as it was, the landscape of the soft Campanian realms. Surrounded by unbroken forests, green with the prodigal richness of June, the Cayuga,

"In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay;
While, mild and soft, the summer breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees."

Crossing the bridge, the travelers continued their journey, hoping to reach Canandaigua before night. But, unfortunately, the chancellor mistook the road—lost his way, and night overtook him while yet many miles from the place of his destination. He was naturally adventurous, and the dark woods around gave him no fears.

Not so with Mrs. Kent. Her life had been spent in the city of New York, and until her present journey she had never beheld an extensive forest. Thus far, the woodlands through which she had passed had inspired her with admiration; but she had seen the grand old trees only in the cheerful sunlight, with their branches "moving by the breeze of summer, and vocal with the song of birds." But now night was settling down with indescribable gloom. Wild beasts were in motion; strange chattering and unearthly hoots and screams made a hideous accompaniment to the howl of the wolf.

The chancellor urged his weary horse onward with the hope of gaining some place of safety for the night, while his wife clung in terror to his arm. But the darkness soon became so deep that it was impossible to proceed, and the travelers believed themselves doomed to spend the night in the forest, exposed to all its horrors and dangers. But just as Kent brought his horse to a halt a light suddenly gleamed out of the interstices between the trees, apparently but a short distance beyond them. Pushing onward once more, they soon found themselves in front of a comfortable log house, standing near the roadside.

A woman, apparently thirty years of age, attracted by the rattle of the carriage, came to the door with a lighted candle in her hand.

"My good woman, myself and my wife, the lady with me in the carriage, are on our way to Canandaigua, but we have lost our way; night is upon us; we can go no further. Can you give us shelter for the night, some supper, and something for our horse to eat?" said Kent.

"We are poor folks, and I'm alone. My man is chopping over in the Billings settlement," said the woman, approaching close to the carriage and narrowly scanning its occupants. "But you look like respectable, good people," she continued, "and I guess you can stay here. I can give you something to eat, if it ain't quite so good, and I'll fodder your horse, too. You and your woman had better get out and go into the house, while I lead the horse to the stable."

Mrs. Kent found a seat in the cottage, and the chancellor assisted the woman in unharnessing the horse. The hostess prepared a frugal but acceptable supper for her guests. When the meal was finished, she said:

"I s'pose you are tired and want to go right to bed, and you can. That's our bed in the corner there, but you can sleep in it to-night. I and my man can sleep up stairs. He may not come in some time. I'll just set his supper on the table; when he comes in he'll eat it. But he won't disturb you one bit; and then he'll come right up to bed. So, I'll bid you good-night. I'll try and keep watch when my man comes, so he'll understand things."

So saying, she placed her man's evening repast on the table, then ascended a ladder leading to a sort of scuttle-hole, through which she crawled to the attic.

The chancellor and his wife retired to rest. "Tired nature" was hurrying them on to the land of dreams, when, of a sudden, Kent started up, saying:

"Bessie, that outside door is not fastened. Presently the man of the house will return, and, seeing me here in bed with you, he will of course think that you are his wife, and he may not fancy that I have any legal right to be here—that my business is not just the thing; and, being a wood-chopper, he will have his axe with him, and his wife will be asleep; and, before I can explain matters, the chancellor of this State will be pretty thoroughly chopped up. Not a pleasant thing to think of, is it, Bessie?"

"It is a bad matter. After he has finished chopping you, I fear he will turn his attention to me. What can be done? Perhaps his wife will watch for him. You know she said she would."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Bessie: I'll push that heavy table against the door. When the man comes, it will take him some time to remove it, and while he is doing so I can explain matters to him," said the chancellor.

Accordingly, he got out of bed, took hold of the table, and had just pushed it against the door, when he heard heavy footsteps approaching. The next instant the door was pushed open, the table nearly overturned, and a man of gigantic size, in his shirt-sleeves, wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, entered the room. The first object that met his sight was Kent *en déshabillé*. Glancing at the bed he saw, as he supposed, his wife there, and the situation became painfully apparent to him.

"Who the devil are you, and what are you doing in my house this time of night in your shirt-tail? Damn you, I've caught you, whoever you are; and I'll—"

"It is all right, my good sir—all right. Let me ex—"

"All right, is it, hey? You be damn. All right? Yes, I see—don't expect me home. Thought you'd fasten me out, so I couldn't get in when I did come—was going to have things all your way, hey? But I happened around in the nick of time, and I'll let you know a thing or two," thundered the fellow, in a voice that resembled a fog-horn.

"Pray be cool a moment—let me explain. Myself and my wife there—"

"Your wife! Your wife! Your—good God! what a hold cuss you are! Just ready to go to bed with my wife—but I know who you are, now," said the man, giving the chancellor a sharp look. "You are Sam Flickner, that used to court my wife, and I've heard about your hanging around here since we got married. Now, Flickner, I'll end all that kind of business, you cuss, you!" and he gave the axe in his hand an ominous shake.

"Hold on, for heaven's sake, and hear what I have got to say. My name is not Flickner. It is James Kent. I am the Chancellor of the State of New York. That is my wife in bed there. Your wife is up-stairs in bed all right. There is your supper on the table; eat it, for gracious sake!" said Kent, in a hurried, excited manner.

"Chancellor of the State of New York, hey? Sam Flickner, Chancellor of the State of New York! Well, there, chancellor! You used to chancel round my wife when she was a girl, and you mean to keep it up, do you? Started in well to-night; hut, hy G—d, I'll end it, or else you will end me," said the man, dropping his axe and advancing toward Kent, with a fist that looked like a sledge-hammer.

At this critical moment the man's wife put her head down the hatchway, exclaiming:

"Hold on, Jim! Don't make a fool of yourself! I'm up here all straight and right. What are you cackling about Sam Flickner for, you dunce? The man is all right, and that's his wife in bed there—I guess. They have lost their way, at any rate, and I've given 'em our bed. Eat your supper and come up to bed here, and let 'em go to sleep. If I hadn't been asleep myself all this fuss wouldn't happened."

This address brought the fellow to his senses. "Well, all right; sorry I've been so fast. Ought to know wife ain't that kind of woman. But, good gracious, heavens and earth! what could a fellow think to see a man in his house after ten o'clock at night, in his shirt, and nothing else; and his wife, as he thought, in bed, and knowing all the time that Sam Flickner was a cuss?" And there he burst into a horse-laugh that resembled the roar of a hison.

The chancellor went to bed. The man ate his supper, and retired quietly to his bed up-stairs, and soon all the inmates of the house were wrapped in slumber. The next morning the hostess prepared a comfortable breakfast for her guests which was eaten with a relish. The appearance of the chancellor, though unassuming, was impressive under all circumstances. The man, in a deferential manner, apologized to him for his rudeness the night before. "Only think," he said, "I took you for Sam Flickner. Well, things did look a little rusty at first, but it's all right now." After receiving careful directions as to their route, they took leave of their host and hostess—not, however, before Mrs. Kent gave the latter substantial evidence of her gratitude for the kind treatment she had received at her hands.

L. B. PROCTOR.

He who does not rise when it is time to rise—who, though young and strong, is full of sloth, whose will and thought are weak—that lazy and idle man will never find the way to knowledge.—*Buddha*.

What is an island? A body surrounded by water. Give an example. A hoy in swimming.

"Here's rheumatism, that's for remembrance."

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

The first time that your wife tells you not to go out, but to stay at home and spend the evening with her, you are vexed. The second time, it is all you can do to restrain yourself from killing her.

The third time, you stay at home!

An expiring railroad superintendent asks the doctor, who is alone with him, how much longer he has to live.

"Two hours," replies the man of science.

A few minutes later the family of the sufferer are introduced into the apartment.

"Courage!" says the dying man, firmly; "courage! Do not weep for me. The doctor says I am due at the gates of gold at 5:35, sharp!"

A husband takes his wife to a gallery to be photographed. As the sacramental formula against laughing is about to be pronounced, the husband comes to his aid.

"Now, Mary," he says, "be grave. Don't laugh, or else you'll spoil the picture. Think of something serious. Think of how you was sent to the penitentiary for hog-larceny—think of what would have become of you if I hadn't taken pity on you and married you! Now, then!"

Model puff from a Belgian newspaper:

"*Nana*, the filthy story, worthy of this age, which indicates the decadence of good taste and the excesses of literary uncleanness in which some authors wallow, after having nauseated the readers of *Le Voltaire* for months, has been published in book form. As booksellers are compelled to cater to all tastes, M. D. has ordered a large package of *Nana*, and people whose fancy is for such inartistic indecencies can obtain copies at his store, 17 Rue S—."

They were rehearsing a play in which the leading rôle was confided to an actor who was inordinately fat. There was in it one sensational scene in which the actor, tempted to the commission of a crime, implored heaven that he might not yield to the temptation. Alas! at the rehearsing it became evident that the actor was too fat either to kneel or to clasp his hands.

"We'll have to cut it," said the disappointed manager.

"Oh, no," says the actor, cheerfully; "I'll attempt to kneel, and then cry, with a despairing gesture, 'Lost! lost! My sin-seared knees refuse their office; I can no longer pray!'"

In daily carrying milk from her mother's to the chateau, the feet of la petite Jeanne had worn a threadlike path. One morning the lady of the chateau noticed the path in the grass for the first time.

"It is straight and narrow, like the way to paradise," she said, piously.

"Ah, non, mon petit chou," said her husband, "the Milky Way!"

It was in the time of Louis Philippe that the minister of war sent an order to the general commanding at Constantine, placing him under arrest and confining him to his quarters for fifteen days. By way of compensation, however, the same post brought the officer a dispatch from the Citizen-King, announcing that the war department was at his disposal, a change of ministry having been decided on.

The officer, without paying any attention to the order, as may naturally be imagined, took the road for Paris, and found on his arrival that the irony of fate had brought about the ex-minister's appointment to the command at Constantine. He promptly called for a telegraph blank, and when, a few hours later, his predecessor and successor arrived at Constantine he found the following dispatch awaiting him: "You will have found on your desk, on arriving, an order for the commander at Constantine to consider himself under arrest for fifteen days. Have you obeyed it?"

Two American ladies, just arrived in Paris, had been visiting millinery establishments all the forenoon. They could speak but one phrase of French, learned that same day, and indelibly fixed in their minds by frequent repetitions: *Un chapeau noir avec une plume longue*.

When finally the last hat was bought, one of the ladies said:

"Now, I must buy an undershirt."

They entered the Magasin du Louvre, and one of them repeated automatically to the dapper salesman:

"If you please, I want *un chemise noir avec une plume longue*."

During the Franco-Prussian war an enthusiastic native of Bordeaux, keeping up his courage in the midst of disaster and defeat, declared perpetually:

"If the South rises in her might and majesty, the German army will melt away like summer snow."

"Yes," said a more cold-blooded Northerner, "hut will the South rise in her might and majesty?"

"To be frank with you, I do not think she will."

At the table d'hôte a commercial traveler takes the dish of radishes and empties its contents into his plate.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," says one of his neighbors, "hut I am fond of radishes, too."

"Oh, not half so fond of them as I am," replies the other, with conviction and his mouth full.

An honest farmer's idea of communism:

"After all," says the friend who is explaining the subject to him, "if all the money owned in France were to be put together and equally divided, you share would be only five hundred and five francs thirty-five centimes."

"Well," says the honest farmer, "that with what I already have wouldn't be so had!"

It is a wise dead man who could tell his own will were he to return to earth.

Society is the hardest haked on its upper-crust.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, CITY
and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10. In the matter of the petition of JAMES M. SHORES, an insolvent debtor. Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge of said Superior Court, notice is hereby given to all creditors of the said insolvent JAMES M. SHORES to be and appear before the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge as aforesaid, in open court, at the court-room of said court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on TUESDAY, the 27th day of April, A. D. 1880, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, whether perfectly or imperfectly described, or not described at all in the schedule filed herein, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 22d day of March, A. D. 1880.

[SEAL] WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.

By JOHN H. HART, Deputy Clerk.

WM. H. H. HART, Att'y for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO
hereby certify and declare that we have formed a partnership, under the firm name and style of the OAKLAND BAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY; that said partnership has for its object the manufacture and sale of all kinds and descriptions of jute fabrics; that its principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, having its works and factory in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership and their places of residence are as follows, that is to say: WILLIAM SCHOLLE, residing at Number Twelve Hundred and Twenty-four Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; ISRAEL CAHN, residing at Number Eleven Hundred and Twenty Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, residing in the Town of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California. Dated March 16, 1880.

WILLIAM SCHOLLE,
ISRAEL CAHN,
J. BRANDENSTEIN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ss.
On this Eighteenth (18th) day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public in and for said city and county, personally appeared William Scholle, Israel Cahn, and Joseph Brandenstein, known to me to be the persons respectively named and described in, and whose names are subscribed to, the within and foregoing certificate of partnership, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same respectively.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[NOTARIAL SEAL] JAMES MASON, Notary Public.

Endorsed—Filed March 18, 1880.

WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.

By J. WHALEN, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE
of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at No. 327 Pine Street, in the city of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

HENRY A. NEWTON,
Adm'r of the Estate of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, Deceased.
Died at San Francisco, March 10, 1880.

SAFFOLD & MEUX, Attorneys.

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MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE
Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms \$25 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, room 61, Nevada Block, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, March 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 23) of Thirty Cents per share was declared, payable on SATURDAY, March 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 2nd inst.

P. JACOBUS, Ass't Secretary.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth (8th) day of March, 1880, an assessment (No. 62) of Two (\$2) Dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 3, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

A SYMPOSIUM OF TRAMPS.

By One of Them.

The Los Angeles River, flowing by the town of Los Angeles, is a shallow stream, except during freshets, and is some thirty or forty yards in width. On the western, or town side, for some distance up and down, it is skirted by willow copses, dense or sparse, as they have been left to grow, or have been thinned out for purposes of fuel. On the immediate margin of the stream the soil is sandy; a little further inland it is dark and spongy, owing to imperfect drainage over acres where King Ague holds undisputed sway; while the residue lying between the river and the town is covered with vineyards and orchards.

The willows afford a noble vantage ground for the vagrant. They constitute a sort of neutral space between civilization and utter vagrancy; a sort of "Tom Tiddler's ground," sacred from the fell swoop of the municipal authorities; a veritable "Fiddler's Green," exempt from the knowledge or approach of the virtuous and pious, who go to church here and to heaven hereafter, and yet not so glaringly vicious as necessarily to condemn its occupants to the hell of the prison or penitentiary. Very frequently those emigrants who still come across the continent, "all the way from Pike," in a wagon drawn by two horses, with a led horse tethered to the back-board, camp here for a day or two to recuperate, prospect, lay out their scanty silver on household stores, and think over things in general before starting south on their never-ending tour; for the chances are that in a couple of months the self-same wagon, with its semi-circular canvas cover, with a woman in calico dress and sun-bonnet sitting bolt upright beside the driver—he of the unkempt, bushy, brown beard—and a handful of little male and female shock-heads, mixed up indiscriminately with the flour and bacon, the coffee-pot and the frying-pan, will camp on the self-same spot, on the "home stretch," and never "let up" moving till they reach Oregon or Washington Territory, or at least until their funds give out. There, too, you may see little gypsy tents—a few yards of canvas stretched over a pole, its ends lying horizontally in the complementary angles of other pairs of poles stuck in the ground so as to form the sides of an isosceles triangle four or five feet high. Indeed, at every little clearing in the willows you may see signs and evidences of the place having been once used as a camp—white ashes of dead fires, scraps of brown paper, bits of meat, of bread, of crackles, old oyster-cans, bits of half-burnt sticks, etc., etc.

But it is to that dense copse to our right that I wish the reader to bend his steps; and as I will lend him the cloak of Fortunatus, so that he may do so safely, and without compunction, seeing all, himself invisible, we shall together inspect the situation. It looks as if we shall have a hard time getting through these closely-planted, serried ranks of saplings, but as I have been here before, just follow, and I will show you how easy it is; for, as the old song says,

"It's easy, if you only know the way."

Push yourself through this little gap, now three steps to the right, and, presto! you see you are now on a nice, well-worn foot-path, by which you pass easily through the copse, and after ten or twelve yards of somewhat irregular travel, we come on a little clearing. This clearing, as you observe, is an irregular circle of some ten or twelve feet in diameter, surrounded by the dense copse, as by a wall twelve or fourteen feet high.

In the centre of this clearing, set upon the sandy soil, are two rows of large stones, set parallel at the distance of about a foot apart, and about six inches high, a receptacle for the fire, composed of dried willows and sticks picked off the river bank—for we are within a few yards of the river—and the stones came from there, too. You also see those three old iron bars stretching transversely, like a gridiron, over the stones, two of which support an old, soot-begrimed coffee-pot, which is being persuaded to the boiling point by the fire below. Two old cups, without handles, and innumerable old oyster-cans represent the dishes of this peculiar camp; for it is easy to see that it *is* a camp—not only by that short, squat, bare-armed, tan-breasted, open-shirted individual, with the black "dhudeen" stuck in the corner of his mouth, who is ever and anon poking a fresh stick into the fire, and keeping the blaze economically beneath the bottom of the pot, but by those three or four old and very dirty looking blankets, which repose in three several heaps at different points in the periphery of the enclosure. At length the water boils; the individual referred to puts a very dirty hand into a brown paper bag lying promiscuously among other bags upon the ground, and extracts an oyster-canful of some dark-looking powder, supposed to be coffee, which he then puts into one of the handleless cups, so as to half-fill it. Boiling water is poured from the coffee-pot into the cup, the contents of which are then returned to the pot, which process is repeated several times with the practiced motion of a ginslinger, until the critical eye of the cook surveys the mixture with satisfaction, and the expression of his countenance betokens that he considers the decoction perfect. This done, he leisurely stretches himself on the ground by the fire, knocks the ashes from his pipe, refills it, looks westward at the sun, whose position he can just catch as it glimmers through the close-set willows, lights the "dhudeen," which, like the general race of "dhudeens," is short, stumpy, black

with absorbed nicotine where it is not coated with dirt, and seems to await events. Presently, the coffee-pot, which had been replaced upon the bars, begins to bubble over at the lid and mouth. He reaches over to an old five-gallon oil-can, with its top cut off, and an old piece of rope slung across the mouth, and taking from this improvised water-bucket a cupful of water, pours it into the boiling coffee, to settle it. These arduous duties performed, he lies back and smokes.

It is about sun-down in September—approaching the equinox. The evening is serene and still; the temperature just warm enough to render a coat unnecessary; not a sound is heard, save the distant swearing of a teamster on the down-grade across the river, the occasional rumble of a wagon or buggy on the bridge which spans the stream a couple of hundred yards above, or the mellow, high-keyed, far-off shouts of boys at play up toward the city. Presently a noise is heard as of crackling and parting of willow saplings, and two other individuals appear upon the scene by the inlet afore-mentioned.

"Halloo! ye ould skite," shouts the foremost, who packs a demijohn in his hand, "have ye been afther makin' the coffee? Get up an' take some wine;" and suiting the action to the word, he stoops down and reaches for an oyster-can, uncorks his demijohn, fills it up with a yellow liquid, and presents it to the chunky fellow in the open-breasted shirt, who takes it and drains it at a draught, wiping the drops from his rough, gray beard with the back of his hand—for our friend is sixty, if he is a day.

"It's very little pressing that old Vino Blanco needs. Take another to warm ye up, old chap. Astonish your stomach with two: the first's lonesome," and the second speaker pours him out another "calker," which is accepted, and disappears as readily as the first.

"Sure an' Boston Bum's the boy that always makes a raise of the wine," responds the hoary-headed old ruffian addressed as Vino Blanco; "an' what have ye bin afther, b'ys?"

The person addressed as Boston Bum does not reply categorically; but produces from the pocket of his pantaloons—he wears nothing but trowsers of a dubious grayish color, and woollen shirt likewise of dubious gray—a couple of plugs of tobacco, one of which he throws on the ground—*pro bono publico*—and from the other of which he bites off a good-sized chew. Boston Bum is a short, heavy, fat-faced, stolid, animal-looking specimen of the *genus homo*, with hairless countenance, an old gray cap on top of his round head, and looking every inch the "bum." His companion is taller, thinner, has a sharper face, wears clothes more in accordance with style, has a coat on—which neither of the other two possesses—and his two-weeks' growth of tawny beard and whiskers, if they add to the general villainy of his appearance, also indicate that he has sometimes the "style" to shave it, so haply he possesses the wherewithal. He walks with a jaunty air, and apparently has some dim, shadowy pretensions to being considered a gentleman.

"Smartie couldn't make a trick, with all his chinnin'," puts in Boston Bum, contemptuously; "thim high-falutin' ways o' his'n don't pan out worth a cent."

"Now, you needn't talk, you ould bum. All you can do is raise the baccy and the wine. I never saw you with a dollar to your name yet," retorts the individual addressed as Smartie. "What grub's left in camp, old man?"

"I've got the rest o' the steak ye left thish mornin', an' three ould shiale loaves of bread I bummed off o' the baker's thish noon when I was out," responded Vino Blanco.

"All right, old man; slap 'em on, an' let's have some. I haven't eaten a d—d bite since morning, and I'm devilish hungry," saith Smartie.

The old man, thus adjured, fumbles among the packages which are lying spread out topsy-turvy upon an old gunny-sack, apparently answering the purpose of a table-cloth, and takes therefrom a brown-paper parcel containing three or four tolerably good-looking beefsteaks, from which he picks the pieces of brown paper which stick to their surfaces, while a dozen buzzing blue-flies endeavor to extricate themselves from their lurking places where they have lain all day gorging themselves between the folds of the meat. Some escape, and others are remorselessly crushed by the grimy paws of the chief cook.

"What are ye doin', ye ould baste, killin' thim flysh ag'inst the mate?" chimes in Boston Bum; "have ye no manners in ye, to cook mate that-a-way fur gintlemen?"

"Thim flysh is the divil," reasons Vino Blanco, apologetically; "ould Crice himsilf couldn't do nothin' wid thim."

Smartie strikes a theatrical attitude, puts his right hand into the breast of his buttoned-up, seedy coat, stretches his left arm, and delivers himself:

"The fly that blows and flies away
May live to blow another day;
But he by Vino Blanco slain
Will never live to blow again."

"Dry up, ye thievlin' ramrod!" shouts Boston Bum, indignant at this meaningless and unintelligible display of poetry, "d'ye think this is a circus?"

"Faith, ye're right there, Boston," chips in Vino Blanco; "he thinks because he wunst shoveled sand in the circus that he's a play-actor."

"You shut up, old man, and get these steaks ready," retorts Smartie, who has an eye to business as well as aesthetics.

Vino Blanco having cleaned the surface of the steaks to his own satisfaction, puts them on the iron bars, shoves more

wood into the fire, while the meat sizzles and sputters, sending up that appetizing odor which always characterizes meat broiled in the open air. Parenthetically I would ask, is there anything more appetizing than an old-fashioned Mexican *barbecue*? Your Mexican daintily cuts off tid-bits of beef, two or three inches in diameter and about half an inch in thickness, and hanging them tenderly; one by one, in a string upon a green wand previously sharpened to a point, holds them over a fire until cooked to suit his taste, which is merely the matter of a minute or two, while the contiguity of the pieces themselves and the greenness of the stick prevents the latter from being affected by the flame till the former are broiled. The improvised gridiron of our tramps, however, answered the purpose just as well, and presently they were engaged in silently munching their steaks, using the mediæval forks provided by nature to convey them to their mouths, dipping the meat in a common salt-cellar, composed of a paper of salt set upon a gunny-sack, this table being garnished with the three loaves of stale bread aforesaid, "bummed" by Vino Blanco during the day from various bakers in the town on the plea of starvation, in which business old Vino Blanco was an experienced hand. A ready wit, combined with a certain degree of tact, low cunning, and knowledge of human nature, rendered his applications signally successful in acquiring those stale loaves on which bakers lose but little, and gain the sense of having done a meritorious action in bestowing them. The repast is being washed down by draughts of coffee sweetened with sugar obtained by pinches from an oyster-can, much as "ye bonest miner" might have taken his pinch of dust from his wallet in '49 to pay for his drink, or by draughts of wine from the demijohn. And now another actor appears upon the scene.

A pair of blue overalls, tucked into boots, surmounted by a striped woollen shirt, this latter by a face tolerably frank and good-natured, the usual old felt hat, which, though now his (save the mark!) looks as if it might have previously been "slave to thousands," comes forward through the opening in the willows and confronts the crowd.

"Hello! Cayuse," sings out Smartie, "what luck? Sit down and have some supper."

"Ye'll find some shtek in that paper," say Vino Blanco; "put it on for yerself."

The party addressed as Cayuse looks round, spies the demijohn, and makes for it, pours himself out a can of wine, empties it, and proceeds to appropriate another.

"Go shlow on that wine," cries out Boston Bum authoritatively and warningly; "there's only a gallon in that jug. I shpent my lasht four bits on it down to Palincony's, an' when that's done there'sh no more."

"All right, Boston," responds Cayuse, "I guess I can get some to-morrow."

"To-morrow be d—d!" imperatively answers Boston Bum; "put it back when I tell yez."

Cayuse puts down the jug, not forgetting, however, to drain the second can he had poured out for himself.

"I've had supper," says he, "down to the Italian's."

"How did you manage that, Cayuse?" chimes in Smartie.

"He's been stood off so often that you can't give him taffy any more. You can't play that off onto me."

"Bob's in town; just come in from the ranch. I met him on Main Street, and he asked me to take supper with him," responds Cayuse.

"The h—I you say!" returns Smartie. "Is he heeled?"

"I saw him change a twenty," answers Cayuse. "I guess he's got more than that; but he always socks it behind the bar."

"Why didn't you strike him for a piece?" returns Smartie.

"I would, but just then another fellow came in, and before I could say a word they went off together," answers Cayuse; "but he's coming down here this evening. I told him the boys were here, and you bet if he comes he'll set 'em up."

"Bully for you, Cayuse; take some more wine," chips in Boston Bum, who, as purveyor of the fluid, considers himself in the light of *arbiter bibendi*. "Hustle around, old man, and you, too, Smartie, get out and get some wood; we ain't got near enough."

The mandate was obeyed; for Boston Bum, despite his obtuseness of intellect and general abasement in the scale of humanity, was yet possessed of sufficient physical strength and plain sense to make his *dictum* law when it came to matters of business. In addition to this, he was respected as being no mean purveyor: no matter how he came by it, he usually kept the camp "fixed" in the matter of baccy and wine—no mean items in the struggle for existence.

Ten minutes later Vino Blanco and Smartie return, each with big armfuls of the best and driest sticks they could pick out from the drift-wood on the river banks; a matter of no small difficulty, considering that the stores of this material had been repeatedly ransacked to supply hundreds of camp-fires since they were replenished from the Tejuanga and other canons of the Sierra Madre by the spring freshets. While all hands are smoking, and either thinking, or doing what in camp life takes the place of thinking, the rustling of the willows indicates the advent of a new arrival. Dusk has already deepened into darkness—it is now about eight o'clock—and the ruddy blaze of the camp-fire is reflected by a figure who offers a certain contrast to the lumberers by the fire. He wears, it is true, overalls tucked flannel shirt, no waistcoat, a common coat, and a felt hat, but his appearance is neater, his coat

person cleaner, and his bearing sprightlier than the crowd already assembled.

"Hello! Bob," shout the whole gang in chorus, rising to their feet and shaking hands with the new-comer in ultra-demonstrative fashion, as if he was the dearest and most admirable friend on earth, "where ye been all summer? Come round to the fire and warm yourself; sit down here." Each vying with the other in attention to give Bob the snugest and cosiest place, for has not the report gone forth from Cayuse that Bob is just off the ranch, and has got the scads? And is not the man of means as welcome, or more so, to the impecunious tramp as to his wealthier brother? Verily he is; for do not visions arise of square meals, and striking for half dollars, and setting up of drinks, and buying of innumerable jugs of wine? Even so. Praise to Allah! Selab! Ready hands invert the demijohn; oyster-cans of the beverage contained therein are deferentially tendered to this man of means; and under the genial influence of the wine, and hopes of future benefits, tongues are unloosed.

"I haven't seen ye, Bob, sint ye was up on the San Joaquin. How's times, anyway?" inquires Smartie.

"Can't ye let the man drink his wine, an' not keep gassin' an' hotherin' the life out o' him?" cbiips in Boston Bum.

"Take some more wine, Bob; there's plenty more where that come from. Old Palincony's not did yit."

"All right, boys," says Bob; "you can't scare me with wine; but there's very little left in the jug. Suppose we empty what's there into the cans, and send old Vino Blanco for another gallon; and while he's gone we'll talk over things in general. Here, old man," says Bob, chucking him a couple of half-dollars, "get us a gallon of the best, mind you, the seventy-five cent stuff, and keep the balance for luck."

"Sure an' the ould man'll niver come back if ye give him that," remonstrates Boston Bum.

"Mind yer own business, ye low-lived loafer," indignantly responds Vino Blanco, "it's Bob that knows me hettern' that." And the old gray-beard disappears, jug in hand, through the thicket.

"Ab! Bob," says Boston Bum, after a pause, and as if the fact struck him for the first time, "it's a fine thing to bave money."

"What would you do, Boston, if you bad it?" asks Bob.

"Do?" chimes in Smartie; "why, he'd be drunk till he died. He wouldn't last out the year."

"Just what you'd do, Smartie," retorted Boston; "but you'd spend as much on gambling an' dance-houses as ye would on drink, an' ye'd beat me there. D'ye think them big-bugs in Frisco, Bob—thim as makes piles o' money off railroads and shtocks and sich like—d'ye think they has a good time?"

"Time?" puts in Smartie contemptuously; "why, don't you know that these are the hardest kind o' workers? They toil an' slave from mornin' to night in an office, afraid that somebody'll cheat them, and can't get asleep of night's thinkin' about it. Psbaw! I wouldn't have their money at the price they pay for it."

"Very true," says Bob; "there's a good deal in what you say, Smartie. You and Boston may not be the best of men, but you bave one advantage over these fellows—your faults are in the line of nature; theirs, if all they look to is the acquisition of money, for purposes of ambition or power, and not for the legitimate objects of the pleasure they can get or give by it, are against the line of nature. 'This avarice hath a deeper root than summer-seeming lust: it hath been the grave of our slain kings,' said the man who wasted no words in expressing truths."

"There's one thing sure, b'ys," put in old Vino Blanco, who came in with the demijohn, and who had gathered the gist of the argument, "thim min can't ate more'n three square meals a day, they can't get good an' dhrunk more'n wunst a day, they can't shlap on more'n one bed at a time, an' whin they die they can't okkepy more'n one coff'n; an' be Jases I can do all o' thim things mysilf widout no money at all. Now, b'ys, here's yer wine; dbrink harty, an' be glad ye's have got it."

"Work," enunciated Smartie, reflectively, "work I consider the meanest and most degrading thing in nature," and he emphasized his remark by a smack of the lips as he drained his wine. "Work was the curse of our first parents; work was invented by the rich to grind down the poor; work came in with the empire. Adam an' Eve could 'a' lived on fruit and sich truck forever without doin' a lick o' work, jist like them Injuns in the Panama States that live on bananas an' lie on their backs an' look at the bananas gettin' ripe."

"Don't you believe it, Smartie," says Bob. "That yarn's in the allegory line. It means that the primitive men lived, as you say, on bananas, and did no work; but after a while they got hankering to see something—their minds began to get restless, jist as your's'll do when the grape season's over here—and they emigrated from the hot climates where fruit was plenty and they badn't got to work for their grub, to the temperate zone where they had to work if they wanted to live, for there was d—d little fruit there but apples; and how would you like to have to eat apples for breakfast, dinner, and supper every day—apples, apples, apples, nothing but apples or go hungry? Grapes may do, but apples—faugh! And look what a bard, sour drink they make out of them! What do ye think, Vino Blanco, would you rather take in—Oregon or California?"

"Californy every pop, in mine," answered Vino Blanco, positively.

"An' what d'ye think about Cain an' Abel, Bob?" inquired Boston Bum, feelingly; "d'ye think Cain really got away wid the b'y?"

"Devil a bit, Boston; it's worse than that. Cain's killing Abel right here in California every day. Cain's the farmer, and Abel's the stock-raiser. Isn't the farmer getting away with the stock man more an' more every day? You mustn't believe all you read in books as it's put down. But fitting truths to persons is the only way they could make you old vags understand anything anyway. Hand that jug here, Boston."

"What a larnin' Bob's got," whispered Boston to Vino Blanco, reverentially. "I niver could make out why he shtops in the country when he might be clerk in a shtore or a bar-keep. Bob, was you iver a bar-keep?"—this in a whisper.

"Once, in a sort of a way," said Bob, "for about a month."

Tell's about it, Bob," respectfully urged Boston, for in

Boston's eyes the divinity that hedges a bar-keep was something tangible and most worthy of respect.

"All right," says Bob; "but, as the wine's getting low, we'd better get another jug. I'll stand the coin if Vino Blanco'll get it."

"Devil a fear o' me goin' all the time," responded Vino Blanco, whom his potations now caused to stand upon his dignity, and whose old legs preferred a recumbent posture to a walking one. "We'll cut an' see who goes for the wine, an' who goes for the grapes;" and so saying, he reached for the packages lying upon the gunny-sack and produced from among them a very greasy and dirty pack of cards, which he proceeded to shuffle in his grimy hands. "Now, b'ys; ace high. Cut."

The cuts were made, and Cayuse and Smartie, drawing a deuce and five, respectively, one took the demijohn and the other a gunny-sack wherein to gather grapes from a neighboring vineyard.

"Don't git thim Mission grapes, Cayuse," shouted Vino Blanco after the retreating figure. "Go to that farder vineyard an' git the Maligays an' the Swatewater; an' mind an' bring enough for mornin'! Thim Frinchmin are devils to be up in the mornin'."

Vino Blanco, Boston Bum, and Bob continued the conversation.

"How did ye git out o' that woman scrape, Bob, down to Soledad? That must be goin' on to three year ago, now," asked Boston.

"Just about as usual in these things, Boston. Made the march and skinned out," said Bob.

"Ah, you can jist bit that Bob ain't goin' to be caught in no fly-trap, now," said Vino Blanco, with emphasis.

"Vbat d'ye think o' wimmin anyway, Bob?" asked Boston.

"First rate in their place," said Bob.

"Thim Turks is the b'ys, though; ain't they, Bob? I wisht I was a Turk."

"An' a foine Turk you'd make," put in Vino Blanco, contemptuously.

"Ould Brigham could bate them, though. He sbtood 'em off an' raked in the chips, eb, Bob?"

"It's all fashion," remarked Bob. "If you told the Shah of Persia that he was immoral for having a bundred wives, be would probably merely pity your theories, and might even express regret at your inability to have the same. These things depend simply on statecraft, fashion, and custom. Power means the ability to control. Wealth is a form of power. The men in power say, in effect: 'We're the men that make the laws, and you're the fools that keep the laws.' Can you blame them? There is no such thing as equality in any department of nature, or in man's work. Give you a thousand dollars to-day, Boston, and in a year you'd be as big a vag as you are now."

"There's a big difference in thim farmers' wives," resumed Boston; "some on 'em'll slap the dure in yer face an' lock it, an' some on 'em'll give ye a 'hand-out' sort o' timid like, an' some'll ax ye in an' give ye a reglar square 'sit-down.' But wimmin's wimmin, an' that's all ye can say about it," concluded he, with the air of a philosopher.

"Wuz ye at Santy Anny, Bob, whin Dinis Karney wuz there?" asked Vino Blanco, presently. "Sure, an' the b'ys gave Dinis a rough dale."

"Dinis is-a good talker," said Bob. "It pleases his constituents to hear him, because half a loaf is better than no bread. If you can't do a thing, the next best thing is to think you can. Those who haven't the means or are too old to enjoy the pleasures of life, console themselves with religion, and call the rich clusters that hang out of their reach 'sour grapes.'"

"An' here comes Cayuse wid the grapes," exclaimed Vino Blanco, as a figure with a well-stuffed gunny-sack slung over his shoulder made his appearance in the ring. The sack was put on the ground, and bunches selected by the party to suit themselves. Cayuse had foraged well, and picked the biggest, juiciest, and most blooming clusters. Silence reigned while the banquet was being discussed, the matter and the manner being both perfectly Homeric. Anon Smartie entered with the wine; oyster-cans are filled and emptied; hilarity ensues; pipes are filled and lit, figures are stretched beside the blaze, and at last Bob is called upon for his story.

"Fair play," says Bob. "I've stood the wine. Now, suppose we all tell stories. I've got two-and-a-half to spare—the man who tells the best story to have it. What d'ye say? Agreed? Then, Vino Blanco, shuffle up that deck of yours, and we'll cut for position."

The cuts are made to the following order: Boston Bum first, then Cayuse, Vino Blanco, Smartie, and Bob last. Boston Bum takes a drink, clears his throat, spreads himself, and begins:

"It's little I have to tell ye, b'ys, in the way of a shtory. I don't mind now that I iver done much good, or much that's worth speakin' of. I've been through mosht of the Shtates of the Union, an' I've bate me way here to Californy on the kayrns, an' I could tell ye's somethin' about batin', but I guess ye's know near as much as I do mesilf. There was wunst, though, I took it into me head to go up through Minnysoty, and the devil took me there in the winter-time. I bate to St. Pauls, an' thim I bate to Doolootb, an' thim I took to me legs an' tramped. Talk about yer could, ugh! An' devil a blanket had I got but an ould sojer coat that I got when I jumped the hounty lasbt in sixty-five, an' it was purty well wore out. Well, one evenin' I got to a farm-house an' sez I, 'Can ye give me any wurk?' says I; 'I'm shtarvin', an' I'm wake, an' I can't go no farder.' An' the young 'ooman as come to the dure, sez she, smilin' like, 'Come in an' set down an' have some supper,' sez she; 'me husband's gone to sell some spring chickens in the waggin, an' I guess ye can shtop all night,' sez she, 'anyways. Ye'll find some hay in the barn, an' here,' sez she, 's a blanket, for I see ye hain't got none, an' mehbe ye wuddent mind choppin' me up some wood,' sez she, 'for I don't know as I've got sufficient to cook the breakfast wid in the mornin', sez she. Well, seein' she wuz a nice young 'ocman, an' no man aroun', an' the night was cold, I chopped for about an hour, an' knocked out a purty decent pile o' fire-wood, an' arter that she had the supper ready when I went in, an' she was rale soshable, a genooin lady; an' we got talkin' about old times—for she wuz from Boston, like meself—an' the time slipped on, an' naither of us thought anythin' about it till the clock shtruck twelve, an' then she jumps up an' cries 'Oh, my! what in goodness is keepin' John! I'm afeard he's got lost. Oh, my! I thin

I axed ber, 'Where's he gone?' an' she said 'He's gone to town,' an' I sez, 'How fur?' an' she sez, 'Twelve mile.' 'Then, sez I, 'mebbe he's shtoppin' all night,' an' she sez, 'Oh, no!' Then I chucks another log on the fire, an' sez, 'Wait a little.' So we waited till the clock shtruck one, an' thim I looks out at the dure, an' belave me, b'ys—wuz ye iver in Minnysoty?—it wuz shnowin' like mad; about two foot thick all round, an' niver no more but an inch or two whin I come in.

"So I comes back to the warm fire an' sez I, 'Thur's about two foot o' shnow on the ground.' 'Tbank God!' sez she, an' sez I, 'D'ye like shnow?' sez I. 'No,' sez she; 'but it might be wuss. Oh, my!' 'Then,' sez I, 'why d'ye say "Ob, my"?' 'Well,' sez she, 'I haint heen in this country more'n seven months, an' I don't know but what John might git lost in the snow—I've beerd tell o' sich things—an' I'm afeard.' So I sez, 'Wait a little,' sez I, an' I chucks another big log on the fire—for I tell ye, b'ys, it was mighty cold. After a while I sez, 'How long ha' ye bin married?' 'Eight months,' sez she; 'we wuz married in Boston, an' come out here in the summer.' Then I tumbled, an' sez I, 'Did John niver shtay cut all night afore?' an' she sez, 'No, never.' Then sez I, 'Which way did he go?' an' she brought me to the dure, an' pintoed into the dark the way the shnow wuz drivin', an' sez she, 'That-a-way.' Then sez I, 'Have ye got airy horse in the shtable?' an' she sez, 'Yes.' 'Have ye got anny whisky?' sez I. 'No,' sez she; 'but I've got some peppermint, an' some ginger, an' some brandy.' 'All right,' sez I, 'gimme the brandy.' An' I went to the shtable, an' I found the horse, an' I saddled him an' brought him roun' to the dure; an' sez I, 'Gimme that brandy,' an' she bairds it to me, an' I took a shwig; an' then sez I, 'Gimme a blanket,' an' she banded out the blanket, an' I puts the bottle in the blanket an' ties it bebtin the saddle an' sez 'Good night!' 'Good night!' sez she, an' I rode off to find John.

"Well, b'ys, it's no use a-talkin', a sbnow-storm in Minnysoty is the devil—sudden an' sure. There wuz no kind of a track, ye couldn't see nothin' on the ground, but the night wuz clear, an' when she pintoed me the way I seen one sbtar an' I made for that shtar. We got flounderin' along through the shnow, me an' the horse, for about an hour, till I felt so mighty cold I reached back into the blanket for the brandy bottle, an' tuk another shwig. In about half a hour more, I heerd somebody cussin' an' shwearin' like mad someways to the left, an' I worked up to him, an' finds a man with a waggin an' two horses, one stannin' up an' the other layin' down in the shnow, an' the man tryin' to get him up, an' sez I, as I come up, 'Is that you, John?' an' he sez, 'Yes, it's me—who's you?' 'Ise come to help you,' sez I. 'How did you know I wuz here?' sez he, as bras as if he owned the hull o' Minnysoty. 'Your wife told me,' sez I, 'an' I've come here to help you get that horse up,' an' I jumps down, an' after both of us luggin' an' tearin' at the baste we got him on his legs. Then John gets on the seat, cracks his whip, an' sez, 'gee.' I see'd from the fust what kind o' man he wuz, but sez I, wantin' to have a little fun, 'Ain't ye could, John? Take a shwig o' brandy?' 'None o' your dam business,' sez he, 'dam your brandy?' 'All right,' sez I. 'I see what kind of a man you are. You lave your wife to bome unprotected, you get sbtagged in the sbnow, you shwear at the man that comes to help you, and after be has belped you, you don't even thank him—that's you. I go to your house while you're away, ate supper wid your wife, borrow your horse and your brandy to come an' help you, an' here they are both,' sez I, perducin the brandy bottle an' slappin' the horse's shoulder, 'that's me.' At this he shtarts, jumps on his seat, and eyes me a moment; I jumps off the horse an' sez I, 'All right,' sez I, 'if you mane fight, come down an' we'll have it out in the shnow; but he thinks better of it, cracks his whip an' sez 'gee.' So I jumps on the horse agin, an' sez I, 'Let this be a lesson to ye, niver lave yer home unguarded, an' niver shwear at a man that helps ye in a tight fix. I've got yer horse, I've got yer brandy, an' I've got yer blanket. Nobody gave 'em to me, I tuk 'em; the brandy an' the blanket I mane to kape for me services; the horse I shall lave for you somewheres when I gets done wid him, in case ye might bate yer wife if ye lost him. Good-hye, John,' an' I left him shwearin' worse than ever, and I made the town that night."

"Well, how did you come out, Boston?" inquired Bob.

"The shnow got worse," said Boston, "an' I put the horse in the shtable of the botel, an' him an' me ate his vally up in boord afore two weeks was out, an' then I shkipped out."

At this point Vino Blanco, Smartie, and Cayuse, oyster-can in hand, could be descried beneath the ruddy light of the blaze hob-nobbing and indulging in sundry gesticulations to the inspiring strains of "The Bounty Jumper's Song," as rendered by the first-named of the three, who was generally understood to have the best faculty of minstrelsy when tolerably drunk:

"We jumped the bounty-y all the way from Illinois to Maine, From Portland in to Boston, an' thim tuk back again, New York an' Philadelph-ee an' many a city moRE, But the last time that we jumped it was the city o' Baltimore."

Thus far got Vino Blanco, but here, for some reason or other, he incurred the resentment of Boston Bum, who reached over with his foot from where he was lying and knocked the oyster-can out of his hand, accompanying the polite gesture with the forcible though not particularly courteous remark:

"Dry up, ye ould fraud. What d'ye know 'bout bounties? Ye niver jumped notbin' but a canteen o' wine. Come on wid yer shtory Cayuse; the b'ys is waitin'."

Thus adjured, Cayuse spread himself, and without more ado, began:

"There was three of us left 'Frisco this last hard winter—ye mind the time when the ladies set free lunches in all the churches, an' there was a big wooden shanty near the corner of Montgomery Avenue an' Jackson, where I guess about a thousand of the hoys got their grub every day—some on 'em three or four times, too. If one meal wasn't enough for ye, ye could go back to the rear end of the file as soon as ye came out from yer hash, an' if the man at the door didn't spot ye it was all hunky-dory, and ye could play that racket till ye got filled up. Well, as I was tellin' ye, me and Jim Foster an' Roxy Smith played the grub racket on all the churches an' on this Jackson Street lay-out till they closed down on us 'bout the beginnin' o' March. We'd take lunch at

the Methodist Church South, an' as quick as the door opened at eleven o'clock you bet we was there every time, an' got the best seats, an' all o' them bully old ladies a-comin' an' askin' us if we was comfable an' had all we wanted; but when it come to scrubb'n down the benches on the outside arter we had hed our hash, we had pertickler engagements a-huntin' up work elsewhere; for we hed to ketch the crowd at the Jackson Street shebang afore four o'clock, or elst we'd git left out in the cold. There was Dockins's Hall, to be sure, an' one or two o' them other churches; but barrin' one where we could get bed-tickets they wasn't much account, an' we didn't patronize 'em more'n wunst or twicet, when we couldn't make the riffle elsewhere.

"Well, as I was sayin', when the grub racket shet down on us we was one mornin' in Bottle Jake's, settin' at one o' them round tables, an' waitin' to see if we couldn't tackle some greeny an' ring in on him an' rope him for the beer, when Roxy up an' says: 'Boys, I guess this thing's about played out; the country's openin' up now, s'pose we take it in for a month or two.' An' Jim Foster says: 'Which road d'ye think's the best for a fellow to go?' An' Roxy says: 'South every time.' An' I says: 'All right, let's go.' Then Jim Foster says: 'Boys, I've got two short bits that two fellers gave up this mornin', corner o' Market an' Montgomery; they ain't no use for nothin' else, I guess we'll better have the beers on 'em,' an' he raps with his fist an' calls for two bottles. Then we started, an' by evenin' next day we made Sau José, beatin' the kyers durin' the fust night for about thirty mile, till the conductor tumbled to the racket an' showed us off. Then we made Gilroy, workin' the ranches an' farm-houses with pretty good luck, one of us goin' in to prospect while the other two would set outside waitin' to see what the show was to get in on it. Jim an' Roxy said I was the boss on the bum-racket, an' got 'sit-downs' for all hands when neither o' them couldn't sometimes scarcely make the 'hand-out' for one. I used to tell 'em to set down out of sight, back o' the fence, but near the gate, so's they could see what was goin' on through the cracks; an' I would go for'ard to the door, an' knock kinder gentle an' timid like, so's to 'tract attention, but not so's to seem like business, in case the old 'ooman might leave her bake-pan in a burry an' come to the door 'xpectin' to see some fren' or hear some news, an' then git mad seein' 'twas only a tramp, an' either slam the door in yer face, or at least tell ye they 'hedn't nothin' cooked,' w'ich was the common way o' gettin' out of it if they didn't want to hurt yer feelin's.

"Not much! I had played the game too often not to know how to stock the keerds an' hold both bowers an' the ace. I'd knock, as I say, in a sort o' frightened way; first two little raps, then a pause, an' then one a *leettle* louder, jest so's they could hear it in the kitchen, for I allus went to the kitchen door. If no one come, I'd wait about half a minute an' do the same agin. Then, if no one come, I'd try the handle o' the door to see if it was locked. If 'twas locked, I'd go back an' tell the boys, an' mebbe, if 'twas much of a house, we'd make up our minds to stay round till meal-time, an', meantime, prospect for anythin' that might be of service to us under the suckumstances. If 'twas open, I'd go in mighty quiet, an' prospect the cupboards in a hurry, thinkin' it was more gentleman-like to do what was necessary in the way o' gettin' grub without bein' so onpolite as to trouble the people o' the house, seein' they might be ockeped an' engaged on important matters, an' nat'rally wouldn't like to be disturbed on sech a errand. In course I listened to'able keerful fur footsteps, fur there was no tellin' but what some people might be so onthoughtful as to resent the liberty I was takin'; but I gen'ally made no mistakes on this p'int.

"Ef I heerd the old 'ooman, or the girl, or the old man, or some one else comin', ef I see'd I hedn't time to get away with the grub without raisin' onseemly objections to the transaction, I would put it right back an' stand till they came in; an' afore they could say 'scat,' I would off with my hat an' say 'madam,' or 'sir,' as the case called for, 'I dropped in in a hurry to tell you that the gate at the corner o' the field down the lane's open, an' the cow, or the horse, or the colt's got out, or the hogs are gettin' in,' or 'there's a wagon stalled down the road an' the man want's help,' or some sich yarn as would answer, for we kep' our eyes open on the way 'long so's to fix up the proper story. Also, I'd take pretty good care not to give no taffy where I wouldn't do no good. Some men an' a good many wimmin, too, wouldn't hev' it; an' with sich I'd give 'em the business short an' without wastin' wind, an' then say I was in a pertickler hurry, but hed they a little snack o' sumthin' cold so's to keep the stummick from cravin', havin' left somewhere in a pertickler hurry that mornin' afore breakfas', an' not carin' to rouse the missis on my account. Sometimes, in course, they'd say 'No,' an' wouldn't bave it, but oftener they'd give a 'hand-out,' seemin' glad to git the bisness over.

"But, ef the door was answered the best pop by a fat, smilin' 'ooman, with rosy cheeks an' a calico wrapper, an' bare arms with flour on her hands, then I'd tumble to the hull business to wunst, an' takin' off my hat I'd make a 'bow like Chesterfield,' as Smartie'd say, an' say, 'Madam, you behold a gentleman in distress—one as has held the highest government appintments, though now reduced by stress of suckamstances to walk when he would much prefer to ride. Madam, I have jest received news of the demise of a aunt—probably you may know her, Mrs. Thomson, of the next town, a lady of wealth—an' I go to bury her, as her nearest and dearest relashun in the world.' (Here it is necessary to drop a tear, an' ef ye haint got no han'kercher, rub it off with the sleeve o' yer coat, then resoom): 'Madam, I crave your pardon fur introodin' on your domestic privacy, but hunger, absolute hunger, compels me to do so, else how shall I hope to reach my destinashun, an' preside at the obsequies of my departed relative, rebuffed as I so often am by the rood an' unlettered barbarians who reside along this road, an' refuse to listen to the tale of woe of a stranger! You, madam, I have reason to believe from your ladylike appearance, are of a different calibre to the ignerent wimmin whom I have passed upon my journey, an' I am sure will not refuse to grant my small request.' Ten to one the old 'ooman 'll be tickled all through, an' the last fly 'll fetch her. Ushally she spreads the cloth an' lays out cold bacon, an' pies, an' bread, an' butter, an' molasses, an' cold biskits, an' a jug o' milk, and mebbe fries some eggs ef eggs is in season. As soon as this is done I chips in for the boys as is left layin' off behind the fence, an' says, 'Madam, your trooly good heart will, I'm sure, warm to a tale of sufferin'. There are

at this moment waiting outside, too timid to enter your hospitable abode unasked, two young men, footsore and weary, whom I overlook upon the road, and for whom I desire to bespeak your good offices and kind hospitality in their need.'

"Here she will probably compliment you on your sympathy an' forethought, and tell you to call 'em in. This is actually what happened in the case of Roxy an' Jim Foster, way down near Vyzaleye, at a slap-bang, way-up farm-house where I spun the racket just as was stated. In they come, an' we all three sat down to a roarin' good spread o' eggs an' the other fixin's o' a square meal. The old lady was no end sympathetic, an' asked me where Mrs. Thomson lived, an' what was her maiden name, an' what bizness she did, or whether she lived on her money, an' I told her the hull history o' the old lady—when she died, an' what she was wuth, an' in fact give her the troob bizness in every p'int.

"Jest as we was gettin' well into the eatin', we hears a horse an' buggy drive brisk up to the door, an' a second arter in comes a man, in a long linen duster, about six foot an' a half high, an' sez, 'Hello, Mary! what've ye got here?' an' she says, 'A poor gentleman that's jest lost a rich aunt down to Vyzaleye, an' I'm glad you've come, John, for you're jest the man as he would like to see, seein' as you're the Public Administrator this year, an' was the Assessor last, and so'll know all about poor, dear Mrs. Thomson.' Then I seed that I'd giv the thing ded away, an' felt so flummoxed like 'at I couldn't eat a other bite; an' Roxy an' Jim Foster lays down their knives an' forks an' fust looks at me an' then at the door. Then the man in the duster he bust inter a loud laugh, an' 'Mrs. Thomson be d—d!' sez he, 'there's no sech a pusson. Mary, this d—d loafin' tramp has been imposin' on ye, him an' his two pals. I passed the hull gang up the road yesterday, an' know all about them. Now, sez he, turnin' to us, 'finish yer dinners, good an' hearty, an' then wait till I get my waggin hitched up an' I'll give ye all a free ride inter Vyzaleye, an' free quarters when ye git there; the city's in want o' some hands, an' I guess ye'll jest fill the bill. Eat hearty,' sez he, 'I won't be more'n five minnits gettin' ready,' an' he goes out. Well, would you believe it? his kindness quite took my appyite away, and so suckum-frustrated me that I rose up from the table as soon's he went out, an' went through the door without biddin' the lady good-bye, or thankin' her for her kindness, an' Roxy an' Jim Foster followed suit; an' before we were a hundred yards down the road I heerd that man a-larfin' like a bull, and sayin', 'I thought I'd skeer the appyite out o' them tramps, Mary. Did ye see them git?' an' the hull bizness so sickened me o' goin to Vyzaleye that we turned up the country an' took in the foothills instead."

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Edwin Arnold, whose poem, "The Light of Asia," has passed through two editions in England and eight in America, has received the following letter from the King of Siam, together with his majesty's Order of the White Elephant:

"GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, December 5, 1890.

"SIR:—My father devoted much time to the study and defense of his religion, and although I, being called to the throne while young, had no time to become a scholar like him, I, too, have interested myself in the study of the Sacred Books, and take a great interest in defending our religion and having it properly understood. It seems to me that if Europeans believe the missionary preaching that ours is foolish and bad religion, they must also believe that we are a foolish and bad people. I therefore feel much gratitude to those who, like yourself, teach Europeans to hold our religion in respect. I thank you for the copy of your poem, "The Light of Asia," presented to me through my minister in London. I am not a sufficiently good scholar to judge English poetry, but as your work is based upon the similar source of our own information, I can read it through with very much pleasure, and I can say that your poem, "The Light of Asia," is the most eloquent defense of Buddhism that has yet appeared, and is full of beautiful poetry; but I like Book Second very much, and am very much interested in the final sermon. I have no doubt that our learned men would argue with you for hours or for years, as even I can see that some of your ideas are not quite the same as ours. But I think that in showing 'love' to have been the eminent characteristic of the Lord Buddha, and Karma, in Siamese 'Kam,' the result of the inevitable law of Diarma, the principle of existence, you have taught Buddhism; and I may thank you for having made a European Buddhist speak beautifully in the most widespread language of the world. To mark my opinion of your good feeling toward Eastern peoples, and my appreciation of your high ability and the service you have done to all Buddhists by this defense of their religion, I have much satisfaction in appointing you an officer of our most exalted Order of the White Elephant, of which you will soon hear further from Mr. D. K. Mason, my Consul-General in London.

I am yours faithfully, CHULALONKORN, King.
"TO EDWIN ARNOLD, ESQ., C. S. I., etc."

A slight girl, dressed in black, with a sad face, explained to a Rochester news-gatherer the other morning how it happened that she engaged in draw-poker on a railway train. "You see," she began, "after we left Buffalo I found that in some way I had lost my money, and what to do I didn't know. I had my ticket in another pocket, and that helped matters. Two gentlemen, in the section just ahead of me, were playing cards. It was poker. I became quite interested in the game, for you see I often play it with my brothers for corn, and they say I play it pretty well. Pretty soon I made some remark about the game, and then they asked me if I wouldn't like to 'set in.' Just for the fun of the thing, I said yes, and I never had such luck. I guess they let me win the first two or three times because I was a lady, but after that they played for what they were worth, and so did I. And you never saw the equal of the cards I held. They called me once, and all I had was three aces and two nines." "Is that a good hand?" "Well, I should say so. It was good for eight dollars that time." "How much did you win in all?" "Oh, somewhere between forty and fifty dollars; haven't counted it yet."

A present Newport craze is chicken-raising. Some of the aristocratic young lady residents, happening to attend a poultry-fair at Providence, bought a number of fancy hens and roosters, and, going home, started the fashion and the chicken-yards. Now everybody of any account is following suit. Pleasant prospects these for the season. A crowing rooster next door is a delightful acquisition to a neighbor-

A little fellow lately asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was the shrewd suggestion in response, 'you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Réné sternly reproaches Nana for having jilted him. With no less gentleness Nana answers:

"What would you, *mon ami*? You know I am already engaged to Paul, Jean, Charles, Alphonse, and Henri!"

"We could crowd a little," insisted the aspirant, humbly.

The mayor of a village refuses his authorization to an itinerant quack who wishes to sell his wonderful elixir of life, warranted to cure corns, toothache, consumption, liver complaint, rheumatism, and boils, and equally available as a cement for broken crockery, an insect exterminator, and a leather preservative. His worship is afraid that the vaunted panacea may contain noxious drugs.

"Oh, there is no danger of that, your excellency," says the quack, assuringly; "nothing in it but cold water."

"I beg your pardon, then," says the mayor, signing the authorization; "I was afraid there was some fraud about it, you know."

At a restaurant:

"Take away the sauerkraut; there is a hair in it!"

"Monsieur, you astonish me. I thought I had picked them all out!"

A not uncommon trick of the enterprising sailor in foreign parts is to induce the captain to go overboard to take deep-sea soundings, and then to run the vessel into an out-of-the-way port and dispose of her and her cargo to honorable brokers making a specialty of this business.

The other day a bottle was picked up on the sea-coast in which was found the following letter:

"Schooner *Virginie*—Longitude west 45 degrees, latitude north 20 degrees. Fearful tempest; we have all been washed overboard, but by a fortunate chance the vessel has hidden out the storm and been driven into the port of Bahia, where she has been taken charge of by Messrs. Receladores Brothers."

Sing, hey the pirate sailors to the bar!

A lady has been compelled to leave the city for a few days, leaving her mother very sick at home.

Returning, she asks her husband anxiously: "How is my dearest ma? Is she still alive?"

"She is, darling—she has just called me a Nihilist and thrown a bowl of gruel at my head."

"Thank heaven for that! She will be spared to us!"

Pedestrian—"Ah! pardon, coachy, I stopped you without noticing that you already have a passenger."

"That doesn't matter—he is asleep, and has taken me by the hour. Get in beside him, and before he wakes up I will carry you wherever you wish."

X. is noted for a peculiarity—that of always becoming very gallant directly after dinner.

Mlle. Z. said of him:

"*C'est drôle!* just as soon as he is tight he begins to be loose!"

French local item:

All the world knows with what violence come at times certain souvenirs of the time passed. What of times we search uselessly to remove the images which seem to impose themselves at us in the reason of the efforts which we make to chase them!

It was in this situation of spirit that was finding himself last night, 85 Street of Flanders, Mr. L—.

Mr. L— was owing to marry himself to-day, and, in attending the day, elbowed to the window, in spite of the cold, he was thinking.

Entered in a current of ideas melancholics, Mr. L— abysed himself few to few in the reflections the most sad. He resaw himself more young, and remembered himself that in 1874 he was inhabiting 5 Street Lacépède with a little seweress, whom he had conducted to the Père-Lachaise by a morning of winter.

Few to few his souvenirs became more cleans, so well that, all of a blow, they took the astonishing precision of a reality.

In a hallucination sudden he thought he resaw at the trembling rays of the stars his jolly mistress of the Street Lacépède.

He bended himself, extended the arms, and fell by the window.

By a happiness providential, L— has been quit for a leg broken.

Madame Z. lacks confidence in her lord's veracity.

"At the skating rink all the afternoon? I don't believe it!"

"Shall I show you my bruises, *ma chère*?"

The mistress of a cigar shop to a young Bohemian journalist:

"This is the sixth time you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me!"

"Ah, madame," said the clever rascal, "when one sees you they forget everything!"

Monsieur Alphonse, a venerable beau, can not make up his mind to grow old. A friend met him beaming with delight.

"What delights you so?" the friend exclaimed.

"Ah, *mon cher*!" responded Monsieur Alphonse, bridling, "I have just had such a delicious adventure. I have just come from Mlle. R.'s. During my visit her lover arrived. She hid me in a clothes press. I remained there more than three hours!"

The son of a politician of eminence, not possessing his father's common sense, among other vagaries goes in for spiritualism.

"Oh, I say," he says to a friend, "I have succeeded, you know, in calling up my poor, dear, dead father's spirit. Last night, after the gas had been turned down and the light had played 'Dans le doux Tantôt,' his spirit recognized me—recognized his peculiar hand."

"Ah, it boxed your ears, eh?"

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TOMBSTONE, Arizona, March 24, 1880.

All the space that can be allowed me in the *Argonaut* would be altogether insufficient to describe so much of this curious land as I have seen within the last three days, or since my last letter from Tombstone. This new mining camp lies seventy-five miles from Tucson—pronounced "Took sohn"—and the road to it is up-grade, over a dry *mesa* land. The rivers—little streamlets they are—the Santa Cruz and the San Pedro run northward. At the place where the railroad crosses the San Pedro a town is to be built; it is to be named "Benson," after our townsman John Benson, who was of our royal party in the railroad excursion—special train. From Benson to Tombstone is twenty-four miles, easy grade for a railroad. All the way from Tucson to Benson we cross only one small rivulet. The San Pedro is at the bottom of a little crack in the parched soil, but never runs dry. The *mesa* is covered with a dozen varieties of cactus, and the mesquite shrub, that raises mesquite beans—good for Mexicans, Indians, and horses. It makes good firewood. Amid the mesquite, greasewood, and cactus there is good gramma grass, and this country would be a good grazing land if it had water and was not too warm. If Arizona was cool and well watered it would be a delightful land—but so would hell. It is a land of romance, a fantastic land, weird and curious—a land of perished history and lost traditions, of ruins as inexplicable if not as marvelous as those of India or Egypt. Who built the Pyramids? Who built the houses of Casa Grande, and laid the foundations of those marvelous cities of the desert? Where were the cities of which Homer wrote? where Agamemnon lived? where the Seven Cities of Cihola? What more curious, strange, or adventurous in the fabled expedition of the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece, than in the story of the Jesuit, Dominican, or Franciscan fathers who took their cross and hook of prayer to the wilds of this desert land, and built churches and altars, adorned with colored frescoes and gilded figures to catch the imagination of Indian tribes? What more curious than to see in this desert land the beautiful Church of San Xavier del Bac, standing alone among the grass huts of a Papago village—dome and tower and well-preserved engraved ornaments, that would not shame old Seville if set down there to-day? These were my reflections after having run all night with the boys at the new mining camp of Tombstone, after drinking more *mescal* than was good for me or was at all proper. But what can a fellow do eleven hundred miles from home, in a wild mining camp, where every other man is found to be an old Californian, and who claps you on the back with a resounding whack, and says: "How are you, old fellow? Come and take a drink!"—where every man is rich—in expectation—and has a valuable hole in the ground from which he is dead sure to take his pile, or sell the hole to some avaricious greeny from Boston or Philadelphia?

Tombstone is built and building upon a broad, level *mesa*, is approached by low foot-hills rising each a plain above the other, and is surrounded with higher hills, all bare, save of cactus, greasewood, and gramma grass; all dry, and where the water to wet the *mescal*, or make steam for hoisting-works, is bought by the gallon from carts. I am not a mining sharp, and was never below ground in a mine till in the "Contention," but I know the signs of a good mining camp, and they abound in the part of Arizona that I visited. I saw stalwart, hopeful men, prospectors from Huachuca, Whetstone, Santa Catarinas, Dragoon Mountains, Mule Mountain, San José, Patagonia, Santa Rita, and a host of other mining camps, all staked out within the grand quadrilateral formed by the monuments of Picache, Old Baldi, Ring Cone, and Barbera-Quivere. These prospecting miners give but one, and that a glowing, account of the mineral richness of all this country. These are men of experience, old miners from California, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, and Colorado. There are other indications to be found at Tombstone of the good time coming, in the presence of bad girls, gamblers, and saloons where drinks are furnished at two bits a glass. Mining experts from San Francisco, scientific people from Boston, all agree in the proof of large wealth in the mines of Southern Arizona. Capitalists from the East have sent their confidential and trusted agents to purchase mines. They have bought, and are buying. Mining machinery is pouring into the country, merchants are laying in large stocks of goods, Tucson is crowded with a new, eager, restless population, like that of Virginia City in the year 1860. The best, and highest, and most conclusive evidence that this is to be a reliable mining district is in the fact that the "Contention" mine exists; that the "Tough Nut" is in operation; that they are worked down some three hundred feet; that their veins are well-defined fissures with well-marked walls, varying from five to thirty-five feet in width; that the ores are taken from these mines, and are crushed and manipulated into silver bars that one may handle. Mr. White, of the "Contention" mine, was polite enough to take me down into the lower levels. Good hoisting-works, with engine, etc., etc.—mining men will understand. I went down upon the "cage" one hundred feet, and then off into the gallery upon either side; then fifty feet deeper, and again off to the galleries; and then another fifty feet, to other drifts, and stopes, and cross-cuts, and inclines, and air-shafts; and I saw what he called ores, varying, as he said, from forty to four thousand dollars per ton. Of one thing I was convinced: he was sending the unpicked average ore to his "dump," and I said to Mr. White: "This may or may not be silver ore, but I will follow it down to your mill"—ten miles away, on the San Pedro—"and if it comes out silver I shall know it." And I did. I saw it hauled away in great wagons, I saw the rock tossed to the devouring jaws of the steam monster, and saw it stamped, and pulverized, and put into pans, and churned, and concentrated, and the quick-silver washed from the amalgam, and the amalgam melted into great bricks of silver as heavy as one could lift; and I came away convinced that the "Contention" was a silver mine. I was the guest, also, of Mr. Corby, manager and part-owner of the "Tough Nut" group of mines. He has two mills—a dry and wet crusher—also on the San Pablo, and I saw his process, handled his silver bricks, saw his great bars in a Diebold fire-proof safe, and I admit that the "Tough Nut" is a silver mine, and it seems to me an inexhaustible one. The "Empire," the "Sulphuret," and other mines are putting up steam hoisting-works. The "Head

Centre" is an extension in the east direction of the "Contention." The "Sunset" I heard everybody say was a mine. In a word, I am convinced that southern Arizona is a rich silver-mining country, and that the Tombstone and Patagonia districts have demonstrated the existence of great wealth. Not all the mining camps are destitute of wood and water. Many abound in forest trees, in springs and streams. Some of the higher mountains were covered with snow when we were there.

There is one peculiarity of Arizona. Everybody agrees that it is an agricultural and grazing Territory. The good lands, the flowing streams, the rich meadows, and grand old primeval forests lie just beyond you. All the places that I did not visit I was assured flowed with milk and honey. All that I did see of Arizona, from Yuma to seventy-five miles below Tucson, was a desert, uninviting, uninteresting, weird, and strange land. It is a great plain, with no continuous mountain ranges, but spattered over with hills and mountains. The railroad makes but one cut—and that a small one—from Yuma to Tucson, and you may drive in a carriage over the whole section upon a level plain; you may drive around any mountain upon level land—which my domestic half, with a simile borrowed from the kitchen, likened to a great hot griddle, upon which the *chef* had ladled out larger and smaller dabs of melted earth and rock, and these had dried and fried for untold ages into burned and wrinkled hills, old and bare and brown, but seamed with rich ores of gold and silver. That this is a mining land may be known by the existing evidences of a former working by early Spaniards, scattered all over the land. In the "Dragoon" range is found the evidence of Spanish workings for turquoise. Along the sides of low hills are found breasts—from twelve to fifteen feet in height, two hundred feet in length, with a depth of from sixty to eighty feet—of reddish porphyry, impregnated with iron. Specimens of turquoise are found in the debris. It was evidently worked by "gads"—wedges—and more than an hundred years ago.

The ore deposit upon the surface of the Tombstone district is a very large one, and almost everywhere that labor has been done, ore is found underlying the lime rock. How general or how deep these mineral deposits may be can only be demonstrated by labor, and by the expenditure of capital. The evidence of existing mines is greater to-day in the Tombstone district than in Virginia City at an equal period subsequent to the discovery of silver upon the Comstock. I was in Virginia in the early part of 1861. At that time the State of Nevada had no mines equaling the "Contention" or "Tough Nut," and no prospects equaling those I saw on my recent visit to the Tombstone district. I speak of none other than from personal observation, and I have no theories. But all the persons I met agreed in their estimate of the value of this new mining field—both practical and scientific men. The practical miner has great contempt for the scientific. The man from Bodie or the Black Hills, who has worked in Virginia and mined at Deadwood, knows a thing or two himself that the mining expert from Freiburg can not disturb. He has his theory upon the formation of everything from the creation down; a theory also about creation. He is learned about fissures, and how they were filled, and how the filling was vitalized with metallic wealth. He is eloquent of geological and scientific terms, sometimes doubtless misapplied. He is always confident, positive, and didactic. The person who differs from him is an ass. I was a good listener; I never differed. My modesty was taken for wisdom; my ignorance for modesty. I have no theory of my own about the mines of Tombstone, and the *Argonaut* is not large enough to contain all I have heard. Let the reader be duly thankful. I will venture the prophecy, however, that the country traversed by the Southern Pacific Railroad, from Casa Grande till it reaches beyond the borders of Arizona, is one of the rich spots of our continent, and is destined now and at once to attract to it a great wealth and a great population.

Below our borders and into Sonora, rich mines are found. The States of Chihuahua, Sinaloa, and Durango are rich in mines and agricultural wealth—a great and splendid empire in the possession of a people and a government that show but little enterprise in the way of development, and little knowledge in the art of ruling. And, whilst in the prophecy business, I will indulge myself in the luxury of predicting that our borders will soon be revised; that our star of empire, arrested by the Pacific, will tend southward. Already our prospector crosses the southern border, and gossip says that when he finds a mine south of the line, he lifts the monument that bounds the Gadsden purchase and sets it to suit himself. The Mexicans of the States named would rather be in the United States of America than in the United States of Mexico. The Mexican population will quarrel with the central government, the Yankee miners will take a hand, an independent State will be created—a second Texas; negotiations will follow, our Government will assume Mexican debts, pay some money, and revise the boundary by a direct line from the Gulf of Mexico at the Rio Bravo del Norte, along the twenty-sixth parallel to the Gulf of California, around the southern point of Lower California to the Pacific Ocean. This reminds me of the fact that Tucson is, or rather has been, a city of smugglers. Its principal industry has been to furnish facilities for transporting merchandise across the boundary of the two republics without paying duties. These facilities are small jackasses, or *burros*, led by Mexicans. They usually entered the corral of the Tucsonese merchant by moonlight, and departed at the like witching hour of night. A long experience had so demonstrated the savage hatred of the bloody Apache toward the diligent customs officer that he had ceased to be diligent, and the traffic has been practically abandoned for years. The *mescal* I drank came in duty-free, and I am conscious of having smoked unstamped cigars. The climate is still unfriendly to internal revenue officers, and those we have are so utterly demoralized that they only collect enough revenue to pay their own salaries. And speaking of Apaches, I learned an important fact, if true. A most excellent gentleman, who has lived long in the country, told me in the presence of several other excellent gentlemen that the renowned Indian warrior, General Crook, never killed an Apache in his life, never fought one, and never saw a hostile while he was in Arizona.

"But this can not be," I replied, "for we gave him a banquet in San Francisco for his prowess as an Indian warrior of great renown."

"Yes," was the answer, "and all Arizona laughed a loud laugh, and the Indian ring laughed loudest."

"And are there such things as Apaches?" I asked. "Did Cochise live? Are the stories of Colonel Cremony all the coinage of his fanciful imagination?"

"Well, there is and was a ragged tribe of horse-stealing bandits, sneaking, cowardly, red cut-throats, who would lie in ambush to murder defenseless women and unarmed men, whom the yellow-covered literature of the Indian ring styled the 'bloody Apaches,' and out of whom this ring of politicians made money by contracts. There never was an Indian war in the Territory. There never was a time when one hundred brave and earnest men could not have driven Cochise and his band out of existence. It is the old story of the Seminole war and Billy Bowlegs over again. It has been a long continuous history of plundering contractors keeping the war alive for the purpose of fat jobs; a history most disgraceful to the Indian ring, and not at all creditable to those gentlemen of the army who have had the expenditure of more millions of money than they have taken lives of fighting Indians in battle."

Another Apache chief, one Victorio, with about thirty bloody thieves—using bloody in the English sense—are on the predatory path. There are seven hundred soldiers in the Territory, and if the "army" can not beat this brigand then the army had better disband. We shall, however, hear of the enlistment of scouts, a few bloodless marches, and innumerable army contracts. This being the case, I suggest that Victorio and his band be invited to spend the summer at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, as the most economical mode of terminating this Indian war. The railroad is in length, from San Francisco to Tucson, nine hundred and seventy-eight miles. The graders are at work thirty miles beyond. Iron and ties are being pushed to the front most energetically. Fifty additional miles will be completed by the first of June. P.

A Waif from the Society World.

MY DEAR —:—The penitential season has at last come to a close, and everybody is on the *qui vive* in expectation of the fulfillment of several engagements of marriage that are believed to exist. I am sure a wedding just now would give me double pleasure—first, to see the happiness of others; and then to know that the time-honored institution of marriage has not been entirely abandoned by those in our midst; for in spite of the Sand-lot, and some other abominations that might be mentioned, San Francisco for the past winter has certainly in one respect been emulating a state of affairs that we are told will exist in heaven, where "there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage." Upon Wednesday evening last, I was one of the favored few present at the wedding of Miss McDougal and Mr. Le Breton. At nine o'clock the bridal party appeared, Miss Gordon and Mr. Edward Le Breton acting as bridesmaid and best man. I must be pardoned if, as a spinster, I felt a secret satisfaction in witnessing the retirement of the most fascinating of San Francisco belles. There is one time in a woman's life when she is the cynosure of all eyes, and those who were present on Wednesday evening were fortunate in seeing a bride whose lovely face was in accord with her chaste and exquisite costume. I know you will be pleased to read a description of the bridal dress. It was of the richest gros grain, cut *en princesse*, and castellated round the bottom, with plisses of satin beneath. The front was of satin, richly embroidered in chenille and pearls. Of course, there was the traditional wreath of orange blossoms, from which floated a cloud of tulle. The other important personage looked becomingly proud and happy. The air was heavy with the perfume of orange blossoms, and the bride was *posée* under a *porte-bonheur*, instead of the old-time marriage bell. The flowers were many and beautiful, indeed, and made one forget for the time being our backward spring. The call to the wedding feast, even in the midst of romance and flowers, was joyfully hailed, and I had the solid comfort of enjoying a plate of terrapin—sent all the way from Washington by a thoughtful friend—which, however, was only the beginning of a delicious *menu*. I know you will be curious to know who were the wedding guests—who I assure you were not gathered from the "highways and hedges," but were the chosen friends of the bride and groom. The entire families of the happy pair were present, for, spite of my absorption in the bride, I managed to notice a few of the guests for your sake: First, the charming Count and Countess de Tocqueville were equally interesting in their native tongue, to which she added the double pleasure of speaking English with a melodious accent. Though the sweetest of languages may be that in which she "murmured *je l'aime!*" for a good, comfortable gossip give me my own vernacular. I also saw Mrs. Gordon, Judge and Mrs. McKinstry, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. and Miss Fall, Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Commodore and Mrs. Phelps and daughters, and many other representatives of the navy, Mr. and Mrs. Colgate Baker, and Mr. and Mrs. Reis. The *heaux* were Mr. La Fôret, Dr. Shorb, Mr. Maye, Mr. Dewey, Mr. Kenny, Mr. Gordon, and Major Hammond. Mrs. Jewett had a *musical* Tuesday evening—about sixty present; it was the last of a pleasant series which she has given through the winter. She shortly breaks up housekeeping to return to the hotel. On Wednesday, General and Mrs. McDowell gave a brilliant luncheon, followed by a large reception to the recently arrived officers of the army. I hear there are to be several "germans;" when they come off I will not fail to write to you of them. Until then, adieu! Yours affectionately, ADA VEN.

CXXIII.—Sunday, April 4.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Asparagus Soup.
Boiled Salmon—Anchovy Sauce.
Pigeon Pie.
Green Peas. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Beef. New Potatoes.
Oyster Salad. Charlotte Russe.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Oranges, and Bananas.

TO MAKE OYSTER SALAD.—Take fifty oysters; scald them in their liquor; let them remain until cold; drain and chop slightly; add some finely chopped celery. Dress with a rich mayonnaise dressing. Surround your dish with lettuce leaves; put the oysters, celery, and dressing in the centre, and serve. Can oysters may be used instead of fresh ones.

A recent discovery is a telephone talked to death by a barber.

THE PLEA OF A COUNTERFEITER.

Before an Elective U. S. Judge of the Future.

May it please your Honor, I deem it most fortunate that, having the bad luck to be indicted for the crime—legally so called—of making and uttering counterfeit money, I am arraigned before this honorable court instead of another. Elected to the Bench by the votes of a Greenback constituency, and wisely favoring a *fiat* currency, your Honor is in a position to apprehend the weight and bearing of the arguments which I am about to adduce in my own defense without other counsel. Let me rather say that you, better than any of your judicial brethren, will understand the cogency of the considerations that it is my great privilege to submit in mitigation of the sentence which my plea of guilty compels you to pronounce. Some punishment I know I must suffer, but I should have been but little worthy of the financial principles which you and I have equally at heart if I had not preferred a few years in the penitentiary to the loss of your Honor's esteem, which I would justly have forfeited in proving, or attempting to prove, that as a citizen of this great country I had neglected to perform that clearest and most important of a citizen's duties, the making and uttering of counterfeit money.

Let me, then, in the first place, remind your Honor that the business and industries of this country are suffering severely from contraction of the currency, as appears from the resolutions of the convention by whose votes you were nominated for the office which you dignify by your virtues and ennoble by your wisdom. Contraction, may it please you, is a great evil: it hampers commerce, places fetters upon labor, and compels "enterprises of great pith and moment" to await a more favorable season for developing the resources of the country, and bringing plenty into the homes of the poor. Observe, now, that while the Secretary of the Treasury, in slavish subservency to the iniquitous demands of bankers and money-changers, has been steadily reducing the volume of the country's currency by every device known to the so-called science of finance, I, without expense to the people, by making and throwing into the channels of trade the closest possible imitations of the Government notes to take the place of those wickedly called in and destroyed, have done what in me lay to avert and mitigate the mischief of contraction. Indeed, had my efforts not been hampered by the necessity of a secrecy imposed by the prejudices of the "gold bugs," and finally stopped by the police, I should probably have more than counteracted Mr. Sherman's designs, securing to the country and people the blessings of steady and unrestricted expansion.

As to the intrinsic value of the money issued by me, I submit it is not appreciably less than that which it was designed to replace. The paper is as nearly of the same quality as I could procure from my accom—my noble and unselfish collaborators in the East; the engraving is not notably inferior to that done for the Government at great expense by the American Bank Note Company, or whoever has secured the lucrative contract on the usual swindling terms—for there is much dishonesty in this world, may it please the court. The signatures on my money are absolute *fac similes*—signatures that are good for millions, not only at the Treasury of the United States, but at any private bank in the land. Considering the difficulties under which a false though diminishing public sentiment has compelled me to work, I am justly proud of my workmanship, which, as your Honor is well aware from admissions of the prosecuting attorney, possessed such merits as rendered it indistinguishable by nearly all from the so-called "genuine" issue. And here I may be permitted to explain, that of the many thousands who have used my money no one had lost a cent by it until my arrest had drawn attention to differences minute and unimportant in themselves and vital only by force and virtue of these proceedings. Even then it was only the last holders of my work who suffered loss. Faith, as it often happens—as it happened in the instance of the Government currency itself—was salvation, but doubt was damnation. Surely, money which in this respect stands on the same footing as greenbacks and the holy word of God can not be altogether false.

None better than your Honor knows the mischiefs resulting from the Government policy of redemption. Your own eloquent and convincing remarks on the subject, in accepting your nomination, are doubtless fresh in your mind, and I allude to them now only to remark that it was their learning, wisdom, and logic that first suggested to me the duty of engaging in the business which the verdict of the Republicans and Democrats of the jury have compelled you temporarily—and I venture to think reluctantly—to suspend. Contraction of the currency is in itself bad enough, but it is worse when the method adopted is redemption. If the greenbacks could be replaced by irredeemable and non-interest-bearing bonds, suitable for large transactions and heavy investments, the mischief, though great—as affecting the poor and honest—would not be intolerable; but when in retiring the paper the Secretary of the Treasury issues coin instead, no one can compute the magnitude of the evil. I need not rehearse the disadvantages, the iniquities, the crimes of gold coin; these have been sufficiently pointed out, and their dismal effect sufficiently described, by Senator Jones and the advocates generally of the recent remonetization of silver. Nor is it necessary for me to enlarge upon the social, political, and moral disasters that lurk in the substance and essence of silver; the mono-metallist enemies of the dollar of our fathers have apprised us of the peril, though unable to save us.

Now, my money was not only not subject to contraction, so long as I was free to control its issue, but it is absolutely irredeemable. After what I have already said with reference to my skill in imitation, I will not claim the credit of having thoughtfully and wittingly given the product of my presses this substantial merit. It is irredeemable, not because of my skill, but in spite of it. The minute differences heretofore spoken of, which, though unnoticed by the public, would cause its rejection at the United States Treasury (where, however, but for the policy of the Secretary, none of it would ever be presented), my utmost efforts were unable to reconcile. What I could not perfectly do another could not, and in this respect the actual superiority of counterfeit currency over "genuine" is manifest. The latter, even though de-

clared by law irredeemable, may by a subsequent law be declared redeemable; against the holders of the former the business interests of the country are absolutely safe. It can never be retired, but must remain forever in circulation, blessing both him that gives and him that receives, a permanent addition to the wealth of the world, an eternal factor of expansion in the happiness of mankind. In the manufacture and disposal of counterfeit paper money I seem to behold the greatest and noblest industry of the near future—an industry in which beneficence is the condition of success—in which no one, not even the most selfish and disloyal of men, can enrich himself without at the same time enriching equally and permanently his country.

May it please your Honor, by virtue of every argument favoring the unlimited issue of redeemable, or the limited issue of irredeemable, currency by Government, I confidently claim at your Honor's hands the lightest sentence that a wicked and barbarous law permits you to impose.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31, 1880.

B.

Capital Notes.

SACRAMENTO, March 30, 1880.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—Nothing on a very "swell" scale has happened these two weeks—only nice little quiet affairs, you know, very appropriate and becoming to the Lenten season—nothing where they dance, or get very hilarious, or assemble in very great numbers; just "our set," who can't live even during Lent without meeting a few of our "dear five hundred." Children are not supposed to observe Lent so strictly as their religious mammas, so Mrs. Gallatin invited a number of these miniature fashion-plates—these charming, self-possessed little creatures, called "children" to be sure—to her elegant home, on Sixteenth and H Streets, last Friday night. She is quite noted for her success in giving these children's parties, and has three lovely little ones of her own.

Tuesday of last week, Mrs. Horatio Hurd had a few friends at her home, in honor of Miss Carrie Crocker, of San Francisco, who is visiting her. The same evening a musical concert was given in the Congregational Church. The leading singer was Miss Annis Montague.

On Monday evening some of Captain Sheehan's friends surprised him at his house, and made their surprise more real in the shape of a very elegant silver tea-set. Last Thursday, one of the school ma'ams—Nellie Shepherd—took for better or for worse a Post-man, a deputy clerk in the State capitol. Her "flock" will now be less numerous than before, but, we presume, *perhaps* just as apt to "stray" as when she was Shepherd of fifty sheep instead of one. At Mrs. John Carroll's, on Thursday night, thirty or forty candy-loving people assembled, and varied the usual routine of dancing and small talk by candy-making. The Sacramento papers tell us that Charles Houghton, one of the firm of W. A. & C. S. Houghton, booksellers, was married in Waltham, Massachusetts, on the 18th ultimo, to Miss Florence Fiske. He went East some weeks ago for his bonny bride; and now people are wondering why none of the Sacramento girls were witty and wealthy enough for this *connoisseur* Charles, that he should go clear across the continent to find a bride.

Last night some of the young men gave a party in Turner's Hall, in honor of some of the University boys. Lawd Dundweawy and his "dwawl" are here, also, this week; and that miserable, disgraceful little theatre is crowded. There was *such* a talk about having a new theatre, and people began to prick up their ears and look happy all over; and now, by appearances, the scheme has fallen through. Legislators will have to stay in Sacramento a few weeks longer than the usual allotted time. Bills are so many and long they can't begin to finish by April-fool's day. Weather is lovely, and "spring's ethereal mildness" has come; and that's all we know about Sacramento's "culchaw."

BETSY AND I.

Mr. Skerrett, the only Republican on the Sand-lot ticket, was beaten, by Mr. Kohler, 8,594 votes. Skerrett got the lowest vote on the ticket, and it served him right for being caught in bad company. If Judge Hastings was sober when he accepted his nomination, he ought to be ashamed of himself. The most respectable person on the Sand-lot programme was, in our opinion, Mr. Broderick. He would have been a valuable person in forming a charter, for he is both intelligent and honest. A bad case of poor Tray. We are glad he was defeated.

"McClellan's Last Service to the Republic" is the leading and most important article in the *North American Review* for April. This paper is meant as a vindication of McClellan against the charges of over-caution and laggard generalship in the campaign preceding Antietam. George Ticknor Curtis is the author of the paper, and will continue his effort at reputation-mending in the number for May. Mr. Parnell contributes a paper on the "Irish Land Question." Ex-Secretary Boutwell writes about "Grant and a Third Term"; and the other papers are fully up to the magazine's average of excellence.

Mr. George Augustus Sala will undoubtedly write a book upon America. He was in the country some six weeks or more, one of which he spent in California. His letters are exceedingly breezy, flippant, and ridiculous, and yet this man has a European reputation as a writer. A journalist is without honor except in his own country. Mr. George Augustus Sala appears to us to be very light timber and season-cracked.

A Tennessee man accidentally shot a dog, and in trying to explain to the owner how it occurred, accidentally shot him. A coroner thought he ought to explain how he shot the man, but couldn't get a jury that was willing to listen to the explanation; they were kind of shy of him, as it were.

Owing to the pressure of other business engagements, Mr. F. M. Somers has disposed of his interest in *The Californian*, and with the April number retires from the editorial control and management. The magazine will still be issued by the A. Roman Publishing Company.

WHAT THE WOMEN ARE DOING.

While playing "Juliet" recently, Miss Mary Anderson was seen chewing something. Some think it was gum; others are of the opinion that it was a piece of the scenery; while still others believe it was a part of "Romeo's" left ear.

Mary A. Northrup, in Rochester, to avenge herself on her neighbor, John Morton, built a tight board fence ten feet high, but entirely on her own land. She was awakened by a great racket one morning, and found the fence being demolished by Morton. Her son went for her lawyer, and testifies that when he returned he found the fence down and his mother under it.

The game of "sixteen" is played at the front gate with one foot on the bottom and both arms across the top, while she stands on the other side and winds a bit of blue ribbon around her fore-finger and heaps up a little pile of gravel with her foot.

The fall of a ballet dancer on the stage of a theatre is described as follows in the Boston *Herald*: "She came capering down, pointing one foot to six o'clock and the other to high noon, when of a sudden both feet flew up at once, and she sat down with what the reporter of a banging would call a 'dull thud.' There was the customary idiotic smile on her face when the mishap occurred, and it remained there for a few seconds through force of habit; but gradually it was displaced by an expression of deep, deep disgust, and her lips moved, while the people wondered what she was saying."

A girl who went down three stories with a falling elevator says that the sensation was like that of being hugged. Fathers, watch your elevators.

A woman disappeared from Reading, Pa., leaving the following note behind her: "My Dear Husband:—I left in peace and joy. My body will be found by some one. Show this to mother, and give my love and a kiss to all. The lost shall be found and the dead rise. I will meet you all again. I had to do this; but, dear Lew, I had no ill-feeling against you." Dear Lew was greatly grieved until he found out that his wife was alive and well with another man in Philadelphia.

"Two sisters of Glasgow got mad at a plumber, and threw him out of a fifth-story window." But he got even with the sisters. He charged them double time from the minute he left the window until he struck the sidewalk.

Miss Jennie Horn was just going to "run across the way," and so stepped out bareheaded and with an apron on. But instead of going across the way, Miss Horn slipped round to the Moravian church, which she entered by the back door. Her lover, William Collier, and Rev. Mr. Clewell were there before her. The knot was soon tied. Mrs. Jennie flew back home, with a blush chasing its shadow among her dimples, and baked the bread for dinner. This was in the town of Uhrichsville, O., where on the afternoon of the same day Henry Horn, the bride's brother, chased both bridegroom and preacher down the main street with a shotgun. Mr. and Mrs. Collier left that afternoon on a bridal trip, Mrs. C. still being bareheaded.

A Cleveland lawyer, defending a handsome young lady charged with larceny, closed his appeal to the jury thus: "Gentlemen! you may hang the ocean on a grapevine to dry, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin to the mouth of a volcano, skim the clouds of the sky with a teaspoon, throw salt on the tail of our noble American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of the nation, paste 'For Rent' on the moon and stars; but never for a moment delude yourself with the idea that this charming girl is guilty of the charge preferred against her." The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

A young New Yorker was introduced to a Boston girl, and before they were acquainted thirty minutes she got so spoony that she had called him an asterolepis, a Silurian placoid, and a cartilaginous vertebrate. He returned to New York by the midnight train.

A Maryland schoolmaster told a refractory girl that unless she wrote a composition he would punish her. She appeared with two big brothers. The pedagogue laid a revolver on the desk and called for the screed. It took her about ten minutes to indite the sentiment: "There are various kinds of big brothers. Sum would stand up for a sister under any circumstances; but there are sum lily-livered, slat-sided mungrels, who air a cross between a Gibrawlter jackass and a Maltese Jew, who would sit around like a rat-hole while a red-headed, cock-eyed slab of unrespectful poverty wanders around with a borrowed pop, and makes their poor sister paw around fur the materials fur a composition."

Miss Roseberry wanted to marry Mr. Deputy, at Seymour, Ind., but her father commanded her to marry Mr. Bowers, and appointed a day for the wedding. On the evening before, she secretly became Mrs. Deputy. She was on hand for the other ceremony, however, and it proceeded smoothly as far as the question whether anybody objected, when Mr. Deputy remarked that he had an objection—a trifling one, which he felt some reluctance about mentioning—the lady was his wife.

The Boston girls are rushing into violinity in a way that is terribly suggestive of the horrors which unborn generations are to sup upon. At one of the evening fiddling schools, the "professor" asked one of the misses rather abruptly: "Where is your bow, Miss Rosinwell?" "Oh," she said, abstractedly, "he's waiting for me outside, I guess." And then every drop of blood rushed into her face, and when she began to practice, her violin gave vent to cries as of one undergoing a violent colic.

An Ohio woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a certain neighbor's wife, and she awoke and kissed him across the face and broke his nose.

AT THE OPERA.

Every seat in the house was filled—
Sonnambula, and a gala night,
 Without, the frost-laden breezes chilled—
 Within, all warm and bright.

And I sat close to the stage alone;
 My place was good—I had had my choice;
 So I sat and drank in every tone
 Of the rich soprano voice.

There was loud applause and frequent applause,
 And I applauded—my heart was light;
 And I little thought that a musical pause
 Should alter my fate that night.

But I looked across as the music ceased,
 Across the crowds and the beauty rife,
 And, thrown in her box like a queen at a feast,
 I met the eyes of my wife.

And I felt at that moment I loved her still.
 She was pensive, but very fair to see,
 And I could not credit the whispers of ill
 That had sundered her and me.

Was it too late to undo the past,
 To lay forever the ghost Renorse?
 Had not the judges pronounced too fast
 The ominous word Divorce?

She was fair and petted and very young,
 And wrong must ever come from the heart;
 Her heart was mine; it was I was wrong
 When I said: "It is best we part."

I turned again as the music swelled;
 The stage was dim with mysterious light,
 And the feeble candle "*Amina*" held
 Was the brightest spot in sight.

And the light in my heart was burning low,
 And life seemed utterly void and blank—
 The house scarce breathed a moment or so
 As she stepped on the trembling plank.

'Twas a gruesome chasm to cross, I ween,
 In her *robe de nuit* and disheveled locks;
 But nothing to that which stretched between
 Me and that distant box.

But I turned and looked as I framed the thought—
 Who says an impulse is never wise?
 For, looking out of that box, I caught
 My wife's soft, violet eyes.

I can not tell what her glances said,
 I can not tell what my own replied,
 But that moment spun a gossamer thread
 Whereon I crossed to her side.

The fair "*Sonnambula*" on her plank
 Has doubtless crossed, but I can not see;
 For the wild applause spread from rank to rank,
 And it all seems meant for me.

For have I not crossed on a frail plank—
 The gossamer bridge of a mutual glance—
 And now my life is no longer blank,
 And the future seems all romance.

I have crossed and reached her, my own, my wife,
 And the air still peals with the wild "Brava!"
 But the favorite opera of my life
 Will be *La Sonnambula*.

G. H. JESSOP.

THE FRAGMENT OF A LETTER.

Found in the Rue de Rivoli.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

—what it has cost me to have married an artist! Ah, my dear, if I had only known! But young girls have such strange ideas about matters in general. Now at the Exposition, when I used to see the artists' addresses upon the picture cards—far off in quiet streets at the extreme corners of Paris—I would conjure up visions of peaceful, happy lives, and of husbands always at home. I knew that I was of a jealous disposition, and I said to myself: "Now, that's the kind of a husband I would like. He would be home all day—at work on his statue or his painting—and I at his side, reading or sewing, drinking in his words. And then the tranquil atmosphere of the studio!" Poor innocent that I was! Little did I know what a studio was, or of its singular visitors. Never had I dreamed, in gazing upon those marble goddesses so lightly clad, that there were women hold enough to — And that even I — Well, well, you must know that bad I not so thought, I should never have married a sculptor. No, indeed!

And then all the family were opposed to it. He was wealthy, young, famous. Yet all were against it, except myself. But then he was *such* a charming fellow. It is true, he used to concern himself almost too much about my dress, my hair: "Wear it a little higher—so," and he would toy with my curls, and place a flower in their midst with the coolness of a hair-dresser. So much experience—and unmarried, too—it was alarming, was it not? I should have been warned. But you shall see.

Well, we returned from our wedding journey, and installed ourselves in the delightful house he had prepared for me—"the cage for his bird," as he said. My husband's studio was immediately adjoining our house, and upon our return he plunged into his interrupted work. Every evening he spoke to me with enthusiasm of the approaching completion of his statue. It represented "A Roman Lady Emerging from the Bath." He was striving, he said, to give to the skin that delicate little shiver which it has upon encountering the cold air, the close clinging of the wet drapery upon the rounded shoulders—and—oh, all sorts of fine things that I don't remember. Between you and me, my dear, when he talks to me of his art, I do not understand quite so well as I might. But no matter—I always said, "Oh, it will be splendid!" and in imagination I saw myself standing before the completed work in the gallery, while the throng behind me murmured, "Look! It's the sculptor's wife."

At last, one day, being curious to see how our Roman lady was getting along, I determined to surprise him in his studio, which I had not yet entered. I found the door unlatched, and walked in without knocking. Judge of my amazement, my horror, at the scene before me. There was my husband, with a dirty blouse like a stone-mason's, his hair every which way, his hands covered with clay, and standing before him — Yes, my dear, a creature with almost nothing —

And on a chair lay the creature's clothes—an ugly dress, a hat with a bedraggled feather, shabby boots, and—so forth. All this flashed upon me in a second, for you may imagine how I darted out. Etienne tried to detain me, but, with a look of horror, I fled from him; and I never stopped, I promise you, until I reached my mother's house.

"Ah, my poor child! There, there—don't cry! Tell mother what is the matter."

And so I told mamma all about how I had gone to the studio, and about the awful woman, and how she had nothing on. And oh, how I cried!

Mamma was much moved, and did all she could to console me. She said it was probably a model.

"A model? But oh, mamma, it is perfectly awful! He never said anything about models before we were married."

At this moment Etienne arrived, breathless. He also tried to make me understand that a model is not like other women, and that they are indispensable to sculptors. But I was inflexible. I informed him that I would have nothing to do with a husband who passed entire days with creatures in such a costume—or rather, in such a lack of it.

"Well, well, my dear children," said poor mamma, striving to bring peace to our convulsed household, "let us see if we can not make some arrangement. Could you not contrive to work with a pasteboard woman—a mannikin, or something of the kind, that would satisfy your wife?"

My husband gnawed his moustache—"Impossible, my dear mother, impossible!"

"But, my dear Etienne, it seems to me that—milliners, you know, have imitation heads for bonnets. Now, if that will do for the head, why not for the—"

Apparently, however, it would not do. At least, so Etienne assured us, at great length, with an infinitude of technical terms. He certainly seemed most unhappy. I glanced at him slyly, now and then, in wiping my eyes, and I saw plainly that he was almost as miserable as I.

Finally, after an interminable discussion, it was agreed that, the model being indispensable, I should be there whenever she was. There was a little apartment adjoining the studio, whence I could see without being seen. (I know what you are saying now, my dear—that I should be ashamed of myself for being jealous of such creatures, and more ashamed to show it. But wait until you are married, my dear, and above all, until you are married to an artist.)

The following day the model was to come. I plucked up courage, and installed myself in my little apartment. Before doing so, however, I stipulated that when I rapped, were it ever so gently, my husband should hasten to me. Scarcely had the door closed upon me when the model arrived. How poor, how dreadfully poor she looked! I could not help wondering at my foolish jealousy of a woman who wore an old, green-fringed shawl, and showed no trace of white at wrist or throat. But, my dear, when I saw the creature cast aside shawl and dress in the centre of the studio, and continue to disrobe with such an utter lack of modesty, I could not restrain myself. I was stifling with anger. I rapped on the door. Etienne found me pale and trembling. He made sport of my fears, gently chided me, and returned to his work. The woman was now upright and posing, almost nude, her long hair coiled upon her back and shoulders with a certain massive grace. She was no longer commonplace—she was almost a statue. My heart sank, but I said nothing. Suddenly my husband cried:

"The right leg—advance the right leg!"

And, as the model did not seem to understand him, he approached her, and—oh, I could hear it no longer! I rapped. He did not hear. I rapped again, almost furiously. This time he did hear, and hastened to my side, hut with a frown upon his brow.

"Come, come, Armande," he said, somewhat brusquely, "don't be so unreasonable!"

"Oh, Etienne," I replied, through my tears, "it is too much for me—I can not bear it!"

He left me without replying, and passing into the studio, bade the awful woman dress herself and leave.

For several days Etienne did not go to his studio. He remained with me and did not go out, refusing even to see his friends; all the while kind, though seemingly sad. One day I said to him, very timidly:

"You do not work any more."

He replied, somewhat coolly:

"It is impossible to work without a model."

However, by many little attentions and a good deal of coaxing, I made him promise to return to his studio, and set himself to work to finish the statue by—(what shall I call it?)—well, either from imagination, or by mamma's method. As for myself, I thought the plan quite easy enough, but he, poor fellow, took an entirely different view of it. Every evening he came home irritable, discouraged, almost sick. In order to cheer him up I frequently went to see him, and would invariably say to him: "Why, it's charming!" or something to that effect. But I could see at a glance that the statue made little progress. In fact, I doubt whether he worked at all, as I usually found him stretched upon the sofa, smoking, or rolling bits of clay into balls, and spitefully hurling them against the wall.

One afternoon I was there, looking at the poor Roman lady, only half completed, so long in emerging from her bath, when a foolish whim suddenly seized me. The statue was of about my size; perhaps I could—

"Etienne, what do you sculptors call a—a—well, a hand-some—er—limb?"

He went on to tell me at some length, showing me what his statue still lacked, and that he could not supply the deficiency without the aid of a model.

Poor fellow! He said this with such a disconsolate air! What do you think I did? Well, I'll tell you. I quickly gathered up the drapery, which was lying in one corner, and went softly into my little apartment, without saying a word, while he was still looking at the statue. I got upon the platform in front of him, in the same costume and pose as that dreadful model. Oh, my dear, imagine Etienne's emotion when he lifted his head and saw me! I felt like laughing and crying at the same time. Why, I was just as red! And then that horrid old drapery would keep falling in every direction! Well, never mind. Etienne was delighted; his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and I was quickly at my ease. Just fancy, my dear; to listen to his ravings one would think—

N. P. FOSTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1880.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS.

As Told by Alden in the New York "Times."

Professor Macgregor tells us that his attention was attracted to the use of girls for scientific purposes by overhearing a young lady remark that her "bang would not keep crimped in damp weather." Upon this hint he immediately began a series of experiments, stretching over a period of eleven months and involving the use of three hundred and seven girls. He began by taking a red-haired girl with a luxuriant bang, which he caused to be crimped with great care, on an evening when the atmosphere was particularly dry. The next morning the bang presented a beautifully "trizzed" appearance; but as toward afternoon the air grew perceptibly foggy, the professor expected that the bang would lose its crimpidity—to use a scientific term. It did nothing of the kind, and, so far as he could see, the state of the atmosphere had no effect upon it. Instead of being discouraged by this failure, Professor Macgregor persevered. It occurred to him that the color of the hair might be an important factor, and that red hair might maintain its crimpidity in circumstances where other hair would lose that quality. He therefore ordered from a charity school three dozen orphaned girls, of from twelve to sixteen years of age, and of assorted colors in point of hair. Twelve of these were black-haired, twelve were brown-haired, and twelve were red-haired. All of these girls wore bangs, and were in every way well adapted for scientific investigations. By a long series of careful experiments he proved that on the approach of wet weather the bangs of the brown-haired girls, without exception, became limp and straight; that a like effect was produced upon the bangs of ten of the twelve black-haired girls, while the red-haired girls were not a particle influenced either by the humidity or the dryness of the atmosphere. Further experiments upon ladies of every age, from sixteen to forty-five, gave like results, and the conclusion that the bang of a brown-haired girl is an infallible indicator of the approach of wet or dry weather may be unhesitatingly accepted. The professor also discovered that red-haired girls show a peculiar susceptibility to electricity. When a thunder-storm is brewing, their bangs become stiff and bristling, and in three instances, when the professor tried to smooth down a bristling bang, he received a violent shock in the region of the ear. He is not as yet prepared to say that the presence of an unusual amount of electricity in the air can always be detected by the use of red-haired girls, but he is strongly inclined to think that further investigation will prove that such is the fact. In view of this important discovery, Professor Macgregor recommends that brown-haired girls shall be substituted on board all vessels, whether naval or mercantile, for the present untrustworthy barometer. He points out that in the merchant service, where a stewardess is at present carried, she should be required to be a brown-haired woman, with a bang, and that any neglect on her part to crimp her bang every night while at sea should be punished as a misdemeanor. In the navy, peculiarly sensitive brown-haired girls should be employed, and the professor suggests that they should be kept in glass cases, open, of course, at the top, so that they would run no risk of being injured. The first cost of a girl is, of course, more than that of a barometer, and it is expensive to keep her in order, but this is of no consequence compared with her value as a weather indicator.

Everybody knows, by reputation, Mr. Kellner, of St. Louis, the eminent dyer. Long ago he conceived a most violent prejudice against Mr. Walker, a really unobjectionable young man, and forbade him ever to cross his threshold. This prohibition was a painful thing to Mr. Walker. He had been for some months a warm admirer of Miss Kellner, and had been accustomed to spend three evenings a week in her society. Knowing the inexorable character of the indignant dyer, he foresaw that he must either abandon the young lady or resort to strategy and deception. He greatly disliked to deceive even an unreasonable father, but he yielded to necessity and the imperious nature of his passion. In accordance with a system of clandestine interviews, under cover of darkness, in the back-yard, Mr. Walker met the dyer's daughter three weeks ago, at about nine o'clock in the evening. The latter had secretly issued from the back-door, and her lover was awaiting her under the shadow of the projecting eaves of the wash-house. A large tub and a long plank happened to be conveniently at hand, and placing the plank across the tub, the youthful pair sat down to sweet converse. The plank was a half-inch one, and seemed sufficiently strong to bear the weight of two persons, with a large margin of safety. When, however, the weight of Mr. Walker and Miss Kellner was concentrated on the center of the plank it bent and broke, and Mr. Walker was plunged, head and shoulders, in the tub. With great presence of mind he kept the young lady's head out of danger, but he could not prevent her from assuming a sitting position, with her lap partially submerged. The lady fled into the house and Mr. Walker climbed the fence, the charge from old Mr. Kellner's shot-gun happily failing to hit him. He went home, and as soon as he had lit the gas he was horrified to find that his face, hair, neck, and hands were dyed a deep and brilliant blue. When he realized the fact that he had fallen in a tub full of Mr. Kellner's "Indestructible Ultramarine Blue," he fell back upon a chair, feeling that he was a ruined man. Of course he tried every means to wash away the stains, but soap and water were in vain. He remembered Mr. Kellner's boast that his dyes could not be washed out, and he gave up the attempt. He sought out a faithful friend who was familiar with water-colors, and implored his aid. The friend could give him no hope. He did, indeed, offer to cover Mr. Walker's face with a film of transparent yellow, which would have the effect of changing his tint from blue to a deep and beautiful green, but this handsome offer was declined. So, too, Mr. Walker refused to call on Mr. Kellner, and ask him for some chemical which would remove the blue. To do this would have been to implicate Miss Kellner in an indiscreet though innocent act. Mr. Walker preferred to go to a blue and lonely grave rather than to incur the slightest risk of injuring the reputation of his adored one. Physicians are divided in opinion as to whether Mr. Walker will fade in course of years. So far, his color is preëminently fast, and neither water, sunlight, nor sulphurous acid has the slightest effect upon it.

HOW UNCLE TOM RAN AWAY.

"When your Uncle Tom and I were children," began I, slowly, "we were ever such good friends; and although I am eight years older than he, we were always together. My pleasure was never real unless Tom shared it, too."

"But Tom's temper sometimes got the better of him, and when provoked—but wait a little, and you shall see what happened to your big Uncle Tom."

"One afternoon—a cold, cheerless, rainy one, like this, dear—I sat looking out of the window at a poor little meadow-lark that stood shivering and wet on the edge of the porch. I soon called Tom to look, too, but when I turned to see if he was coming, not knowing he was so near me, I accidentally struck him in the face with my elbow."

"Horrid, awkward thing," growled Tom; and I received a blow from his strong little fist which, I am sorry to say, was not accidental. Mother had just come in, and she saw the whole scene. She made Tom sit alone on a sofa, away from the window and the bird, till he should grow good-natured again. But Tom was not to be soothed."

"Horrid, awkward old thing!" he muttered again, between his teeth. "I just won't stay in the house with such a girl! I'll run away, so I will. I'll run away to-night," he added in a louder voice, intending to attract my attention."

"What's that?" said mother. "Run away from home?" "Yes, and I'm going now, if Jen don't say she's sorry." "Very well," said mother, looking at me, and seeing no signs of repentance in my face; "you know I allow no one in my house to tell a lie, so I suppose I must say good-bye to you, Tom."

"Up-stairs to his room directly overhead went the angry boy. We heard him shake his long-saved pennies out of his tin bank, heard him pull out bureau drawers, and then all was still, till Master Tom, flushed, angry, yet calm, tramped down the stairs. He said 'good-bye' to all the family except me, and started out in the rain and wind."

"I shall never forget how forlorn the little fellow looked as he walked down the path from the house to the barn. An immense umbrella, old and torn, he tried to hold over him with one hand, while in the other he held a bundle, containing his best suit of clothes, clean shirt, and his pennies. No overcoat had he, no rubbers, and only an old straw hat which he had pulled down over his eyes."

"Bang! went the front door after him. Oo-oo! roared the wind as it followed him! Splash! came down the rain through his torn, worn umbrella; and even the grim, tall cypress trees swayed their dripping tops over the path as he passed, as though they would send down an extra shower."

"Soon it grew dark. But no Tom returned. Of course, none of us thought he would really go away. We supposed the hottest of tempers would soon have cooled in that storm."

"An hour passed; the darkness grew blacker. "Poor Tom!" I thought. "It's all my fault, every bit of it; and although I was fourteen years old, and considered myself quite a woman, I began to cry."

"But suddenly, much to my joy, I heard Tom's step on the porch. I was about to rush out to meet him when my mother stopped me."

"No, child," said she, firmly.

"That minute the front-door bell rang—then it was not Tom at all, I thought."

"Mother went to the door, and there indeed was Tom. Lifting his hat to her in the most polite manner, he said:

"Good evening, madam. Will you have the goodness to tell me the shortest way to B—?"

"We were then living at Alderwood, in the country, and B— was the nearest railroad station."

"Oh, certainly," mother said; "take the first road to the right. B— is three miles from the turnpike."

"Thank you, madam," came the answer from Tom's proud lips, but his moist eyes said plainly: "I'm so sorry, mamma." "He lifted his hat once more and walked calmly down the porch, off the steps into the dark garden and among the moaning cypress trees."

"Oh, mother, mother, how could you?" I sobbed, no longer ashamed of my tears. "Tom will perish, I know he will, and I—I—and I—"

"Jennie, my child," said mother, "do I not know best?" And that answer was all I could get her to make."

"Supper was forgotten; we all sat gloomily around the fire. I was most miserable. I could do nothing but think how I loved Tom, and how lonely it was without him, and how lonely he must be feeling."

"But another hour had ticked its slow way around the clock before we heard those steps on the porch again. Then the bell rang again as before. This time I went with mother to the door. Tom stood there. His hat was gone, his umbrella, too; his frowzy hair was wet, and his hands purple with cold; but, in a plucky voice, he addressed mother:

"Please tell me the price of a night's lodging in B—."

"I gave a man fifty cents yesterday; that bought him both bed and supper."

"Will you take me in here to-night?" asked Tom. "I can pay you." And he showed mother his handful of pennies. "No," mother replied; "we don't take in tramps here. Perhaps they would at Nichols's, across the road."

"But," said Tom, his little lips trembling, "I—I—love you!" "Mother's lips trembled, too."

"That's a very strange thing for a strange man to say to me. What do you mean sir?" and then, somehow, she shut the door in poor Tom's face."

"Oh, oh!" broke in Frank; "how could she do it! how could you let her, auntie! it was just meaner than—oh, auntie, how mean it was!"

"But by the time mother had got back into the sitting-room, and into her chair, looking so pale, I began to understand that she was giving her boy a lesson—but she nearly broke my heart, as well as Tom's and her own, in doing it."

"Eight o'clock came, and with it, falteringly, slowly, came Tom's step on the porch. He rang the bell, but it only tinkled feebly. This time we all sprang to meet him, mother leading us and opening the door."

"Would you?" sobbed poor, tired Tom, "would you—would you let me come in and warm my poor little hands? I am—Jennie—I am so sorry."

"In a minute, in a second, Tom was folded in mother's arms, sobbing, repentant, wet, drabbed—and Tom never ran away again."

INTAGLIOS.

A Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:
"Have mercy mighty angel! Hear my story:

"I loved, and blind with passionate love, I fell—
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well."

"I do not rage against His high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth, who mourns for me."

"Great Spirit, let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour! and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then spake the sentinel angel: "Nay, repent!
For see—the dial-finger's bent
Down to the last hour of your punishment."

But still she wailed: "I pray you let me go,
I can not rise to peace and leave him so;
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates swung suddenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed: "I found him by a summer sea,
Reclined his head upon a maiden's knee;
She curled his hair, and kissed him—woe is me!"

She wailed: "Now let my punishment begin,
I have been fond and foolish: let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in thy true heart's desire
Were bitterer than a thousand years of fire."—*F. M. R.*

The Marked Grave.

Bowie's rangers, out on the trail,
Had galloped from early dawn;
But the prairie road was cool and sweet
And green as a garden lawn,
And the strong air stirred the blood like wine—
The strong air, scented with flowers and pine.

Silent and stern and ready to fight,
They followed the Indian foe,
Till Bowie cried: "Let the bridles fall,
For the sun is sinking low.
We must feed and rest, or we shall fail,
Though fifty miles on the Lipan trail."

They had reached the grove of mighty oaks;
Into the shade they went;
The saddles were loosened, and beasts and men
Were glad of their leafy tent.
Said Bowie: "Just take your rifle, Hays,
And see how the land around us lays."

The youth went forward with head-up step—
Came back with a quicker tread.
"Captain, I found beneath your oak
A man that is—" "Dead?" "Quite dead.
His saddle and whip beside him lay;
I reckon his horse has strayed away."

Yes, dead he lay in the blowing grass,
Lay sleeping like any child;
One arm was under his curly head,
His lips still faintly smiled.
Booted and spurred he had gone to rest,
But looked like a man that death had blessed.

There was not a wound, or mark, or stain;
There was not a line to tell
From whence he came, or what was his name,
Nor where he was wont to dwell.
"Well, no matter," said Bowie; "because
Where we know nothing at all, *God knows!*"

They dug him a grave beneath the oak;
And Bowie, with hunting-knife,
Cut deep in its living bark the date of
When the stranger stepped from life.
Then, glancing down, with a solemn pause,
Cut under the date the two words: "*God knows!*"
—*Lillie E. Barr.*

Persia.

A world of radiant roses far and wide,
Clasps in its red embrace fair Ispahan;
Which, like a veiled and flower-wood virgin bride,
Blushes behind her santal-smelling fan.

Looped on the Zandrood's stream the city lies,
A marvel of marble, whose white minarets,
One maze of arabesque, assault the skies,
Until the admiring sun, reluctant, sets.

There, through yon open palace window, hear
The satrap's favorites chatting with their birds;
Tuned to the low Kinoores, young voices clear,
Warble sweet Saadi in soft Persian words.

One dainty houri tips each lash with khol,
While eunuchs comb her tresses' liberal jet,
And with henné-stained fingers almonds roll
Her fragrant, gold Latakiah cigarette.

Pale Schiraz buds adorn each silk divan,
Odors of benzoin scent the morning air;
And tales from Hafiz or the Gulistan
Are softly syllabled by the poets there.

And as I watch these fair Badouras play
In drowsy grace, with amulets and curls,
I see, in fancy, pass this sunny way
Some young Aladdin, scattering gold and pearls!
—*F. S. Saltus.*

June.

"Give me a month," said the Summer,
Demanding of Nature a boon.
"Thou shalt make surly Winter forgotten,
And be with all sweet things in tune!
The skies must be blue, the sun golden,
Love must light the white lamp of the moon."
The great mother smiled, and she kissed her,
And the smile and the kiss were June!
—*Henry Richards.*

FRANCE AND THE FAIR SEX.

Stendhal: "In France, women are flattered at twenty and deserted at forty."

Lesmesle: "Women love brave men very much, but they love still more the audacious."

Dumas Sr.: "God in His divine foresight gave no beard to women, for He knew they would not be able to keep their mouths shut while they were getting shaved."

Love pleases more than marriage, for the reason that novels are more amusing than history.

Madame de Girardin: "That which is rarest in France, after a stupid woman, is a generous woman."

Louis Desnoyers: "A woman who throws herself at the heads of men very soon finds herself at their feet."

Immorality with women is almost always a hard necessity. With men it is almost always a vicious longing.

Charles Lemesle: "Women owe to us the most of their faults; we owe to them the most of our virtues."

La Bruyère: "I would wish to be a girl, a beautiful girl, from thirteen to twenty-two, and after that to become a man."

Frenchmen do not often speak of their wives, lest they talk about them before gentlemen who know them better than they do.

Bougeart: "If I speak badly of women in general, all of them attack me; if I make an application, all the others applaud me."

The waves of a woman's handkerchief have wrecked many a man.

It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beauty how long he remained lord of creation. "Till he got a wife," was the reply.

Dubay: "Man acquires cunning; woman is born with it."

When a woman no longer blushes she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty.

J. Petit Senn: "The first love which enters into the heart is the last to go out of the memory."

Madame de Sartory: "Jealousy is nothing, properly speaking, but a strong desire to keep what we love and what we possess, and to take care that another does not enjoy what we wish to have all to ourselves, from which I conclude that we should be jealous of all that we love, and that it is impossible to love without jealousy."

Ph. de Varenne: "Many women judge favorably of a man by the elegance of his dress. The skin, in the eyes of the fool, recommends the fruit."

Adolph Ricard: "The extravagance of a woman's dress gives rise to the suspicion of extravagance of conduct."

Ph. de Varenne: "A beautiful woman who sees another woman still more beautiful than herself is the most unhappy creature in the world."

"I love them too much to paint them," says Meissonier of women; which makes one wish that some of our ladies had more self-respect, and did not paint themselves.

Madame Geoffrin: "There are three things which the average woman throws out of the window: her time, her money, and her health."

The proper dress material for some women is gros grain.

Long ago some wise woman started the proverb that "the proof of a pudding is in the eating," and now some men are putting the assertion to a practical test.

Circe is the most bewitching of women; Ulysses the wisest of men. Weary of submission to her despotic will, he resolved to see her for the last time and break with her forever. "Behave yourself like a man," said his sympathizing friend to him as they parted at the door of her *boudoir*. They met an hour later. "How is it?" said the friend. "Did you behave like a man?" "Very like a man," said the unhappy slave; "I made an ass of myself."

There are four good mothers who have four bad daughters: Truth hath hatred; prosperity hath pride; security hath peril; and familiarity hath contempt.

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THE ARGONAUT.

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The result of Tuesday's election is highly satisfactory. It disposes of the political agitation that a few most vicious demagogues have for now these two years disturbed us with. It demonstrates that the knaves and idiots are not in a majority, and that law, order, and good government is not yet to be sacrificed to the proletarian mob. This decisive victory at the polls should be followed by an earnest determination on the part of the general public to no longer yield any concessions to the alien agitators and native-born criminals that supplemented their political threats with threats of violence and menace. To threaten with bemp and fire is a crime; to await the act would be to imperil society. Kalloch, by his demagogism, his slanders, his insinuating tongue, places himself in antagonism to society. He may artfully and adroitly avoid conviction, imprisonment, fine, or impeachment; but he is nevertheless a criminal, at war with society, and ought to be punished. If the law faithfully tried, and legal remedies fully exhausted, are found inadequate to restrain him and the lesser and more ignorant villains of whom he is the leader, then society, in self-defense, must resort to remedies more heroic. The Rev. Mr. Kalloch and his associate criminals must be taught the lesson. The work of the Council now begins. The election has demonstrated the strength of this element of agitation. We do not mean to be understood that there are in San Francisco ten thousand or more persons who would deliberately endeavor to destroy and tear down our government. There may be of this number one thousand desperate men who have determined to live by violence and agitation. Of this number we rank our accidental Mayor as one, and we commend him and his kind to the surveillance of the armed and determined men whom the conduct of his associates has called into existence. Let him, and them, be taught the lesson of obedience—not to the letter of the law, but to the spirit—that makes prosperity in organized society possible. That the Rev. Mr. Kalloch need not be at a loss in understanding our position, and that we may relieve him from the necessity of placing any forced interpretation upon doubtful passages of our writing, we say to him, and authorize him to read this to his dirty and blustering mob of the Sand-lot, or to his more contemptible claqueurs at the Temple, that we consider him an arrant, vicious, and most unprincipled demagogue, a slanderer, libeler, and a blackguard, and that we should be most glad if we had the power to so stir against him a just public indignation that it would tie him to a cart's tail and whip him through the streets of a city he has disgraced by his magistracy and dishonored by his contemptible conduct.

And now, since the suppression of this political rebellion of the Sand-lot, Kearney has been taken with fits. He faints in the street, and, according to the *Chronicle*, he howls of nights with the gravel. As between the gravel and Kearney, our sympathy is with the gravel. The fact is, we regard this opportune sickness of the drayman as a cowardly feint to escape conviction, with cropped hair and striped clothes in the House of Correction. We had hoped to have enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to that institution, and to have seen the reformers, Kearney, Gannon, Steinman, and the female street tramper, breaking stones for the public roads. We have no sympathy nor affectation of sympathy for any one of these criminals. We have no sympathy for any press or individual that does in any degree excuse or palliate their conduct. We admit the fact that we regret that between the leaders of this ignorant and vicious mob and good citizens, there could not have been a more decisive conflict than is presented at the hallot-hox. For honest laborers no man lives who has a higher regard than we. But for the idle, profligate, whisky-drinking tramp who can not make a living in this country except by politics, and for the alien loafer

who comes from Ireland or Germany, and thinks through political agitation to intimidate good citizens into his support, we have an unmitigated contempt. On our late trip to Arizona we saw black Berkshire pigs rooting for a living on the desert of the Mohave, and we asked ourselves why Denis Kearney and his associates of two-legged swine could not make a living in this country of freedom, opportunity, and sovereignty. And we said to ourselves, The pig is the better citizen, and the more useful. He can root out for himself an honest living. He carries no banner for "labor or bread." His motto is "Root, hog, or die." He drinks no whisky. He does not beat the sow that mothers his pigs. He leads a useful life, and at his death fills an honored pork-barrel. It is one of our privileges as an American citizen to think the Berkshire pig a better citizen than the ungrateful foreign agitator who comes to our country, and by his life and conduct makes the experiment of Republican liberty a failure.

For the honest and deserving laboring poor we have the kindest feelings. We would not allow one of them to remain unrelieved. We would spare no reasonable exertion to find them remunerative labor; but in this country there are no poor that have not met with misfortune or are in ill health. The misfortunes of accident, fire, disease, may occur to working men or working women, and they may find themselves in the straits of a temporary poverty; old age or orphanage may demand our charities; but that there is any such thing as general distress among the young, the middle-aged, the temperate, the industrious, the prudent, and the economical, we deny. The man who drinks whisky, plays cinch at the corner grocery, spends his time in politics, and is too idle to work, may bring poverty upon himself and distress to his family. The man who will follow and applaud and uphold the political agitation of the Sand-lot, and drive capital from the State, and make enterprise impossible, is a criminal, and deserves to suffer. For all this mob of political and idle and drunken we have neither compliments nor sympathy. They are a bad and dangerous element in our city. They render the experiment of republican liberty a doubtful one. We see but one remedy for this condition of things, and that is a repeal of our naturalization laws, and such a modification of our European treaties as will discourage the immigration of their criminal, pauper, and ignorant element. Our political liberties are endangered from the immigration of this class of people. They are more dangerous than the immigration from Asia. The Chinese may interfere with labor, may demoralize our social organization, and disturb our industrial arrangements; but they do not and can not imperil our liberties or destroy our government. Except for this alien element there would be less native-born demagogues. Except for Kearney the Baptist blackguard would be an impossibility. Except for the foreign-born there would be no Democratic party to-day; and except for the scum of this vile importation such Democratic gentlemen as have played the cowardly and contemptible part of subserviency to the Sand-lot would have acted a more manly and honorable part. We hope we shall not be misunderstood in these remarks as reflecting upon the intelligent, order-loving class of our foreign citizens. We can not always stop to draw the line between the intelligent and the ignorant, the moral and the vicious, the industrious and the idle, of foreign birth; but the line is always there, broadly marked and boldly defined.

These agitators are only scotched, and not killed; this rebellion of the Sand-lot is only checked, and repressed—it is not destroyed. It has taught us a healthful lesson. It has forewarned us of a terrible danger. It has disclosed to us the existence of an element of destructive force within our political organization—of the most menacing character. It has injured our city almost beyond repair. It has reduced values of real property one hundred millions of dollars. It has driven fifty millions into hiding or exile. It has arrested the development and progress of our city. It has given us a bad name abroad. We have a right to demand of the Council, and its registered thousands who stand ready to do its bidding—with bayonets, if necessary—that it do not palter with this business; that it do not sleep upon its arms; that it do not relax its secret military organization; that it keep the regiments to their full quota; that it keep the police armed, and that its enrolled veterans may be kept in readiness at the tap of the hell to step to the front and take any fight that Hans Steinmann and his gallows-birds may offer. Let every agitator be marked, known, and spotted. If it is right for them to make a black-list of every man who keeps a Chinese servant, or smokes a Chinese cigar, or wears a shirt from a Chinese laundry, then it is right to note and watch every criminal and blackguard who for these two years have kept our city in fear of their violence. Let the Council do what in its proclamation it promised to do; then the recurrence of such a condition of things as we have passed through will be impossible.

We commend to the leaders of the Democracy that they review their conduct for the past two years, and ask themselves how far they have been responsible for the existing

condition of things. This party has been trodden in the very dirt of the Sand-lot. With here and there the honorable exception of a few young, spirited, Democratic gentlemen, the leaders have played a base and cowardly part. They have been in vile dalliance with this strumpet of the slums, and now we fear they propose to marry it for the Presidential election, and of the strumpet make a wife—by brevet. Now we shall hear of compromises and adjustments, of arrangements and concessions—concessions of political principles to party blackguards in order to catch votes. This recent charter election demonstrates that this fight for life was made mostly by Republicans. Thousands of Democrats abstained from voting, while other thousands cast their ballots to send a corset-vendor to the Senate of this State. It is such things as this that makes the Democratic party contemptible, and drives every proud, honest gentleman into opposition to it. It lacks the courage to resist the criminal and ignorant of its own rank and file because it fears to lose their votes. There should be but two parties in San Francisco—the Citizens and the Sand-lot. Such a division is at present impossible because of an impending Presidential election. Party issues will be made on national politics in disregard of our local issues, and for the next struggle we shall divide upon broader questions than are involved in this struggle between good society and the handits of the Sand-lots. Let us hope that in the election to adopt our charter, and in those elections that will follow the Presidential, we may divide upon rational local issues.

And may we not also commend the daily press to review its career in connection with this Sand-lot insurrection? We mean the *Chronicle*, *Call*, and *Bulletin*. The *Alta* has been resolute and loyal, bold and fearless. The *Post* has been ridiculous. We remember when this caricature of journalism covered the city walls and suburban fence-boards with the legend, "The *Post* is the Workingman's organ." The *Examiner* (let us be excused for calling had names) has been consistently Democratic, and that, being interpreted into plain English, means "consistently contemptible." We do not read the German dailies. The common schools of our youthful days were deficient in their range of instruction. But the *Chronicle*, the *Call*, and the *Bulletin*! How they have crawled and wriggled and sweat; how they have debased, disgraced, and dishonored the very name of independent journalism! The *Chronicle* was the first to prospect and the most enterprising to work this Sand-lot scuff. It had Kearney as a fixture in its office, sitting daily among its news editors, and daily closeted with its proprietor. Its best Bohemians coached the drayman how to talk, and its best reporters cooked his uncouth billingsgate, his ribald wit, and blasphemous blackguardism into grammatical and forcible English. Reporters followed him through the country, wrote him up, gave him importance, and all for the poor, paltry, mean hope of extending the *Chronicle's* circulation to a class that could not read, and carry the new Constitution. The *Call*—the meek and cowardly *Call*—came prowling forward like a cat in the dark, its eyes green with the jealousy of lost advertisements and circulation. Then the rivalry of these two journals to gain and keep the favor of the cattle of the Sand-lot. Rival reporters traveling through the country with Kearney. We need not recall the conflict between these two journals; their alternate victories and defeats; the fight over the election of convention delegates; the fight over the adoption of the Constitution; the brutal and bloody collision between the editor and the candidate; the more brutal and beastly effort of the *Call* to make profit out of a personal quarrel; the alternating popular indignation against both *Call* and *Chronicle*; the *Bulletin*, with the cunning of the fox and the wise reticence of the owl, poisoning itself in deliberative non-committalism between these contending factions, intent to keep the patronage of the commercial community, while its associate pushed the rake of its croupier out to this mob. This has been the history of our leading dailies. They are largely responsible for all this agitation, and all its consequences. If these journals could have been burned, and their editors burned with them, San Francisco would have been to-day richer by millions. If political parties, newspapers, capital, and labor have not been taught a lesson from which they may all draw a profitable moral then we may despair of the future. We have passed through a dark and nasty night; we think we see the glimmer of a brighter and a better day.

We have not read the McClure charter, but we have read the *Bulletin's* criticism upon it, and we are inclined to think the *Bulletin's* argument is a sound one. No law is always better than a had one. If we should have a charterless interregnum there will be no authority for anybody to steal from the city treasury. Better no king than King Stork. As a tax-payer we would risk the experiment of one year without authority for the Supervisors to do anything except to sauce Kalloch.

A Chinese laundryman in Utica has written to the New York *Herald*, offering to do washing and ironing for all the Irish sufferers without cost. Coals of fire.

AFTERMATH.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Vale, of the *Bulletin*, may not fail to secure the blessing that was promised to peacemakers on the Mount of Olives a good many years ago, but it will pretty certainly not come from his fellow-citizens, except upon divine compulsion. Representing Deacon Fitch and Mr. Pickering, this meddlesome mischief-maker attempted to patch up a peace between God and the Sand-lot by a conference, the former power being represented by Messrs. Coleman, Crocker, Flood, and Goodall; the latter by Mayor Kalloch single-handed. Nothing came of it; but with indecent haste Messrs. Fitch and Pickering announced, editorially, in their newspapers, that a *modus vivendi* had been found, honor was satisfied, and the business boom inaugurated. With deep disgust and high elation, respectively, the law-abiding interpreted this as a cowardly surrender to the Sand-lot; the Sand-lot, as a concession of the right to drive ahead their hangman's cart. The rascals who, alarmed by the thunder of the Council of Two Hundred, had scuttled away for shelter, came out and defied the lightning. Finding itself ridiculous in the field, the Citizens' Protective Union took to its tongue, issued an evasive denial that it was then engaged in compromise, and, with a multitude of double-fisted adjectives, stoutly scolded the rogues whom it had failed to mollify and dared not repress.

Out of all this disaster the meddling, muddling incapable who conceived the fascinating notion of an understanding with the Sand-lot has already secured a portion of his promised blessing—*vide* the Beatitudes. Utterly unknown before, he has now a wide and lasting renown as a first-chop fool. To mitigate the bitterness of his self-respect he has earned the hatred of his employers, who have been detected singing "Peace on earth and good-will to men" in the guiding beam of a doctor's tin lantern steering to a flatulent tramp in the familiar sentry-box of a suburban back-yard. But the crowning glory of this self-appointed go-between's pacific achievement is a first-class "character" from the master of the situation which his blundering created: Kalloch has publicly buttered him from the apex of his reasonless head to the uttermost extension of his immeasurable beel.

On Wednesday, February 25, Auditor Dunn said: "If Kearney or Kalloch is assassinated, the people will be recreant to their trust if they allow it to pass without retaliating." On the same day Sheriff Desmond said: "I wish Kearney God speed in his good work, and the man who lays hands on him, officer of the law that I am I will lay hands on him." That was when Kearney and Kalloch appeared to need the strong arms of individual citizens and officers of the law to protect them. Now that the Council of Two Hundred, rising in its might, has pledged itself and its twenty thousand followers to non-resistance, Messrs. Dunn and Desmond, relieved of the terrible responsibility of guarding their benefactor, have leisure to mismanage the offices he gave them. With General Miller and Mr. Coleman on guard, Kearney feels himself secure against everybody but his attorneys, and Kalloch fears nothing but the rivalry of that rising statesman and popular ladies' man, Mr. Satan.

My Dear Dennis:—The praise service at the Temple on Fifth Street next Sunday evening will probably start off as follows:

There's a place that is warmer than this,
And it's south, on the line of the cars;
There they've saved you a snug little cell,
Its windows all checkered with bars.
"Oh, the Chinese must go," etc.

"A prophet has no honor in his own country." In other words, the people among whom he has been "raised" know too much about him. They understand and appreciate at their full value his weaknesses, *foibles*, and failings. No man is a hero to his valet. So a "prophet" must needs go abroad to secure respect and consideration. Thus Parnell, the Irish agitator, came to this country to beg, and when he returns to his own neighborhood his begging is repudiated by his countrymen; nay, more—he is rotten-egged, kicked, beat, hustled, pulled by the legs, hattered as to the hat, torn as to the breeches, and apparently only saved from utter destruction by the intervention of some priests who seem to have been "on their muscle." Truly, this is discouraging to prophets! To think that a presumably respectable person, a member of the English legislature, after having been wined, dined, and dragged about in carriages in America, after having made speeches and collected alms, should return to the country of his birth—aye, to his own neighborhood—and be thus abused by his own neighbors as a dictator, and an arrogant, overbearing aristocrat! *O tempora! O mores!* But then the idea suggests itself that, after all, these people knew the party they were dealing with better than we did, that perhaps they only treated him as he deserved, and that probably they were not to be caught by specious pretense and clap-trap political philanthropy.

There has been a hit of discussion in one of the newspapers as to why the parsons leave California. The discussor whose screed was the last that we had the happiness to read

puts it somewhat like this 'ere: California is an irreligious community; pew-rents are low, salaries ditto; and the parsons are treated with derision by the press. To these several indictments we reply: An irreligious community is where the gospel is most needed; the New Testament ranks poverty among the capital virtues of the pious; and when the good Jesus was derided he didn't much mind. We confess it's a long leap from a San Francisco parson to Jesus Christ, but if our clergymen find the comparison odious, they will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have done very little to provoke it.

Unless the New York *Herald* "lies for the very lust of lying," three of the converts of the Salvation Army, now tramping the overskirts of that city, have had a relapse. John Richards, who professed one evening to have been blessed by the Holy Spirit, got drunk the next, and went down to the Pickwick House, where the army has had headquarters, and wanted to fight. He did not want to fight the devil, he said. "I'm a man, and men are good enough for me to fight with. Oh, I'm a hitter, and I want Railton to come out here till I club him. I've had 'ligion—lots of it. I git drunk just as I git 'ligion—I git full of it. I'm a backslider from Kalamazoo, whoop!" The counsels of a policeman calmed the vicious intrepidity of Mr. Richards, and he said he would watch and pray silently until Mr. Railton came, and then he would "fix him." Pretty soon he broke out again: "As for them dough-faced gals, why they can tarry at Jericho until their beards grow—that's from Samuel. Oh, I'm a Scripture sharp, and don't you forget it! Them girls ain't doing nothing good; they're unctuous and greasy enough to be good preachers, but they ain't winning. 'Tisn't the beauty, it's the winning ways that fetches the sin-sick sheep that's astray from the fold. Yes, I did say I had 'ligion. I've had it as many times as I've been drunk, and that's a useless number; and I'm giving it to you straight. What gives it to me? Religion? Dogonmyskin 'fi know." "But, Mr. Richards," interposed the policeman, "you didn't use such language as that when you were relating your experience the other night." "Course I didn't. Was-z-use? Got two vernaculars for two purposes. When I'm drunk I'm drunker'n anybody. When I'm converted I'm more converted'n anybody." Mr. Richards was evidently in the superlative degree of his boasted inebriety, and his utterance became clogged with the effort of speech, so that, important as it was for him to remonstrate with the policeman who took him firmly by the collar, he was only able to smile in maudlin confidence and endorse the situation by an indistinct and oft-repeated "'s all ri'." And still the emigration of our clergymen is eastward, where there is not the "irreligious community" that obtains here.

To the clatter and crash of innumerable tongues afflicting this unhappy city is now added the still, small thunder of Mr. Edward Carswell, talking teetotaler. Ed'ard has signalized his advent and made us feel his presence near, by a heak-and-talon assault upon "the moderate drinker," filling the air with that malefactor's fine feathers, and making him squawk it lusty. We congratulate Ed'ard on the success of his first effort on this coast; unless they are altogether impregnable to reason, the moderate drinkers will never again drink in moderation. The mistake that previous crusaders have made is attacking the evil in the wrong place; they had not the sagacity and discretion to lay bold of the snake by the middle. Ned knows how to manage the creature; he has worn them in his boots.

In a speech at Union Hall on Monday evening last, State Senator John S. Enos is reported as having used this language: "Frank Pixley says: 'Every Frenchman, Scandnavian, and Irishman is a ———.'" Supposing Mr. Enos to have been correctly reported, and supplying the place of the dashes with words of reasonably profane and vulgar disparagement, one of two things is manifest: either Mr. Pixley or Mr. Enos is a liar of the first magnitude. Yet we know that Mr. Pixley is not a liar, and that Mr. Enos is not of the first magnitude. Will some one who has solved the gem puzzle have the goodness to tackle this hoss paradox?

Fraulein Bertha von Hillern, the girl who used to leg it round the ring for gate-money, has been adopted by a wealthy couple enamored of her staying powers, who "take her into the best society" and have set her to studying art. The manners acquired in the best society will be useful to the lady when making her laps, and her art-instruction will enable her to paint her legs barber-polewise, saving the expense of tights. Altogether, it's a good idea—one that ought to gratify every lover of the picturesque. Will some other wealthy and respectable couple have the benevolence to adopt the O'Leaary and prance him through a school of design?

It is announced that the United States will shortly be honored with a visit from that royal hutch, the King of Siam, and that the authorities at Washington will send a man-of-war to convey him hither. As his majesty is principally known as an obese gentleman who, during his "sprees," playfully cuts off the heads of his relations by way of an appetizer before his breakfast, it is questionable what feeling

he will produce in this country. Our friends ———— may not have much to entertain him with in his sanguinary line, but if he ever gets out to this coast in the humor and condition, and will attend strictly to his accomplished business, in the matter of political and miscellaneous heads we think we can furnish him with steady and exciting recreation.

Mrs. Winifred Pelletreau, having been arrested on a warrant charging her with arson, in that she did malevolently ignite the combustible castle of her son-in-law, a chivalrous contemporary is at the pains to invent a "motive" for the act. "Prisoner," said a Kentucky judge, "before passing sentence upon you for this outrageous assault which you have confessed, I should like to know what prompted the act. What did the complaining witness do to you?" "I'm a rip-snortin' bull buffaler of the windy wild—a hell-bilin' sky-walloper from the head-quarters of the Big Sandy! I'm a bowel-raveler and a bone-breakin' yearner for the ideal! I'm a lily-handed trifter with men's in'ards, and alligators stewn in sheet lightnin' is my principal diet! *That's* what he done to me." The lady arrested last Monday is a mother-in-law—that was her motive.

A propos of the promised speed-track in the Golden Gate Park, and fast driving generally, a good story is told of ex-Governor Stanford. He and Mr. Crocker, some time back, transgressed the ten-mile-an-hour rule until the park policemen could stand it no longer. Accordingly, Mr. Stanford was accosted as follows: "I tell you what it is, Governor, you've got to come down to the law, like any one else. We'll have to arrest you or Mr. Crocker for fast driving. There's no other way out of it." Stanford looked at his interlocutor for an instant, and then, with a quiet twinkle, said: "I'll tell you what to do, officer—you arrest Crocker."

The Kentucky Legislature has passed a whipping-post bill for the admonition of petty thieves, and the advocates of repudiation over the Tennessee line feel uncomfortably creepy under their jackets every time they cross the border for their morning bourbon.

So long as the Sand-lot remained in the ascendancy the good God soured upon us. He frowned upon us with chill northern winds, and wept over us his tears of cold and unrefreshing rain. The verdure hid itself in the ground, the blossoms refused to put forth their beauty and their fragrance, and the earth refused to give promise of its harvests. As soon as we gained courage to repress the blasphemy of the Sand-lot, and drove out these infidel railers against his goodness and his generous hounty, he smiled upon us. He sent us a warm and genial and copious rain. The earth laughed in its fatness. Jeweled dew-drops sparkled in the sun. The fields put on their mantle of green, and the trees put forth in beauty of blossom and huds of fruit, and Nature promised full harvests. Gold and grain, and wine and wool; a great fleet of richly-laden ships to come and go; plenty, prosperity, and peace await us. We commend to our clergy and pious laity that in their to-morrow's prayers they thank the good God that he has not abandoned or forgotten us, his people.

"O sad-eyed savant, on the window leaning,
Tell me what golden secrets you've been gleaming
From the blue pages of unearthly meaning?"

"O blear-eyed roisterer, I'm not drunk, as you are,
And so my mental needs are somewhat fewer;
For your complaint the pump's a certain cure."

A flying brick the flippant savant tilted.
He swayed a moment, then, like celery, wilted.

It is cheery news, this thing about the intention of a number of Swinomish, Samish, and Stragumish farmers to engage in wheat-growing. If anybody can coax the reluctant wheat-vine out of Washington Territory's worn and weary soil it is just that kind of a farmer.

Bishop Hillery, of the colored Methodists, lectured on Wednesday evening at the Zion Church, on "Ireland, and the peculiarities of the Irish at home." We commend to our apostolic colored brother that he note the peculiarities of the Irish upon the Sand-lot, and give us his opinion; and inform us whether in his judgment Divine Providence has organized a proper hell for their punishment; and if not, what we had better do about it.

On the first day of April, Kearney pleaded illness of the gravel in order to procure an adjournment of his case for one week. This looks like an April-fool's joke. Kearney has no sand in his craw, but he may have gravel in his bladder. Six months' quiet in the House of Correction will, in our judgment, be good for his complaint. He evidently needs rest, and we are sure he needs correction. A gentle exercise in breaking stone is good for men with such an inflation as our reformer has been troubled with for the last two years.

Freud is a fraud, if what a very worthy lady tells is true. She says that all his corsets, chemises, and female under-gear are the manufacture of heathen Chinees.

THE HERMIT OF TREASURE PEAKS.

From the "Californian" for April.

In 1858, a couple of ragged and vermin-inhabited prospectors, wandering about one of the spurs of the Sierra, discovered gold, an article for which they had been assiduously searching for some months. Immediately on fixing their hungry optics to the fragment of auriferous rock, they gave a shout of delight, drove down a stake, fixed a notice of location, and announced the birth of a new town, calling the same Treasure Peaks.

When the place was dubbed Treasure Peaks, even the visionary minds of the two unkempt gold-hunters did not for a moment imagine that the mountain-side would ever be graced by any more than one, or perhaps two, miners' cabins. They were not selfish men, and the next time they visited the town of Forks Flat, they proclaimed their golden discovery at the first public bar of the place.

The idle population of Forks Flat was not slow in availing itself of the traveling facilities which led to Treasure Peaks. The trail up the mountain-side was a rugged and tedious one, and took the better part of two days to traverse; yet, inside of six months, a passable wagon-road was worn to the camp, and the place witnessed all the scenes of life and activity incidental to the birth of a new city.

When Treasure Peaks contained about a thousand inhabitants, the little town began to swell with importance. The mining prospects were, indeed, flattering, and the quartz ledges in the hills were rapidly being developed. Besides, they were productive, and the deeper the workers went, the richer and wider grew the veins. New cabins went up every day, the prospect-holes became shafts, the bucket and windlass gave way to the donkey-engine, people poured in from all directions, and the village child began to assume the airs of the municipal man.

In the midst of the bustle of business and money-making, the inhabitants of the Peaks did not forget that they had a rival—a small one, it was true—in the shape of the town of Forks Flat, and to wipe out the Flat from all commercial and geographical recognition was their sole aim. Joe Beggs, a man whose opinions had the advantage of considerable weight—as he ran a first-class blue-chip taro game—insisted on a newspaper:

"What we want for this growing camp is a first-class newspaper, that can properly set forth the interests of this mountain metropolis."

One of the crowd suggested that a man named Lightner, in San Francisco, was the party wanted.

"Has he got the classical education necessary to run a newspaper in a town like Treasure Peaks? Is he a man of elevated thought and vigorous expression? Is he a man that's well read?—one that we can refer gambling disputes to with a guarantee of a proper rendering of the points?"

The party who had suggested the name of Lightner vouched for the thorough capacity of the man, and by the next day three thousand dollars were raised, as a bonus, to induce him to come. Lightner was sent for, and in about a month the citizens of the Peaks began to look for the advent of the printing-office.

One sultry afternoon, a horseman came up the grade at a brisk pace, to announce that the printing establishment was on the way, and would arrive in a few hours. This intelligence caused an extraordinary commotion in the camp, and as soon as the first flush of excitement was over, preparations commenced for giving the new editor a fitting reception—something which would glorify the Peaks forever, and correspondingly humiliate the commercial pride of Forks Flat.

It was just at nightfall when John Lightner, with two loaded freight wagons, came in view at a bend of the grade, half a mile below town. The sighting of the teams from the top of the hill was signalized by the explosion of an anvil—a mode of firing salutes much in vogue at that period. In an instant more, an American flag was hoisted to the top of a pole, while on a neighboring eminence the welcoming bonfires were lighted, and there was a general rush to the foot of the main street.

When the teams halted, steaming and panting, at the town level, the journalist was considerably astonished to find a delegation of citizens drawn up to receive him. It had been agreed that Joe Beggs, the leading faro-dealer in the town, should deliver the address of welcome; and, for the first time since attaining his majority, the man of notable nerve and coolness was in a state of excitement which required a stiff horn of brandy, taken every fifteen minutes, to allay. When Lightner got down over the wheel, however, Beggs advanced, and, with half-lifted hat, grasped him warmly by the hand, cleared his throat for the first oratorical effort of his life, and, after a slight pause, began:

"MR. LIGHTNER: In behalf of the citizens of this growing commercial metropolis and mining centre, I bid you thrice welcome to Treasure Peaks. [Here he threw his weight over on the other leg.] I assure you that the fact of my being the first man to be afforded the opportunity of welcoming a writer of your brains and ability to our midst, causes my breast to swell with a pride which would be impossible for me to conceal, even if I so desired. It is the happiest moment of my checkered and eventful existence, and I will not efface it from the tablets of my memory till my dying day."

At this point, the speaker, whose remarks had fully realized the most sanguine expectations of his friends, looked about him in a dazed way, and it was quite evident, to those who knew him best, that his stock of English had given out. Nothing daunted, however, he plunged boldly into the more congenial and familiar parlance of his profession, and struck out as follows:

"You will find the journalistic lay-out in this section a bang-up game to buck at, and, with a man of your heft in the look-out chair, we can call the turn on the whole coast. We boys propose to play you open-up from the start, and chip up our subscriptions to the last cove in the camp, and to the full limit of the game. As long as you don't ring in a brace deal, and keep clean cases, you can bet heavy on the square-up support of this camp, and don't you forget it."

Three rousing cheers greeted Beggs's closing words, and one of his admirers critically remarked:

"He made some awful wild play at the start, but called the turn beautiful at the close."

Lightner thanked them cordially in a few quiet, well-turned remarks, and introduced his wife, who had remained on the elevated seat of the freight wagon, curiously contemplating the bonanza of her husband. She heard the three cheers

given in her honor, saw the waving hats and bristling bands of welcome, and wished, more than at any other time in her life, that she had a thick veil to cover her beauty and blushes. Then came a fusillade of small arms, as a sort of gunpowder supplement to the cheering, and the boom of another anvil shook the air. A moment later her hand was grasped by the supple fingers of Beggs, who hastened to extend his apologies for the incompleteness of the preparations for the reception, and the utter poverty of their execution.

After having made the speech and chatted with the first respectable woman ever seen at the Peaks, Beggs seriously considered the propriety of securing a municipal charter for the town, and getting elected mayor. When the reception was over, and the ruddy light of the bonfires had ceased to gild the rough crags lying behind the Peaks, the crowd dispersed, and for the rest of the night the public sentiment could be summed up in a remark of Beggs:

"Now we'll make them Forks Flat fellows sick."

It took some weeks to set the little printing-office on its legs, and the constant presence of squads of inquisitive visitors did not materially facilitate matters. Over a hundred men came in to suggest a name, and such names! *The Tidal Wave*, *The Mountain Thunderbolt*, *The Mining Blast*, *The Sierra Snow Slide*, *The Voice of Truth*, *The Forks Flat Crusher*, and *The Treasure Peaks Howitzer* were a few proposed. The excitement incidental to the baptism of the new journal ran so high that one man was shot dead in his tracks, in a street debate over it.

The editor finally announced *The Treasure Peaks Standard*, and the first issue was hailed with a general outlay of enthusiasm, liquor, and gunpowder. The proprietor of the leading saloon purchased the first copy, damp from the press, for twenty dollars, and put it proudly on exhibition in his cabinet of curiosities. The leading article, dilating upon the prospects of the town, its growing industries and inexhaustible resources, was voted "just the business" by everybody. Subscriptions and advertising poured in, and Lightner came to the conclusion that he had reached a spot where a small fortune awaited him.

Time showed that the editor had, indeed, wielded a prophetic pen. Treasure Peaks progressed with a steady development, and the founders of the city began to regret that they had not built on some spot where there was more room, instead of being buddled up in the confines of a mountain, with a precipice below and a wall of rock behind them. Claims increased in value, corner lots advanced, the saloons were crowded, the gambling-bells resounded with strains of music and revelry; while the abodes of vice and the resorts of commercial industry literally made money "band over fist."

The Standard was a weekly, and Lightner and his wife did the work, both setting type, and each assisting the other in the odd jobs which are found in a printing-office. As business increased, Lightner concluded that his wife was overtasking herself, and finally the following was inserted in the paper:

WANTED—A GOOD, STEADY COMPOSITOR, TO WHOM THE highest wages will be paid. Apply at this office immediately.

Next day a young man called, and said he had come to answer the advertisement.

"I've been keeping cases at Beggs's," he said, frankly. "I could get nothing else to do, except mining, and my health won't stand it."

He said his name was Houghson, and he was from Maine. He was set to work at once, and proved to be a rapid, careful compositor, and just the man for the place.

There was no longer any necessity for Mrs. Lightner working as a type-setter, yet, after a few days, she came down and took a case by the side of Houghson. Presently, Houghson changed his slouched attire for new clothes, and manifested a decided interest in clean shirts.

One day Mrs. Lightner left a composing-stick half full, and when she returned from dinner, noticed that the balance of the type had been set. Next day Houghson found some wild flowers on his case. The new compositor assisted Mrs. Lightner whenever she "pied" a line, or fell into any vexatious troubles with the type. She needed assistance quite often, and Lightner was delighted with the thrifty ways and accommodating spirit of his new employee. On one occasion, in correcting Mrs. Lightner's type, their hands touched, but she made no effort to withdraw hers, and they lingered in contact. The woman's eyes met Houghson's, and in her confusion she "pied" a line, and the type, rattling upon the floor, caused her husband to look up. He saw, however, nothing but two people absorbed in their work.

Soon after, the new compositor resolved upon a desperate venture. He was setting some reprint, and a fresh piece of copy began with the words, "I love you." He set them in his stick, and beld it where she could see it. She gazed at it steadily for a few seconds, and hit her lip with an angered expression, as if she considered such a liberty unwarranted. Lightner went out a moment after, and Houghson took advantage of the opportunity afforded to make an explanation and apology, saying that the words he had set were in his copy.

"Then you did not mean it seriously?" she said.

"No."

The anger which Mrs. Lightner had assumed a few moments before now changed to genuine discomfiture. Houghson saw that the point so daringly won had been lost by sheer cowardice. She noticed his troubled face, and a few minutes later they exchanged smiles which spoke louder than type.

It was a day or so before they began to renew their conversation, and then they did so by touching, successively, the boxes containing the letters, thus spelling words and sentences quite rapidly. Houghson grew bolder every day, and finally, using their system of dumb signals within a few feet of the unsuspecting husband, they talked without reserve; their expressions of affection, born of a finger-touch upon piles of inanimate type, leaving no trace.

One night, the woman contrived to have Houghson invited to the house. After accepting, Houghson gave her to understand that she must search the right-pocket of his overcoat for a letter, when he came. That evening he called, and, taking off his coat, handed it to his employer, who was assisting him. He passed it to his wife, instructing her to hang it up, and the instant his back was turned the letter was extracted, and another put in its place. Houghson

smiled in the husband's honest face at the idea of making a letter-carrier of him, and Lightner smiled cordially in return.

After that, Houghson spent his evenings at Lightner's quite frequently—the husband pressing him to come, and the wife professing that she considered him a bore. They exchanged letters daily—each seeming to be endeavoring to outdo the other in expressions of affection; and all this time the woman treated her lover so coldly in the presence of her husband that on one occasion he took her to task for it.

"If you don't like the man, you should at least remember that he is a gentleman, and treat him with politeness."

"I can't endure his ways," was the reply, and the subject dropped.

The crisis in events was bound to come, sooner or later, and it came in due time.

One night, Lightner was standing on a knoll, in the rear of the printing office. It was an evening sweet with the delicious atmosphere which characterizes the mountains, and the strong scents of the pines loaded the breeze with a fragrance so suggestive of woods and glens that one could almost see the splendid scenery with closed eyes. He watched the rush of busy life beneath him. The roar of machinery, the clamor of stamp-mills, and the cheery songs of the men blended grandly together. As the doors of the furnaces were opened, at intervals, the glow of the fires penetrated the dark recesses of the foliage beyond, and lit up the bleak rocks with mellow reflections. Lightner's mind reverted to the business of the past year, while he considered the prospects of the future; and when he thought of his cheerful though humble home, and devoted wife, he was indeed a happy man.

As he sat gazing upon the works below, he fancied that the glare upon the pines and rocks suddenly grew more pronounced. A moment later, the shout of fire rang out; it was the first time that cry had ever been raised in the Peaks, and the camp was a scene of confusion at once.

The main mine of the place was burning; and there being nothing to check the rush of the flames, and no water facilities to speak of, the whole line of works went, one after another. All night the pillars of fire shot upward from the shafts—as the underground workings communicated with each other—and these pillars rose above the tallest crags, while the thick, dun smoke shut out the sky. Below, the mines were filled with men perishing in the flames that swept from drift to drift, or suffocated long before in the sulphurous gases that on such occasions find their way to the remotest corners.

In the morning, the flames were flaring from the shafts. The town had escaped, but every vestige of the mining industry had been swept away. It would not pay to rebuild. There was no longer any reason to conceal a fact, well known to the insiders, that the vein had "pinched out." Treasure Peaks was already a thing of the past, and the exodus began. The grade was filled with men and horses, leaving the stricken town as fast as possible. They did not even remain to take out the dead from the lower levels.

"Why should we dig 'em from the ground to bury 'em again?"

No one could answer such a question, and the subject was not agitated. Business men did not sell out, they simply vacated the premises—finding, in many instances, that it was cheaper to leave provisions and merchandise than to remove them—something not at all uncommon in those days. Stores were gutted, and barrels of liquor rolled out for the mob. The streets were filled with howling drunks, most of them singing snatches of the wild refrains which were horn of the rush and riot of '49. Thus the town passed out of existence, with the inhabitants singing, fighting, drinking, and drowning their troubles in a delirium of revelry.

The night after the fire, Lightner's wife advised him to go down to the office and look after affairs. As he left, she remarked that she was indisposed, and would go to bed early, but he need not hurry back.

Half an hour later, as Lightner was sitting in his murky office, he thought he heard the clatter of hoofs, and went to the door; as he did so he saw two figures disappear over the grade, but thought no more of it.

By midnight he had put things to rights about the place, determining to move away with the rest in a day or two. As he went home he thought of the brave little woman who had faced the trials and privations of the past two years, and all for him. He entered the room where she was sleeping, but did not light the candle, for fear of waking her. He sat for half an hour beside the bed, filled with gloomy reflections and miserable forebodings. Then he bent over the pillow where he knew her head lay, and tried to kiss her cheek. He found nothing, and his hands wandered nervously over the bedclothes for a moment. Rushing to the window he tore aside the curtain, and let the moonlight stream in. The bed was empty.

Three days later a man wandered aimlessly about the streets of the deserted city. It was Lightner, gone mad from the events of the past week, and the sole surviving inhabitant of the dead camp. He roamed about the streets all the forenoon, and then drifted back to his little office. Sitting down to his desk, as he had before a thousand times done, he wrote:

"CHEERING PROSPECTS.—Treasure Peaks was never on a more substantial basis than at present. Its population is constantly increasing; buildings are going up at a rate which bespeaks a population, by next fall, of double that which we can boast of at present. The strike in the Lone Pine, yesterday, is one of immense importance, and more will be said of it in our next issue."

He hung this on the hook, and went out to "rustle" for more items; going from one empty store to another, and returning in an hour or so to scribble his impressions on paper. He moved about all day, and returned home at night, wholly oblivious of the fact that he was the only inhabitant of the dead and desolate city.

Occasionally the Indians would pay the Peaks a visit, but seldom, as the dreariness of the place was to them more lonely than the unexplored forest. These savages, who never harm a demented man, brought Lightner provisions, and treated him with great respect. He usually alluded to their visits as the arrival of New York capitalists seeking investments in mining property.

There was an old hall at the Peaks, which had been occasionally used for theatrical performances by local talent. Not unfrequently, Lightner would repair to this building, and, taking a front seat in the dress-circle, sit for a couple of

hours under the supposition that a play was in progress. Here, indeed, was the "beggarly array of empty benches." The moon, shining through the gaps of dismantled windows, threw but an indifferent light upon the stage and over the interior of the building, and occasionally Lightner would allude, in his paper, to the fact that it was a pity that the leading place of amusement in the city was not better lighted. He was always very guarded in his comments, however, as he seemed to fear that, unless he remained on good terms with the manager, he might lose his advertising patronage. Sometimes, he would hang about the empty box-office for days, with a bill which he was anxious to collect.

On one occasion he delivered a lecture in the theatre, on the "Life of Charlemagne," and roared and gesticulated for an hour and a half, by the light of a tallow candle, to absolute emptiness, weaving his mad oratory to the irresponsible air, and trying vainly to call down the applause of the silent gallery.

On the Fourth of July he decorated his office with evergreens; pulled out an old American flag, which he hoisted early in the morning; read the Declaration of Independence to a band of Washoe Indians; marched them up and down the main street, and wanted to get gloriously drunk, but lacked the spirituous auxiliaries.

During the next few months the town shrank away like a withered vegetable. The buildings twisted and warped with the summer's heat, and the dry rot set in. Here and there patches of grass could be seen in the streets, a sort of verdigris collecting upon the town. Day after day the signs and awnings were shaken by the mountain winds, and fell to the ground alongside the sinking buildings. Vines and weeds began to mantle and choke the charred and blackened ruins of the hoisting works, and cover the grim wrecks of machinery.

In the midst of all this, the demented editor prolonged his solitary existence, subsisting on the scanty allowance which the Indians furnished him, and occasionally issuing the *Standard*, printing it on odd pieces of paper, and distributing it by throwing it into the yawning doorways. Its circulation was generally about a dozen copies, and it came out as the humor seized him.

When not at work on his journal, he was digging among the ruins for the body of his wife, whom he firmly believed had been burned in the fire. One day he found some bones, probably belonging to a miner, and, believing them to be the remains of his lost helpmate, he buried them in a little knoll back of his office, and began to plant flowers there, watering the spot daily. The flowers soon completely engaged his attention, and, one day, seeing them through the open window, he wrote:

"The flowers are coming up close by our door again. All hail! As, in our wild and uncertain struggle for wealth, we toil in the lower levels, let us not forget the priceless treasures of the upper earth. The gold of the mine is not half so bright as the yellow buttercups that flick the sod above it. The cold crystals, the gleaming pyrites, and the many-colored traceries of wealth and beauty that blend in the soulless rocks, make poor compare with the vines and grasses which, a hundred feet above, tell us of God's divine sympathy and Nature's exhaustless bounty. The gold and silver lasts forever because neither have ever lived. The flowers spring up and die because they are immortal. Does not the spirit of the rose, upon the hill yonder, live and breathe as a man lives and breathes? Does it not feel every movement and change of the air which surrounds it, and die as the blast smites it? Does not the spiritual essence of its fragrance haunt the earth, while its seed is quickened for another spring? Let every man have his share, for the treasures of nature are illimitable."

In the fall he imagined that he was nominated for Congress, and for about six weeks he conducted a vigorous political campaign. He went on a canvassing tour through the mountains, and whenever he struck an Indian camp he made a speech—a rousing and ringing Republican oration—which was generally listened to with marked attention by groups of stolid savages.

On election day he distributed his tickets through the saloons, laying a pile on each dusty counter, and covering them with small stones to hold them in place.

In a day or so he imagined himself elected, and thanked the solitudes about him as follows:

"It is with a feeling of no inconsiderable pride that the editor of the *Standard* is able to announce that he has been chosen by the people of Nevada as their Congressional representative. We did not seek the office, and, in accepting it, we but bend to the royal will of the popular majority, who were determined to do us honor, in return for our labors in behalf of the growing country during the past four years. Our record as a pioneer, a journalist, and a citizen we feel proud of, and shall make it our endeavor to retain the confidence of our constituents in the future as we have in the past."

That night he packed a small black valise, and determined to set out for Washington on the early stage. He went behind the office, and stood for half an hour by the grave which he supposed to be that of his wife, and then turned sadly back to the dingy old printing-shop. Sitting down to his desk, he seized a scrap of paper, and began to write. He wrote slowly for about half an hour, and then, throwing away the manuscript, wrote again. Then he carefully read his copy, and hung it on the hook.

"Julia," said he, "set that up in leaded minion, and then we'll go home."

He looked over toward the case where his wife had so often worked, and his dimming eyes tried to pierce the gloom. Folding his arms upon the table, he laid his head down upon them with a sigh of weariness, and was soon asleep.

Three years later, a man and a woman came up the grade on horseback, and entered the deserted town. They walked where the ruins of the hoisting-works crumbled beneath masses of waving grass, and inert machinery lay in the close embrace of creeping vines. The pair rode through the flowers and weeds in the main street, and neared the office of the *Standard*. The woman's quick eye caught sight of the grave at the top of the knoll, and she walked up to it. On the head-board she saw the inscription cut deeply into the wood:

JULIA LIGHTNER,
MY BELOVED WIFE,
Died April 16th.

The two looked in each other's faces, when the man remarked:

"The day of the fire."

They walked through the office, passed the cases, thick with spiders' webs, the rusty press, and the pied masses of

type. They saw something bowed over the editorial table. It was a human figure, half skeleton, half mummy, over which clung some ragged remnants of clothes.

"My husband!" said the woman.

A horrible shiver came over the man, and the woman, ashy pale, clung to him for protection, as if she expected the figure would rise up and confront them.

Presently, Houghson walked up closer, and seeing a sheet of paper upon the hook, took it off, shook the dust free, and with some difficulty, read as follows:

"HOME.—Love is a sleep, in which a man dreams of joys which rise before him in the air, in endless architecture which the imagination never tires of rearing upon the clouds. He awakes, is at home, and the unsubstantial castles of his dreams become as solid masonry, when he views the cheerful hearth, hears the prattle of his children, and presses the responsive lips of his faithful wife. This is the glad consummation of all his hopes, and all other joys which wealth and power and satiated ambition tempt us with, pale before the splendor of such a sun as this whose fire the grave itself quenches not, and whose light pierces the shadows of eternity."

As he read, Houghson had moved toward the light which came through the broken window, and his back was turned away from the woman whose affections he had won. Suddenly the crash of a pistol's report caused him to leap back as if the ball had pierced him.

As he turned, the woman fell to the floor at the skeleton's feet, the blood which streamed from her mouth mingling with a bubbling froth which swelled from her nostrils. She made no motion after the fall, except to inflate her chest once or twice.

Houghson gazed, transfixed, upon the corpse for a few minutes, incapable of motion. The sun had set, and the scene was shrouded in the gathering shadows. He made a step to approach the body, met the fixed gaze of the eyes, and, recoiling, reeled through the open door. The two horses were close at hand; one he liberated, and the other he mounted. He turned one more look at the office, and paused, as if he would go back; and then, wheeling his horse about, dashed through the crumbling and rotting city at a pace which made the frail houses tremble as he passed, and in the misty twilight disappeared down the lonely grade.

SAM. DAVIS.

The type of our fair countrywomen presented in the *Daisy Miller* of Mr. Henry James Jr., is still sometimes to be found wandering among European cities with her family. A short time ago, at a certain continental public ball, an exceedingly pretty American girl sat looking on, and with that fearless innocence, so incomprehensible to the old world critics, had struck up an acquaintance with a young man sitting near her. She had apparently not long left her own unsophisticated corner of this hemisphere, for the young man was not exactly of her world, and looked like a German commercial traveler, fully endowed with the easy volubility characteristic of his class. From her naive conversation all her neighbors learned that she adored pumpkin pies, that she preferred apple pies with the bottom crusts to them, that she thought the continental breakfast without hash and buckwheat cakes was a poor affair, and a hundred other interesting facts and views which are very amusing when poured from the fresh lips of a pretty girl.

The chain-mail vest which is said to have saved General Melikoff from Vladetski's bullet has for many generations past been a common article of wear with the leading personages of Europe, the most notable example being Oliver Cromwell, Gustavus of Sweden, the present Czar, and Louis XVI. In the middle ages these mail-coats were known as "Milan shirts," and greatly esteemed for the fineness of their workmanship. A famous Italian guerrilla, who went into the battle of Ravenna thus equipped, was found dead with the links of his mail still unbroken, though the bones beneath it were completely shattered by the force of the death-blow. A "bullet-proof" vest of this kind was offered by a speculator to the Duke of Wellington, who got rid of him in a very characteristic fashion. Bidding the man put it on, he called to the sentry outside to load with ball-cartridge and come up at once. But the visitor's confidence in his invention did not apparently extend to the testing of it in his own person, for he took to his heels at once.

The representative of one of the oldest and most esteemed Irish families in Galway, being unable to get in any rents, told the tenants that, as he must live, he should be compelled to sell his property. Thereupon the tenantry met and consulted, and sent a deputation to the squire to say that they still honored and revered the "ould" name better than any other name in Ireland, and that rather than have a stranger among them they would lend him as much money as he wanted, but devil a ha'penny rent would they pay.

A lady living near Baltimore, who is very deaf, stopped a milkman as he was passing the house the other day, asked him how much he charged for a quart of milk, and then put up her ear-trumpet to catch the reply. The man drew a quart of milk and emptied it into the trumpet, and the result has been that he has to go three miles out of his way to keep out of sight of the lady's son, who sits on the front porch waiting for him to pass.

It is well known that Victor Hugo and Emile Augier are warm friends, although holding each widely differing opinions. One day, in a conversation on potatoes, Victor Hugo said, laughingly, to his friend: "Confess, now, that you are a frightful *réactionnaire*, and that if ever you came into power you would be capable of demanding my head." "It is true," said Augier, "only I would take it for myself."

A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go to the South, where they were, and do it. "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from going to hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," said Phillips.

That was a triumphal appeal of the lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Scherzo.

Scenes that are brightest
Are soonest to fade,
A girl who eats onions
Will be an old maid—
At least she ought to be.

Adagio.

Come into the garden, Maud,
With a brick-bat or a stone,
Here's the biggest cat I ever saw,
Gnawing a chicken-bone.

Adagio con Sentimento.

Three hogs lay under a shed,
Three hogs lay under a shed;
'Twas a lovely day,
The rafters gave way,
And the hogs were killed stone dead.

Piano.

Little Denis Kearney
Sitting in his cell,
Sighing and cursing,
Swearing like—well,
Never mind his crying,
He's used too much his chin;
Come away and leave him—
Be sure to lock him in.

Smorzando.

A delicate maid of Delhi
Declared she could never eat pie.
So she tackled the ham,
Roast turkey and lamb—
She is now in the sweet by and by.

Capriccioso.

There was a native Brazilian,
Whose pa was a regular villain,
He became without hope,
And took to selling soap,
And thus he became a Castilian.

Passigo Chromatico.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "Ift hadn't been
For that one block that came between
I could have got the whole fifteen!"

Fuga del Diavolo.

He kissed the tips of his fingers
At a girl across the street,
And the boot of her big brother
Raised him off of his feet.

Forte Vivace.

An unsophisticated young person of Kent
Brought forty old jokes on Lent.
He was pounded with chairs
And kicked down the stairs
And sent home with his nose badly bent.

Fortissimo Vivacissimo.

When the young and tender school-girl isn't thinking,
Isn't thinking,
Of the time when she will be allowed to vote,
'Loved to vote,
The chances are that she is coyly blinking,
Coyly blinking,
At some young man in a zebra overcoat,
Overcoat.

Finale.

"Away!" she cried, with accents bold,
And looks that were quite sinister;
"Come near me not, for I've been told
That you, sir, are a minister."

Encoro.

Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim-milk sells for re-form cream;
Scratchers pass for honest voters,
Independents stand for bolters.

Very true, so they do.

Black sheep dwell in every fold,
Young Repubs are often old,
Bald-heads are not always level,
Splits in parties raise the devil.

Yes, I know, that is so.

Booms may boom—erangs become,
Sticks alone can't play a drum;
Facts, like mules, are stubborn things,
Stalwart arms ain't worn in slings.

Veri-lee, No, Sir-ee.

Encorissimo.

Old "Speckle" rose from off her nest
And cackled with much vigor,
As if to say: "That egg's my best;
No hen can lay a bigger."
While Johnnie, standing near the gate,
In mute contempt was gazing,
As if he could not tolerate
The fuss the hen was raising.
His protest took her down a peg—
He raised his voice to say it—
"You fink you're smart. Dod made zat egg—
You toodn't help but lay it!"

Encorossissimo.

I sit by my window side,
And gaze into the quiet night,
Made mellow by the moonbeam's light;
I feel the zephyrs from the lea
Caress me through the window wide;
And as they flit

So soft and free,
Dear George, I sit
And think of thee,

—Female Poet.

Confiding friend,
And while you sit and let them flit,
Although to you

It may seem queer,
We'll bet ten cents to a brick block
That "dear George" sits—
A-drinking beer,



Are we regaining a lost sense?—the sense of the artificial comedy?—the pure comedy? There is ground for indulging a hope that it may be resuscitated—may even now be reviving, after a century's syncope. The thing is infinitely to be wished. One fact may be noted which is capable of standing in the relation of cause to such an effect—viz: the birth and vigor of opera bouffe. Aside from its gauds of unhallowed dialogue, the theme of opera bouffe is inversion of the moral sphere; and this is one stage toward that higher sphere void of the moralities—the sphere of pure comedy. In a real world, the action and motives of opera bouffe would set the foundations of social order a-wagging; but in its own hewitched world, lawlessness is the local form of law, and social enormity the propriety of the place. To enjoy this certain power of mental detachment is called into play—we sink this work-a-day world with its merely human people, and float into another where no duties, pains, nor passions intrude to jar the harmonious levities of the place.

From France, came to us this world of comedy—the artificial comedy, as Lamb calls it, in distinction from the sentimental comedy then driving it out—the pure comedy, as we prefer to call it now, in distinction from both the sentimental comedy and the comedy of manners. It was debauched during the English reaction from Puritanism; it flashed up once more, brilliant but not quite monochromatic, in Sheridan; then flickered and went out amid the murk of Knowlesian tragedy and the "domestic" drama.

In this dreariness, Mr. Robertson, not long since, set up his altars to the comedy of manners; and, albeit their mild flames wrought but imperfect illumination, they diffused some warmth and no had smells. Next, Gilbert has done work of delicate fancy, of some true wit, and more good fun. This, like his "Bab Ballads," has been of a kind to quicken in us that same faculty of getting ourselves out of the world of sense and the gravities; it is the faculty that survived in Elia, moving him to tender grief over its loss by his contemporaries, and to render those pious tributes to its memory that are becoming intelligible to our experience.

All this is a *profos* of French Flats, now running furiously at the Baldwin. "But it is not natural," was the comment we overheard. Praised he mercy, it is not!—it is something much better. This matter is one of taste, and hence admits no disputation. The comment is valid enough. French Flats is anything but "natural," and there are people who therefore will not like it. The play shows rare invention; its complexities are ingenious, its characters are congruously unreal—i. e., are the real people of pure comedy. And it is being played in this spirit at the Baldwin. "Blondeau" (Bishop) and "Bonay" (Jennings) are admirable, and "Barrameda" (Morrison) triumphant. The Portuguese is played at the true heroic pitch. "Riffardini," the old tenor (Barrows), appears to have been differently acted elsewhere. Mr. Barrows plays it in the spirit of a "Tattle" or "Tom-noddy," making him a mere fop.

The part admits of a different rendering. Some touches—casual hints—of a heart beating beneath that foolish exterior might be given. The solitude lest his voice fail him—the desolation of soul when it does in fact break down—might he acted in a way to stir some human sympathy. In short, the tenor might be played in part as a man and not altogether as a tenor. We prefer the character in Mr. Barrows's vein. Any pathos would be out of place. It was precisely such realities as those that proved the hane and death of the old artificial comedy. In the sentimental sort they have their place, but not in this—acted as we would have it. "Vallay" (Bradley) is doubtless made up after the original, and follows his prescribed "husioess," but that original is familiar only to the few among us who have traveled. He is indeed a Frenchman, and a Parisian among Frenchmen, but a Parisian who stays at home and is strange to the foreign eye. "Vallay" would be more effective if played as the old beau—the type we are acquainted with—my Lord Ogleby's vein.

On Wednesday evening, at the Bush Street Theatre, will be presented the musical comedy entitled *The Royal Midday*, with Emelie Melville as "Fanchette"—afterward a royal midday—and a strong cast, including Turner, Max Freeman, Peakes, and Miss Montague. The music is said to be very catchy, the comical scenes side-splitting, and the spectacular features immensely attractive. The royal chess tournament, thirty-two girls constituting the pieces, will be a novelty here, and an excitement to those conversant with the game. Great care has been taken in the rehearsals, and in scenery, costumes, and accessories there is nothing that could be improved. *The Royal Midday* is now in its twelfth season at Daly's new theatre, New York.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

When I lately read in the San Francisco papers of the destruction, by fire, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, it seemed to me as if I had lost a dear old friend. One of my earliest recollections is that of being a little child seated in this same theatre, witnessing the play of the *Babes in the Wood*. Twice a year, at Christmas and Easter, I was brought to the Theatre Royal—an event which I looked forward to for months. As I grew older, and able to take care of myself, I went oftener; and one of the epochs of my youth was when first I went to the top gallery to hear the Italian opera, and was for the first time one of the "gods."

It was rare fun to go to the theatre in those days; the incidents of the play would furnish talk for weeks afterward. I remember, on more than one occasion, assisting to draw some popular actress to her hotel, and then hallooing in the street until she came on the balcony and made a little speech, or sung a stanza or two of a song. A brief address from Piccolomini lingers in my memory; it was: "I love you all! God bless you all! Good night!"

Piccolomini was a favorite with the Dublin theatre-goers. On one occasion the "gods" sang the following song to the air of "The Red, White, and Blue."

We thank you, sweet daughter of beauty,
For the light of your presence and song;
We thank you—it is but a duty,
We feel, as we cheer you along
The bright, winning grace, and the pleasure
That beams from your eyes when you sing,
Have brought us a joy beyond measure,
For which we your praises now ring.

We have twined you, with friendship and feeling,
A garland of flowers for your brow,
In the hope that, though years may come stealing,
They may find you as happy as now.
For your fame, no fitter a token
Than the wreath that we twine you to-night,
May your fame, like that wreath, be unbroken,
And bring to you always delight.

Speaking of the top gallery reminds me of the Ganymede of that region. He was an old man who sold apples and programmes; his cry was: "Want the hill! Want the oranges! Food for the mind and food for the body, the *aurea melia* and the *poma dulca*. Since you won't buy, gentlemen, I must only hurl Virgil at you." Such a smattering of learning in unexpected places is always attractive to students, and so the *aurea melia* man was liberally patronized.

Boxing night, the night after Christmas, when the annual pantomime is first presented, was always a gala night, the theatre being packed from pit to dome. A farce, or some short play, preceded the pantomime. In the first piece the actors went through their parts, but not a word could be heard from beginning to end; the audience keeping up an incessant cheering, laughing, crowing, and singing all the time; pushing and swaying in great masses in a most uncomfortable manner. As soon as the pantomime commenced order was restored, and the audience listened attentively to the performance. A Dublin audience is always patriotic, and some significant demonstrations have been made from time to time in the Theatre Royal. Dion Boucault was on more than one occasion accountable for such outbursts of enthusiasm; once when, in *Arrah na Pogue*, he introduced the song of the "Wearing of the Green," and a second time when, in the *Relief of Lucknow*, he puts in the mouth of "Nena Sahib" a bitter invective against the British government in India. The "rebellious though beautiful" song, above alluded to, in which one peasant tells another that

"The shamrock is forbid by law
To grow on Irish ground,"

was popular at the time in Dublin, and Boucault relates that about the time he refused to sing it in the Theatre Royal, Dr. V., a celebrated diner-out, sang it with great applause at the table of the viceroys.

It was in the Theatre Royal that Mrs. Siddons, in announcing Macbeth's approach, which is as follows:

"A drum! a drum! Macbeth doth come!"

found it necessary to change the words on account of a mistake in the orchestra—a trumpet being sounded instead of a drum—so the lady said:

"A trumpet! a trumpet!"

hesitating to finish the line. A voice in the gallery added:

"Macbeth doth stump it!"

A writer in the *Argonaut* complains that the Theatre Royal was too large. The dimensions of the building were as follows: The theatre proper was one hundred by one hundred and eight feet, the walls being seventy-eight feet high, and the total span of the roof seventy-eight feet; from curtain to the front of the centre box, fifty-two feet six inches; across the pit, forty-five feet; and the stage, from the footlights to the extreme back, sixty feet; the breadth of the stage, from wall to wall, sixty-one feet. The theatre was in the shape of a Grecian lyre, and I do not think there was a seat in the house from which the stage could not be plainly seen and in which the voices of the actors could not be distinctly heard. It is many years since I have been in the Theatre Royal, but in my time it always drew good houses—and a full house never looks too large.

In this city the California Theatre flourished for many years; there was scarcely a night in that time that there was not a fair audience; there were no complaints heard then that the house was too large. But times got dull, other theatres arose, poor actors took the place of good ones; then business fell off,

and then they discovered that the house was too large; so they closed it up, and called it the "old dreary." For the modern society play a theatre such as the Bush Street one may be suitable; but when plays are enacted not necessarily spectacular, but requiring for their ordinary business such scenes as, say, an open country, where troops meet in conflict, sieges of towns or fortresses, conquerors brought home in triumph, senates or councils debating, gladiators in the arena, gondolas on canals, street scenes in cities, and such like, a much larger theatre is required.

The first stone of the Theatre Royal was laid on the 14th October, 1820, and the building was completed in sixty-five days, and opened on the 18th of January, 1821. The last performance took place on the 8th of February, 1880, and on the afternoon of the following day it was destroyed by a fire, which is supposed to have originated by the ignition of the curtains of the viceregal box while the theatre was being lighted up for an afternoon performance, in aid of the Irish Relief Fund.

RICHARD EDWARD WHITE.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2, 1880.

A Lesson in Stage Interviewing.

Possibly the reporter did not know how to interview an actress. He stated his business, and she said languidly: "I'm sorry you've come. I don't fancy you newspaper men; and I hate being interviewed."

"Oh, well, then I'll not trouble you. Sorry I intruded. Good-day."

But she reached the door first, and said: "Oh, now you're here, I'll oblige you."

And he answered: "Oh, no; wouldn't trouble you for the world."

"But it won't be very much trouble."

"Well, never mind; I don't care particularly about it."

"But—but—in fact, it will be a pleasure. I only object because reporters always ask the same questions, and then don't print just what you say."

"Well, I'll try to do better than that," said he, and they seated themselves. Then he asked: "How did you celebrate your thirty-fourth birthday?"

"Eh?"—jumping up—"What d'ye mean, sir? You're a mean wretch to ask such a question!" (Steps on her lap-dog—addresses dog:) "Drat your pet, get out!"

Then she observed him writing, and asked what he was doing. He replied: "I promised to print exactly what you said, and I have taken down your very words."

"About the dog?"

"Yes."

"Goodness gracious! You won't print that?"

"Yes, I will."

"But that wasn't meant to print."

"Can't help it."

"Oh, but it won't do. You mustn't. Let's begin the interview now."

"Very well. Which do you prefer as an advertisement: being robbed of diamonds, run away with a hack, or having a divorce suit?"

"Sir, I—I don't do such things! I never heard such questions!"

"I promised to try to vary the list you said had become so monotonous. How many bushands have you living?"

"See here, if you don't stop this, I'll send for one of 'em. That is—please state that I'm not married."

"Just so. Do you shave your head?"

"Sir!—of course not. Are you crazy?"

"No, ma'am. Which is your favorite liquor?"

"Do you wish to order some sent up? Of course you won't say in the paper that I ever take anything?"

"Look here, ma'am, I was to print just what you said."

"But I don't want you to."

"It must be done."

"Well, then, if you don't ask me if the audiences everywhere are as enthusiastic as they are here, and what I do with all my bouquets, and if I don't almost feel that I ought to be in boarding-school instead of on the stage, I'm so young, and if I don't find it very embarrassing to have all the men so madly in love with me and several bank directors committing suicide because I won't marry them—if you don't ask me these questions, I won't say another blessed word. So, there! And if you print what I've said, I'll sue you for libel."

Many pleasant anecdotes of Miss Neilson are told by those who know her behind the scenes, and she is said to be thoroughly pleasant and unaffected, and fond of a jolly time. One morning recently, when she went to rehearsal at the Globe, she found that she had left thirty thousand dollars under her pillow at the hotel. She was not at all troubled or nervous about it, but quietly asked the property-man to go and get it, which he did, restoring it to her at rehearsal. The tribute to her acting which, perhaps, she is most proud of, is the fact that when she is "on," the scene-shifters, gas-men, mechanics, and supers generally, instead of skylarking or chattering behind the scenes, as usual, crowd into the wings and crane over each other's shoulders, watching her every motion with absorbed interest. These men are the most case-hardened critics to be found, and it is said that

Fechter was the only actor who shared with Miss Neilson the honor of numbing them among his audience.

Adelina Patti takes only one real meal on a day when she expects to sing in the evening. At eleven o'clock she is served with meat and eggs, but very rarely vegetables; Bordeaux and seltzer-water accompany these substantial. Then she takes a nap two hours long, after which she goes out driving. When she returns she sits down at the piano and practices, "in preparation for the combat," as she herself says. Just before leaving for the opera house she takes a little *bouillon*, but no dinner. After the performance she eats a substantial supper. Patti herself seemingly believes that she owes the preservation of her marvelous voice to this course of hygiene, for she adheres to the latter in the most minute particulars, and nothing would probably induce her to abandon it. She never, without exception, utters a word on any morning until she has drunk her cup of chocolate. That done, she then tries her voice by summoning the maid with the full force of her lungs.

Her success at the Paris Gaiteé showed that her voice is as sweet, flexible, and incomparable as ever. It has gained in volume, and its medium register has increased to the richness of quality generally found only in the mezzo-soprano voice. She is now in the full meridian of her success, and Paris pays the round sum of fifty thousand francs every time it enjoys the pleasure of beholding her on the stage. Her bold upon that city is now complete; but in years gone by she was not so appreciated by the fickle Parisians, because she seemed to belong to them. In the same way the French peasant is never in love with his wife until she elopes with somebody.

In London, recently, a "Soirée des Coiffures" was given in the presence of a much delighted and amused concourse of people. There were twenty ladies sitting on a platform before twenty looking-glasses, having their hair dressed by twenty of the most skillful operators in London. The skill, celerity, and artistic knowledge displayed in perfecting some of these elaborate coiffures is said to have been marvelous. There were all kinds of fancy and historical bead-dresses, of the times of Marie Antoinette, Louis XIV., Louis XV., and the Directoire. Possibly the greatest triumph was a marvelous edifice of hair, designed to represent the billows of the ocean, on which a tiny model of a ship tossed as the wearer moved her head. This was called the "Frégate Fantaisie Louis XVI."

The Boston *Courier* says that probably no young couple ever got married without finding that in sending their invitations they had forgotten the people whom, of all others, they wished not to neglect. A happy way of repairing such a misfortune has been struck out by an audacious young man of this city, who, after his cards were all sent, announced the wedding in the newspapers in the usual formula, and added: "No cards." The people who didn't get any cards will think no one else did.

A young lady of twenty-eight summers, who attended a coffee party last week, said that before she entered the hall where the company was assembled she felt like an old maid, but when she saw the large number of maiden ladies present who were training their "wintry curls in such a spring-like way," she felt like a giddy girl again. This shows that age is only a comparative matter.

He held four jacks
(I had four queens),
He bet on them
Just forty beans.
(The betting was ret-hot.)

And when he called
Just forty more,
He held them still,
And even swore—
(Whilst I raked in the pot.)

A New York heiress who moves extensively in society, and who is noted for her good sense and generosity, has made it a rule to never permit an escort to any place of amusement to order a carriage, as she invariably uses her own. She gives as a reason for this custom that worthy young men, struggling for professional and social position, can not easily afford the expense from which they are released by her usage.

The epizöotic has again appeared in the East. Evidently this dread distemper has begun its westward march. Its coming might relieve labor distress if there were no "ifs." But when the epizöotic comes, and our drays stand idle, and our carriages roll theatrically no longer, and the sand-lot still hungers—what then? "Sand-lotter—will you work?" "No, I'll starve first."

Lo, the lean Indian, whose bewildered mind Sees naught of God in either cloud or wind; His soul proud science never taught to stray, It strayed itself, and now has lost its way. Simple nature to his hope has given, Beyond some cloud-capped hill, a sensual heaven. Some place where science can not grope its way, Nor learning cast within one feeble ray; No whites disturb, no Christians' stablish laws, But he can rest while work is done by squaws. To loaf contents his natural desire, He asks no angel's wings to get up higher; And if he did, no angel from the sky Would think of taking Lo up very high. But grant the burden of his Indian song— Go where he likes and take his dorg along.

To secure healthful growth, a city must have not only expansion but certain places, either within or very near its own limits, where its citizens may have the sort of "outings" which all demand. The Golden Gate Park is gradually filling part of this vital necessity to our municipal convenience. The projected park, within the Presidio reservation, will help things in the same direction. Sausalito, Oakland, San Rafael, San Mateo, a dozen other places not far away, are all attractive, and offer choice spots on which to while away an afternoon or a day. But trips to all these places are expensive. We need just what Golden Gate Park is already giving us, and what Presidio Park promises us. The California Street Railroad is doing a work almost missionary in its nature—while it is also, we are glad to know, "coining money"—in making these spots within such an easy-to-be-undertaken distance of the business heart of the city. The head of the family, who has toiled all week to provide for his wife and little ones, may leave his office early Saturday afternoon, and, taking a seat on the "dummy," at the corner of Kearny and California Streets, may be "bowled away in no time" to join his family at the end of the road, and enjoy with them "a country picnic" only a little distance beyond the fire limits of the busy city. The completion of the California Street road to Sixth Avenue, and to the Villa entrance of Golden Gate Park, will bring our "Central" within half an hour's delightful ride of Pine Street or Front Street. When it is taken into consideration that the California Street cable road has brought up the price of property along its line from "bed rock" to the present satisfactory rates, and that now it is extending its lines so as to ultimately connect Kearny Street with the ocean, we may be pardoned for thinking that the property-owners along its line, and, indeed, all San Francisco, owe it a debt of gratitude which mere patronage can scarcely repay.

That fat, rollicking boy, a year ago, was given up as incurable and lost. In our desperation, we put him on Hop Bitters, and there he is, tough and hardy as a knot.—*Papa.*

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth (8th) day of March, 1880, an assessment (No. 62) of Two (\$2) Dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
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Success is a sure thing.

Nothing ventured nothing gained.

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LITERARY PERSONALS.

The Norwegian poet, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, offers his estate in Gandsdal, Norway, for sale, and proposes to make Munich, Bavaria, his permanent home. It will be remembered he had to fly from his country a short time ago to escape being tried for high treason. King Oscar, who during his leisure hours dabbles in literature, bitterly attacked a new work of the poet. Bjornson lost his temper, and not alone called the king a contemptible and malicious criticaster, but also, it is said, challenged him to fight a duel. This is how Norway came to lose her poet.

Bancroft, the historian, is now in the most excellent health, and works every day from five o'clock in the morning until lunch time. His great library-room is one of the most cheerful imaginable workshops. The floor is painted and polished, in dark color, and over it are spread neat, dark-red rugs. Easy-chairs are scattered about the room in great profusion. There is only one window in the room, but it is a large one and faces the south, so that the room is bathed in a perfect flood of wholesome sunshine nearly all day long. The walls of the room are lined and double-lined with books, reaching from the high ceiling to the floor. Books and manuscripts are scattered over the large desk in the centre, and upon almost every place where vacant space can be found.

Victor Hugo's sprightliness was exhibited at the supper lately given in honor of his birthday. He wept with true French emotion over the enthusiasm of his friends. He heartily embraced Sarah Bernhardt, who recited some verses at him. He made a pleasant speech; then he went home to Passy in a cab by himself, and, it was observed, put on no greatcoat, old as he is. In his speech he made some mention of the French press, which must have hugely pleased those members attending the supper. "The French press," he said, "is one of the masters of the human mind. Its task is daily; its work colossal. It acts at one and the same time and every minute on all parts of the civilized world."

Mr. Whittier's own statement of the origin of his poem of "Maud Muller" is quoted by a correspondent. He was driving with his sister through York, Me., and stopped at a harvest-field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone wall stopped to answer their inquiries. Whittier noticed as she talked that she bashfully raked the hay around her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening. "But if I had had any idea," he said, "that the plaguey little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it." To the inquiry as to the title, "Maud Muller," it was suggested to him, and was not a selection. It came as the poem came. But he gives it the short German pronunciation, as Meuler, not the broad Yankee Muller.

The *Spectator* says of Beaconsfield as a novelist: Minds of the metallic order are hardly capable of either pathos or poetry, and all Mr. Disraeli's attempts at either have been flashy failures. In their piquant criticisms on society and politics, his novels, excepting *Lothair*, have always contained good reading. Their satire is pungent; their parodies of the ways of the world admirable. But as mirrors of human character and human nature in the larger sense, they are naught. They never get beyond persiflage. They photograph the trashy parts of life and passion, and miss all that is deep and real. Their mysticism is pure bombast, and their idealism pure glitter. They touch their highest point in delineating the talk of the club-room, but when they profess to plumb either a man's ambition or a woman's love, they become false, pretentious and hollow.

A correspondent writes: "It has been said of late that Mr. Emerson was growing old very fast, and was losing, in some respects, the use of his faculties. I found, in the two hours I remained with him, the only indication of this to be that matters of contemporaneous worldly importance are apt to be forgotten, and that very often he finds it difficult to recall the word that he wishes to use; but his intellect, when turned to the illumination of the themes in the contemplation of which his life has been spent is as clear, as grasping, as unapproached and unapproachable as ever. When asked if he had undergone a change of religious belief, he replied that he had seen no reason whatever for modifying the views he had held for so many years. He accompanied me to the door as I took my departure, putting me under additional obligations for his kindness by saying that he was 'an old man and saw very few visitors,' and I left him whose genius as a philosopher is unrivaled save by his virtues as a man."

Zola is a short, round, and fat man; black hair, black eyes—rather small, and always sheltered behind a double eye-glass—a black and closely-cropped beard, pale complexion, fine and small features, a round head, a high forehead—such are the distinguishing features of Zola, a man who rarely smiles, talks little. At the theatre you see Zola, during the *entr'actes*, leaning mournfully and sulkily against the wall of the *couloir*, and deigning now and then to accord a word of qualified praise to the piece which everybody else finds charming. He is full of sorrow and gloom, like his writings, in which he always dwells upon the mournful and repulsive aspect of things. In public, Zola always seems to be on the defensive. In his private coterie his own Olympian elevation, perhaps, embarrasses him a little, and leads him to exaggeration. His conversation is brusque and jerky, and his use of coarse and vulgar expressions is more frequent than agreeable. In fact, he makes a point of using a coarse word in preference to an ordinary and adequate one, provided that he has the choice of the two. He works four hours a day, from nine o'clock in the morning until one, during which time he writes, in a large, school-boy hand, the amount of some five printed pages; the next day he adds five more, and so on, with the steadiness and regularity of a machine, until the volume is finished. He then makes a few corrections, very few, and carries his annual tribute to the printer. In the evening, he corrects his proofs, does his correspondence, and writes his dramatic criticism.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Two Villages.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lies a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lies still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You can not enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer,
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home, from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whether have vanished wife and child,
And hearth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all."—*Rose Terry.*

Mephistopheles, General Dealer.

Who'll buy tresses, bonnie brown tresses?
Maidens and matrons, come and buy!
Here is one that was cut from a beggar
Crouching low down in a ditch to die.
Look at it, countess! envy it, duchess!
'Tis long and fine, and will suit you well;
Hers by nature, yours by purchase—
Beauty was only made to sell.

Who'll buy hair of lustrous yellow?
Maidens and matrons, 'tis bright as gold;
'Twas shorn from the head of a wretched pauper—
Starving with hunger, and bitter cold.
It bought her a supper, a bed, and a breakfast;
Buy it, fair ladies, whose locks are thin,
'Twill help to cheat the silly lovers
Who care not for heads that have brains within.

Who'll buy tresses, jet-black tresses?
Maidens and matrons, lose no time!
These raven locks, so sleek and glossy,
Belonged to a murderess red with crime.
The hangman's perquisite—worth a guinea!
Wear them, and flaunt them, good madame!
They'll make you look a little younger—
She was reality, you are a sham!

Who'll buy tresses, snow-white tresses?
Widows and matrons whose blood is cold,
Buy them and wear them, and show the scorners
You're not ashamed of growing old.
The face and the wig should pull together,
We all decay, but we need not *dye*;
But age as well as youth needs helping—
Snow-white tresses, come and buy!

Who'll buy hair of all shades and colors,
For masquerade and false pretense?
Padding, and make-believe, and swindle
That never deceive a man of sense!
Chignons! chignons! lovely chignons!
'Tis art, not nature, wins the day—
False hair, false forms, false hearts, false faces!
Marry them, boobies, for you may!

—Anonymous.

Beside the Bars.

Grandmother's knitting has lost its charm;
Unheeded it lies in her ample lap,
While the sunset's crimson, soft and warm,
Touches the frills of her snowy cap.

She is gazing on two beside the bars,
Under the maple—who little care
For the growing dusk, or the rising stars,
Or the hint of frost in the autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl,
And one a man in the pride of youth;
The maiden as pure as the purest pearl,
The lover strong in his steadfast truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose of June,"
He says, full low, o'er the golden head.
It would sound to her like a dear old tune,
Could grandmother hear the soft words said.

For it seems but a little while ago
Since under the maple, beside the bars,
She stood a girl, while the sunset's glow
Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And one, her lover, so bright and brave,
Spoke words as tender, in tones as low;
They come to her now from beyond the grave,
The words of her darling so long ago.

"My own one, sweet as a rose in June!"
Her eyes are dim and her hair is white,
But her heart keeps time to the old love-tune,
As she watches her daughter's child to-night.

A world between them, perhaps you say;
Yes. One has read the story through;
One has her heartfelt yesterday,
And one to-morrow fair to view.

But little you dream how fond a prayer
Goes up to God through his silver stars,
From the aged woman gazing there,
For the two who linger beside the bars.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE RULING PASSION.

"Dress drains our cellar dry and keeps our larder lean."—COWPER.

The girls who wore cream and blue and cardinal crape shawls last summer, and looked very pretty in them, will find new shades this year.

Flame-colored tulips contrast well with all the shades of coachman's drab—which is a very ugly name for a very pretty color, when made up properly.

The sizes are marked on French-made shoes in centimetres, so that what in America would be about number five, in Paris is number forty. This fact will prevent American ladies from wearing French-made shoes. They don't like the sound of the thing.

Short skirts are shorter than ever this spring, when worn by the most fashionable women, and we are exceeding grateful.

Most absurd of the ornaments yet invented is an arrow with an olive in the barb. If we must go to the pickle jar for fashions, what pretty bonnets we shall have one of these days.

Sunflowers are ubiquitous. As if it were not enough to see them on walls and curtains and chair-backs, they now stare one in the face from the embroidered illusion which is used for bonnet crowns.

Pagodas, Cupids, birds in cages, flowers, and bells are all found in indefinite forms among the involved patterns of the brocades lately imported from France.

Women who abandon fresh white petticoats for those of black and colored foulards at the bidding of fashion deserve to lose their reputation for personal neatness. The difficulty of locomotion in a "balmoral" has been thoroughly proved during the reign of narrow skirts, and, except in bad weather, that clinging economy ought to be hung out of sight in the closet.

One of the prettiest summer fans, by no means likely to grow common, is composed of three ostrich feathers fastened by ribbon bows. Every ostrich feather that one has in the house will not do, for only the longest and fullest can be employed, and the colors must contrast nicely.

The profuse display of "old gold" in the costumes of the ladies of the present day serves to recall the jest of the famous George Selwyn. The beautiful Lady Coventry exhibited to him her gorgeous new robe, sparkling with spangles, and demanded his opinion of it. The wit replied: "Why, your ladyship will be change for a guinea."

The white gowns lately worn in Paris under winter mantles were anything but cheap, although they were called "peasant gowns." White velvet bordered with ostrich feathers and buttoned with pearls made the jacket, white silk pekin the skirt, and white felt trimmed with ostrich plumage the bonnet. The only color about the gown was the profanity of the husband or father who paid the bill.

"Josephine shawl" sounds very nice to ladies who are carefully informed by obliging salesmen that the shawls are made in imitation of those formerly ordered by the Empress Josephine and woven expressly for her. The truth is that the cape-like garments with pelerine ends and with borders of a design unlike that of the centre are sewed in America, being made out of the pieces of cashmere shawls that have been cut up to repair a more costly web.

The latest addition to the toilet is a large cross, worn suspended from the neck or waist. It is hollow, and contains one fair drink of brandy, gin, or whatever "vanity" the wearer affects. The fashion is English, and the article is a part of a lady's traveling outfit. This is to "bear the cross before the world" in a novel manner.

The wide-brimmed bonnets tied down over the ears which are now being introduced, come upon us like the fleeting memory of a dream. Never seen before in reality, they now recall the quaint woodcuts that adorned the juvenile literature of thirty years ago.

Worth has always had a fancy for combining pink and the bluish grays that are almost purples, and therefore no one is surprised that he should mingle rose-color and the new heliotrope tint, as he does in a dress recently imported for a Boston lady. The train of this gown is of heliotrope brocade, finished at the edge in leaf points that fall over a plaiting of rose-colored satin. The front of the skirt is of satin, crossed by two fringed scarfs, and the satin basque is finished by plaitings, from beneath which fall draperies of point lace.

Ladies who wear the new full skirts must submit to being unappreciated. The other night a young girl appeared at a Boston party, wearing a skirt with the regulation "four full breadths and one gored breadth," and looked with great contempt at the scant draperies of her friends, but, after she had been on the floor about an hour, she was astonished by hearing one youth say to another: "My gracious, Charlie, how did you have the courage to dance with that poor girl in the old-fashioned gown? The fellows are all laughing at her. It was good of you, but—" The young woman moved out of hearing at this point.

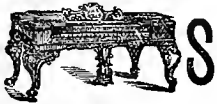
It is always pleasant to know exactly what things are called, and as the poet says, *Dulce est decorum est*, that is, it is a sweet and proper thing to snub a saleswoman by asking for an article by a name which is not known to her. There are a great many roses on the spring bonnets, and ordinarily persons ask for them by mentioning their color, but she who is skilled in millinery demands the "Bouquet d'Or" when she wants a golden-yellow rose; the "Madame Kuppenheim" when she desires a scarlet and salmon-colored blossom; an "Anna Diesbach" when she wishes bright pink petals; a "Paul Neyron" when she seems to have one of those vast flowers like peonies; a "Sombreuil" when she intends to adorn herself with a pale straw-colored rose with a pink heart; an "Eugene Fürst" when her bonnet seems to need a garnet rose, slightly tinted with reddish copper; a "Prince de Rohan" if she think that her complexion will endure wearing garnet, shot with flame-color.

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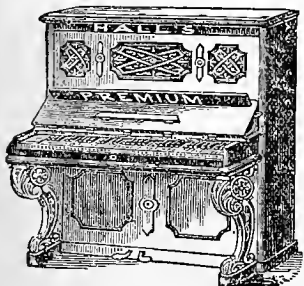
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WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO hereby certify and declare that we have formed a partnership, under the firm name and style of the **OAKLAND BAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY**; that said partnership has for its object the manufacture and sale of all kinds and descriptions of jute fabrics; that its principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, having its works and factory in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California; that the names of all the members of such partnership and their places of residence are as follows, that is to say: **WILLIAM SCHOLLE**, residing at Number Twelve Hundred and Thirty-four Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; **ISRAEL CAHN**, residing at Number Eleven Hundred and Twenty Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and **JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN**, residing in the Town of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California. Dated March 16, 1880.

WILLIAM SCHOLLE,
ISRAEL CAHN,
J. BRANDENSTEIN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ss.
On this Eighteenth (18th) day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public in and for said city and county, personally appeared **William Scholle, Israel Cahn,** and **Joseph Brandenstein**, known to me to be the persons respectively named and described in, and whose names are subscribed to, the within and foregoing certificate of partnership, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same respectively.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[NOTARIAL SEAL] **JAMES MASON,** Notary Public.
Endorsed—Filed March 18, 1880.
WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.
By **J. WHALEN**, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of **Ebenezer C. Ledyard**, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of **Ebenezer C. Ledyard**, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at No. 327 Pine Street, in the city of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. **HENRY A. NEWTON,** Administrator of the Estate of **Ebenezer C. Ledyard**, deceased. San Francisco, March 10, 1880.
SAFFOLD & MEUX, Attorneys.

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MACONDRAY & CO.,

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, CITY

and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10. In the matter of the petition of **JAMES M. SHORES**, an insolvent debtor. Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge of said Superior Court, notice is hereby given to all creditors of the said insolvent **JAMES M. SHORES** to be and appear before the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge as aforesaid, in open court, at the court-room of said court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on TUESDAY, the 27th day of April, A. D. 1880, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, whether perfectly or imperfectly described, or not described at all in the schedule filed herein, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 22d day of March, A. D. 1880.

[SEAL] **WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.**

By **JOHN H. HARNEY**, Deputy Clerk.

WM. H. H. HART, Atty for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

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VOL. VI. NO. 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 10, 1880.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LOS ANGELES, March 27, 1880.

It was a pleasant change to leave San Francisco, its politics and hard times, its dissensions and controversies, its Kearneys and Kallochs, its newspapers, and other unpleasant things, for a trip to Arizona. Sandy deserts, broad plains, cactus, greasewood, and mesquite shrubs are not altogether interesting in themselves, but they are most refreshing and consolatory in contrast with the angry passions of demagogues, the blasphemous scandals of the Sand-lot, and the pharisaical blackguardism of our Hard-shell Baptist Mayor. It was again a pleasant change, after spending a week in Arizona, to be whirled back from the land of the Apache to the land of civilization—from the land of sandy deserts and widely-extended cactus plains to the beautiful and fertile valleys of California. Our party left Tucson at three o'clock on the morning of March 24th, and in less than thirty hours we stepped from our comfortable silver palace-car to a clean and comfortable hotel at Colton. All that night it had been raining. The bright morning sun was reflected from millions of diamond drops, sparkling on leaf and shrub. The atmosphere was laden with perfumes, the breath of the honey-bee was in the air.

Let me for a moment pause and apostrophize the railroad cars as they depart, leaving us to visit the valley of San Bernardino and Riverside. Tom Fitch, in his speech at the Tucson dinner, styled the railroad the "black cavalry of commerce," and, in some fanciful imagery of his poetic imagination, likened the double steel track to a swiftly-flowing river, bearing upon its surface to the inland continent all the treasures garnered from other continents. It was a bold and audacious undertaking for Messrs. Stanford and Crocker, and their associates, to undertake to lay the rails from the Bay of San Francisco to the Gulf of Mexico, across these treeless and arid plains. It was a bold confidence that gave them heart to pour out their millions for this realization of the old Spanish navigators' dream of the new-found route to India. It was an enterprise that no personal effort had ever before equaled, and one which the combinations of governments have not often excelled—a transcontinental railroad from the Pacific to the Atlantic, without aid of Government or the subsidy of lands. I believe I do not write prematurely of this enterprise, as I have the personal assurance of both Governor Stanford and Mr. Charles Crocker that it will reach to San Antonio, in Texas, in less than two years. I have seen the road as it is being pushed by its energetic builder, Mr. Stronbridge. I have seen, away out on the *mesa* beyond Tucson, a thousand miles from San Francisco, acres of ties and miles and miles of rails. I saw the graders ahead of the track-layers, and the engineers ahead of the graders—hundreds of men at work, heading eastward with energy, enthusiasm, and money.

San Antonio is connected with the Gulf of Mexico by rail now. Construction of the road westward will shortly be begun at San Antonio, and as the distance between this place and the present Southern Pacific terminus is only about seven hundred miles, I think I need not doubt the completion of the work within the time promised, viz., two years. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Road also promises to make San Francisco or San Diego one of its terminal points on the Pacific. This road is pushed with energy, and an apparent abundance of means, but I do not believe it intends to come within the boundary of our State. It may be going to Guaymas. It works as though it were in earnest in this; but a few loads of iron and a few hundreds of Chinese shipped to this obscure little port upon the Gulf of California does not justify any display of enthusiasm over the fact that the company intends to build the road to Guaymas. That the company will come to San Francisco along a line for twelve hundred miles parallel with one already constructed, I doubt. Money does not, as a rule, do foolish things. The company will make money by building so long as it can put bonds upon the road more than it costs to construct. So long as those conditions last it will build; and if the people of Boston or England think their money safely invested in a railroad through Mexico to the mud huts upon the banks of the Gulf of California, and can delude themselves that this pueblo is to become a great commercial emporium, we shall all rejoice at their confidence. I am not afraid that our city will be disastrously affected by others upon the Pacific Coast, and every line of road upon this western shore will develop the country and contribute to the prosperity of San Francisco. We shall be glad to have an English Halifax upon our northern coast, a Portland at Puget Sound, a Boston at the mouth of the Columbia, a Philadelphia at Monterey, a Baltimore at Los Angeles, and as many Charllestons, Mobiles, and New Orleans as can be crowded between the harbor at Wilmington and San Diego. We shall be content to remain the New York of the Pacific. We need not be disturbed by the idea that shorter routes on sea and land will much affect the great currents of trade. Steamships with abundance of coal, and ships with bellying sails, annihilate both time and space.

But the gong of the Transcontinental Hotel at Colton sounds, and I go to breakfast. While my hot cakes and mutton chops were cooking, I had just time to reflect that this southern railroad, in opening up the treasure-box of Arizona, and in giving us a vast interior trade, and in connecting us with the Atlantic in direct route to Liverpool, is a great boon to California and is a great advantage to San

Francisco. After breakfast I took a carriage and drove some miles to old San Bernardino—one of the very prettiest villages in the whole State of California; one of the best watered—running brooks crossing it in every direction, artesian wells pouring out their pure waters five feet above the surface; rich lands; orange orchards, fairly loaded down with their great golden fruit; shabby farming, shabby old houses, shabby fences, dilapidation, shiftlessness, Mormonism, Democracy, on all sides. A splendid valley, but represented in the Senate by Mr. Scattergood, a Democratic Sand-lotter. I saw his sign upon a little old dilapidated village shanty—"Attorney at Law," etc.—held my nose and drove hurriedly by. There is some excuse for the poor, ignorant alien, whose idea of political privilege is the right to steal his more fortunate neighbor's accumulation; but for an American, unless he be a Kalloch Baptist, or a forty-wived Mormon, I find no apology.

Returning to Colton, my wife and I drove to Riverside, crossing the San Bernardino six miles away. If my readers will remember all I said in reference to the Central Colony at Fresno, my enthusiasm over the fact that industrious families could obtain an independent and comfortable maintenance off twenty acres of land there in the centre of that great, uninteresting plain of the San Joaquin, they may appreciate my greater delight and pleasure at visiting the colony at Riverside. I do not intend to unsay or qualify anything I said of the Fresno colony, and I do not admit that I have seen any raisins in any part of the State equaling those sent me by Miss Austin from her Fresno plantation of twenty acres. But this was a beautiful day in spring; it had rained all the night before, and the air was laden with fragrance; the phaeton was comfortable, the horse was spirited, the breakfast was good, my wife was amiable. The mountain-range that bordered the drive was clothed with wild flowers; the fields were green with crops of promising grain; a great broad canal was carrying its waters along the drive to Riverside, and in the distance we saw the groves, and above the groves the curling, lazy, blue smoke of cottage and farm-house breakfast-fires. Along at our right lay the rich bottom-lands of the San Bernardino. We drove into and all over Riverside; criss-crossed through all its by-ways, away, down its seven miles of straight, splendid avenues, and looked down five miles more, newly laid out; passed cottages, and some almost shanties, but all clean, all comfortable, all pretty; passed great, beautiful, luxurious, and costly houses—one that of Mrs. LeGrand Lockwood, one belonging to a Mr. Benedict, others the names of whose owners we did not learn; and all the way, everywhere—in lanes and avenues and by-ways—we saw orange-groves; orange orchards in fruit, in blossom; orchards just planted; orange nurseries; vineyards—some in bearing, some just planted. Orange groves and vines on every side, and we inquired of every man we met; talked over fences with men at the plow, men pruning, planting, watering. They talked of nothing but oranges and raisins—nothing else to talk about. And we brought away from Riverside the impression that a highly-cultured, intelligent, and well-to-do people had, by system, order, and industry, converted this upper bench-land of San Bernardino Valley into a paradise—literally, a land of plenty, flowing with milk and honey. The holdings are from ten to twenty acres in extent; there is cheap and abundant water; the climate is agreeable; the soil is adapted to its purpose. We found only one place billed "For Sale." I asked a score of people if they would sell, and found, without exception, content. There could not be such a thing as a tramp in such a community. The Riverside House, where we lunched, was a large, comfortable, broad-roomed, clean house, with every indication about it of comfort—good wines and good milk.

I obtained a hasty memorandum concerning the raisin and orange culture from a gentleman whose name I do not know, and for the correctness of whose figures I crave pardon for cautioning my readers, as he informed me he was a reformed colporteur, or tract-distributor, or something of that kind: Land costs from \$50 to \$100 per acre. The first year's labor in preparing it for grape-planting is \$25 per acre; roots, \$6.50 per acre; planting, \$22.50 per acre; irrigation, \$2.50 per acre annually. Raisin-grapes will produce the first year, nothing; the second year, nothing; the third year, \$25 an acre net profit over all cost of working and irrigation; fourth year, \$100; fifth year, \$300; sixth year, and for all future time, \$500 per acre. The market for raisins is the whole world; the product, in point of quality, is equal to that of Malaga; the work can be done by women and children. For orange culture, the price of land and the cost of its preparation for planting are the same, excepting that the orange tree at the nursery varies in price, according to its age or character—three and four-year-old trees, one dollar each; younger, down to ten cents. A standard orange bears at nine, ten, eleven, and twelve years from the seed, and is considered in full bearing at twelve years. The grafted fruit begins to bear at four years. Strange to say, seedlings and grafted produce the same fruit, grafted a little the larger. One hundred and eight trees are planted to the acre. A full-bearing standard seedling will produce from one to four thousand oranges annually. The rule is to bear a fuller crop on alternate years; the off-year has the best fruit, and commands a somewhat higher price. Persons in a hurry to get fruit may bud trees on roots from three to four years old. Trees are planted when two years from the bud, and will bear second year from planting. Such trees are for sale in

nurseries; the prices I did not learn. As we drove out from this most delightful settlement, I reflected on what might be done in California if people only had the sense and contentment of these colonists. Think of the millions and millions of acres of our fertile and lovely valleys now held by the avaricious land-shark. Think of the millions and millions of dry, useless, and unoccupied lands, with the water running waste to the sea, only awaiting brains and muscle to make this the richest, happiest land in the world. Think of the future greatness, wealth, and power of a State where twenty or sixty acres of its soil will maintain in ease and abundance an industrious family, and think of the miserable blasphemers in the city who mock the bounty of their God by inciting an ignorant and alien mob to complain that their destinies are cast within the reach of all these blessings, so that they may live at ease in a municipal office.

The next day we visited Pasadena, a colony from Indiana, located in the valley of Los Angeles, and within ten miles of the town. The same general features, the same evidence of industry, order, and plenty, the same evidence that water, with limited and well-tilled acres, will richly remunerate the toiler. From the Sierra Madre Villa, a few miles beyond Pasadena, we overlook the valley of the Los Angeles, lying between the Sierra Madre and the ocean—1,750,000 acres of rich valley land, all capable of irrigation, all capable of producing semi-tropical fruits. This valley is sheltered on the west, north, and south by mountain ranges, and is open on one side to the sea. It is interlaced by five railroads. It has a good seaport. It has an hundred thousand acres of fat corn-land, that needs no irrigation. Los Angeles is a land of corn and wheat, of hogs and packing-houses for pork and bacon, and of mills, as well as of orchards and vineyards; and what is best of all, it lies right at the door of the great consuming, non-producing treasure house of Arizona. When its greasers and land-monopolists all die out, it will be a good place for men and women to live who are willing to work. The Los Angeles folk soured on the *Argonaut* once because it said—what is manifestly true—that the northern is the better part of the State of California, and that there was a heap of bosh and nonsense being continually written about the land of the orange and the vine, the pomegranate and the olive; and that to read the prospectuses of immigration societies and land speculators, Eastern people were led to believe that full-grown orange groves and vine-covered cottages, with a Jersey cow, were provided for every immigrant who came to Los Angeles or Santa Barbara. The fact is, you can not sit under the vine, nor get figs at the corner grocery, unless you plant a vine, wait for it to grow, and have money to purchase figs until you grow the trees.

In conversation with Judge Sepulveda, of Los Angeles, he suggested that the Americans make the best colonists. They have more tact, adaptability, and genius; are more prolific in expedients. I use his language. The settlement at Anaheim, which is a very flourishing one, is composed mostly of Germans. The colonies of Riverside, Pasadena, Orange, and Westminster are largely, in fact almost entirely, American. There is in Oregon, in the valley of the Willamette, a colony of Hollanders, who are prospering. The Central Colony, of Fresno, is American, and is also a prosperous one. The colony of Lompoc, in Santa Barbara County, I am informed—for I have never visited it—is not altogether a success. What the causes are that have withheld from it the prosperity of other communities I am not advised.

If any one chooses to be tickled with the feather of a pen, and desires to grow rich in his imagination by seeing me make figures that will most audaciously lie, just go through the following calculation of the products of an orange orchard at Riverside, taking the maximum of oranges upon a tree, and the maximum price paid by Lusk & Co, fruit-dealers of San Francisco, for prize oranges—say \$6 a hundred: 160 acres of land, with 108 trees to an acre, gives 17,280 trees; 4,000 oranges to a tree, we have 69,120,000 oranges. These, at \$6 a hundred, give the eloquent total of \$4,147,200. Even if the orchard was only eighty acres, the income would be satisfactory. If Los Angeles County contains 1,750,000 acres of orange land, the same calculation would enable it to produce 756,000,000 oranges, which, sold by Lusk & Co., or sucked by the Papago children of Arizona, at six cents each, would give us the magnificent result of \$47,360,000,000! It is so easy to make figures, like Colonel Sellers: "Four hundred millions of people in China; each one with two eyes; every eye sore; all demanding eye-water at six bits a bottle, that costs a dollar a barrel. There's millions in it!" The truth is sober, and soberly clad; and the fact is that in the county of Los Angeles, as elsewhere, the blue-eyed goddess of plenty is in no wise allied to the divinity who presides over games of chance. Industry, economy, sobriety and toil tell in orange-groves and vineyards and under sunny skies as well as in less inviting places; and the south is the very devil of a country to grow lazy in.

It seems almost too bad that two broad-backed and stalwart Irishmen and the colossal Hans Steinmann should be compelled to break stones for six months in the House of Correction, and pay one thousand dollars each for the privilege, when they might earn four dollars and a half per day mining in Arizona. If the House of Correction could require a laundress and chaplain, we take recommending Mrs. Smith and the Reverend

DADDY LONG-LEGS.

Or the Man with the Awfully Awful Name.

Tobias Bilesbach was afflicted not only in name, but his face and his long lank figure verged upon ugliness. He had a peculiar bend of the back and an uplifting of the shoulders that gave an impression of reality to his name.

Alas! there is much in a name. Tobias had found it so, for his had been a heavy burden from the days when the thronging imps of the old school-house shouted after him in tones of that condensed, concentrated, double-distilled meanness, of which the school-boy still remains champion:

"Biles-on-his-back! Two-pious! Bi-iles-on-his-back!"

to the time when the girls at singing-school were wont to giggle—or, worse yet, try not to—when some smart beau exclaimed, with jocular familiarity: "Hello, Biles, how's your back?" In the days of manhood he was often greeted, seriously, as Mr. Boilsback, and Boilhisback, and so on through an endless category of ridiculous torturings of a ridiculous name.

Had he possessed half the stupidity of his tormentors, had his mental cuticle been as elephantine, he would have laughed them down; but Tobias was sensitive, "thin skinned," and the shafts of their spurious wit, clumsy as they were, pierced and wounded and rankled in his heart. He grew misanthropic; he shunned people, but he cleaved to books. What other youths of his acquaintance spent upon dress and the sometimes costly pleasures of society, Tobias lavished upon his library. Thus, while he grew silent, shy, and awkward in manner, and acquired that peculiar stoop of the shoulders, his mind became a flower of culture, blossoming into rare fancies that ripened into the fullness of profound thought. What became of it all I can not tell; Tobias had not the gift of expression—perhaps it had perished in the overpowering shyness born of his ugly name. It may be that his beautiful thoughts were not lost, but borne out into the universe and woven into its music, to become the inspiration of others—who can tell? The orator, standing in pride of conscious power before an audience who laugh and weep and thrill with heroism as he sweeps them along on the stream of his "silver utterances"—the author, climbing to fame by the outpouring of his beautiful thoughts—may he give life to the very ideas of poor Tobias Bilesbach; indeed, I know that often, in his reading or listening, he has exclaimed:

"Wby, I've thought of that, only I could never put it into words."

In his own community Tobias was respected, if not admired. He was known to be gentle of heart, pure of life, and sound of judgment; his elders, at least, gave him credit for all this, though the young swells would say, in supreme disdain: "Deuced unsocial fellow, that chap with the eruptive name. Might as well talk to a lamp-post as to try to draw him into conversation."

If ever a sensible, far-seeing father or mother ventured to suggest to a daughter that Tobias was worth all the rest of the young men put together, oceans of scorn surged around them.

"That old stupid! and uglier than Time. Though, if he were as handsome as Apollo, I wouldn't marry him with such a name. Mrs. Bilesbach—ugh!"

Tobias was far enough from putting them to the test; he had no idea of imposing his name upon any woman or child.

It is true, there was a girl, a glorified being, the embodiment of all beautiful ideas, who, metaphorically speaking, took Tobias right off his feet. When the sunshine blended with the rich tints of her brown hair, when she raised her dark blue eyes—those fathomless seas of light—and the delicate color flushed her soft, oval cheeks, and her lips just parted in that sweet smiling, or, above all, when she talked with Tobias, in speech so filled with gracious sweetness, he was thrilled from head to foot, and that was a long way.

This girl smiled—she never simpered; and her laugh was a clear out-ringing of purest melody. She used none of the vapid forms of society speech; but, in her simple English, she uttered such bright thoughts—such good, womanly thoughts. She lent a grace even to common words; and when she said "Bilesbach," with that little touch of German accent, and a kind of tender lingering on the vowels, it was for Tobias as a new revelation; he thought it heavenly—the very soul of the name purified from all hard, unharmonious sound, and all possibility of ridicule. He looked at her in mute, adoring gratitude; his soul was in his eyes, and she saw it—the beautiful soul of "homely" Tobias Bilesbach.

"Theodora Howard. Theodora—gift of God. It's a beautiful name," sighed Tobias, when, alone in his retreat, he thought of her and mused upon her loveliness.

He saw her but seldom in reality, yet in imagination she was ever with him, though he was half unconscious of it. Tobias never for a moment entertained the idea of falling in love—that is, as an intention—for he must have had his tender dreams of what life might have been to him under other circumstances; still, he meant never to marry, and, therefore, never to fall in love. Now, we all know that when a man makes that resolve it is all over with his heart—the drawbridge is up, and the very punctilious little god of Love—who never, upon any pretext, goes where he is not cordially invited—has no choice left him but to run weeping to his mother, and sharpen up his shafts for somebody else. We have all noticed this. By "we" I mean "us," but not including Tobias, "and people of that ilk."

An only child was Tobias—he was glad of it; it was a comfort to think that his abominable name would end with himself. His father was dead; his mother—gentle, yet strong as adamant in her love for her boy—was fading slowly away.

"There is only one thing that troubles me, my dearest—that is, to leave you, to have you miss my visible, tangible presence. But I want you to remember this: I don't know where heaven is; I have no idea of its similitude; yet of this I feel assured, be it near or far, mother's love will reach you, will answer to your every call. If you have faith to believe this, it will be easy for me to die, to go a little while before you to your father. Can you believe it, dear?"

He did believe that his mother's love would endure through eternity, would expand as her soul developed its capacity for spiritual life; that God, upon whose attribute of Fatherhood we lean our timorous hearts, would never count a hu-

man parent's love as dross. He could say this to his mother—he could always talk with her, almost as freely as he thought.

Her soul was comforted, and turning upon him a lingering look of ineffable love, as if she wished so to fill his heart with it that it should never fail him, she closed her eyes and fell asleep, still smiling.

Tobias was alone in the world. There was no touch of tender hand, or sweet caress of human speech, or loving, smiling eyes for him—none. At least Tobias thought so, and nearly every one else looked at it in the same way. Yet there was one who knew that a different state of things was possible, one very angelic yet very human being—Theodora.

Theodora admired Tobias, and understood him; or, she understood him, and, therefore, admired him. State it as you please, it amounted to the same thing: she loved him—loved even his name, and would gladly, proudly have exchanged for it the ancient, honorable, and euphonious name of Howard. As for his plain features, she really never saw them, any more than one sees the frame of a glorious picture, or the casket in which a marvelous jewel gleams. To be sure, there are people who scrutinize the frame, and smell the casket to know if it is real Russia leather. But Theodora was not that kind of a girl. Oh, if she could have gone to poor, lonely, heart-broken Tobias, and put her little, soft, warm hand in his, and said: "Tobias, I love you, fondly, faithfully, and I know that you love me. Are you going to ruin both our lives for a whim?" How long do you suppose it would have taken her to argue down his foolish, morbid notion? Then what a world it would have been!

But she could not do it—that is one of the world's heart-breaking laws. So it happened that Tobias broke up the old home, sold it to strangers; sold his books, sold everything but a few mementoes of his father and mother, and disappeared from his native town. And Theodora? Ah, well, shall a woman mourn forever for a man who runs away from her like a coward?

Among the mountains of California, with their rugged, sun-kissed hills and hollows, where many a hunted creature seeks a sheltering nook, a woman had found refuge—a widow and her two young sons. Robbed and wounded, they had been left by the terrible Jericho Road; and, after priest and Levite had passed by on the other side, came the Samaritan. Thank heaven for the good Samaritans!

This one, the Widow Allison's Samaritan, was of the mountains—like them rough and rugged, with just such sunny places in his nature. It did one good to look at him: a great, strong, kindly man; it seemed as if trouble and ill-fortune would stand no chance at all with him.

When he found the widow and her boys—that is, when God had directed him toward them—all his great, warm heart was filled with compassion.

"It's pretty rough if there isn't a good place in all California for a woman and two fatherless boys; and there is one, I know; only wait and it'll be found. I'm a great believer in Providence, Mrs. Allison, and so is Matilda—that's my wife—and we try to build it into the children's hearts as they are growing up; there's a thundering lot of 'em, too; not quite such thoroughbreds as your boys here, but pretty fair—pretty fair, now, I tell you! But I was going to say—there's the Cameron's ranch, next to mine. Cameron lives in Frisco, and I work his ranch on shares. There's a house on it, rough but snug; there's a nice little orchard and vineyard, too, and a garden spot. Seems to me it would be a pretty comfortable place for you, for a while. There's another idea in my mind: if you could teach my youngsters for a few hours a day, it would be a grand thing. There's no school anywhere near us. There's the Stevens children, too; I guess they'd be glad to have you take them in hand. Pretty high-toned, the Stevens are, but good neighbors, nice folks. We'd pay you well for your trouble, and maybe you wouldn't be so lonesome with the children around you. Think you'd be willing to try it? Well, come up and talk it over with Matilda and Mrs. Stevens."

Mountain ranches, as a general thing, have very little beauty that is not of the Lord's creation. In the way of buildings, and other evidences of human skill and care, they are poor indeed. The Retreat was no exception. Mr. Cameron had obtained it in "a trade," had given it in charge of his friend Samson, and paid no further attention to it—that is, in the way of improvements. It was to him chiefly a camping-place, where he spent a few weeks in the summer and a few days in the hunting season. Mrs. Allison found the house as Mr. Samson had described it, "rough, but snug." There were two rooms, and a "shakey" lean-to that served as kitchen; the walls were of rough, weather-stained boards, the roof unceiled, and the rafters and shingles—black with rain and smoke—were festooned with dust-laden cobwebs, and dotted with spiders' nests and great cocoons; a nest of yellow-jackets added variety to the decorations. But the distinguishing glory of the place was a pair of bats that dwelt in some dim recess of that mysterious upper region. At night, when the widow lay broad awake, thinking, planning, or, it may be, grieving for her past, and the red light from the great, rough fire-place shone in upon the gloom, she could see the festive pair circling and swooping above her. She had always felt afraid of bats, they looked so foul and impish; in her childhood she had read an ancient copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and had been horribly fascinated by one of its rude cuts, representing Apollyon as a huge vampire; she could never see a bat without thinking of it. She also remembered a tradition that they tangle themselves in the hair; and she carefully hid her abundant tresses beneath a cap.

"You'd better change beds with us, mamma. It would take a pretty smart bat to get tangled in our hair, wouldn't it, Dick?" said Harry, passing his hand over his closely-cropped head.

Ants and spiders were abundant and intimate; but for real sociable friendship, there were the "daddy long-legs," or "daddies," as the boys called them; myriads of them gathered in colonies here and there, in corner and crevice; at night they came out and ramped and tramped over everything and everybody—hush them away, and back they would come in haste, persistent little pests. But, after all, they did not feel much troubled by them; there were never many of them abroad at once, and they were clean, innocent-looking little creatures, and droll, if you studied them. The boys made pets of them, fed them, teased them, tied bright silken threads around their legs and drove them about on the table, while their mother sat by and sewed for them, for the boys,

Two boys to be kept from tatters—it was no joke. All their soft, fine underclothing was worn out, and she was a little troubled about getting more.

Her courage nearly failed her sometimes. It was especially weak one night near Thanksgiving time, when she sat alone, writing to distant friends. Out of doors an owl was sounding his dismal serenade to the plaintive accompaniment of the creek that ran disconsolately down the lonely gulch. She could think just how the first stood, weird and spectral, against the sky, and how dark and fearful were the gorges. In doors, a fire burned bright and cheering; the bats were "at it again," and the "daddies" were abroad; and her troubles seemed to have gathered in full force, and paraded themselves before her, crying out and importuning her: "Here we are; look at us; think of us; pity us!"

Thanksgiving day was so near. Oh, how cruel are these feasts when the soul is in sackcloth, and the heart a burden of anguish hidden 'neath the holiday smile! One may get bravely over the busy working days; but when the world pauses in its rushing to ring the bells for gladness, and calls you to join its chorus, that is bard to bear. "Jubilante, jubilante!" sing the lips, and "De profundis!" wails the heart.

One by one, visions of the dead Thanksgiving days—true feasts of the joyous soul—passed before her, though between them and her was the great gulf of the Past; and the cruel, mocking Present cried: "Come, sing to me!"

Around and around swept the bats, in their "dim-lighted region of Weir," the cry of the owls pierced the awful stillness of the mountains, the creek ran on in endless complaining, and the night-wind sobbed and sighed through the firs.

Mr. Cameron was coming to occupy his ranch. "Going to fix it up," the Samaritan had told her, and added:

"It must be that he's going to get married. I don't believe he would ever think of 'batching' it here; he ain't the kind of man to take care of himself."

"I thought he was married."

"Bless you, no! He's a bachelor of long standing, awful long standing," said the Samaritan, enlarging upon his joke, and laughing heartily at it. "My boys call him Daddy Long-legs. I don't know as it's right to let 'em; but they don't mean to be saucy about it; boys must have their fun, and mine think the world of Cameron, after all. No, he ain't married; and Matilda, here, will be dreadfully disappointed if he's got a wife picked out, for she's—"

"Dan'al!" cried Mrs. Samson, in tones of warning, "Dan'al!"

"—The smartest woman on the hill!" completed Daniel, triumphantly.

"And so he's coming here to live, and I shall have to look for another retreat."

"Now, don't you worry," cried Matilda, the echo of her husband's goodness. "There are places enough for such as you and yours. Your first duty is to come and help us eat our Thanksgiving dinner, and by that time I guess you'll see your way clear. We should love to have you stay with us just as long as you can put up with our rough ways. We can make you comfortable till you can find a better place, anyway. So don't you worry." Blessed Samaritans!

The feast-day came. Mrs. Allison did not yet see her way clear, but she determined to keep up her courage and let the day be unclouded, for the children's sake. Ah, that holy battle-cry of the mother's heart: "For the children's sake!"

If you could have seen the brave little woman laughing and singing along the forest path with her two merry boys, you would have said that hers was the gladdest heart in the universe!

"Now, if I ain't glad to see you!" cried the smiling Matilda, at her door. "I was afraid something would happen at the last minute to keep you at home."

"It would have taken a good deal to keep the boys from coming, Mrs. Samson."

"Well, I'm glad they like to come, for our children are crazy to have them here—do just look at them, going pell-mell down the canon, girls and all! Now, sit right down here by this window that you like so much." Then, leaning forward, she whispered: "Guess who's here—there; pointing to 'the other room.' "Mr. Cameron," she added, impressively, as if she thought it no use for the widow to try to guess. "Came last night, and I never did see him look so nice. He's an awful homely man; that is, folks think so; but he looks good to me, because he is so good—so right down splendid! But now I'm going to bring him in here. I guess he'll be surprised enough to see anything like you up here in the mountains; and she fondly brushed a little way lock loose on the widow's forehead, and gave one proud, admiring look at her as she left the room.

She reappeared directly, followed by the much-talked-of Long-legs, who paused before the door, as Mrs. Samson said, with grave ceremony:

"Mrs. Allison, this is—"

"Tobias Bilesbach!" shrieked the widow, and

"Theodora!" cried Tobias, clutching at the door.

Mrs. Samson sank, in speechless amazement, upon the nearest chair.

"What in the old Nick is to pay?" said the jovial Samson, at the door, with the whole crowd of curious, peering children behind him.

"That's him, Harry; that's Daddy Long-legs!" came in an eager whisper of awful distinctness from one of the little Samsons—while a look of deep horror succeeded to his mother's wild astonishment.

But Tobias heard nothing—saw nothing but the beautiful, blushing face of Theodora.

Oh, the soft-falling beneficence of rain! It had clothed the hills with gladness. The oaks—those venerable patriarchs that reach forth their giant arms to bless the land—were marvelous with blossoming lichen, with lace-like draperies of long gray moss and clinging velvet robes of green. From the clefts of rocks the young ferns sprang; away up in the solitude of the hills the manzanitas held out their clustering, waxen, pink-tinted chalice, and thither the little brown bees sped on swiftest wing, with joyous murmuring, to gather the ambrosial drop. All God's beautiful green world rejoiced, and in full unison beat the hearts of Tobias and Theodora. It was all clear at last—the way of true love—never more to be overcast. JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

CALISTOGA, April, 1880.

Mr. George Augustus Sala designates San Francisco as the "bay-windowed" city. Singularly appropriate.

ENID—A PORTRAIT.

Striving in many ways to paint my love,
I find no light nor color that doth please.
My brush and canvas all my thoughts disprove;
And so I'll paint my love in smiles.

She minds me ever of an old-time madrigal,
Which sets itself to music as I read;
Her childlike, quaint simplicity of speech
So surely fills my need.

Or is it a lily, standing fair and tall,
Whose slender, ever-swaying plume
Leans lazily against the garden wall,
With over weight of bloom?

Rather, we'll say, a wild rose satin-lined,
Shunning the statelier flowers and garden plots;
Yet, if I wrought her face to suit my mind,
I'd make it of forget-me-nots.

Nay—she is just a child with credulous eyes
Waiting for what the new to-morrow brings;
Putting the plaintiveness of thrush or dove
Into the song she sings.

Strolling among the sunny garden walks
With busy silence, as if, each to each
In language held aloof from mortal tongue,
The flowers and she held speech.

Oh foolish finger that can turn to paint her so!
She is a woman, with a woman's tender heart,
But all unconscious of her power for weal or woe,
Unskilled in woman art.

Of shutting out of sight the tediousness and fret,
Behind smooth speech and smiling face;
Of hiding foolish eyes whose lids are ever wet
With tears that leave no trace.

She is a bit of nature drifting through the careless world,
Just as a loosened leaf or happy bird would do,
Clinging to outstretched branch or blossom here and there,
Trusting because she's true.

She is herself. Not even a master's patient hands,
Can fill the picture with a surer thought;
For when my love before me smiling stands
My smiles all come to naught.

KATE M. BISHOP.

The Giants and the Dwarfs

[Translated for the "Argonaut" from the German of F. Rucker.]

A giant's buxom daughter, while on a frolic, strode
Down from the mountain stronghold, her bluff old sire's abode.
When in a vale an ox-team she found, hitched to a plow,
Behind which walked a rustic, and all seemed small enow.

The oxen, plow, and peasant a hurden slight she thought;
So wrapped them in her apron, and to the castle brought.
"Halloo!" the giant shouted, "my dear, what have you found?"
Said she: "Some tiny playthings I picked from off the ground."

Her toys the giant glanced at, then quoth: "My child, beware!
Take back the little creatures, and place them where they were;
For if this race of pigmies don't till the ground and sow,
We giants on the mountain will lean and hungry grow."

P. R. R.

Minister.—"Hello, Exchange."
Telephone Exchange.—"Well."
Minister.—"Put me on the residence of Mrs. Duzenberry."
Exchange.—"All right; fire away."
Minister.—"Hello, Mrs. Duzenberry."
Mrs. D.—"Well?"
Minister.—"Ask your daughter Malinda to step to the instrument."
Malinda.—"What's wanted?"
Minister.—"Your affianced, Mr. Algernon Smithkinson, is here, and wishes to speak to you."
Malinda.—"Tell him for goodness sake to hurry."
Algernon.—"Malinda, dear, I find it won't be convenient for me to come around this evening. Can't we have the ceremony performed now?"
Malinda.—"I suppose so."
Minister (taking off his hat).—"DoyouAlgernonSmithkinson take Malinda Duzenberry to be your wedded wife for better for worse till death do you part?"
Algernon.—"I do."
Minister.—"DoyouMalindaDuzenberry take Algernon Smithkinson to be your wedded husband for better for worse till death do you part?"
Malinda.—"I do."
Minister.—"Then I pronounce you man and wife, and whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Make them so fit. Ten dollars. Good-bye."

He purchased a postal card at the post-office, and took up a pen and wrote for about two minutes with a determined hand. Then, as he blotted the card, he asked the stamp-clerk: "Is it against postal rules to call a man a liar on a postal card?"

The clerk thought it was, and the man tore up the card, bought another, and, after writing a few lines, inquired: "It can't be against the rules to call him a villain, can it?"

The clerk again decided that it was, and a third card was purchased. This time the man pondered over his lines, signed his name, and said: "I have written here that he ought to be in jail for his conduct. Is that against the postal rules?"

The clerk said he wouldn't dare run the risk himself; and the indignant citizen tore the card into a dozen pieces, and exclaimed: "Go to — with your old post-office! I won't send any card at all, but I'll waylay the fellow and knock the top of his head off!"

One of two well-known Southern clergymen undertook to rebuke the other for using the word.

"Brother G.," he exclaimed, without stopping to ask any other questions, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do."

"Then I would quit it, sir," said the old gentleman. "It is a very unclerical practice, and a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog won't chew it."

"Father C., do you chew tobacco?" responded the amused listener.

"I? No, sir!" with much indignation.

"Then, pray, which is the most like the hog, you or I?"

VENUS ANADYOMENE.

A Disappointing Glimpse at Parisian Private Theatricals.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE DROZ.]

"I do not say," said my aunt, tracing designs upon the carpet with her little boot, "I do not say that it does not add to a woman's beauty, but then it makes one look so bold! A little powder—perhaps a suspicion of rouge—sets off a pretty face admirably; but then the use of belladonna for the eyes, and that horrid enamel stuff—(what do they call it—liquid white?) why it's perfectly dreadful. Ugh! I don't see how a woman can use it!"

"Oh, I don't know, my dear aunt. Between you and me, when men regard a pair of velvety eyes, they do not always examine them too closely."

"Do you think so?"

"I know so. And, profiting by masculine blindness, some women even imitate veins upon the enameled surface."

"Why, the awful creatures! Isn't it shocking?"

"Dreadful!"

"But, Ernest, it seems to me you're a very knowing young gentleman. What business have you, a captain of dragoons, to be so thoroughly versed in such matters?"

"Oh, I—hem!—I—well, you know, I've been interested in private theatricals so often—yes, in private theatricals—that's it. Why, I have an entire collection of rouge-pots, and brushes, and needles, and—oh, everything of the sort."

"Why, you bad boy! I'm shocked at you! Apropos—of course, you're coming to-morrow night?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. Anything special?"

"Oh, no, a few friends, a little fête. And by the way, Ernest, bring your collection—I'd like to see it. Au revoir."

My aunt, as you may imagine, has by no means bidden adieu to her youth. How old is she? Well, let me see. I believe she is past twenty-five, but really I am so poor at figures that I couldn't say with any degree of certainty. And what difference does it make? Does not a murmur of admiration always receive her when she enters a ball-room? Do not the passers-by turn to look at her in her carriage? Is she not, in short, beautiful, and a Baroness?

Evening had come, and I had sent my museum of curiosities to my aunt's house, and shortly after followed it myself. As Jean, the valet, was assisting me to remove my overcoat, he whispered, with a discreet smile:

"Madame la Baronne bade me tell you, Monsieur Ernest, that she would be pleased to see you in her boudoir, immediately upon your arrival."

I followed the corridor he indicated, and tapped modestly at the door. A hurricane of suppressed giggling swept through it.

"Oh heavens! Don't let him come in yet!" shouted one.

"I wouldn't have him see me this way for the world!"

"Get behind the screens, you silly things," said my aunt's voice, and a fresh chorus of tittering followed.

At last a voice said "Come in!" and I entered.

At first I was unable to distinguish a thing amid the chaos of feminine frippery with which the room was encumbered. As the objects gradually took form I beheld in the center of the room my aunt, in pink t— in pink—well—that is, to say, somewhat lightly clad, in—in pink. Fortunately, there were a number of festoons of sea-weed draped around her form—I say fortunately, for it was this fact only that prevented my precipitate flight. And then there was her hair, too—yes, certainly—her hair was unbound, and floating upon her shoulders. Marie, the maid, was kneeling upon the floor before her mistress, engaged in lacing a dainty satin boot—the most adorable little boot! I never dreamed that my aunt had such a pretty—but let us pass on.

The furniture, the mantel-piece, the carpet, were heaped with every conceivable object. Skirts, laces, dresses, a gilt pasteboard helmet, a pair of t—that is to say, a pair of long silk stockings which seemed to have yielded up their fragile lives; curling-irons, brushes, combs, jewel-caskets, rouge-pots—anything, everything. At the end of the room were two screens, over which poured a ceaseless cataract of giggles. In one corner was Silvani the magnificent—Silvani the illustrious—Silvani, King of Hairdressers, who was regarding his work with the pride of an artist.

I stood petrified. What in the name of all that was marvelous was going on? My aunt noticed my astonishment, and said:

"Didn't you know that we were going to have tableaux this evening, Ernest?" And she laughed merrily.

By jove, I'm no chicken, you know—a captain of dragoons seldom is, being naturally an inquisitive rascal—but I must acknowledge that I never was so—so interested as on that evening. And who wouldn't be? It's not such an every-day matter to see one's aunt dressed as Venus.

"But in what tableau are you going to exhibit that extraordinary costume, my dear aunt?" said I.

"How do you do, Captain!" cried screen No. 1.

"We've been waiting for you!" cried screen No. 2.

"And I'm very much at your service, ladies. But what is the tableau?"

"The tableaux in which I appear," said my aunt, "are 'Venus Emerging from the Sea,' and 'The Judgment of Paris'—you remember your mythology, don't you?—and Mount Ida, and Paris, and the apple, and Minerva, and so forth? I have the rôle of Venus. I didn't want to take it, but they all teased me to death. Marie, give me a pin. There they are, on the mantel-piece—no, next to the bonbons—there, on that prayer-book. Yes, they threatened me with all sorts of dreadful things if I refused. 'Now, Baroness,' said they, 'with your heavenly shoulders, and your arms, and your—and your hands,' and this and that and the other. So they worried me until I yielded. Marie, give me another pin; these odious sea-weeds keep falling off!"

"It is somewhat desirable that they should not," I remarked, a trifle dryly.

"Now, I knew that's just what you'd say. But then I don't think I'm so *very* décolletée, do you? And the rôle requires it, you know. Mignonne [to screen No. 1], pass me the rouge, please. Silvani, go to the billiard-room; the gentlemen are dressing there, and may need you. And afterward go to the Baron's. And Silvani! See if De V— has found his apple yet. It is he who plays Paris," said she, turning to me. [To the corner.] "Well, Marquise, and the rouge—give it to the Captain over the screen."

Over screen No. 1, it appeared, followed by a hand.

"Here it is—hurry, Captain—my cuirass is cracking!"

"Her cuirass?" said I.

"Yes; she plays Minerva. Just listen to those gentlemen in the billiard-room—like a lot of school-boys, are they not? Oh, Ernest, I know very well I shall faint when I appear before everybody in this dress. I'm of such a nervous, impressionable nature, you know. Marie, you careless thing, do shut that door—I'm in a draft. Yes, I can not conceive how those actress women can bear to exhibit themselves so publicly—why, there's nine o'clock striking. Ernest, you bad boy, you say you know how to apply liquid white?"

"Well, yes, I know a little something about it."

"Oh, oh! shocking!" [From the screens.]

"Is it true, do you think—what they say about its being injurious to the skin?"

"Why, no—at least one application can do no harm. Marie, give us a rousing fire in the grate—that's a good girl." And I rolled up my sleeves and prepared for my task.

"Oh, how nervous I am! It is the first time that I ever used a cosmetic, you know."

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing at all. Extend your arm."

She lifted her rounded, white arm, and I dipped the sponge into the little onyx vase.

"Oh! Oh! O-o-o-o-o-o! Oh, how cold it is! Like ice! Et tu vas me promener cela sur le corps?"

"Pas absolument partout, ma chère tante."

"Je trouve votre *partout* singulièrement insolent, Ernest. Because you see you are necessary, you take advantage of it. You're just as saucy as you can be! Will it take long?"

"Oh, no, not very."

"O-o-o-o-o! Hurry up, Ernest; that's a good boy. Marie! Put some more coal on. O-o-o-o-o!"

When a man is frank, he should not be so by halves. So I'll tell you something. Of course you think that, seeing my poor aunt suffering so from the cold, I made haste with my work? Not at all! By no manner of means!! Very much to the contrary!!! I threw the most extraordinary deliberation into every movement. I worked with studied slowness. I promenaded my sponge over the hills and valleys with the utmost care. I said to myself: "Captain, profit by the opportunity. Once for all, become acquainted with the most charming fraction of your family." And the confounded sea-weeds would sway—again let us pass on.

[From Screen No. 1]—"Oh, my cuirass is broken again! Marie! Rosine! Pins! Needles! Mucilage! Oh, my, my!"

[From Screen No. 2]—"Marie, come and help me fasten my— A knock is heard.

Omnès—"You can't come in!!!"

It was the flute-like voice of the Comte de V—:

"I am in despair, Baroness, to give you so much trouble."

Omnès—"YOU CAN'T COME IN!!!" [Fortissimo.]

"But, ladies, I am not doing so. What I was going to say was, Raoul wants that black stuff for his eyebrows—"

"Very well, it shall be sent to him. O-o-o-o!"

"But that is not all, my dear Baroness."

"Dear, dear, what else?"

"My apple—I can not find it. Have you seen it?"

"No! Oh, Monsieur le Comte, I pray you go!"

"But that is not all. Saint P— has broken his trident and torn his tights. Could you send one of your maids—"

"One of my maids, indeed! What are you thinking of, monsieur?"

"But, Baroness, you are mistaken—the rent is in the arm—it was the trident that—"

"Very well, I'll send Rosine. Please go and get ready."

[De V— goes.] He and his trident! Why, he doesn't appear until the third tableau! So you've done, have you? Well, how do I look? What do you think of my coiffure?

Silvani is a true artist, is he not? He wanted me to wear a blonde wig, but I would never, never do anything so horrid!

"Certainly not—your scruples do you honor."

"Why, it's nearly ten o'clock. Oh, Ernest, if you only knew how I tremble! To appear this way before so many people! But then the sea-weed is there, that's one comfort."

"To my uncle—yes."

Another knock is heard. "Who's there?" said my aunt.

"The torches have arrived, Madame la Baronne."

"Oh, yes, they're for the Trois-étoiles girls. Go and tell them—they're dressing in the music-room. But don't light them yet; they're not wanted till the second tableau."

"So the young ladies of the Trois-étoiles family appear?"

"Yes; and their mother, too. They represent 'The Lights of Faith Pursuing Disbelief.' They have torches for the lights, you know—tin tubes, with spirits of wine inside. It'll be just too awfully sweet, won't it? It's intended as a compliment to that pious young Italian gentleman. You know him, don't you?—il Conto di Geloni. He's a nephew of the Papal Nuncio to Spain, and has the most angelic eyes! It's an excellent idea—don't you think so? It's Monsieur de Saint P—'s conception. He's not such a bad fellow for tableaux, Saint P—, if he doesn't tear his things."

"But who is going to take the part of 'Disbelief'?"

"Oh, it's a dreadful long story, Ernest. You must know that the very day the rôles were being distributed, the Encyclical of his Holiness the Pope appeared—that directed against the infidels, you know. Would you believe it? not a single gentleman would accept the part! I was at my wits' end, when finally I thought of John, the coachman. He's English, and a Protestant, so he could have no religious scruples. And he's a handsome fellow, too, is John."

"But won't the Trois-étoiles feel a little put out at appearing with a servant?"

"Oh, no; John is to lie at full length upon the floor, and the ladies will place a foot each upon his neck; so the proprieties are saved, you see."

Eleven o'clock. "Come, aunt, the stage will be waiting."

"Oh, Ernest, how dreadfully weak I feel! I know I shall faint upon the stage! Are the flowers on my coiffure fastened firmly? I'm afraid they'll fall. Oh, how my heart beats!"

"Be careful, aunt—it will be seen!"

* * * * *

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SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

JEROME A.

SOCIAL SALAD.

Since Lent closed its doors there have been ripples only on the surface of the society pool. This is as it should be. The indecent haste to put off the half-mourning which Society decrees for herself during a brief penitential season once a year is in worst possible form—"out of good social drawing," says Saunders.

The latest social wrinkle is the "soap-bubble party." You make them yourselves—the bubbles. To give a "soap-bubble party," provide the guests with tables, soap and warm water, and clay pipes, and turn them loose on the best parlor carpet. It's beastly jolly, they say. The idea is said to have originated with an American lady in Paris. At her first entertainment the utmost jollity prevailed. "The pipes were gaily bedecked with ribbons, and the guests vied with each other in the agreeable pastime." At the first entertainment given in this city the only difficulty experienced was in keeping the guests' hands out of the "soap and warm water."

The "Jersey" has reached New York, but not San Francisco. And what is the "Jersey"? The "Jersey" is a garment introduced into London by Mrs. Langtry, and at once made fashionable. To speak plainly, it is little more than a flannel undershirt. It comes in every color, and is made to fit tight to the figure, and reaches below the hips. It is very much worn in Nincompoopiana.

"Heigho, daisies and butter-cups!"
And fluted sedge-grass, golden yellow,
And flame-hued poppy buds scattered about
'Neath one pink rose—an impudent fellow,
Looking aloft, in bold, bad glee,
From a coign beneath the hosen knee.

"I want a pair for my wife," said he.
"Do you?" the shop-girl said, with a smile.
Somehow it darkened his pale face, red;
And his blue eyes blackened and burned with guile.
"I'll carry them home myself!" he said;
And his look might have stricken the shop-girl dead.

The interest that our young ladies are taking in panel-painting promises to keep them out of no end of mischief while the fever lasts. A great many of them are doing very good work—of its kind; the examples of their work given in outline by the dailies to the contrary notwithstanding.

They say that the highest aim of a Parisian elegante is to look like an English governess in the street. Dowdiness when out walking is very *chic*, and all magnificence of toilet is religiously reserved for in-doors; and that, too, when Americans are setting their neighbors such a noble example—and no Americans more thoroughly than the ladies of San Francisco, who make our shopping streets a veritable kaleidoscope of well-dressed beauty, especially of a Saturday afternoon.

A lady writes as follows of "the real Kensington, you know."

How little Matilda of Flanders imagined, as she sat among her maidens, celebrating in many a patient stitch the exploits and glory of her liege lord and master, the heart-burnings and dissensions that self-same stitch and its modifications would produce in this the nineteenth century. Like that time-wasting abomination, the 15-puzzle, there are many ways of working it, but only one correct way—and bless their little feminine hearts, they all have that way—like the Six Blind Men of Hindostan, who went to see the elephant: "Each in his own opinion exceeding stiff and strong"—at least until they meet with some other fair disciple, who destroys the fullness of their content by remarking: "It is perfectly lovely. How nicely you do it! But, *this isn't the real Kensington, you know.* You ought to go to Madam—; she teaches the real stitch, and only charges two dollars." Away speeds the cowering devotee, and gravely pays her two dollars, feeling that at last the correct thing is hers, and she can creelize everything in the house, from a pair of slippers to the best lambrequins—till she meets another sister who is all for Fraulein Wagnblast, a "real German needlewoman," who alone teaches the Kensington; or mayhap she meets one of those New Yorkers, who have learned at the only place—in their estimation—where it can be learned, to wit, the Decorative Art Rooms. After all, one stitch is just about as pretty as another, the main points to be gained being a natural blending of shades and correctness of outline. Any stitch which will produce these effects is just as satisfactory as the "real Kensington, you know."

A London physician—Doctor Richardson, we believe—has made a new point against the corset. He insists that "stays not only injure bodily health, but deaden mental capability." The question now is, How bright might not those French women have been who set Paris on fire with their wit a hundred years ago, if they had not worn the corset of their period? And if Elizabeth of England had flung her stays after Raleigh's cloak (a rather undignified proceeding that), might she not have been a greater queen than she was? One wonders if Miss Anthony—Miss Susan B.—and Mrs. Belva Lockwood and our own Mrs. Foltz wear stays. One wonders—but that investigation would be interminable.

Here is a realistic skit at the *matinée* by one of the crushed:

To the miseries of *matinées* those can testify who can not afford evening entertainments, or the unfortunates who have neither obliging husband or brother to act as protector. Women, women everywhere! They troop in, clad in shabby black, with mended gloves and faded shawl, dressed in modest neatness and unassuming simplicity, and the gorgeous silks and satins, velvets and flowers fill in the lights in the picturesque crowd. How strange it is that they never can keep still. They have such a time finding their places. No usher being near, they stir up the already settled to settle themselves. The seats being found, they are either just lovely, and then they audibly congratulate each other on their good luck in obtaining them just here; or they are not satisfied, and they find fault in equally emphatic and audible tones. They are sure the usher made a mistake, or they think of a dozen other equally absurd reasons why these may not be the places they secured. Or they are too warm, and they fan themselves with such vigor that I, who sit in front, feel an Alpine breeze coursing down my back. Then the temperature changes with the opening of a door, and they must disturb every one in the immediate vicinity with their complaints; and finally my best bonnet gets a terrible whack during the adjustment of wraps, and the dent in my head-gear is a mark for sneering critics. At last the curtain rises. I give a quiet little sigh, in pleased anticipation of the respite I am to have, but my hopes are vain. The play begins, and with it a running commentary on actors, acting, stage-setting, dressing, and plot. I give up all hopes of seeing anything but the huge Cainsborough hat in front, and of hearing anything besides the remarks of my tormentors, and I resign myself to fate. Their highmightsnesses are pleased, and the remarks, if not scientifically critical, are at least not

unkind. Finally a more than usually strong scene bushes my talkative neighbors. The silence is breathless; but an anti-climax comes in the mellow, musical laugh which starts up suddenly behind me. The situation is spoiled by this distraction; and the crying of a petulant child, which sounds on the other side, has no power to add more to the discomfort. I no longer even attempt to hear the actors, and give myself up to studying my tormentors. It is a pretty girl who laughs. She giggles between the scenes; she laughs during the pathetic passages; and long after other merriment has ceased her voice rings out clearly in curious contrast to the stillness. A little way from me, but near enough to be distinctly heard, is a talkative daughter, who explains the jokes and rehearses the plot to her mother, who likes to know beforehand what is coming. Oh, these women! They whisper and giggle, flirt with the callow youths who frequent *matinées*, they rustle their programmes, rattle their fans, arrange their dresses, until they make drama-loving people who patronize *matinées* mentally harbor wishes which are better not expressed.

BUTTERCUP.

In a previous number of this paper attention was called to the desirableness of pedestrianism as an adjunct to the cultivation of a love for the picturesque. We believe there are already several walking clubs among society people in this city and Oakland. There is room for a great many more, and we shall be glad to print any intelligence concerning them that our friends may furnish us.

Ouida, in her last insinuating book, *Moths*, makes this very significant and not altogether lying statement: "Those who are little children now will have little left to learn when they reach womanhood. They are miniature women already; they know the meaning of many a dubious phrase; they know the relative value of social positions; they know much of the science of flirtation, which society has substituted for passion; they understand very thoroughly the shades of intimacy, the suggestions of a smile, the degrees of hot and cold that may be marked by a bow or emphasized with a good-day. All the subtle science of society is learned by them intuitively and unconsciously, as they learn French and German from their maids. When they are women they will at least never have Eve's excuse for sin: they will know everything that any tempter could tell them."

The following is our Sacramento correspondent's last letter, written under date April 5th:

DEAR ARGONAUT:—At last Sacramento has had a *kettle-drum*! And now we suppose many of our ladies will follow in the wake of this English fashion, of visiting one's friends in the afternoon, and taking a little tea, and talking a little talk. Mrs. George Cadwalader, on N Street, set the fashion here, and it was such a success that we shall doubtless answer to the call of many a (kettle) drum in the near future. Mrs. Cadwalader has a young lady friend visiting her from Philadelphia, Miss Bessie Slade, and this is the *why* of all this private *matinée* affair. The house was trimmed in flowers and smilax, great baskets of pansies and other flowers in profusion. Among other delicious eatables, Russian tea was served, which of course every one declared "nice *if new*." In Mrs. E. B. Mott's large rooms, on J Street, the Bric-à-Brac Club met the same evening—and, by the way, don't you think it a little mean that some of you San Francisco folks should pilfer our cognomen, and call themselves Bric-à-Bracs, when it was purely original with us? This club, you know, have gay, good times. Ostensibly they meet for mutual improvement. Some of the art members bring pictures. At their head is Norton Bush; so 'tis to be expected that this branch of the circle would do well. And then we have some musicians, who *hardly* ever quarrel about who shall do their share; and they give us merry music, that enlivens things wonderfully! Sometimes Miss O'Brien—poetess and elocutionist—renders some touching little thing; and we all talk and laugh, and are as much at home with each other as if every one were the other's bosom friend; and then we have little lunches set for us in the dining-room. Truly 'tis a delightful club, and we think it is quite *chic*. Norton Bush is president, and (did you know?) has taken to painting marine scenes, and dead game, and oceans of little things you would never have thought his tropical brush would have touched. Mrs. G. W. Chesley is vice-president; B. L. Ball, recording secretary; and Mrs. Blakeney, who spends much of her time in San Francisco, is corresponding secretary. Mrs. A. L. Frost, treasurer, has charge of the young (indeed, quite infantile!) bank this club represents. And as there was no office left for Mr. Procter, the pillar of the institution, this grateful club created an office for him, and call him executive officer; and now that he has got the affair in good running order, he leans up against his executive pillar, and smiles benignly and *characteristically* on his crowned efforts. Sometimes they invite outsiders to make 'em feel bad. Sometimes they entertain renowned people who come here; sometimes they give a public entertainment, and show their art work, and entertain with a musical and literary programme; but they *always* have good times, *whatever* they do, and no sometimes about it. On Friday, Miss Georgie Wilburn, sister of Mrs. W. B. C. Brown, entertained about two hundred of her friends at the Golden Eagle Hotel. The parlors were canvased for dancing, and tête-à-têtes were arranged around the great halls. Supper was served in the hotel dining-room. The house was very prettily decorated, and Miss Georgie played the charming little hostess admirably. They began the fun at a seasonable hour, too, 8:15 P. M., and went home at one o'clock like sensible people; and we all left thinking what a prime good evening it had been, what a nice place the hotel was to give a party in, and how pretty our hostess was in her gossamer dress. Cynical people and *blasé* folks can say what they please about party-going and giving, and all the etceteras connected with it being frivolous and vapid. We think it does people good to get out and see faces, and get a little excited over the dance music, and say and hear nice, comforting, flattering things, that perhaps one does not always mean. Mrs. Jesse O. Goodwin sang during the evening several songs. They say, you know, she was an opera singer before she married; and we should think so, for she seems to have a whole orchestra in that little white throat of hers. Several of the legislators were there. We noticed Senators Brown, Baker, Davies, Neumann, and Adjutant-General Backus, and many of our own ladies and gentlemen—Mrs. Gallatin, Brown, Beckman, Haymond, and the Misses Russell, Milliken, Clark, McKune, Seeley, Bernard, and many, many others.

BETSY AND I.

CRITICAL OF BRET HARTE.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Story writing, particularly where it takes the form of recital, is the art of making the workings of the imagination simulate the reality. A good story-writer, like Daniel Defoe, and some others known to English readers, to say nothing of writers in other languages, leads the mind of the reader along the pathways of the imaginary in such a careful manner that little or no violence is done to the actual. In fact, a romance should be in print much like what a character painting—historical or otherwise—is to the subject or object from which it is taken. It should be a beautified or pleasantly idealized reflex of reality. If the scenes of the romance are laid in a land distant from the familiar haunts of former home-places of the writer, some allowance may be made for misplacement of minor objects in the drawing; but what shall we say of a recent writer who seriously and laboriously puts the ultra-improbable into a picture of his boyhood home?

The above reflections may pass as a hasty introduction to a brief criticism on a romance published in one of your "live" city daily contemporaries. The romance is entitled, "Jeff Briggs's Love Story," purported to be written "by Bret Harte." If this "by Bret Harte" is not begged, borrowed, or stolen from Mr. Harte, it is evidence of an awful falling off in his powers. For surely he would not knowingly sell or voluntarily give away such a mushy mess of improbable nonsense. Here is a passage or two from the highest point in the culminating chapter—supposed to be the best chapter out of seven. The passage is intended to be descriptive of an assault by masked robbers upon a California mountain stage-coach:

Six masked figures had appeared from the very ground, clinging to the bits of the horses. The coach stopped. Two wild, purposeless shots—the first and last fired by the guards—were answered by the muzzles of six rifles pointed into the windows, and the passengers foolishly and impotently fled out into the road.

"Now, Bill," said a voice, which Jeff instantly recognized as the blacksmith's, "we won't keep you long. So hand down the treasure." The man's foot was on the wheel. In another instant he would be beside Jeff, and discovery was certain. Jeff leaned over and unhooked the coach lamp, as if to assist him with its light. As if in turning he stumbled, broke the lamp, ignited the kerosene, and scattered the wick and blazing fluid over the haunches of the wheelers! The maddened animals, gave one wild plunge forward, the coach followed twice its length, throwing the blacksmith under its wheels, and driving the other horses toward the bank. But as the lamp broke in Jeff's right hand, his practiced left hand discharged the hidden deringer at the head of the robber who had held the bit of "Blue Grass," and, throwing the useless weapon away, he laid the whip smartly on her back. She leaped forward madly, dragging the other leaders with her, and in the next moment they were free and wildly careered down the grade.

Queries. What were the six horses, with the sound of pistol-shots ringing in their ears, doing when the six robbers let go of the six bits to point six rifle-muzzles into the coach windows? Even Frank Cluggage and John Allman own no such stage-horses as above described. Who ever saw six mountain stage-robbers assault one coach, anyway—particularly with rifles? Does not every boy, every mountain traveler, every newspaper reporter know that real "road-agents" always hunt in trio—a tall man, a short man, and a fat man; and that at least one of them carries a double-barreled shot-gun? I will leave it to Louis McLane, to Len. Wines, Bob McComb, "Shot-gun" Taylor, Billy Pridham, J. J. Valentine, "Old" Cluggage, "Baldy" Green, Hank Monk, or to any of the boys, if ever they knew of, a respectable stage-robbery on this coast in which there was not at least one double-barreled shot-gun. Of course that boy down at Soledad only used a string across the road with a copy of a "live" San Francisco daily, filled with Kearney's triumphal New Constitution speeches, attached to the string—but that was no stage-robbery; it was only a two-horse wagon. But what shall we say to a kerosene lamp on a mountain stage-coach? A glass lamp that a fellow could break by *stumbling* so as to break up and *scatter the wick* all over two horses. Is there anybody on this coast idiot enough not to know—if they ever saw a mountain-coach lamp—that it burns a coach-candle, set upon a spiral spring to hold it steady when the coach bounces and lurches, and that the lamp is made of brass or other metal, with heavy plate-glass door and two sides—the back side being metal? *Kerosene lamps!* on the "Pioneer," which ran out of Sacramento!

Here is another *morceau* from the same chapter:

To select the best horse of the remaining unscathed three, to break open the boot and place the treasure on his back, and to abandon and leave the senseless Bill lying there, was the unhesitating work of a moment. Great heroes and great lovers are invariably one-dead men, and Jeff was at that moment both.

Eighty thousand dollars in gold dust and Jeff's weight was a handicap. Nevertheless he flew forward like the wind. Presently he fell to listening. A certain hoof-beat in the rear was growing more distinct. A bitter thought flashed through his mind. He looked back. Over the hill appeared the foremost of his pursuers. It was the blacksmith mounted on the fleetest horse in the country—Jeff's own horse—Rabbit!

This man "Jeff" is represented in the story as a lusty, large fellow. Let us say he weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, then add his weight to the avoirdupois of eighty thousand dollars in good, average gold-dust—which at \$16 to the ounce, troy, comes to 313 lbs.—and we have 473 lbs. as "a handicap" for a bare-backed stage-horse, which "nevertheless flew forward like the wind." Ob, Baron Munchausen, where are thy laurels!

Of such dead-give-away bosh is the story throughout. If Bret Harte ever wrote it, it must have been razed, and rifacinted and *improved* by the editorial sharp of the "live paper" through which it gushes out upon an indulgent public. "Copyright secured." G.

Ouida has written a story in French. It is entitled *Pépistrello*, and is appearing in *La Nouvelle Revue*. This magazine, it will be remembered, was begun as a professed rival to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is conducted by a woman—Madame Juliette Lambert.

These days no one is safe from the charge of plagiarism. Brown went to church last Sunday—a thing unusual—and, upon being asked his opinion of the clergyman, said: "Oh, his sermon was very good. But that prayer, beginning with 'Our Father,' I think he stole entire. I know I have heard something somewhere that it was strangely like."

MR. BARCLE'S MILL.

"You know I owned a powder-mill once," said Mr. William Barcle, "and it bust up?"

"I know," said I, "that one of the first things I can remember is hearing people wonder if it was not nearly time for old Bill Barcle's powder magazine to explode again."

"Jest so," assented he, thoughtfully stirring his toddy; "but the particular one I allude to never bust up but once. I owned a good many mills before that one, though, all built on the same spot. They all bust up."

"This bustin' up became quite a regular feature—something to look forward to, like Christmas, or election day, and the neighbors took an interest in it, as was natural, seeing that most of the families within a radius of ten miles were represented on my pay-roll, and the tombstones in the cemetery were a precious lot of standing advertisements of my business. But after ten or fifteen years of bustin' up, I cut my wisdom teeth—you can lay your life, I cut my wisdom teeth!"

Mr. Barcle paused to execute the strangled cackle which he had persuaded himself was a laugh, but in the cavity whence it proceeded I could perceive no wisdom teeth, or teeth of any kind.

"You see, I always had a talent for figuring; so one day I took the length of time from the foundation of the first mill to the bustin' up of the last one, and reduced it to minutes. Dividing this number by the number of bustin' ups—the school-master helped a bit—I found the average duration of a powder-mill in that climate was three years, two hundred and twenty days, five hours, and seventeen minutes. By this means I found the mill I then had would bust up at exactly five minutes past four o'clock on the afternoon of the fifteenth of September, 1869. It was then August of the same year. So I hadn't much time for fooling."

"Ah! I see—you set about removing the powder at once," said I.

"Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't. Perhaps I am fool enough to believe I can repeal the decrees of Fate, and perhaps I am not. As I am about to tell you, I swore the school-master to silence, and got him to draw up a flaming big notice, that 'owing to the proprietor of the Cat Creek Powder Works being about to retire to his estates in New Jersey, this flourishing property (the works) would be sold at a sacrifice.' This notice was posted up at a cross-road—the local newspaper had tried to get my license revoked at the last bust-up, and I never did like the Press, anyhow. For nearly three weeks I got no offers, and as the fatal day drew near I got more nervous every minute; but presently, on the tenth of September, a little fellow from New York came along and made a bid for the mill. I did not haggle very long about the price, if I know myself; but he took three whole days to examine the property, and the books, and everything—he and his lazy lawyer. Finally they were satisfied, and we four—I took the school-master along—met at the mill to draw up the papers. It was now two o'clock of the afternoon on which she was to bust up. I had stopped work and sent away all hands, so that nothing might interrupt us. But that lawyer—I never saw such a slow rascal to write! And I and the school-master were dancing with excitement! But the more nervous we got, the oftener that serene lawyer laid down his pen to assure us there was no occasion to worry, and to express his surprise that a man so accustomed to business as I was should get so excited about a simple transaction like this."

"I pulled out my watch a thousand times, I think; and every time I did so the school-master came up behind me, poking his white face over my shoulder to see the time; but my hand shook so we could neither of us make out the figures on the dial. Presently I remembered the big clock in the front of the school-house, facing the mill, and about a quarter of a mile away—the clock by which I had always regulated the working hours. I thought if I could just set that back two hours or so we should get done. It was a brilliant notion, and the moment it struck me, without even waiting to say 'Excuse me,' I broke for the door, and cut across the fields. With a yell of terror the school-master bolted after me, overtook me, passed me, leaping and shrieking like a panther, and dashed out of sight behind a distant hill."

"Gaining the school-house I kicked in the door, scampered up the stairs into the clock-tower as a monkey goes up an apple-tree, and in a moment was out at a hole, and standing on a ledge immediately in front of the clock-dial. I turned and cast one glance at the mill; the two men were standing in the door—that is all I observed, but, of course, they must have been saying, 'Well, I never!' And I suppose they never did."

"I turned my face to the dial. I could see I had a full hour to spare; it was just upon the stroke of three. Now that I was out of the mill I was cool enough to perceive that an hour later would have been ample time to get through the business, even at the rate of speed at which that exasperating lawyer was pretending to work. And now—what a contorted idiot I had been! I should have to go back and explain; I should have to hunt up my school-master. I seized the long hand of the clock, determined to set her back a good six hours. I couldn't move it—not an inch! In a fit of desperation I laid hold of the short hand—it wouldn't budge! I tried to work it a little both ways, so as to loosen it, when it suddenly gave way while I was pulling downward, and went to IV with a click—the other hand remaining motionless at XII! Then I felt the building tremble."

"Turning to the powder-mill I saw that valuable concern rising with slow majesty into the air, pushed upward apparently by a column of thick black smoke which appeared to come out of the earth. The school-house shook like it had a fit of the ague, the glass fell jingling from its windows, the clock pounded four stunning strokes in my very ear, and a low heavy rumble filled the air. And during all this time that column of smoke kept growing taller and taller, and swaying from side to side; and my mill, with two men chatting in the door, was balancing itself unsteadily on the summit of it. When it had been lifted about half a mile it stopped; the smoke pulled itself clear from the ground, and, soaring upward, lapped the whole establishment in obscurity. My flourishing property had left this wicked world, and hung suspended in the bowels of a giant ball of black smoke fiercely convolving in the blue empyrean! Then she bust up."

D. G.

WIT, WISDOM, AND SENTIMENT.

Macchiavelli: "Every man's good or bad fortune consists in his correspondence and accommodation with the times."

Shelley: "All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth."

Froude: "As the planet varies from the atmosphere which surrounds it, so each new generation varies from the last, because it inhales as its atmosphere the accumulated experience and knowledge of the whole past of the world."

Emerson: "He whose sympathy goes lowest is the man from whom kings have most to fear."

Jeremy Taylor: "Friendship is equal to all the world, and of itself hath no difference; but is differenced only by the capacity or incapacity of them that receive it."

Sir William Temple: "A restlessness in men's minds to be something they are not, and to have something they have not, is the root of all immorality."

Cowper: "While the world lasts, fashion will continue to lead it by the nose."

Bolingbroke: "The deadliest foe to love is not change, nor misfortune, nor jealousy, nor wrath, nor anything that flows from passion or emanates from fortune; the deadliest foe to it is custom."

Talleyrand: "A clever woman often compromises her husband; a stupid woman only compromises herself."

Montaigne: "Man does not fall from all heights; there are several from which we may descend without falling down."

Ouida: "The faith of men can only live by the purity of women."

Winwood Reade: "As a single atom, man is an enigma; as a whole, he is a mathematical problem. As an individual, he is a free agent; as a species, the offspring of necessity."

Boulainvillier: "Vanity makes a man show much that discretion would conceal."

Cardinal Fleuri: "There are some people who are as human echoes, and have no existence except in the noise occasioned by others."

Bulwer: "What cosmetics are to the face, wit is to the temper; and, after all, there is no wisdom like that which teaches us to forget."

M. P.

Longfellow:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

Chateaubriand: "Without woman, man would be rude, unpolished, and solitary."

Ouida: "The thread of self-love is a thread without an end, and tough as it is endless."

Byron: "Some men are worms in soul more than the living things in tombs."

Shakespeare: "All things that are, are with more spirit chased than enjoyed."

Rogers:

"The good is better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still."

Lilly: "Ambition bath but two steps: the lowest blood, the highest envy."

Wordsworth: "What is truth? A staff rejected."

Young: "Friendship is the wine of life."

Shakespeare: "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions."

F. W. Trafford: "All truth contains an echo of sadness."

Bailey: "Much more is said of knowledge than it's worth."

Burns:

"Learn three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread leaves, an' lang, wry faces,
Grunt up a solemn, lengthened groan,
And damn a' parties by your own,
I'll warrant then ye're nae deceiver—
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer."

Bailey: "Joy never feasts so high as when the first course is of misery."

Bulwer: "There is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths."

Aleyn:

"Destruction surer comes, and rattles louder,
Out of a mine of gold than one of powder."

Pope:

"Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do."

Locke: "The only fence against the world is a thorough knowledge of it."

Geo. Eliot: "Our thoughts are often worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are."

Goldsmith: "The hours passed with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition."

Bovee: "There is no tyrant like custom."

Shakespeare:

"Youth must have his course,
For being restrained it makes him ten times worse."

Lavater: "Acts, looks, steps, words, form the alphabet by which you may spell character."

Dickens: "Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes—of which every man has some."

Confucius: "Even a man's faults may reflect his virtues."

Ingersoll: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities."

N. B. S.

A LITERARY RIOT.

A true and terrible Account of the recent remarkable Occurrences at Woodward's Gardens—Our Bilious Critic testifies his marked Disapproval of a certain Bard and a specified Editor—He cruelly Overcomes them.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I knew I should find him, mine ancient enemy, at Woodward's Gardens. They keep him there—sometimes in a cage, sometimes running at large, gamboling with the Australian hiphiphurrahcus, or making love to the knuckleback rhinostyfurious of the windy wild. Proceeding toward the animal cages I met the greater camel, arm in arm with the scented polar bear, and scanned them narrowly through my eye-glass. They were not He. I caught an evanescent glimpse of the vaulting kangaroo, describing his trajectory through the air. I have no quarrel with kangaroos. They don't write "poetry"; they don't sass back when criticized.

I felt a hot breath on the back of my neck, perceived an aroma of South Sea spices, was conscious of a fumbling and groping in the tail pockets of my coat. I turned—the malefactor whom I sought stood before me. He carried a formidable lyre, and was clad in an apparently impenetrable Byron collar. Springing quickly backward, I put up my hands in an attitude of aggression and defense—if you don't mind the risk you can learn how it is from Tommy Chandler or Dublin Pete. The enemy did the same. A storm which had been long gathering in the heavens over the Mission muttered portentous thunder.

"Tell me," said I, with a dextrous feint—"tell me what"—he stepped slightly aside, averting his head and exposing his ear, at which I let drive with great fury as follows: "What is the difference between a torpid group in a cavern and the noise of a midnight riot on the peak of a roof?"

He threw out his hands before him, wild, helpless, and confused.

"One," I shouted, "is a cluster of bats; the other is a bluster of cats!"

The stricken wretch dropped his hands and his head. He reflected deeply and with manifest dejection, and at last, looking appealingly into my triumphant eyes, murmured hesitatingly: "I give it up."

I had missed him!

Then gathering all his strength for one mighty effort, "Why," said he, "should you never turn off the gas before retiring?"

"Because," I replied, contemptuously without a moment's hesitation, "it ought to have a month's notice." He had considerable difficulty in recovering his guard.

"Fiend!" I shrieked, "what is the fate of a child that perishes from a surfeit of mother's milk?"

He turned and fled along the gravel-walk, not observing in his confusion that it was circular. Simply facing about, I soon met him eye to eye, and thundered: "Cream-ation!"

The vanquished villain now reeled and staggered like a failing peg-top, stammering out a multitude of imperfect "whys" and "whats" and "whens" and premature "because's"; but without giving him time to rally his dispersed faculties I planted between the wild eyes of him this terrific Shakespeareo-Biblical smasher: "When is a butt of sack most unlike a sackbut?"

There was no defense, and the answer, coming like lightning out of a clear sky, laid him out as limp as a dish-towel—crushed, nerveless, insensible! So tremendous a "facer" would have felled an ox. A policeman now came up and raised him, mopping the clammy perspiration from his pallid face.

"Who is the poor man?" said the policeman.

"That," said I, chillingly, as I turned on my heel, "is what is left of Prince Hector A. Stuart, the Bard of the South Seas. Run him in!"

At this moment a pitiful-looking Object that had been hanging about the bear cages obtaining apples and peanuts by personation, came shambling idly to the scene of action.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said I, with a freezing sneer—"you? Nothing could be more opportune. You are not a 'poet,' but you're an abettor of 'poets.' On fifty-two several occasions in each year you permit such fellows as those remains—with a jerk of my thumb Stuartward—"to put their impenitent nonsense into the Sunday issue of your paper, to the unspeakable distension of their vanity and the irreparable hardening of their ignorance. But your time has come. Now, caitiff, tell me—who was the most confident lover that ever a woman had?"

The miserable Object feebly muttered something about supposing it to have been the handsome Deacon Fitch.

"No, sir," said I, severely, "it was Adam."

The Object was visibly distressed. By way of averting his doom he thought he would ask one himself. So, bracing himself: "Why—" he began.

"Because," I interrupted, with pitiless persistence—"because he knew Eve could not reject his suit, for he hadn't any!"

At that moment a gnat flew into my eye, causing me to wink. On raising my lids I could see no Object. But, extending in a straight line from where he had stood toward the *Call* office, was a rapidly lengthening streak of blue ruin, consisting, near at hand, of dust, gravel, a wig, and the smaller mammalia; beyond this, where it crossed the pleasure grounds, of turf, iron fences, uprooted evergreens, pieces of conservatory, perambulators, and fragmentary nursemaids; still further along, of paving stones, hurtling policemen, broken wagons, pulverized building materials, general merchandise, chimneys, and toppling church-spires! Mr. Pickering was avoiding a breach of the peace.

YOUR BILIOUS CRITIC.

TOP O' PARNASSUS, April 1, 1880.

A clergyman, who had been traveling in a remote part of the West, was asked by a pious old lady if he saw any encouraging signs of the spread of religion. "I heard something," said he, rather hesitatingly, "which you might possibly call encouraging. As I passed a cabin, a woman cried out to her daughter: 'Jerushy Ann! you—snarly-headed little whelp, come right in to prayers!'"

If a man's religion compels him to pay his debts, be sure it is genuine.

A SYMPOSIUM OF TRAMPS.

By One of Them.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

"You got into a pretty tight place there, Cayuse," said Bob, "but I suppose, after all, it was only experience against doing the like again. You're incorrigible, anyway." Old Vito Blanco was at his singing again, and, with oyster-can in hand as usual, was giving forth the following applicable stanza *con amore*, and with evident gusto and impressive emphasis:

"O Mad'm, wud you be kind enough to give me-sunth'n to eat?"

A little piece of bread, or a little piece of meat,

(this line *piano*, and with pathos)

A little piece of custard PIE to appease the appy TITE,

(*fortissimo*)

For I'm so very hungry-I don't know where to sleep to-night,"

(*pianissimo*.)

"Didn't I tell yez afore," exclaimed Boston Bum wrathfully, "to shut up? If ye sing another word I'll baste ye in the mou't," and he raised a very dirty but fleshy paw to emphasize his remark.

"Sure an' it's Boston that doesn't know what music is," responded Vito Blanco, pityingly.

"Never mind the song now, old man," said Bob, "here's Smartie stretching himself; let's hear what he's got to say." Smartie hereupon took his pipe from his mouth and began:

"You often joke me on the circus business, boys. You pretend to think that I was never in it, or that, if I was, it was merely in the capacity of dirt-shoveler when they threw up the ring. But what would you say if the old 'vag' that you now call 'Smartie'—the 'beat,' the 'bum,' the 'loafer,' the 'incorrigible tramp'—was once ring-master of a well-to-do circus?—not a first-class circus, though, of course, we called it so in our bills, and put out flaming posters big enough to prove it, and endorsement enough of the country bumpkins who filled the tent, for we took in the moderate-sized towns and villages, as opposed to the big cities. We had, besides our ordinary traveling horses, about fifteen trained horses, and a company of a dozen equestrians all told, including manager, ring-master, clown, etc. Now, it so happened that in the troupe there was one very beautiful girl—Annette, we called her, and she appeared in the bills under the title of 'The Daring Annette.' She was about seventeen years old, well-shaped, graceful, black-haired, black-eyed, and full of fun. Her father had been a circusman, and she had been trained in his company, but at his death had shifted into ours. She could do any equestrian trick, bare-backed act, ride six horses abreast, jump through blazing hoops—in fact, the full programme, and the company set a high value on her performances. The manager wouldn't have lost her for anything, as he knew she was a first-rate card with the people. Well, she hadn't been with us more than two months before I was dead in love with her; and, mind you, this is twelve years ago, and as I was only twenty-seven at that time I was no slouch myself, I can tell you, when I had on the ring-master's rig—tight-fitting blue swallow-tail, white waistcoat, kid gloves, and bouquet in button-hole. You may laugh, boys, but what I tell you's fact. When she came into the ring, through the parted curtains, at a canter, I felt my heart jump up into my throat, and I'd watch her round that ring—well, like anything you like; and, sometimes, when she'd jump off her horse, pretending she was tired or something—for you know all these gags are part of the business—I'd catch her in my arms as gently as a baby, and let her to the ground light. Sometimes I used to think she jumped off on purpose. Of course, you may be sure I didn't let any opportunity slip on the outside to get into her good graces, but she was terribly shy and backward at being alone with anybody. Still, I flattered myself my chances were improving, and so just waited to get a good show to speak to her unequivocally about what was uppermost in my mind. Just about this time our clown took sick, and we hired another. He knew his business, was quick at a point, could make new 'gags' on the spur of the moment, had plenty of tact, and was half-fellow-well-met with the company in a couple of days. First thing I knew he was fooling around Annette. He would wink at her from the ring, and would invent jokes at my expense that he knew would cut, but he knew that as ring-master my cue was to take all his jokes, practical and otherwise, in good part, and that I durstn't wince at any of them. But it seemed to me that Annette smiled at this business as she waltzed round the ring, and this made me madder than ever; and so, when it was the cue of the ring-master to crack his whip at the clown for fooling, I let him have it solid on the tight of the skin, and another little one for luck; and the people roared at the natural scream with which he played his part, never thinking that both the crack and the scream were as natural as they could be. Still, it seemed to me that he was making far too much way with Annette, and that she, if she didn't encourage his advances, at least made no effort to repel them. I determined to get him out of the company in any possible way; I put up jobs on him to find out his weak points; I tried to quarrel with him, but it was no use; any one could see that it wouldn't stick, and, if it came to that, though I was efficient enough in my place so was he, and the manager was a pretty fair man when anything of that kind was in the wind, so I saw that all I could do was to bide my time. At last the opportunity arrived. One night—it was in the summer, and we had been playing to a country audience in Indiana—after the performance was over, I was going my usual rounds to see that everything was right with the men and horses, when whom should I see sitting concealed by a wagon but the clown and Annette. I stopped short where I stood, some twenty yards away, and heard him say:

"Fly with me, dearest, to-night. Say the word, and I'll have two of the swiftest horses saddled. I've made arrangements with one of the boys to make the night-watchman drunk, so there's no fear on that score. That fool of a ring-master 'll never suspect anything. Say you'll come." Before he said another word, or Annette could answer, I was on him like a shot.

"You d—d scoundrel," said I, "so you're going to steal the horses are you?" and I caught him by the collar, and drew him to a standing posture. We grappled and rolled, both being about the same size; Annette screamed, and in

less than ten seconds the whole circus was roused, manager and all.

"Now, what does all this mean?" said the manager, as soon as we were separated, "what's all this fuss about?"

"It means," said I, "that this clown of ours has put up a job to steal two of our horses and clear out with Annette."

"Is this true, Annette?" asked the manager, turning to the girl, who stood still and said nothing. "What do you say about it?" turning to the clown.

"The clown folded his arms, struck a defiant attitude, and said nothing."

"All right," said the manager, "clear out, if you want to, but not with my horses. Pack up your traps and get. If you're round here in an hour from now, I'll turn you over to the authorities."

"He walked off, while we all returned to our tents. Next morning we had no clown, and the next place we stopped at had to improvise one from one of the supes. Things jogged along in good style for the next three months. I was satisfied at having got rid of my rival, and Annette had no sympathy with the new clown, who was old enough to be her grandfather."

"Well, as I say, things went along swimmingly. Annette was more chatty, smiled oftener, and one day I determined to get her alone after the performance, and put the question to her. It was September, and we were working Pennsylvania on the home route. We had made town about noon, and were sitting down to dinner a little afterward, when a letter was handed to Annette by a boy who didn't wait. This was the first letter I had ever known Annette to get, and it roused my curiosity, but I hadn't time to say anything before I had to get to work looking after the boys. The performance went off well that night, for we had a crowded house, and this puts spirit into every one. While managing the ring my eye rested on the reserved seats, and was attracted by a well-dressed gentleman in a plug-hat, whose face seemed familiar to me, though I couldn't recollect where I had seen him. It seemed to me, too, that Annette looked more than usual over to the reserved seats, and played more with her handkerchief than she was commonly in the habit of doing. Well, about twelve o'clock, as soon as I got things right, I asked Annette if she would take a stroll, as I had something to say to her. So she came out, and we sat down on the further side of a wagon, when some idea struck me."

"Annette," said I, "do you remember a night about three months ago, when we were working Indiana, sitting with a clown behind a wagon like this—that fellow that was going to take the horses, and wanted you to go with him?"

"Yes, I do," says she, sighing.

"I don't know what's put that fellow into my head to-night," says I, "but I was just going to propose—"

"I never got the words out, for I was suddenly seized from behind, and as quick as thought a gag was slipped into my mouth, and I was lying on my back, bound, below the wagon."

"Draw him out and chuck him into the wagon," said a voice that I recognized as the old clown's, "so's the watchman won't see him." Whereupon two rough-looking chaps—about as rough-looking as we are now—took me up by the feet and shoulders, and hoisted me in. Before I got in I saw the fellow in the plug-hat that had occupied the reserved seats that night, and now saw that it was the old clown."

"Annette had given a little scream at first, but nobody had noticed it, and now she was evidently standing quiet. Then I heard him say to the two boys that were with him:

"Here's that fifty-dollar bill that I promised ye. You did that work well. Now get. Mum's the word. Come on, Annette, no more fooling."

"I heard nothing more than this, and lay in that d—d wagon-bed all night, where I was found in the morning, stiff and sore, with the gag in my mouth; and you can bet I wasn't mad—no, not at all. I was just considering how to act, when a boy hands me a letter; and tearing it open, I found it was from Annette. She said she had always liked me, and wished to explain her conduct. The clown had once been ticket-agent in the first circus she was in, and had followed her into ours. She was afraid to go with him the first time, as both of them were poor; and when he had the row with the manager, and lost his place, that made things worse. She had made up her mind to have me, but that letter from the old lover, saying that a rich relative had died, played me out. They had just got married, she said, and left for New York. That settled me. A woman's a queer thing, anyhow," concluded Smartie, philosophically.

"An' did ye niver hear anny more of her, Smartie?" inquired Boston Bum, sympathetically. "Ye missed it there, sure."

"Well, she didn't make much by it," responded Smartie; "the man turned out a gambler."

"And you turned out a tramp," put in Cayuse. "She'd better 'a' shook the both o' ye."

The irrepressible Vito Blanco at this point again gratified the company with a stave, as it were, to suit the times, and at its conclusion Bob remarks:

"Now, old man, both Cayuse and Smartie have given themselves away, have confessed to being beaten; let's see what you can tell us. Give us some sheep-racket; you've been herding all your life, except when you were in town getting drunk. Tell us some camp yarn."

Hereupon Vito Blanco quaffed off a full oyster-can of wine, smacked his lips, drew the back of his hand across them, and said:

"Ye niver wuz in San Bownaventy County, b'ys? It wuz Santy Barbary when I wuz there, though; and I wuz herdin' sheep fur ould Doc Sharp, an' it was lambin' time, too, mind ye. Me camp wuz up near the fut-hills, an' I hedn't no corral, an' nuthin' but a tent to shlope in; an' I wuz mighty could, rainin' at nights, an' I never cud git me clothes dry. If ye iver wuz up through that country, anny of yez, ye'll mind that the ground is cut up wid deep ditches like, what thim greasers calls barrackys, a-runnin' down from the fut-hills onto the plains mebbe for a mile or two mile or more, wid the sides o' them straight up an' down, an' mebbe ten fut, mebbe fifteen fut deep; some o' them not more'n three or four fut wide, an' so overgrown wid brush ye cud scarcely see them. An' sure, b'ys, ye might walk a mile widout comin' to an aisy place, where the bank was shelvin', so's ye cud git down the wan side an' up the other. The sheep an' me both knew all the crossin' places—an' we had three big barrackys on the range. Well, b'ys, wan night I

wuz jest cookin' meself a bite to ate, an' I wuz after drivin' the sheep, wid their big lambs, up a cañon wid purty sheep sides, so's to be out o' reach o' the kyoties, whin a man comes along wid his blankets, an' sets down by the fire, an' says: 'Mighty could night, boss; is yer rashuns enough fur two the night?' An' sez I: 'Ye're welcome, an' I'm glad to see ye, an' ye kin spread yer blankets in the tent, fur it luks like rain.' Then I says: 'How did ye find the camp, an' how did ye cross thim barrackys?' 'Oh,' sez he, laughin', 'I knows thim barrackys, fur I wanst herded on this range meself. I'm jist after comin' from the Simmy Ranch, an' I drewed some o' my kine that was comin' to me, an' I'm goin' into San Bownaventy to see the illphant, an' I'll be back this-a-way ag'in in about a week, whin the kine's all shpent,' showin' me a couple o' twenties. So we hed supper, an' next mornin' after brekfus he tramped on, an' I tuk out me sheep. This wuz on the Sunday mornin'; and on the Wedn'sday mornin' I takes out me sheep, and was bringin' them home in the avenin' whin thim divils o' lambs begins a playin' like mad along the edge o' the far side o' the big barracky, an' wan little batch o' 'bout twenty hed got separated from the others, an' ran down the barracky by thim-silves, an' got lost an' bewildered, an' keeps a-go'in' on fuder an' fuder down an' away from camp. So, after shwearin' awhile, I lights me pipe an' makes afther them. It wuz after sundown whin I shtarted, an' 'twas dark by the time I overtuk 'em, for they wuz a mile down the barracky; an' me an' my dog headed 'em back to camp, an' wint be-hint them. Well, b'ys, what d'ye think? we hedn't gone more'n half way afore somethin' tuk thim lambs, an' they all turned an' tried to run past us ag'in, atween us an' the edge o' the barracky. Well, I outs wid me fut to shtop thim, an' the edge o' the bank wuz sort o' crumbly from the rain, an' it guv way, an' afore I cud recover meself down I went to the bottom o' the barracky—me, an' two lambs wid me. I wuz shtunned for about a minnit—for the barracky was more'n twelve fut deep—an' when I come to meself I tried to move, an' cudden, an' me right leg wuz numbed, an' when I felt it I thought sure it wuz broken. I cudden see thim two lambs nowheres, but I hears them blattin' somewheres near. Well, b'ys, me heart failed in me, a-thinkin' that I was at the bottom o' a barracky, half a mile from camp, an' cudden move, an' no one widin cryin' distance, fur the nearest house wuz four miles away, an' the boss didn't come more'n wanst a week, an' he hed bin round on the Monday, an' this wuz the Wedn'sday night. So I sez to meself, 'Ould Vito Blanco, yer time's come—fur aven if I didn't die o' the cold, I hed nothin' to ate nor to dhrink, savin' about a quart o' wather left in me canteen when I fell. Still, I hollers, an' hollers, till I got hoarse, an' thin 'bout daybreak, whin the day began to warm up, I fell ashleep, an' shtiept till about noon—fur I cud tell by the hight o' the shadder on the side o' the barracky. When I wakes up I felt so dhy I cud 'a' dhrank a gallon at a shwig; but knowin' 'twas my last chance, I jist drank wan good mouthful. Thin I began to crawl, an' I dhraggd meself 'bout twenty yards, an' hed to shtop fur the pain. Thin I began to holler ag'in, an' only let a good holler every five minnits or so, fur it made me too wake an' thirsty to cry more. An' 'bout avenin' I sees the sheep a-go'in' home wid their lambs along the edge o' the barracky, an' the dog a-dhrivin' them, though, mind ye, he had been a-settin' on the edge over forminst me all of the day keepin' watch, as ye might say, o' me an' the sheep. Then it comes on dark ag'in, an' I hears the sheep blattin' up to the camp with their lambs. 'Bout ten minnits arter I hears sumthin' comin' down the barracky, an' presently up comes the dog an' licks me on the face, an' sets down aside me feet so's to keep them warm."

"Well, b'ys, I shpent another horrible night o' pain an' thirst, an' dhrinks up the lasht o' me wather, an' 'bout sun-up falls ashleep. Be noon, I woke ag'in, near crazed, an' cud see the dog a-settin' up on the edge o' the barracky an' a lookin' at the camp. I watched him for about a hour, an' belave me, b'ys, me throat wuz that dhy I cudden shpake, when, all of a sudden, up he jumps an' pricks his ears an' goes to barkin' an' makes fur the camp. I wundered what he wud be afther doin', but he hadn't been gone more'n half a hour when I hears some one callin' out at the edge of the barracky, 'Hallo! ould man, what's up?' Well, b'ys, I niver heerd a more welcomer vice nor that; but I cudden say nary a word, but moved one hand a little. Thin that man lets himself down aisy into the barracky, an' seein's I cudden say nuthin', he m'istens me lips from his canteen, an' thin takes me on his shuthers, an' packs me clane up the bottom o' the barracky into camp, an' sets me on the bed, an' gives me wather, little by little, an' makes me tay, an' thin 'xamines me leg, an' says: 'It's broke, sure; but I won't lave you the night, but in the mornin' I'll go for the boss.' Thin, afther a while, he sez: 'It's a mighty lucky thing for you that them one-horse gamblers up to San Bownaventy roped me into a fargo game, or elst me money wud hev lasted two or three days longer, an' there'd 'a' bin a dead sheep-herder at the bottom o' that barracky; an' if it hadn't 'a' bin fur that dog o' your'n a-comin' up to me an' waggin' his tail, an' goin' on a little hit an' thin turnin' an' comin' up to me ag'in an' waggin' his tail, an' goin' on ag'in, as much to say: 'Come on, won't ye? an' I'll show ye sumthin'; I'd 'a' gone right on along the fut-hills, an' made Big Charley's camp to-night. Well, b'ys, in the mornin' he wint fur the boss, an' the boss hed me tuk to San Bownaventy, an' in two months me leg wuz well, an' I herded the ould band at the same camp, but I niver fell down no more barrackys."

Vito Blanco concluded, and even the scrupulous Boston Bum made no objection to the narrative—probably because the old man, being tired out with talking, made no attempt to sing. Smartie threw more wood on the fire, so as to get up a blaze, Cayuse filled up all the oyster-cans, remarking as he did so that there wasn't more than two rounds left in the demijohn, while Boston Bum said:

"Ye said ye hed bin a bar-keep wunst, Bob, an' now, senst it's your turn to tell a shtory, tell us sumthin' 'bout that."

"All right, Boston," said Bob; "I'll tell you all about it; but if it sounds tame after your adventures, you mustn't get mad at me. Here goes," and Bob began:

"It was the Fourth of July, some years ago, and I had had no dinner—if it comes to that, no breakfast either—and about dusk, seven o'clock or so, I approached a saloon, situated at a certain small station on a certain small railroad in a southern county. Of course I hadn't a cent, but I nev-

ertheless walked in, laid my blankets on the floor, and settled down in a chair by a card-table. 'Pedro' was in full blast, engaging the earnest attention and apparently taxing the utmost capacities of two 'workmen', in coarse flannel shirts and blue overalls, a sheep-herder, with pistol at his belt, and a tall man in gray clothes, linen duster, collar, and necktie. These latter appendages argued a certain social standing. The host at the bar limped away to the back portion of the building, and presently limped in again, eyed me critically for a few seconds, made some mental calculation, then uttered the talismanic formula:

"Will you take a drink?"

"Certainly I would, and did. Then followed the query: "Do you wish to earn four bits?"

"This being an undeniable fact, I followed my limping interlocutor to the kitchen, where I found that the way and means to become owner of the sum in question was by clearing off the evening repast, cleaning the utensils, and getting the kitchen into order for the night. This having been satisfactorily accomplished, a move back into the saloon was in order, and an invitation to take a hand at 'big Pete' accepted. It boots not to tell how many games were played, how many drinks drank, how many loud epithets employed to grace the auspicious occasion. The thing, of course, broke up in a row. The two men in shirts and overalls got after the sheep-herder with the pistol; the man with the collar and necktie interfered, and was knocked down; the limping host was placed a little more *hors du combat* than when he started in; the *mélée* became general, till vengeance was satisfied and honor appeased by the forcible expulsion of the sheep-herder, whose pistol was thrown after him, missing his head but hitting the surface, and subsequently the bottom, of a four-foot-deep slough, which was popularly supposed to receive the drainage of the neighborhood. This happy dispatch having been accomplished, the door was bolted to prevent the return of the objectionable scapegoat; more drinks were set up; Pedro changed to poker; my four bits changed to four dollars, then back again to nothing. Daylight broke upon a demoralized crowd, unfit for anything but sleep. I suppose the exigencies of my position kept my head clear, and by noon, when the boys woke, there was soup ready for them, coffee, ham and eggs, etc., etc., which suited them and the lame boss to a jot. This latter—a Slavonian, whose liver had got down to his feet and swollen them to mere adipose tissue—needed a bar-tender and a cook. I needed a place, and stayed with it six weeks. Lively times. The two 'workmen' above referred to were well-borers, *i. e.*, of artesian wells, who were eating and drinking up their pay—or rather what would have been their pay if they had had it—their boss standing security with the Slavonian until he got paid himself for his well contracts. The debt was well matured and still growing when I left, and how it came out in the end this deponent can not say. But he can say, that for jollity, *bonhomie*, *laissez-faire*, and any other epithet, French or English, that expresses the same thing, the racket couldn't be beat. Baker and Steiger were two way-up fellows—the former a broker (out of funds), the latter a machinist (out of order); the man in the collar and necktie (Crowell) was the biggest landowner in the vicinity—oldish, but with the reputation of being one of the boys. Our Slavonian host was a *chef* of no mean pretensions, and many were the nice little stews and *entrées*, got up with wine and other palate-tickling ingredients. These well-borers, be it remembered, made four dollars per day when at work; and having been at work four months at that rate, an easy arithmetical calculation was sufficient to convince even a Slavonian landlord that they could afford to spend four dollars a day for the same period, or eight dollars a day for half the period. They ranged between the two. They were bound to have a good time anyhow, being slightly suspicious of the solvency of their employer, and preferring to take it in the good things of life to getting nothing at all. True wisdom after all, and how many of us find it out after the knowledge is worthless! None of us moralized much there, though, you can safely bet. Crowell, the rancher, could always raise a handful of twenties by selling a colt—he had some fine stock—or a town-lot, for he it known this little country bantling had, like all good American hamlets, pretensions to become a city. Sometimes we made incursions into the willows—very like these—and brought in a wagon-load of fire-wood, for the sake of exercise; but this was only for pastime, for the true business of life was Pedro—and whisky-drinking. Jolly old Jack Falstaff's 'gallon of sack to bread one pennyworth' met its match here. Board cost but a dollar a day, whisky five. The participants in the carnival might have said, with Tennyson:

'We drank the southern sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps that outburned Canopus—'

But what does Tennyson know about these things anyway? He never was in any of them, except 'in his mind'—at least let us charitably suppose so. There was an old Spanish village a couple of miles away—just near enough to be handy and not obtrusive—which threw in such other good things as were necessary to complete the programme of a 'high old time'—fandangos, black eyes, forbidden fruit (for orchard poaching is strictly viewed askance in such communities), etc., etc. I am immodest enough to say that it was a fandango scrape that broke me up, and occasioned my departure for 'parts unknown.' Yet, perhaps, when absence shall have ceased to make the heart grow fonder, and healed up fresh cicatrices, or at least so overgrown them with adipose tissue that nice discrimination will fail to detect aught but nature's scar, there will still be a welcome, a dinner, and a drink for the graceless, devil-may-care, unprincipled vagabond who is known to you by the name of Bob.

Bob looked round at his auditors, but they were all snoring, deep in the arms of Morpheus. The last story had done the business; the last straw had broken the backs of these well-seasoned camels. He took up the demijohn and shook it—it was empty. "Perhaps," muttered he, *sotto voce*, "Morpheus wouldn't have got into this sanctuary so easily if Bacchus hadn't gone out;" and, first throwing the loose blankets over the legs of the sleepers to keep off the morning dews, and thoughtfully leaving four half-dollars on the gunny-sack among the packages, one for each of the boys, to procure as many gallons of wine against the morrow, Bob took his departure as the clock from the Court-house in the distance chimed twelve. And so ended this Symposium of Tramps.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

INTAGLIOS.

Epigram from Goethe.

I met my love in a lonely place,
And clasped her in a warm embrace.
She struggled in my arms, and said:
"Unhand me, or I'll call for aid."

I cried, with angry voice and rude:
"I'll kill the man that dares intrude!"
She lisped: "Don't speak so loud, my dear,
Lest some stray passer-by might hear."
—Cecil Harcourt.

Adagio.

When memory is a harp in sorrow's hand,
How plaintive the aerial music swells,
As though a breeze from some enchanted land
Went sighing across long slopes of asphodels!

What pale, wild spirits troop with ghostly tread,
When memory is a harp in sorrow's hand—
Funeral-vestured and rue-chapleted,
Gathering at her disconsolate command!

What wistful eyes, amid that phantom band,
Meet ours through portals of the unclosing years,
When memory is a harp in sorrow's hand,
To throb with melodies that are shaped from tears!

What summoning spell, while these deep murmurs roll,
Can slowly wake, with resurrection grand,
That shadowy Campo Santo called the soul,
When memory is a harp in sorrow's hand!
—Edgar Fawcett.

Peace.

When winds are raging on the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigns forever more.

Far, far beneath the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er it flieeth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

To the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of loud, angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er it flieeth,
Disturbs the soul, O Lord, that dwells in Thee.
—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Everything.

You'd call his room a pleasant place:
Satin and rosewood, lights and lace,
And fruits and vines were there. (Ah, well!)
And yet the rich man rang his bell,
When, lo! he saw a fairy flit
From outside dusk to answer it.

Her flower-like eyes, so faint and blue,
Looked at him through her veil of dew.
Though every gracious thing he had,
His face was fretful, tired, and sad.
"Pray, sir," she whispered, "did you ring?"
He said, "Yes; I want—everything!"

The fairy laughed, and walked away.
Ragged and rosy, at his play,
A boy, who had the grass, the dew,
Birds, bees, the sun, the stars, like you,
She met. "What do you want?" sighed she.
"Oh! I have everything," said he.
—Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

Death in Life.

She sitteth there a mourner,
With her dead before her eyes;
Flushed with the hues of life is he,
And quick are his replies.
Often his warm hand touches hers,
Brightly his glances fall;
And yet in this wide world is she
The loneliest of all.

Some mourners feel their dead return
In dreams or thoughts at even;
Ah! well for them their best beloved
Are faithful still in heaven!
But woe to her whose best-beloved,
Though dead, still lingers near;
So far away when by her side
He can not see nor hear.

With heart intent, he comes, he goes
In busy ways of life.
His gains and chances counteth he,
His hours with joy are rife.
Careless he greets her day by day,
Nor thinks of words once said—
Oh, would that love could live again,
Or her heart give up its dead.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

At Her Grave.

I have stayed too long from your grave, it seems;
Now I come back again.
Love, have you stirred down there in your dreams
Through the sunny days or the rain?
Ah, no, the same peace; you are happy so;
And your flowers, how do they grow?

Your rose has a bud; is it meant for me?
Ah, little red gift, put up
So silently, like a child's present you see
Lying beside your cup!
And geranium leaves—I will take, if I may,
Two or three to carry away.

I went not far. In yon world of ours
Grow ugly weeds, With my heart
Thinking of you and your garden of flowers
I went to do my part,
Plucking up where they poison the human wheat
The weeds of cant and deceit.

'Tis a hideous thing I have seen, and the toil
Begets few thanks, much hate;
And the new crop only will find the soil
Less foul, for the old 'tis too late.
I come back to the only spot I know
Where a weed will never grow.
—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

"Annette, I am going to have company," says a belle of the Rue Breda to her maid, "and I want you to go to the fish-market and get some fish, some of the best."

"Yes'm."

"Only don't buy them from ma—she'll swindle you."

"Well, old fel, how's your mother-in-law?"

"Dead! Ha, ha! (Excuse my emotion.) Had a stroke of apoplexy and died in less than a minute. At first I thought she had only fainted, and I never was so scared in my life."

In a low restaurant a diner asks for a daily paper. The *garçon* carries him one, saying, in a loud voice, "Here is *La Justice*."

Immediately every table is vacated, the diners and drinkers flying out by a rear door.

At a café a demon yells for a bottle of brandy.

"But Monsieur has already drank a whole bottle," exclaims the *garçon*.

"True! true! Ha! ha! But here is my address. Have me carried there when the table gets me down and is throttling me."

Street urchin to Bohemian whose boots have given way extensively:

"Sa-ay, what sort of jokes have the sidewalks been telling your boots? They're on the broad grin."

A young actress urges her friend, Count X., to give her a splendid bracelet she had long set her mind upon possessing. "I'll give it to you," says the count finally, "but on one condition—you must never wear it on the stage. My wife might see it if you did—"

"Oh, I see—and raise a row."

"No: make me buy her one like it."

At an examination of medical students who have gone up for their degrees:

First Examiner—"Guess we ought to pluck about half of these fellows. I never saw such an ignorant lot."

Second Examiner—"Ssh! Let's pass them. They'll have to call us in for consultations!"

J. is a *garçon de Paris*, who never spares compliments to your face or the most malicious back-biting in your absence. Scholl says of him:

"He is a cup of poisoned holy water."

In a certain theatre was played a long, long drama. Everybody gaped. The third act came near to an end without developing the least interest more than the two before it.

Just at that moment one of the characters was killed in a duel.

"Thank God!" cried one of the spectators. "There is one less to worry us."

A statesman, bewildered at an official ball, lost his wife in the crowd. He bunted unsuccessfully for her for two hours. Finally a gallant cavalry officer led her to him.

The husband jokingly said:

"Monsieur, when one returns a lost valuable one has a right to ask a liberal reward."

"A thousand thanks; it has been paid me."

Dressed in fur-trimmed paletots they meet each other in the Place de la Madeleine. They take each other's measure at a glance.

"What did all that coat cost you?" said one.

"Three hundred and fifty francs. And yours?"

"Six hundred francs."

"Dear enough!"

"Yes; but as I never pay, it brings it a little cheaper."

Remarks of Montesquieu, returned from travels: Germany is made to travel in.

Italy is made to remain in.

Spain is made to love in.

England is made to think in.

Switzerland is made to climb in.

France is made to live in.

Two truly modern brothers repeat continually in the most natural manner, when speaking of each other:

"My brother and I are not at all rich, but we always say if one of us should die we should have such a fine fortune."

An excellent lady, whose excellent daughter is the happy wife of a promising young advocate, remarks:

"I am and ought to be the happiest woman in the world, for I have a daughter that is never talked about, and a son-in-law that every one is speaking of."

A literal translation:

One genteel little actress who has enough long-time made part of the theatre of the Variétés, Mlle. Stella, come of to die at the age of twenty-four years, after one long and dolorous malady. Mlle. Stella had been engaged the year last at Bruxelles, where she had played "Babiole" at side of Mlle. Mary Albert. She from it is become malade, and since she has been almost constantly abedded. There is in the life of this poor Stella one history touching. She had for companion to the Variétés one all young girl, Mlle. Deforme, dead at seventeen or eighteen years in giving the day to one fellow. The father, miskonowing the duty which itself imposed to him, had refused himself to charge of the infant. The little thing was fatally destined to enter to the Enfants-Trouvés. Mlle. Stella it took, and herself charged of it to elevate. Unhappily the death came off to interrupt this good work. The poor child, who has not two years, loses one second time his mother. Hope we that he him self will find to the Variétés or other parts, some artists who him will abandon not.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1880.

We are not at all unmindful of the fact that the *Argonaut* is often charged with being a Native-American or "Know-Nothing" paper, and we are not sure that the charge is not somewhat deserved. Kalloch at the Temple, Senator Enos at Union Hall, and all the small demagogues of native birth, who make of politics a profession, delight to charge this journal with entertaining and expressing sentiments of hostility to the foreign-born. The German papers catch the echo, and repeat it without reading, or, if reading, without understanding the great, broad, and distinctive line we draw between the ignorant and vicious of their countrymen who engage in politics, and those intelligent, worthy, and industrious Germans who engage in business pursuits and mind their own business. The Jewish journals have been the meanest and most deliberate in their lying misrepresentations, and the lowest and meanest of the Jews seem to think it their duty to vindicate the character of a people we have never assailed. The Democratic papers and politicians have taken upon themselves the duty of assailing and misrepresenting the *Argonaut* in the interest of the low, political Irish, because the rank and file of the party is made up of this very meanest class of citizens. Now, nothing is further from our purpose than the intention of drawing class lines, or religious lines; and if these lines are drawn—if they now exist—if there is a political class, or a religious class, drawn closer together by the ties of nationality or church—we declare that it is not American, and it is not of our ideas or belongings. We have no controversy with any one concerning his religious belief. We have no apologies for any Protestant or Catholic when they make use of pulpit or church organization to advance their political interests, or the interests of any political party. The conduct of Isaac the Baptist we regard as utterly contemptible. He has turned his pulpit, and the meeting-house in which he makes sacrilegious pretense of worship, into a political hall. There is no class of citizens so generous, so free from national prejudices, so liberal to all of other nations and other creeds, as Americans. Our history, our whole legislative and political career, from the landing of Pilgrim, Quaker, Huguenot, and Catholic, has been one of unexampled liberality. If we have had once in our history a "Know-Nothing" organization, it grew out of the unendurable insolence of the Irish wing of the Democratic party. This "Know-Nothing" party had the sympathy of very many of the better class of foreigners, and if to-day in California there was organized upon some broad and generous platform an "American party" the first to give it countenance and recognition would be intelligent citizens of foreign birth.

It is not strange that men of distant lands, meeting together upon a foreign shore, speaking the same language, and drawn together by common tastes and associations, should be more or less inclined to join their political fortunes. It is not perhaps strange that the associations of a common worship should bring men together in various organizations, and incline them to mutual dependency and support. It is not, perhaps, altogether unnatural that the Germans should employ the Germans, the Irish the Irish, and Jews the Jews. But when we see this tendency extending to the prejudice of Americans, and introduced as a factor into our politics, and made to cut a figure in the administration of municipal, State, and government affairs, we can not afford to be altogether unmindful of it. That this is so let us look around us for proof. Go to the Hibernia Bank, the leading Irish merchants and business men, the gas company, the railroads, the manufactures controlled by them; to the German banks, mercantile establishments, wine-cellars, and vineyards; to the Jewish banks, stores, shops, or industries; to their control and ownership, and observe the percent-

age of their own nationalities and co-religionists employed by them; note the deputies under the Irishman, or German, or Jew in office, and how rare to find an American—how almost certain to find a countryman. Of sixty-one deputies in the Sheriff's office, under Mr. Nunan, only three were native-born; and the same rule prevails to a large extent throughout our city government. The statistics of men in the employ of street-railroads, of factories, banks, and stores, show that employer, foreman, and manager of foreign birth employ foreigners largely, to the exclusion of our own countrymen. That this is a legal privilege—that the banker, merchant, or manufacturer has the right to employ his own countryman as clerk, bookkeeper, or laborer—we of course understand. But that these people have the right to band together and form classes in order to control and direct the politics of the country we deny. We would deny them the privilege of military association, and we would discourage this ever active and objectionable appeal to class interests and class prejudices, as something in bad taste and hurtful. It must be remembered that the native-born Americans are as yet in the numerical ascendancy in this country, and that Protestants are as yet more numerous than Catholics and Israelites combined; and that the one class has the same right to combine as the other. Only once in the history of the republic has the cry of an American party gone up. There ought to be no cause for its reorganization. We of San Francisco know what cause we have to reorganize such a party. We have tasted the bitter cup of alien mixture, as it has been forced to our lips by the brutal and devilish mob that was temporarily allowed the ascendancy of the Sandlot. We have seen what its intemperate violence would have ended in if the healthy sentiment of the better class of foreigners and Americans had not interposed for its suppression. This same combination that has united to put down this organized insurrection is now ready to unite in the formation of an American party.

There is also a growing sentiment in this city and in this State to favor the employment of that class of laborers and working men who have not been the followers of Kearney. It is all very well to say that the employer should not control or attempt to control the political opinions of those to whom he provides labor. We unhesitatingly declare that it is the privilege and the duty of the man of brains and capital to see to it that he keeps no one in his employ who, by his vote, party association, or political influence, endeavors to destroy capital or to agitate against the material interests of those who find for him the opportunity of labor. The demagogue may prate about the sanctity of the ballot, and the inviolability of the secret ballot, and the glorious privilege which the elector enjoys of doing as he pleases. The voter may do as he pleases, and so may we. The voter may please to vote as Kearney dictates, and we may please to let him go to Kearney or the devil for his opportunity to earn wages. It is the privilege of the employer to choose his laborers, and it is his duty to choose those only who vote for the maintenance of order, preservation of property, and the upholding of good government. And if it is the privilege of the foreign-born to discriminate in favor of employing his countrymen, it is equally the privilege of American citizens, all things else being equal, to give the native-born, well-behaved, and decent American a chance to earn his living—that is, if the poor, over-run, and down-trodden unfortunate can be found. In large cities nowadays he is not apt to be. An English traveler, writing of San Francisco and declaring it to be the most cosmopolitan city in the United States, says: "I had my boots blackened by an African, my chin shaved by a European, my bed made by an Asiatic; a Frenchman cooked my dinner, an Englishman showed me my seat, an Irishman changed my plate, a Chinaman washed my table napkin, and a German handed me my bill." Where, in our forefathers' great and glorious name, was the American? Macaulay's historical New Zealander alone knows. This is about the sum, substance, and extent of the *Argonaut's* Americanism; and to such of its readers as do not approve these sentiments we have no particular apology to offer for their expression.

A friend, the editor of an interior Republican journal, opposed to the nomination of Grant, asks what we will do in event of the ex-President's nomination by the National Convention? What position will the *Argonaut* take? Frankly, we say we do not know. We should regard the nomination of General Grant as an unfortunate act. We should believe that it had been accomplished by a minority of machine politicians, in opposition to the will of a majority of Republicans, and a very large majority of the better and non-office-seeking class. We should regard the result as a triumph of Senators Conkling, Cameron, Logan, and other politicians, and other cliques, rings, and juntas of Washington, over the higher intelligence and better patriotism of the Republican party. We should see in it the power of money, the influence of syndicates, and the exertion of great corporations. It would be the first step taken in the dangerous direction of a strong central government; we would see our country emerging from a republican to a monarchical form of government, State sovereignty trampled upon, and a central,

strong government, altogether lacking the elements of our early organization, established upon the ruin of a constitutional confederation of independent and sovereign governments. What will we do about the nomination of General Grant in the event of its happening? We are powerless to control or direct, or indeed to contribute toward such a result. In California, as elsewhere, a small, active, and not very respectable minority of office-seeking, contract-getting, political jobbers will send delegates to Chicago. The people will not be consulted; the Republican rank and file will have no voice in the matter. The merchant, or farmer, or mechanic who reads this article will not be consulted nor have his opinion asked. Mr. W. W. Morrow, David McClure, William Higgins, Marc Boruck, George Evans, Archy Harloe, Jim Green, country court-house cliques, a few post-route contractors, Shannon of the Custom-House, a score or two of ward politicians, here an ambitious person who would go to the Senate, and there another who aspires to Congress, will manage all this business for us. When they have managed it, and sent their delegates, and made their nominations, and fixed their bargains, and divided out the spoils, and assigned to each his office, they will turn upon us voters, and enthrone us, and whoop us up, and set us on, and shake the red rag of party at us and inflame our passions, and beg our money, and persuade us that the country is in peril, that the devil is to pay and no pitch hot and ever so far to water, unless we rally, and talk, and vote, and go to ward meetings, and shout, and hurrah, and get drunk in order to elect a Republican President.

If General Grant is nominated, it will be in defiance of the popular will, and against the wishes of the Republican party. It will be in fraud of honest politics. But what we shall do about it we do not know. Mr. Blaine is the choice of the Republicans of this State. Mr. E. B. Washburne is the *Argonaut's* private preference. If Grant is nominated a great deal will depend upon who is nominated against him. If the Democracy should nominate Governor Seymour he would get a great many votes. We believe him to be able, patriotic, and honest. If Mr. Field of California should be nominated, we should be tempted to vote for him; and if we thought he would cut off little Black-and-tan's tail just behind his ears, the task of his support would be an easy one. If Mr. Bayard should be nominated we should not think it a national calamity if he should beat General Grant, and we should not be frightened because some years ago he made a secession speech. If Governor Tilden should be the Democratic opponent of General Grant? Well! we think we would either go fishing, or get somebody to hire us to leave the country for our health. We reserve to ourselves the privilege of reviewing the position when Grant is nominated, of deciding then what is the best thing to do—what is the right thing to do. We think now that General Grant can not be nominated; that he ought not to be; and that in such an event that he could not be elected; that he could not carry California; and that it is not for the best interest of the Republican party that he should be nominated; and not for the best interests of the American Republic that he should be elected.

The signs of the times indicate the nomination of Governor Tilden by the Democratic Convention. New York is conceded to him by all parties, and notwithstanding the defection of Tammany, this will be a formidable candidacy in that State. It is not at all probable that Tammany would maintain a hostile attitude against any Democratic Presidential candidate. Enough votes have already been obtained in Pennsylvania to give Tilden the delegates at large with a pronounced majority to back them. Nebraska, Iowa, and Connecticut are for Tilden, and on Thursday Oregon pronounced for him with an enthusiasm that indicated a marked preference. On the fourteenth of this month the Democratic Central Committee of this State met, and, by special invitation, some five hundred prominent Democrats have been asked to meet the committee for general consultation. It seems very certain that Governor Tilden will carry California. His great strength here, and everywhere, is based upon the general belief that he was honestly elected President of the United States, and unfairly cheated in the returns. Governor Tilden's record is not a bad one—indicating capacity, great firmness of character, and economy in the administration of public affairs. The opposition of Tammany—which is regarded throughout the length and breadth of the nation as the synonym for fraud, political trickery, and Tweedism—will strengthen the candidacy of Governor Tilden in all places outside the State of New York. Judge Field has been, and is being, prominently mentioned at the East in connection with the Presidential office. He ought, by the ordinary rules that govern in politics, to have the delegates of California, Oregon, and Nevada for him. If he has any friends who desire to save him in this State, they have as yet made no sign, and it now looks as though Tilden would carry California.

Times are improving, and the outlook is more promising. It would be idle to deny that San Francisco has been passing through a very distressing period, and that all depart-

ments of business and all industries have been greatly depressed. There have been two leading causes of our present condition: Chinese immigration, that has frightened more than it ought, and stock gambling, that has involved people who ought never to have dealt in mining stocks. The result was a reaction from our former prosperity; it would have been temporary and brief if it had not been for the Kearney agitation. The Kearney agitation would have been short-lived and unimportant if it had not been for the rivalry of the *Call* and *Chronicle*. Out of this grew the agitation and adoption of a new Constitution at a time not at all propitious for an experiment. Out of journalistic passion sprang the Baptist horror, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, a full-armed, full-panoplied, political nuisance. Out of the agitation came a partial delegation to Sacramento of ignorant Sand-lotters, and more honest, but quite as ignorant, country legislators. The session that demanded the highest integrity and the best talent to interpret for us a new organic law and put in movement the machinery of a new system, gave us the worst Legislature, as a whole, that California ever had. But, thank God, we have survived all this, and, one after another, the causes and results of all these crimes and accidents are passing away. The storm has broken, and we have survived the deluge. The ark has rested; the dove has gone forth, and we think we see the bow of promise in the horizon, giving us assurance of better times. Stock gambling, like all other gambling, has reformed itself; the business has played itself out. Some of the leading and worst of our stock manipulators, the men of broken fortunes and of doubtful reputations, have gone to New York. Our burned business children dread the gambling fire, and will in the future to a great extent avoid it. Chinese immigration has been arrested. More Chinese are now leaving the country than coming to it. A commission, in which California is ably represented, is organized to reform the Burlingame treaty; and this question has now become a national one, and is no longer a mere local disturbance. The Kearney agitation is suppressed by a strong and determined public opinion, that has resolved that it shall no longer disturb the community by violence or show of violence.

As a most glorious consequence Isaac, the Baptist, sinks back to his primal insignificance of a vulgar, sensational preacher. The plug-ugly legislators of the Sand-lot return in a few days to the oblivion of their original obscurity. The Legislature adjourns. No very serious laws have yet been enacted. We may not like some provisions of the revenue law; we regret the passage of an unconstitutional anti-Chinese employment law; it was a mistake to repeal the gag law; we do not approve of the passage of the school-marm law, nor the Normal School law, nor the Folsom branch-prison appropriation, nor the McClure charter. We think it would have been good policy to have let the stock operators alone, and we can not see any sense or justice in legislating in obedience to a popular clamor against one interest and in favor of another. But the McClure charter, under the pruning-knife of the *Bulletin*, and the scrutiny of the Committee of the Council, and the honest purpose of Senators Traylor, Neumann, Hittell, and Dickinson, will not be a bad bill if it passes, and will not be a calamity if it does not pass. Our recent election demonstrates that San Francisco is not unmindful of her best interests, and the selection of fifteen of her best freeholders to form a charter is a guarantee of the future. Governor Perkins is doing his duty pretty well. Real estate taxes in San Francisco will be largely reduced this year; taxation will be equalized throughout the State. The warm spring rains have been most abundant and widely distributed, giving promise of a larger grain yield than California has ever before produced. More lands have been irrigated, more tule lands reclaimed, more breadth of acres sown to grain, more vines planted, more trees set to orchards, more snow piled upon the mountains for summer mining than in any previous year. Our people have been taught the necessity of economy, and are practicing it. Our laborers have been taught the dangers of demagoguery and agitation, and they will heed the lesson in future. This community has passed through a hard discipline, not much needed.

In Stetson's ward six thousand dead
Are buried, now, *per annum*.
He wants them moved, for poison-fed
The breezes are that fan 'em.

Let pure electors once surmise
Their delegate is cheating,
In righteous anger they arise,
Demanding his unseating.

But here's a Solon sans offense
Who views with disapproval
Corruption in constituents,
And prays for their removal!

Speaking of the dead, by the way, this is a good enough place to explain that a certain Dr. Dubois has been incurring considerable needless expense in advertising in the *Bulletin* what he is pleased to call "the *Argonaut's* opinion of the Mount Tamalpais Cemetery," as "showing the spirit of the opposition" to Dr. Dubois; the proprietor, in his "public-spirited desire to establish a large rural cemetery for San Francisco." We did not know that the *Argonaut* had any "opinion" of the cemetery in question, nor do we gather

that it has from the jocular paragraph attributed, correctly, we suppose, to our journal. The things of this world interest us far more than the things of Marin County, and in the interest of the living we will go back on the dead every time we get the chance.

We confess to finding something not altogether unfunny in the notion of a doctor running a graveyard: it lends itself easily and abundantly to the purposes of the humorist. It is a theme upon which one could embroider a countless multitude of pleasing variations; but with a rare and touching moderation (it seems) we merely described the doctor's waste-dump as "waterless," which, in a measure, it is; but compared with the roasters in which his ex-patients will have their nobler parts freed from the sulphurets of sin, its humidity is as that of Oregon to that of Arizona, or as the sloppy liquefaction of a wet nurse to the mealiness of dry champagne.

There is a very unpleasant difference of opinion between Miss Raymond and Senator Hill. The lady insists that the senator is—or was—her *de facto* husband, and the father of a very interesting child, of which she is the *de facto* mother. Senator Hill is very positive that she is mistaken in this little matter. He is sure that he is not the child's father, and thinks Miss Raymond is misinformed in thinking that she is its mother. It is really a very pretty misunderstanding. The Senate of the United States has very properly decided not to interfere in the matter, arguing, with deep and deliberate wisdom, that to keep track of senatorial scandals would require a standing committee and one million double-back-actioned short-lived reporters to take the fragrant testimony.

MEANS OF GRACE.

A brave "New England Dinner," t'other day,
Was served in Plymouth Chapel to defray
The cost of sending souls, all sweet and nice,
From Post and Webster Streets to Paradise.
Bacon and Beans, in due proportion spread,
And liberally flanked with brownest bread
(*"By which, alone, man does not live," 'tis writ,*
And which, at least, none living now e'er hit)
Tempted the sinner's purse; and, without question,
Salvation paid the pains of indigestion.
Bacon and Beans—O ministering pair!
Your holy functions bow shall I declare?

Each Yankee stomach—let me here proclaim
That Paunch and Spirit are the very same—
Each Yankee stomach gets itself a straddle
The sainted Pig ere yet his hide's a saddle,
And while to bim with love and faith it clings
It spurs to heaven without the need of wings.
But should Digestion interfere—which rarely
Occurs—that Essence is dismounted squarely,
Falls into ease (which is accounted sin)
And hy the devil Doubt is taken in.

As hunger was appeased and thirst was slaked
By manna, so the Blessed Bean—if baked—
Fills the faint soul with spiritual strength,
Broadens its breadth and lengthens out its length;
With edifying aches inspires the well,
The sick with profitable thoughts of hell.
Jack-Anxious, by religious fervor driven,
Shins up his bean-stalk to a dream of heaven,
Nor fears a giant with his "fee-faw-fum"
Will mitigate the bliss of Kingdom Come.
One only apprehension mars his quack-pride—
A fit of flatulence may make him backslide.
Meanwhile, the deacons crack no pods, 'tis said,
But make the neophytes shell out instead.

Hail, feast of reason!—hail, "New England Dinner"!—
"Them pious" that "eat's awful," and the sinner
That "pays tremenjus," equally attest
Thy charm the direst and Thy pain the best.
Nor purse nor flesh can e'er withstand Thee: Thou
Dost wring at once the pocket and the brow.
Thy thrifty priesthood—may they never cease
Providing means of grace by means of grease.

Those who remember how faithfully the *Chronicle* has followed the fortunes of the Reverend John Hemphill will be pleased to see that the signs of the times point to the lying down of the lion and the lamb in the not distant future. One can not help wondering, however, who will be inside.

Tom Collins and William Riley were walking in the park last Sunday, quietly and without interfering in the affairs of any one else. Along came a heavy team of bays. "What is the difference between that team and the Pacific Ocean?" said Collins. The blue-eyed and brown-coated guardian of the peace looked at them from behind the ilex hedge until each had been reduced to the semblance of newspaper pulp, then thoughtfully he dragged them in. "It is not for fighting on Sunday and in a public place, merely, that I give you each ten days," said his honor, in passing sentence; "it is because the provocative pun was unpunished by the serenity of judicious silence." There is a keen subtlety of suggestion in this incident which ought to appeal, irresistibly, to every intelligent reader—meaning every reader of the *Argonaut*.

It is a curious but suggestive fact that no person likes to be thought an ass. Curious because one is popularly believed to like the sense of superiority to one's fellows which generally accompanies a difference of opinion between gentlemen. And surely no fellow can be so undeniably one's inferior as the fellow who thinks one an ass. "Suggestive"? Well, it is suggestive, because the ass proper is an exceedingly useful animal, and can live on thistles and the north wind. The ass animal is a sort of sub-human Chinaman—who can live on rice and fog; and that is the bright, partic-

ular reason why Senator Kane did not take the thousand dollars offered him by the Irish barkeep to support the Débris Bill. As Dundreary would say, "what a lovely ass that fellow was."

Saint Denis was sleeping very quietly in his little bed, and the doctor thought he might last till morning. Mrs. Saint Denis thought so too, for she sent to the corner and had a wash-pitcher of beer brought in. The saint sat up in bed, and winked at a picture of Judge Freelon which hung on the wall. "Bring up a bit of cheese and some cold meat, and you might send out for some boiled oysters, for the hell-roarin', hide-bound, blood-letting thieves are put off for another week," said the saint.

The *Call's* society reporter gives us the following taffy from "a writer": "The possibilities of tragedy which lie in some women's eyes are sufficient to make the face strongly interesting and suggestive. You know that with the slightest application of the proper touch, *the mind of concealed emotion would fly up!*"

Some writers don't want no fame,
And others don't want no fuss,
But this 'nonymous sharp can't blame
A feller for reasonin' thus:
When he was christ'ened a name
Was give to the little cuss
O' the *Call*. Howsomever, the same
Remains unbeknownst to us.

The conduct of Mr. Senator Kane is very curious, and it is not explainable upon a hypothesis consistent with the senator's intelligence and personal honor. The whole matter impresses us as the effort of an ignorant man to become the centre of a vulgar sensation. How this very stupid act of the coal-heaver justifies the *Chronicle* in its very broad charge of corruption against senators upon the débris question we do not at all understand. Of course the Débris Bill ought not to pass. Of course it is wrong to tax a whole community for the benefit of a class. Still, a senator may make a mistake, or commit an error of judgment, or act under misinformation, or be a fool, or think it good policy to serve a gravel-bank constituency rather than the great farming, commercial, and tax-paying community, and still not be a perjured and bribed knave.

In Tucson, Arizona, the houses are not closed at night. People sleep securely with open doors. In the summer, beds are made in open verandas, and sometimes, as at Damascus, upon the roof of the dwelling. We hope we are not suggesting to the thieves and burglars of San Francisco that this is a good place for them to ply their vocation, as the Tucsonese gentlemen not only bear arms but know how to use them. There are no fleas in Southern Arizona. A hot, sandy country without fleas! What is the matter with our Academy of Sciences?

"We do not believe there is the least doubt that General Grant will be nominated by the Republican National Convention."—*Call*. We had a doubt, but we have none now: before Mr. Pickering makes a prediction, he must believe the event predicted to have already occurred; and if Mr. Pickering believes that Grant is already nominated, we think the Ruler of Nations will do what he can to spare that good man the pain of being undeceived.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed committed the indiscretion of dying in the year 1839, else he might have lived to be poetry editor of the *Call*. During his brief life he wrote a rather pretty poem, entitled "Josephine." In the social supplement of last Tuesday's *Call* this poem appears, under "Written for the *Morning Call*," and signed "Amans." It is true that it is a man's, but it is a *dead* man's; and one who, though he sinned certainly, was mercifully spared the degradation of signing his name to anything "written for the *Morning Call*."

SINGSAMSONG.

Air, "Days of '49," or any other.

FIRST VERSE.

Here's Mister Pickering—heware!—
He is a man of sense;
On ev'ry question he's right there—
Astraddle of the fence.

1st Chorus (all sing!)—Astraddle of the fence, my boys,
Astraddle of the fence;
On ev'ry question he's right there—
Astraddle of the fence.

SECOND VERSE.

And I'm Sam Williams—that's my name!—
I'm neither stout nor tall;
But writing straddles is my game—
Oh, straddles for the *Call*.

2d Chorus (now again!)—Straddles for the *Call*, my boys,
Oh, straddles for the *Call*;
But writing straddles is my game—
Oh, straddles for the *Call*.

WHOOHOO.

James R. Keene is going to Europe, they say, to teach the English turfmen how to run horses. It would be a praiseworthy action upon the part of any American; coming from Mr. Keene it is especially creditable. Keene taught us San Franciscans enough about stocks to make half the city bankrupt. He did the same thing on a larger scale in New York, and now he purposes to do a kindred missionary work for the betting-book-makers of England.

A FEW SHORT SELECTED STORIES.

"The timid lie that paints the hateful hit."

A lady friend is very fond of parrots, and determined to get one at any cost. Living near by her was a Frenchman, who owned a very fine specimen of the bird, and the lady threw longing and covetous eyes at it. It could talk like a woman, and Mrs. Blank at last resolved to own that parrot. The other day, being acquainted with the Frenchman, she made up her mind to ask him to part with it. She called upon him for that purpose.

"Now, Mr. Napoleon," she pleaded, "you must let me have that parrot."

"Oh, madame," he said, "I could not part wiz the parrote for any price. He vos ze choy of my what you call him? Oui, household. I have been offair feefy dollair of he. I would not take ze tousand dollair for he."

She pleaded in vain. Napoleon could not be moved. A few days later she called again, but still the Frenchman was immovable.

"I tell you what I do. I gee you two nice parrote eggs for ten dollair. All you haf to do is to place zem in some cotton, and zey hatch zemselves out two magnifiqu parrote peards."

The bargain was made, and the lady withdrew in a delighted frame of mind. She did as directed, and in course of time the eggs were hatched; but, instead of "two parrote," a brace of the finest young ducks that ever made a hole in the water put in an appearance.

Mrs. Blank hurried to the man and berated him soundly for the deception.

Mr. Napoleon looked surprised.

"Madame," he protested, "I saw ze female parrote lay zose eggs wiz my own two eyes. She was ze finest peard in ze world, but I can not vouch for ze morality of ze parrote."

1st January—Just born. Here's a lark. Papa doesn't seem very much pleased, though.

1st February—Every night pa walks up and down the bedroom with me when I squeal. I always squeal. I must do something.

1st March—Nurse is a spiteful thing—she sticks pins into a fellow on purpose.

1st April—After all, one may even weary of the bottle.

1st May—I wish I could cut a tooth, I'd bite nurse.

1st June—What a nuisance it is to have relations who keep on saying "Ketchetty, ketchetty," and dig in your ribs with their forefingers. When I grow up I'll do it to them, and see how they'll like it.

1st July—There are three babies next door got the measles. I get nothing. It's awful dull.

1st August—One of the babies from next door came in to see us to-day; and I heard ma say: "He hasn't got the measles now?" "No," said the baby's ma. There is a greedy sneak for you. Left 'em at home.

1st September—Nurse drinks something out of a black bottle. I've caught her at it. It isn't the same that is in my bottle, either. If I were bigger I'd change 'em.

1st October—Blessed if this ain't a nice go, neither. Some one called to-day to see ma and pa, and they said it was uncle, and gave me to him to kiss. He didn't kiss me, though, with what you might call a good will. Then they asked him again, and then they gave me to him to nurse, and he pinched me.

1st November—This is worse than ever. Why, here's another baby now, and they say he belongs to our house; and they're not going to send him away. Don't even know how to feed himself out of the bottle. Well, of all—never mind.

1st December—Got to sleep in the same crib with him now! Wait till he gets to sleep; I'll give him such a one! Here's a beast of a baby! He won't go to sleep, and not a soul in the same crib can get a blessed wink.

Chicago has a wealthy citizen of very liberal disposition. Although belonging to no particular religious sect, he has always hitherto been found ready to contribute to the carrying out of spiritual schemes requiring money. Not long ago, however, he happened to have a business transaction with one of the deacons of a certain Presbyterian church, and the deacon got quite six to four the best of him. A few days afterward the pastor of the same church called on the merchant for a subscription toward his schools, but to his surprise the usually amiable capitalist pushed the subscription book aside, with the abrupt remark:

"Played out."

"Dear me," said the surprised parson, "I really counted on you, Mr. K. You have always been so liberal that I was in hopes you would head the subscription list!"

"I am done," said the merchant. "I have changed my mind—I don't think half the people go to bell that ought to!"

"Yes," the man on the wood-box said, "I have felt something of the same sort of a feeling. I like to get to church always after the contribution-box has passed around."

"Yes," said the fat passenger, "and don't you like to get to the station after the train's gone? So quiet and dreamy around the station. That is, everything is quiet except the man who got left. There's nothing oppressively quiet about him."

"And how pleasant it is," said the tall, thin passenger, "to get to the hotel after dinner is gone!"

"And to hurry down to the bank, Saturday afternoon," said the man with the sample cases, "after the cashier is gone!"

"Or get to the grocery Saturday night," said the passenger with the sandy goatee, "after the last pound of butter is gone!"

"Or to scream yourself horse," said the woman who talks bass, "and have the policeman come round just after the burglar is gone!"

But the sad passenger said that was just the vein of thought he was following out, and supper being announced, the senate went into executive session.

While Jackson's corps was cautiously moving to the flank and rear of the Union army at Chancellorsville, the Confederate cavalry in advance became engaged with the enemy.

Soon a wounded and bleeding trooper was seen emerging from the woods in front. After looking round, he moved in the direction from which the infantry were marching, as if seeking the rear, or, as the average gray-jacket would say, the r'ar. Soon afterward rapid firing explained that the blue-jackets had closed in behind Jackson, and it was not long before the poor cavalryman was seen coming back again.

When opposite the "Stonewall," another cavalryman from the front also arrived. Number one at once recognized him, and said: "Hallo, Bill—wounded?"

"Yes," said number two, "but not bad. Let's git to the r'ar."

At which number one exclaimed: "This is the darndest fight I've been in yet. It hain't got no r'ar."

A well-known New York editor made the acquaintance of a lady at a soirée. The process of introduction had not fully revealed her name, and the editor hazarded an observation the reverse of prudent:

"Let us change our seats," he said, "as the gentleman approaching us is my particular detestation."

"You are speaking of my husband," said the fair one, with a severe glance of disapproval.

"Am I not right, then, in detesting him?" was the reply. The fair one admitted with downcast eyes that he was.

"Stranger, I want to ask your candid opinion about a matter."

"All right—go ahead."

"Suppose that you were my wife?"

"Yes."

"And that I should come home looking just as I do now?"

"Yes."

"What would be your strongest impression? Give me your honest opinion."

The citizen thus appealed to turned the man around, looked into his eyes, and stood back and said:

"Stranger, is your wife a lunatic or a fool?"

"No, sir."

"Then you'd better wait at least ten hours before you go home, for you've been on a three days' drunk, and she'll spot you in a minute! I've gone home looking fifty per cent. better than you do, and had whole handfuls of hair pulled out of my head before I could get my overcoat off."

He was a quiet, bashful-looking young man who got on the train at Hawleyville in the East. To the gentleman who occupied the seat by the stove he said:

"Will you let me sit there? I am very cold."

Said the passenger:

"There are hot pipes under all the seats."

Said the young man, in a painful whisper, and blushing as he said it:

"But it's my feet that's cold."

The passenger got up, and went out and stood on the platform until Newton was reached.

Daniel Gray looked just like a man who never says black when he means white. He walked out with firm step, looked the court square in the face, and said:

"I disturbed the peace, and put in a plea of guilty."

"That's honest," remarked the court.

"Business is business," continued Daniel. "I am guilty, and I feel that I ought to be sent up for thirty days."

"Very well; I'll make it an even thirty."

"Say, how much did you give that chap who was just out here?"

"The same."

"Then book me for sixty! I don't want to be classed with no such clothes-pin as he is!"

"Well, sixty it is. I hope you'll have a pleasant time and come out a better man."

One of the most remarkable things noticeable in social life is the unanimity with which people shake their relatives. Recently, a gentleman arrived in Carson with a letter of introduction to one of its leading citizens from the citizen's uncle. After the Carsonite read the letter he remarked:

"Glad to see you, sir. Glad to see anybody who knows my uncle in Cleveland. How are all the folks?"

"Splendid. I spent six weeks there last fall, and I really don't think I ever met such a fine family of genial, hospitable and cultivated people."

"Yes?"

"Yes, indeed; I never spent a pleasanter time in my life. Your relatives are indeed the—"

"Well, young man, if my relatives are such fine people, they must have changed like thunder since I lived with them. I lived there a year, and I think they are about the worst pelicans in the deck. I wouldn't spend a month with the crowd for the whole town of Cleveland."

"Indeed?" said the other, "Well, since you've been so candid about it I might as well remark right here that your uncle and his whole blasted family are the toughest collection of old fossils I ever had the misfortune to be steered up against."

"Put it there, young man; you show good sense. Let's go out and take something."

In a few moments more the two men were pledging perdition to the Cleveland relatives over a foaming schooner of Carson beer.

"I've bin a-workin' like all possessed to-day," said Colonel Solon one evening, as he borrowed a pipe from the local editor.

"So! What have you been doing?"

"My wife, ye see, has the rheumatics, an' 'twas wash-day. So she sez to me, sez she: 'Solomon, the water in the cistern is out, an' I can't wash without cistern-water, an' my rheumatics is so bad that I can't fetch it.' Sufficiently profounded, sez I: 'Sally, I'll bring the water.' An' I brought twenty-five pailfuls of water from my nabor's well an' poured into that cistern, an' then I pumped every blamed drop out for the washin'. Mitey hard work."

"Why, in the name of common sense, didn't you put the water in the tubs instead of turning it into the cistern and then pumping it out again?" said the editor.

"Coz," said the colonel, bristling up, "coz, in the name of common sense, she had to have cistern-water to wash with, yer darned fool."

MR. DODGE'S CHICKEN-RANCH.

According to the New York Times, our Southern fellow-citizens are accustomed to assert that the colored man has two glaring faults—that he will not work, and that his presence casts such a blight upon chickens that no white man can profitably engage in raising poultry in the Southern States. Mr. James C. Dodge, who recently emigrated from the town of Natick, Mass., to Laurelville, Ala., has signally refuted the popular Southern estimate of the colored man, and has succeeded not only in keeping chickens, but in inducing thirty-four colored men to work for him without wages. Mr. Dodge arrived at Laurelville last spring, with the intention of cultivating a farm. The local white population received him courteously and wished him every success, but they warned him that he could not induce a single colored man to work for him except at preposterous wages. When he casually introduced the subject of chickens, they assured him that there was an African church within a mile of his newly-purchased farm, and that he might as well try to keep icicles in a hot-house as to raise chickens in such a neighborhood. Mr. Dodge was a stubborn man, and, withal, an ingenious one. He determined to prove to the Laurelville whites that he could do precisely what they said he could not do. Accordingly, he offered to bet with Judge Slemmons that he would cultivate his new farm with colored labor, and that he would raise chickens without losing a single one by colored larceny. The bet was taken, and Mr. Dodge went to his farm and began operations. With the aid of the Laurelville carpenter, Mr. Dodge built a magnificent chicken-house, with accommodations for five hundred feathered guests. The windows were made so small that not even a consumptive colored boy could pass through them, and the door was of unprecedented thickness and strength. In one side of the chicken-house Mr. Dodge required the carpenter to leave a round hole of about two feet in diameter, for a purpose which he declined to explain. Much pity was felt for him by his neighbors, on the ground that he was wasting his money in a vain attempt to struggle against the chicken-stealing genius of the colored people; but Mr. Dodge "guessed" he was all right, and "cal'lated" that his chickens wouldn't be stolen to any great extent. When the carpenters had finished their work and had gone home, Mr. Dodge unpacked a large bundle which he had received from the North, and after dark he filled his chicken-house with three hundred chickens, and, locking it securely, went to bed. About eleven o'clock that night a leading colored citizen of chicken proclivities made his way into the chicken-house through the hole which had been left open. He chuckled quietly at the folly of Mr. Dodge in locking the door, and at the same time forgetting to close the hole in the side of the chicken-house. When he had selected a dozen of the largest chickens, he attempted to creep stealthily out of the hole, but found his egress impeded by a series of sharp and projecting spikes. He then realized the fact that he had been caught in a trap of much the same general nature as that pleasing variety of mouse-trap into which the mouse readily enters through a wire-lined passage, the pointed ends of which prevent him from escaping. The leading colored citizen's estimate of white intellect underwent a sudden change, and he sat down gloomily in the corner of the chicken-house to invent some plausible tale which would account for his presence when the inevitable moment of discovery should come. Half an hour later, the minister of the colored church entered the chicken-house, and was warmly greeted by his predecessor, who was beginning to feel very lonesome. From midnight until dawn the arrivals were almost incessant. The fact that three hundred chickens were in Mr. Dodge's chicken-house was known in every colored cabin within a radius of two miles, and the oppressed race had risen as one man and resolved to have those chickens. At half-past three there was standing-room only in the chicken-house, and gentlemen arriving after that hour were compelled to return home disappointed. After a comfortable breakfast, Mr. Dodge took his shot-gun and the key of the chicken-house, and proceeded to ascertain what luck his trap had brought him during the night. To his great pleasure, he found thirty-four able-bodied colored men in the chicken-house, and, after the most careful investigation, he ascertained that not a chicken was missing. He put no unpleasant questions to the colored men whom he had caught, as to why they had crowded into his chicken-house, but he merely informed them that he supposed they had come to assist him in planting, and that he was greatly obliged to them for their kind assistance. At noon Judge Slemmons and a dozen white Laurelvilleans arrived at the farm, and gazed with amazement at the spectacle of thirty-four colored men working energetically in the field. When the judge was convinced that no chickens had been stolen during the night, he frankly admitted that he had lost his bet, and, borrowing the money from Mr. Dodge, paid it on the spot. Since that day Mr. Dodge has never lost a chicken. He has, however, only caught a few sporadic colored men, and has thus been obliged to hire most of his labor. Nevertheless he has successfully refuted the assertion that no white man can keep chickens in Alabama, and has on at least one occasion induced thirty-four colored men to work for him without pay. Whether this plan would be permanently successful if tried in other parts of the South is, of course, uncertain; but there is certainly good reason to suppose that it would greatly increase the security of chicken property.

"Mamma, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

"The hen which lays the Easter egg is a great bird, but it takes the goose which lays the golden egg to bring forth Easter bonnets."

"Blessed are the peacemakers." An Albany man clubbed two boys till they couldn't stand, to make them stop pulling each other's hair.

A man will remember a sore finger much longer than a kind look, but that doesn't prove a sore finger is any better than a kind look.

THE O'MEARA CONSOLIDATED.

One of the Virginia City newspapers gives this specimen of female mine-management on the Comstock:

"They met by chance, the usual way," among the daughters of the wife of Adam. Said the one neighbor unto the other:

"Good mornin' till ye, Mrs. O'Meara."

Said the other unto the one:

"Thank ye kindly; good mornin', Mrs. McCracken; yer lookin' well this mornin'."

"Och, but it's the kind ways ye have, Mrs. O'Meara; ye'd be spakin' the cheerin' word if ye saw a poor body wid a fut in the grave. But I'm far from feelin' well; it's the ould dishtress in me chesht, dear. It's airly ye're abroad the day, Mrs. O'Meara; but ye're always so indushrious an' drivin'."

"Ye flatter me, Mrs. McCracken; but it's only in drivin' that there's ony thrivin' these times—wid God's blessin', av coourse."

"Thru for you, Mrs. O'Meara, an' thruly it's snug ye air at home now—mainin' but the honest words I sphake, an' no flattery."

"Wid the blessin' o' God, we're doin' fairly—fairly, Mrs. McCracken."

"I wish I could get the saycret, Mrs. O'Meara. My Michael works ivery blessed day in the mines, but nothin' stays wid us."

"Do you collect assissmints, Mrs. McCracken?"

"Assissmints, Mrs. O'Meara—what would I be doin' wid collectin' assissmints? Bad cess to it, woman, it's the other way wid us; for Michael he do be payin' assissmints on this an' on that ivery blessed month, almost."

"An' where does he pay thim, dear?"

"To the broker shops. Sure, where else would he be payin' thim, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"Why, to yoursilf, darlin'?"

"To me, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"To yoursilf, woman! Where else should he be payin' thim?"

"What for would he be payin' assissmints to me?"

"What for does my Patrick pay assissmints to me but because I level 'em on him, dear?"

"On him! An' what is it for, darlin'?"

"It's for the stock he holds in the corporation, dear—the interests he has in the O'Meara Consolidated. Do you undershtand that now—the O'Meara Con-shol-ida-ted?"

"What would that be, dear?"

"Originally it was the Patrick O'Meara and the Norah McCue, but was incorporated as the 'O'Meara Consolidated' in 1865; first issue of stock in 1866, wid a new issue ivery two years since. It is what they call a close corporation, I belave; and I am both President and Board of Directhors, hould the contrholling intrust, and live! the assissmints."

"I don't understand it at all, Mrs. O'Meara. An' what is it that ye level the assissmints on, dear?"

"On the stock, to be sure, woman—on the live stock, do ye see? Six shares now."

"Do ye mane the childer?"

"What else would I mane? I'll tell ye, dear, for I see yer wits are wool-gatherin'. You see for a long time Patrick was buyin' this wild-cat an' that wild-cat, an' all the cats wur levelin' assissmints, an' he payin' 'em, an' kapin' us all at the point of shtarvation. I saw how things was goin', so I just brought out on him the papers of the home incorporation, an' I says to him: 'Here, now, sir, is the O'Meara Consolidated, a square location secured by a patent, with but six shares in it, an' showin' well as far as developed; now I level on it for my first assissmint of twenty dollars a share.' Says he: 'Norah, ye're wus nor the wild-cats; ye take me whole mornin's wages!' 'Thru,' says I, 'an' I'll honestly spid ivery cint in improvements for the benefit of the company.'"

"An' did he shtand the assissmint, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"He did; for he thought it a good joke at first, an' for two or three months he paid up like a man."

"Then he quit payin'?"

"He did."

"An' what then, Mrs. O'Meara?"

"I ould him out."

"Sould him out! How could you sell him out?"

"Well, dear, he had due and legal notice. I first of all tould him that such a day it would be delinquent in the Board, thin that it was advertised delinquent, an' that such a time would come the day o' sale. He thought it a good joke, but whin be kem home that evenin' he had no supper. I didn't cook him a warm male in a month, I sint a lot o' furniture to the auction, an' I cut him off in ivery way in his bome comforts."

"An' what then, dear?"

"He's niver since refused to pay his regular assissmints."

"Och! It's the wise woman ye air, Mrs. O'Meara. Good mornin' till ye, an' wid the help o' God I'll incorporate the McCracken Consolidated this blissid day, an' level my first assissmint before I resht me haid on the pilly the night!"

The ladies of Cologne, according to the *Kolnische Zeitung*, are addicted to the use of bracelets and other ornaments made of an inflammable substance, of which gun-cotton is an ingredient. The *Cologne Journal* thinks it necessary to warn the fair sex of that city of the danger of exposing themselves with their ornaments to a high temperature, as the consequence would be disagreeable to their masculine surroundings. This substance is called "celluloid," and consists of sulphuric ether and camphor, as well as gun-cotton. It is reported that one unfortunate couple have already been blown into the air in consequence of the lady omitting the precaution of taking off her ornaments previous to waltzing in an over-heated ball-room.

Great Britain has 531 vessels and 81,447 seamen and officers; France, 226 vessels and 50,517 men; Spain, 138 vessels and 14,648 men; Russia, 223 vessels and 30,039 men; Italy, 66 vessels and 11,880 men. The United States has 146 vessels and 8,684 men.

The leading Methodist Church in Toronto dismissed its choir because it had been singing *Pinafore*. Only "dismissed" them! Why didn't they kill 'em?

SPARTACUS AFTER THE QUINCY METHOD.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had aroused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. A large number of people from the rural districts had been in town to watch the conflict in the arena, and to listen with awe and veneration to the infirm and decrepit jokes. The shouts of revelry had died away, and no sound was heard. The Roman soldier moved on his homeward way, the sidewalk occasionally flying up and hitting him on the back. In the green-room of the amphitheatre a little band of gladiators was assembled. The foam of conflict yet lingered on their lips, the scowl of battle yet hung upon their brows, and the large knobs on their classic profiles indicated that it had been a busy day with them. There was an embarrassing silence of about five minutes, when Spartacus, borrowing a chew of tobacco of Trifolium Aurelius, thus addressed them:

"Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen: Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve years has met in the arena every shape of man and beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and has never yet lowered his arm. I do not say this to brag, however, but simply to show that I am the star-thumper of the whole outfit. If there be one among you who can say that ever in public fight or private brawl my actions did belie my words, let him stand forth and say it, and I will spread him around over the arena till the coroner will have to gather him up with a blotting paper. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands let them come, and I will construct upon their physiognomy such cupolas and royal cornices and Corinthian capitals and entablatures, that their own mothers would pass them by in the broad light of high noon unrecognized. And yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher—the savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, the county seat of Marcus Aurelius County, and settled among the vine-clad hills and cotton groves of Cyrilla. My early life ran quiet as the clear brook by which I sported. Aside from the gentle patter of the maternal slipper on my overalls, everything moved along with me like the silent oleaginous flow of the ordinary goose grease. My boyhood was one long, happy, summer day. We stole the Roman muskmelon, and put split sticks on the tail of the Roman dog, and life was one continuous hallelujah. When at noon I led the sheep beneath the shade and played the 'Sweet By and By' on my shepherd's flute, there was another Spartan youth, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and together picked the large red ants out of our indestructible sandwiches. One evening, we were all beneath the persimmon tree that shaded our humble cottage, my grand-sire, an old man, was telling of Marathon, Leuctra, and George Francis Train, and Doctor May Walker, and other great men, and how a little band of Spartans, under General Howard, had withstood the entire regular army. I did not then know what war was, but my cheek burned, I knew not why; and I thought what a glorious thing it would be to leave the reservation and go on the war-path. But my mother kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go soak my head and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coasts. They pillaged the whole country, burned the agency buildings, demolished the ranch, rode off the stock, tore down the smoke-house, and rode their war-horses over the cucumber vines. To-day I killed a man in the arena, and, when I broke his corset clasps and looked upon him, behold! he was my friend. The same sweet smile was on his face that I had known when, in adventurous boyhood, we had bathed in the glassy lake by our Spartan home, and he had tied my shirt into 1,752 dangerous and difficult knots. He knew me, smiled some more, said 'Ta-ta,' and ascended the golden stair. I begged of the prator that I might be allowed to bear away the body, and have it packed in ice and shipped to his friends near Cyrilla, but he couldn't see it. Aye, upon my bended knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged this poor boon, and the prator answered: 'Let the carrion rot. There are no noble men but Romans and Ohio men. Let the show go on. Bring in the bobtail lion from Abyssinia.' And the assembled maids and matrons and the rabble shouted in derision, and told me to 'brace up,' and 'have some style about me,' and 'give it to us easy,' with other Roman flings which I do not now call to mind. And so must you, fellow-gladiators, die like dogs. To-morrow we are billed to appear at the Coliseum, in Rome, and reserved seats are being sold at the corner of Third and Fourth Streets for our moral and instructive performance while I am speaking to you. Ye stand here like giants, as ye are, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis with a seal-skin cap will pat your red brow, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. O Rome! Rome! Thou hast been indeed a tender nurse to me. Thou hast given to that gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart like the adamantine lemon-pie of the railroad lunch-room. Thou hast taught him to drive his sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the palpitating gizzard of his foe, and to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as the smooth-cheeked Roman Senator looks into the laughing eyes of the girls in the Treasury Department. And he shall pay thee back till thy rushing Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled. You doubtless hear the gentle murmur of my bazoo. Hark! Hear ye the lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he will have gladiator on toast, and don't you forget it; and he will fling your vertebrae about his cage like the star pitcher of a champion nine. If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife. If ye are men, then arise and follow me. Strike down the warden and the turnkey, overpower the police, and cut for the tall timber. We will break through the city gate, capture the war-horse of the drunken Roman, flee to the lava-beds, and there do bloody work, as did our sires at old Thermopylae, scalp the west-bound emigrant, and make the hen-roosts around Capua look sick. If we be men, let us die like men, beneath the blue skies and by the still waters, and be buried according to Gunther, instead of being polished off by Numidian lions amid the hisses of a snide Roman populace." JIM NYE.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

Ting Ah Ling is a Chinese belle.

A woman stung is the nearest approach to perpetual motion.

Russian proverb on women's rights: If you be a cock, crow; if a hen, lay eggs.

The proof of the padding lies in the symmetrical manufacturer's bill.

The man capable of defrauding a widow would be guilty of chasing a mosquito for its fat. There are a great many capable men.

Haste makes waist, even to the young lady who hasn't time to properly lace her corsets.

"Fifteen" is a greater puzzle than "sweet sixteen," but both are gems.

The ladipoets of Vassar are very refined about their art-embroidery. When they want a fresh supply of sage-green worsted they always ask for a Henry—they consider "hank" vulgar.

A sign in front of a shoe store near the Revere House, Boston, reads, "Girls, eighty-five cents." Reduction on account of leap-year, probably.

The game of Smith was saved, as Prentice Mulford says, by Pocahontas trumping her father's club with a soft heart.

"You are yawning," said a wife to her husband. "My dear," he replied, "the husband and the wife are one, and when I'm alone I'm bored."

The girl that wants a lot of elbow room around the house is perfectly easy when seated with her young man in a buggy that — Speaking of modesty, what do you think of the young lady who blushed when she observed the naked limbs of the trees in the park?

A Toledo woman fell dead in church while the plate was going around, and before it had come to her pew. This incident teaches—now what should you say it taught?

"Don't be afraid to praise your servants when they deserve it," remarks an exchange; but the minute the husband tries that on the hired girl she has to hunt for another situation.

The wife who has a smile for her husband when he comes into the house will not drive him to a saloon to get one.

When is a woman in love like a ship? When she is attached to a buoy, or hankering after a "heavy swell."

When Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the Washington lawyer, asks a judge for a private interview, the latter, before granting the request, makes her sign a paper declaring she won't attempt to come any of this leap-year business on him. Belva is getting herself disliked.

Golden sunlight now steals over the eastern hills and laughs at the rippling waters, while a girl with a sealskin sacque sits lonely in her O'Farrell Street room and wonders why we can't have cold weather all the year.

A young lady surprised the "gentlemanly clerk" at a dry goods store by offering him fifty cents in payment for a dollar purchase. "It amounts to a dollar, if you please," said the g. c. "I know it does," was the answer, "but papa is only paying fifty cents on the dollar now."

At a crowded French country theatre a woman fell from the gallery to the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman; "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

Emma R. asks this extraordinary question: "Do you think it is right for a girl to sit on a young man's lap if she is engaged to him?" O Emma! Well, though we have had no experience in the matter referred to, we should say: If our girl and our lap, yes; if another girl and our lap, yes. But if our girl and another fellow's lap, never—and not in the *Pinafore* sense either.

Two gushing Boston girls, walking one day in the suburbs, found a mile-stone, forgotten in the march of improvement. One of them stooped and read the half-effaced inscription, "I. m. from Boston," and remarked: "Here is a grave, perhaps of some young girl, who wished it written on the tombstone, 'I'm from Boston.' How touching! So simple and so sufficient!"

At a fashionable church a five-year-old bit of a girl made proof of her disposition toward good deeds. About the middle of the sermon this precocious lamb took up a prayer-book and handed it to an elephant young man who sat in the pew in front, remarking as she leaned over: "The man in the night-gown says for you to be good and read the book."

"I believe in a personal devil," said Mr. Moody, at a revival meeting held in a remote Western city. "That's true, that's true—you're right there, stranger," said an old farmer, rising from his seat in his earnestness. Whereupon a calm-faced, placid-looking woman rose from the other end of the pew, took him by the ear, and led him slowly out; and the assembly knew then for the first time that the old man's mind was filled with domestic thoughts instead of the after.



The tablets of every man's memory are thick with invisible medallions printed in sympathetic ink by his reading, and needing only the right stimulus to start forth in vivid outline. The agreeable overture to the *Royal Midday* at the Bush Street Theatre served to conjure before our mind's eye a series of such pictures, illustrating the story of English comic opera. After half writing out an account of the vision, it seemed that the original tellers of the story told it the more freshly, and we will now let them speak: "My friend asked me (says Mr. Secretary Addison) if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mobocks should be abroad. However, says he, if Captain Sentry will make one with us, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you. The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid me fear nothing, for that he had put on his Steenkirk sword, and the servants had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend upon the occasion. * * * There is nothing that has more startled our English audience than the Italian recitativo. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the super-description of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of 'Enter a king and two fiddlers *solo*' was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a lover in a desert or a princess in a closet to speak anything unaccompanied by musical instruments."

So that was the hour at which they wended to listen to Mr. Addison's *Rosamond*—at four P. M., lest all the good places should be taken. Why, it could hardly have been later than eight o'clock when Captain Hill attempted to abduct Mrs. Bracegirdle, as she returned home after the play. And they saw "King Henry II." singing in a full-bottomed periwig, while "Queen Eleanor" (in a hoop) proffers the dagger to "Fair Rosamond" (in patches) supping the deadly howl.

Let us have another picture. "As the curtain was not drawn up before my arrival," says Dr. Goldsmith, "I had an opportunity of observing the spectators. In the middle seats they were chiefly employed during the period of expectation in eating oranges and reading the story of the performance. Those who sat in the pit seemed to consider themselves as judges of the merit of the poet and the performers; appearing to labor under that restraint which an affectation of superior discernment generally produces. * * * Two singing women, like heralds, have begun the contest; the whole town is divided on this solemn occasion; one has the finer pipe, the other the finer manner; one has the longer waist, but the other appears more easy."

"Lo, Vincent comes—with simple grace arrayed, She laughs at paltry arts and scorns parade. Nature through her is by reflection shown, And Gay once more knows Polly for his own. Let Tommy Arne the laws of taste prescribe, And chant the praise of an Italian tribe, But never shall a truly British age Bear a wile race of emulums on the stage: Where tyrants rule and slaves with joy obey Let slavish minstrels pour thy enervate lay; To Britons far more noble pleasures spring In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing."

'Rah for Britons! 'Rah! And this is Gay's *Beccaria's Opera* in 1760—the first truly great English comic opera, apparently destined to remain unapproachable. The opposition Polities at Covent Garden and Drury Lane divided the town, and their contest was the one topic of conversation. "How am I concerned," growls the critic, "if one sings from the stomach and the other sings with a snap? I'll hear no more. Rest, rest, ye dear three clinking shillings in my pocket's bottom." It is well to be reminded that the price of admission to Covent Garden then was six bits, against 'alf a sov. to-day.

We may skip Sheridan's *Dianna*, as its date was only fifteen years later, and make our next visit to the great London Theatre in the best company that ever entered its walls. "I remember the waiting at the door (oh, when shall I be such an expectant again!), with the cry of nonpareils—an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was: 'Chase some oranges, 'chase some numparels, 'chase a bill of the play!—chase *pro* chase." Lamb's friend Talfourd shall tell us of the opera. "It was sixteen years last Twelfth Night since I heard Miss Stephens, when the curtain of Covent Garden drew up on the opening scene of *Love in a Village*, and discovered her sitting with Miss Matthews among the honeysuckles and roses, to send forth a stream of such delicious sound as I had never fancied proceeding from human lips."

And the catastrophe in rhyme:

"Last of this dear, delightful list,
Most followed, wondered at, and missed
In Hymen's odds and evens:
Old Essex caged our nightingale,
And finished thy theatric tale,
Enchanting Kitty Stephens."

So the queen of English comic opera laid aside her property crown to put on a countess's coronet; she had sung "Oh, cease your funning" to substantial purpose; and an added meaning is acquired by the critic's remark on "the fine bird-like triumph of 'He so pleased me,'" in view of the way Miss Stephens feathered her nest; and that step, in turn, is characteristic of the third period of English comic opera.

All which may serve as overture to the *Royal Midday*—a comic opera in three acts, a clever comedy in construction, happy in its extravagance, and "set" with particular advantages. When Melville ("Fanchette") and Freeman ("Dom Januario") were on the stage, there were an actress and an actor there, and the business went forward with spirit and character. The costuming is picturesque and effective. "Fanchette" is a breeches-part in no offensive sense; the dress, with wide trousers something between a sailor's and a vaquero's, is contrived to drape the incongruities of female form. Miss Melville's person is too small to afford the large mannish stride of a "Macheath," for example; but admits of playing the midshipmite with a sufficient freedom and swing. The lady uses her arms, too, not quite as if they were pinned at the elbows; still, she might find some ball-tossing an improving practice. The fact is, Miss Melville has become a better actress every year since we first knew her. She always plays with spirit, *clan*, and judgment, and has in "Fanchette" a part that allows favorable display of those qualities, together with a vivacious pertness that is engaging.

Each new appearance of Mr. Freeman has contributed to establish his position as a comedian. He gave "Dom Januario" with just the right extravagance, without any lapse into buffoonery, or from the fine finish which has been the distinctive feature of his performance. A thoroughness characteristically German is one quality in his work separating it, by a distance that is felt, from other work which invites the contrast. There are few among our actors who would fail to improve—not by imitating Mr. Freeman, but by emulating his carefulness and pains in all little things. "Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection itself is no trifle"—an apothegm that can not be too much insisted on with English-speaking actors; for it has been an open defect of our stage that it tolerates scamp-work and slovenliness in minor matters. Mr. Freeman shows an example of better training, and sets some native actors at a disadvantage due to mere sloth and indifference. Possibly he might be less successful with an English part than with these foreigners; but as the foreigner is a tolerably constant figure on our stage along with the plays which we translate out of his native tongue, an actor like Mr. Freeman is an acquisition in the very first line.

"Dom Domingos" (Mr. Caselli) was droll in make-up, and done with comic force; but in the spirit of a niere comic, however, with little of the intended Lusitanian caricature. All the court parts lacked national starch. Some mimicry of the grand manner would be in order, if only for "local color." As to the singing (for they did sing)—but let that pass. As to the music (for there was music)—but that is no great matter. The choruses are better than common. The rehearsing appears to have been thorough. All accessories were good. The preparation of the piece throughout showed conscience. The cast was weak in places—it served to remind one of Harold Skimpole's family: "One sings a little, but does not play; another 'plays a little, but does not sing.' We might say of the comedy, that it is royal; of the music, that it is middling; and sum up the performance as a *Royal Middling*."

At Platt's Hall this evening A. C. Eimer's Symphonic Mass, "Opus 24," will be rendered by the "Liederkrantz." The following talented singers have volunteered: Mrs. J. E. Tippetts, Sra. Bernardi-Serighelli, Mrs. Alexander Chisholm, Miss A. Reuter, Messrs. D. P. Hughes, W. Dieffenbacher, Charles Bach, Max Wolff, W. C. Campbell, J. Binder, and C. V. Englemann. Mrs. Hall-Pettinos will be the harpist of the evening. A grand orchestra will support the singers, conducted by the composer.

California Chapter, O. E. S., give a Grand Concert and Literary Entertainment at B'nai Brith Hall, 121 Eddy Street, Tuesday, April 13. Their programme contains the names of some of the best artists in the city, and their selections are unusually good. Dancing from ten to twelve.

The sunny spring weather, now fairly begun, ought to make it the duty of every parent to see that his or her children make the most of this especial season. The fields just outside the city are covered with flowers and are visited by the most delicious breezes. It is Nature's gala time, when earth and air and sea seem at their best. To fairly appreciate how beautiful the fields really are, steal a forenoon from business, and take a seat on the dummy of the California Street cable road, and ride out either to the cemetery or to First Avenue. Then leave the car and take to the country. Go on to the Presidio reservation, and enjoy at once the prospect and the sylvan carpet on which you tread; and give your children a chance to fill their lungs with the pure air. Then, as you return to your business in a car which does not jolt nor jar nor rumble, you will have time to thank Providence for this delightful weather, and for the enterprise which gives you such an inexpensive opportunity to taste its pleasantness.

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ACTRESSES' LOVE LETTERS.

Stage Beauties Give their Experiences with the Love-sick—A Lively Chat with Nina Varian, Nellie McHenry, Stella Boniface, and Laura Don.

Modern actors and actresses are, according to late revelations, not the exact counterparts of Cupid and Venus, but rather more dangerous. They are perfect quivers of Cupid's arrows, and the more talented the actor and the more beautiful the actress the more likely is he or she to become involuntarily the catapult that projects those same arrows across the flaming art boundary of the footlights, and straight to the hearts of numerous unsuspecting victims in the audience. This is an unfortunate phase of Cupid's cussedness. Unfortunate in a double sense, for it annoys the artist and hopelessly wounds the victim. There are many cold-blooded creatures on the stage—women as well as men—cold, icy, beautiful, and only sympathetic and warming in their art. All their nature has gone out and sunk itself in the artificiality of their trade. Where other women have hearts, they boast of only vacuum. They keep an assortment of hearts and emotions stored in their wardrobe baskets and in their "make-up" boxes. Their eyes are cold and glittering. There is a vacancy there, too. They have love-lights, gleams of passion, fervent glances, and all sorts of looks stored away in their stage jewel-cases, to be inserted in their vacant orbs as the exigencies of their roles require. They have a "Lady Macbeth" heart, a "Colleen Bawn" heart, a "Juliet" heart, and carefully-treasured eye-illuminations to match. The fairest of these creatures can fire hearts, but never flames herself. Love inspired over the footlights by these gnomes of art is a conflagration lighted by a flint. The conflagration consumes only the tinder, while the fair flint from which the destructive spark was darted remains unmelting, and a never-failing magazine of sparks. All actresses are, to the public, flints that require no steel to bring forth destructive sparks. Miss Nina Varian is a fine actress; therefore she is a flint, a quiver of Cupid's arrows, an involuntary hurrier of his darts, and a very dangerous little personage to tropic youths. Acting on this lame syllogism, which he took in after a half-hour's conversation with Rev. Dr. Deems, a reporter of the New York *Truth* made a visiting tour among some of the prettiest and most talented actresses of the Gotham stage.

NINA VARIAN.

This lady, being the most distinguished just now as having caused two hot Brazilian boys to quarrel and engage in a duel for her sake, was first sought. When found, Miss Varian was reclining on a lounge in true Persian style, in her apartments on East Twentieth Street. Her yellow hair was bound about her shapely head with a black band of velvet, thereby reminding one of the pictures of Greek women. Miss Varian was suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, but even then her face was pretty enough to suggest a shadow of a reason why an uncivilized, hot-headed, romantic Brazilian should wish to shoot his comrade, because the latter did not think her the best actress in the world.

"Will you be kind enough, Miss Varian, to tell me the facts, so far as you are concerned, of this silly affair?" asked the reporter.

"Well, a great deal has been said about this affair that is not true," replied the heroine of the proposed sanguinary meeting. "I knew Mr. Leao very slightly indeed, having met him only two or three times. And the other simpleton, Pocecko, or what ever his name may be, I never heard of until I saw his name in the newspapers. I did not go to the Liederkrantz ball with either of these bloodthirsty individuals. I went to the ball, but I went in company with a young lady friend and two gentlemen. The statement that I went with the Brazilians is entirely wrong."

"Do you feel that you are a heroine in consequence of this affair?"

"No, I do not! I wish they could have fought and blown out the places where their brains ought to have been."

"In that case you would have been more largely advertised than you are now."

"Well, I don't care; I don't want this kind of advertisement. I think they were two dunces. Besides, I want to know what you meant by putting such a horrid picture of me in your paper? I don't know what I ever did to deserve such a fate as that. When I looked at that picture it broke my poor heart in twain. Just to think of my wearing such a cap as that! It's too ridiculous! And then I wouldn't have a 'K' on my picture if I had it taken. Oh, anybody ought to know it was not mine."

How far Miss Varian would have carried her reproaches will never be known, for she was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, and was compelled to stop. The reporter apologized profusely, and then asked: "Are you annoyed much with letters or other protestations of affection from love-sick boys, Miss Varian?"

"No, I receive a great many letters, but I never take any notice of them, and they consequently do not annoy me."

"Did you ever have any other duel fought about you?"

"No, sir, I did not, and I hope I will never have another."

Miss Varian seemed to be suffering so much from her cough that the reporter ended the conversation and left.

STELLA BONIFACE

was very pretty and very modest, as she apologized for her "horrid" appearance, which "horridness," so far as the reporter could see, consisted of one or two ungovernable locks and a plain wrapper of some gray stuff. The young lady's face was certainly not horrid in any respect. She admitted, with charming naivete, that she had received "some" letters of a sweetly plaintive character, but she added with some fire, "I have never paid the slightest attention to them. I considered them very impertinent, and utterly unworthy of notice."

"It may seem strange," said Miss Boniface's companion, an elderly lady, "but Miss Stella has never had a sweetheart in her life, although she is nineteen years old."

"I presume that you are speaking of Miss Boniface subjectively, and not objectively," said the reporter.

"Yes, of course, I can only speak for her," replied the lady.

The matron further stated that Miss Boniface had wept bitterly when her first love-letter was handed her, and from that day she has never got over her aversion to such epistles. They had all shared the same fate—immediate destruction upon reception—except one or two which Miss Boniface had sent to

her mother. The young lady said, with much earnestness, that she hoped no one had ever fought a duel or committed suicide on her account; and if any one had ever attempted to kidnap her, she was happily ignorant of the fact.

EFFIE ELLISLER.

This lady the reporter found behind the scenes at the Madison Square Theatre. She arched her eyebrows in some surprise at the questions asked, but admitted that she received a great many letters, none of which, however, met with any other fate than immediate destruction.

"I think that such notes must be written by silly boys. If men write them with the expectation of a reply, they certainly misjudge us very much."

"Do you like to receive such letters?"

"I don't think I especially object to it; some of them are very amusing, and afford myself and friends a fine opportunity for a laugh."

"At what time in your career as an actress did you receive the largest number of such letters?"

"I have always received a great many, but I probably received the most soon after my first appearance upon the stage. I think that most ladies of the profession will tell you the same."

Miss Ellisler did not know of any man who had ever gone mad in consequence of her charms, and she did not think that she would relish the idea of causing a duel or a suicide, and she certainly had no desire to be kidnapped.

"Once, though," said the little lady, "a poor fellow fell desperately in love with me. He was a German fiddle-player in the orchestra. He wanted me to marry him; but by way of preparation for that felicitous event, he went to Europe, whence he expected to return a rich man. When he departed I was astounded upon receiving a huge Dutch clock. The poor fellow had sent it to me as a keepsake, but it was so unwieldy that I had to throw it away. But I find more admirers among the ladies than among the men. Once, when I was in New Orleans, I was summoned to the door of my room, only to find six ladies arrayed in front of it. I really think I would have been less embarrassed if they had been six men. And what do you suppose they wanted? They said that I was such a cute little thing that they wanted to kiss me; and they all did kiss me."

LAURA DON

was the next victim. She entered her parlor with the remark:

"Well, sir, you have caught me napping."

"How's that?" asked the reporter, for Miss Don seemed to be thoroughly wide awake.

"Why, I was asleep, of course; how else could I be caught napping?"

"That point aside, Miss Don, I'd like to ask you a few impertinent questions."

"All right, sir, only be careful."

"I shall observe your warning. Do you receive many letters from love-sick young men?"

"Well, yes, I do."

"What character of letters are they?"

"Decidedly 'spooney.' Some of them are extremely disgusting and ridiculous."

"What do you do with these choice epistles?"

"Oh, read them sometimes, laugh at them always, and throw them away invariably."

"Have you any at present?"

"I think not; I never keep them."

"Do you like to receive such letters?"

"Well, yes, I think I do. It is pretty good fun."

"Do you regard the reception of such letters as an evidence of popularity?"

"No, I do not think it at all an evidence of popularity."

"What is it an evidence of?"

"Well, I regard it more as an evidence of the decay of backbone in the rising generation than anything else. I think that's rather a happy expression, don't you?"

"I think it rather unique, at least."

"Please make a note of it, then."

"Are not college towns the terror of pretty actresses on account of the adolescent lovers they afford?"

"I don't think so. Students usually manifest their admiration by sending flowers, and that is what we like."

"Have you any idea that most of the men in front have a habit of regarding certain favorite actresses as ideals, and with a quaint, Platonic sort of love?"

"I don't know that I ever thought of that before, but I think that sort of affection is confined mostly to women. I receive many notes from ladies, in which they express love for me, and I often observe a sort of wild adoration among the girls who wait upon me when I go shopping."

"I think I can understand that; but this boy-love is different. Can you explain that?"

"It is natural, I think, and I like it. There is something so real and earnest in the freshness of a boy's love that pleases us women, who see so much pretended love among men of the world—men who really can love nothing but themselves. I think love ought to be like a fight between Kilkenny cats—so hard that there is nothing left of it."

"In the case of your illustration, are not the claws and fur generally left?"

"Well, now, you are going too far for me."

"Excuse me, Miss Don, but I did not come here to be imposed upon."

"Beg pardon, I assure you I did not mean it."

"Has any one ever committed suicide for you?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Have you ever been the subject of a duel?"

"No, sir. Miss Varian holds the palm in that respect."

"Has any one ever attempted to kidnap you?"

"No, but I wish some one would. I think I'd like that."

"Has any one ever tried to shoot you because you would not love him?"

"Yes, sir; a man did do that once. And another man was going to shoot a friend of mine because she would not marry him, and she married him."

"Do you intend to treat your sanguinary friend likewise?"

"No, I find it just as much as I can do to support myself—put that 'myself' in italics, please—without encumbering myself with a man. Men don't marry actresses except when they want somebody to support them. This is true in a thousand cases out of a thousand and three."

NELLIE M'HENRY.

This charming little actress said:

"I have received many love-letters, but I have kept only one. This one was so original that I felt I must preserve it. I have had it for a long time now, and I am going to keep it to show to my baby when she grows up. I received it while playing in New Zealand; but here it is. Now, just look at that," She handed the reporter a queer white envelope,

trimmed with green. Upon opening it, there appeared a sheet of light-brown paper, trimmed with a deep shade of red. Upon this extraordinary looking sheet was written the following words, entirely regardless of all rules of punctuation;

MONDAY EVENING.

O idle of my Heart oh how can I express myself, to look upon you is to love you and love you I do with my whole heart from the first time I saw you come on the stage my heart went from me unto you and my Peace of mind is good Night after night have I tossed on my pillow like a dismasted ship at sea I am in the marshes of cupid's Net and I must submit to my fate oh moans hardest of fortune to treat me thus me who never know the Meaning of the word love until I saw you and must I smother that love No poor thought I bee I will conquer or die as not other s done so and why not I what mortal man can I dare do that as wake in me a New ambition that has lain slumbering for years country Born and Bred though I be and never saw a Theatre before in hopes I have not done wrong if I have pray forgive I may be deceived for all that glitters is not gold oh light of my life love of my soul farewell dear love.

I cannot write more ore shall go Mad Yours forever with undying love.

E. H. H. G. P. Office, Christchurch.

"Now, isn't that a funny kind of letter?" asked Mrs. Webster.

"It is, indeed," replied the reporter. "What do you do you do with other letters that you receive?" "Oh, Mr. Webster and I read them sometimes and laugh at them and throw them away. Sometimes I look at them, and see what they are, and throw them away without reading them. They are very silly, but some of them are amusing."

A number of other actresses were found and related about the same experience, and all agreed that the men who write such letters are a brainless set of simpletons.

Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake, etc., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

It is a mistake to attribute malaria and similar illnesses to the bad effects of the climate. Sir Henry Thompson, in London, in a recent letter to the *Times*, says: "Impure drinking water, not the climate, is the cause." Instead of spending large sums on wines and other luxuries, he counsels to invest a fraction of such expenditure on a pure natural mineral water for everyday's use; it gives safety, and its effervescence makes it extremely pleasant.

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GREAT PARISIAN SUCCESS
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This (Saturday) Afternoon, April 10, positively
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EDWARD T. MARTIN has just received a choice stock of new designs in **MENU AND DINNER CARDS**; also a fine variety of **WRITING PAPERS** and **PAPERIE** in New Tints.
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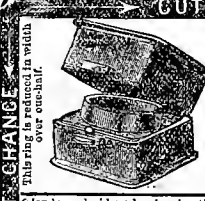
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IN A HANDSOME, VELVET-LINED CASE. Below we repeat the Grand Offer, which we made to the readers of this paper once before this winter, but as the time has expired, and many subscribers have not taken advantage of our first advertisement, and as we have received so many liberal orders for our other goods from those who have received the beautiful ring, we have concluded to extend the offer once more. Take advantage of it, as it will positively not appear again. A Beautiful and Valuable Gift for a Lady, Gentleman, or Child. We will forward, post-paid, to any address in the United States. One of our Heavy Plain Band Rolled Gold Rings, enclosed in a very fine Velvet-lined Case, post-paid, on receipt of only 25 three-cent postage stamps, and agree to engrave any name, initials, motto, or ornament desired on the inside of the Ring, provided you cut out this advertisement, and mail to us, with stamps, on or before the 10th day of May, 1880. We will mail you a bundle of our Catalogues at the same time we send the Ring, and feel sure it will give such satisfaction that you will oblige us by distributing them among your friends, and all us by showing them your ring. You can in this way assist us in selling other goods of standard quality, which we manufacture from new and original designs, and which we guarantee to give satisfaction.

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Remember, the Ring we send you is a Genuine, Solid, 18 K. Rolled Gold, of medium width, and that this unprecedented offer is made only to introduce our goods and catalogues in your vicinity. Our firm is well established and reliable, manufacturing first-class goods from the precious metals. We can only send out limited number of Rings at price named, and to protect ourselves from jewelers and dealers ordering in quantities, we will insert this advertisement but only this time in this paper, hence require you to cut it out and send to us, so that we may know you are entitled to the benefit of this offer. Under no circumstances will we send more than one Ring to any person sending us stamps and this advertisement; but, after you receive it, if others are desired, we will furnish 18 K. Solid Gold Rings at prices given in our Illustrated Catalogue, varying from \$4.25 to \$16.50 each, according to size ordered; the larger the finger the more gold is required to make the ring, hence the difference in price. Be sure to send size of Ring, and what you wish engraved on the inside. Stamps can be sent by mail at our risk. **Union Manufacturing Co., 126 S. 8th St. Philadelphia.**

NOT GOOD AFTER MAY 15th 1880

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CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

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EMELIE MELVILLE

As Fanchette,

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Incidental to the Comic Opera are the Royal Middies, the Living Chess Game, the Duello, the Dedicating of the Flag, the Brazilian and his servant Mungo, etc., etc.

MR. GUSTAV HINRICH.....Musical Director.

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FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, 922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin.

This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term on MONDAY, March 22, 1880.

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home is now open for the accommodation of guests. The many improvements made the present season add greatly to the beauty of the grounds and the health and comfort of the guests. Everything is cheerful, healthful, and homelike.

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Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms \$50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1009 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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Etchings and Rare Engravings.

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tion to his large collection of the above, which includes fine original Engravings from the great Paintings of Europe. Rare Portraits, either in collection or procured. A large number of fine Etchings in stock. Hours 1 to 5 o'clock.

126 KEARNY ST. Thurlow Block San Francisco.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth (8th) day of March, 1880, an assessment (No. 62) of Two (\$2) Dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-eighth (28th) day of April, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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PATTERNS---APRIL STYLES.

Send Stamp for catalogue, AGENCY, 124 POST ST., San Francisco.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., April 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 14, of Seventy-five (75) cents per share, was declared, payable on MONDAY, April 22, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home. Address TRU

THE INNER MAN.

Shall Our San Francisco Young Ladies Learn His Needs?

A most excellent lady, Mrs. J. M. Cushing, is interesting herself, and endeavoring to interest others, in the establishment of a cooking-school. The following communication from Mr. John T. Doyle expresses our opinions upon the question. Having arrived at that period of life when he lives to eat, the writer is convinced that good cooking is an art, and that education in this line would be more important and useful to those poor young women who expect to earn an honest livelihood than French, German, music, drawing, or calisthenics. The matter is commended to the readers of the *Argonaut* as one well worthy of consideration. Not only to poor young women, but to our lady-birds in good society, is it commended. Would it not be better if they knew more about cooking? In the event that the misfortune of poverty should overtake the accident of marriage, would not the accomplishment of knowing how to cook bread, coffee, and beefsteak be as useful as music, deportment, and dress?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—If there be one thing more than another on which all men agree, it is the advantage of a good dinner; and I therefore make no apology for asking a little space in your columns to direct attention to the benevolent and meritorious project of Mrs. J. M. Cushing, for the establishment of classes in our public schools for the instruction of young girls in cooking and domestic economy. The Constitution authorizes the establishment of technical schools by municipal or district authority, and surely there is no branch of technical education more important to the whole community than that which teaches how best to supply the ever recurring wants of nature. It is pretty certain that the coming generation must either live entirely in hotels, or else the man who eats a dinner will eat one of his wife's cooking. Why then should the education of our girls in this most important and practical branch of science be so utterly neglected? Why exclude it from the schools in favor of algebra, geometry, botany, etc., rarely of use to the large class who must live by their labor?

Ignorance of culinary science has made our modes of preparing food both wasteful and unwholesome, to such a degree that it is probably safe to say that one-half of the food prepared for the human stomach in California is literally thrown away. The loss from waste is great, but that from disease and shortness of life entailed by bad cooking much greater. In fact, every man of the present generation has realized the truth of the proverb, that "God sent meat, but the devil sent cooks." It is time to commence a reformation. Mrs. Cushing's project is to introduce cooking and domestic economy as branches of common-school education, as has already been done in England with great success. Preliminarily, she proposes to demonstrate the feasibility of her plan by starting a school of the sort by private subscription, and she is willing at first to take charge of it herself—a task for which she is eminently qualified. The enterprise need not involve any considerable outlay, for connected with the school would necessarily be a restaurant, at which wholesome and well-prepared meals would be furnished at such charges as would repay the outlay for provisions, fuel, etc. A very moderate sum would provide the necessary outfit and utensils, and the school would almost from the start become self-supporting.

Once successfully established, all would become partakers of its advantages, for a certificate of proficiency and grade from it would be all the reference needed for a cook, and those possessing such would command situations and wages graded according to their merit. Once successful as a private institution, it would command adoption by the local school boards.

A very few hundred dollars would initiate the enterprise; indeed, if taken up by the governing committee of any one of our city clubs, it could be started without a cent of outlay. If none of them be willing to take it up, let a small committee be organized to represent the subscribers, supervise the finances, etc. Let them hire and fit up suitable premises, and my own conviction is that, under Mrs. Cushing's management, the thing will be a demonstrated success inside of six weeks.

JOHN T. DOYLE.

At a recent party at New Rochelle, N. Y., the ladies all wore old-fashioned samplers for aprons, upon which the legend, "Polly, put the kettle on," was rudely inscribed over a freely conventionalized tea-kettle. The form of invitation was so clever that we reproduce it. The lines were enclosed in the design of a teapot. They were as follows:

"We hope on Thursday next to see
A few young friends at seven to tea,
And trust that you'll at once agree
One of our honored guests to be.
Teacups and teapots rare have we,
Which you're expected, when you see,
To praise with proper ecstasy.
The teacups all belong to 'E.'
'I' owns the teapots. So, you see,
A sort of joint affair 'twill be.
Of Oolong, Hyson, and Bohea,
Teacups and teapots, 'I' and 'E.'
Remember, then, that you're to be
On hand at seven P. M. to tea,
And share our modest little spree
On Thursday next. R. S. V. P."

Thackeray once said: "I must not question the hospitality of the friend who gives me mutton on a cold plate; but I may surely question the rectitude of his early years." The Eastern cookery editors are very much agitated over the cold-plate question. Which seems to us needless potter. Surely no host with any pretensions to culinary training ever gives one hot meat on a cold plate.

A very nice dessert is the Spanish dish *Bola de Riva*, prepared as follows: To one-half pound butter add one-half pound pulverized sugar, with whites and yollos of four eggs; you want three ounces of pounded almonds, and two ounces of whole almonds, chopped; mix all well together; add one pound of sifted flour. Make into balls or round forms, and bake in a greased pan.

CXXIV.—Sunday, April 11.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Consommé à la Bonne Femme.
Deviled Crab.
Calif's Head à la Tortue.
Asparagus. New Potatoes.
Roast Chicken—Currant Jelly.
Cucumber Salad.

Strawberries and Whipped Cream. Pound Cake.

Fruit-bowl of Oranges, Figs, Apples, and Bananas.
To COOK CALIF'S HEAD à la TORTUE—Take the head and split it open; wash it clean; then put it on to boil until half done. Take it up, cut in pieces; then season with salt, half a teaspoonful of cayenne, sweet marjoram, mace, nutmeg, a few cloves, three medium-sized onions, and a handful of parsley finely chopped. Put it in a pan, and pour over the liquor the head was boiled in until well covered; lay forcemeat balls over the top, and put it in the oven. When it is nearly done, thicken it with a gill of wine and flour mixed together; when it is done the pieces of the head will be tender. It may be cooked in a covered pot on the fire. The balls can be browned in the frying-pan.

TO MAKE FORCEMEAT BALLS—Take two pounds of veal and three-quarters of a pound of suet; chop them well; season with salt, cayenne, mace, nutmeg, cloves, sweet marjoram, two or three onions, a handful of parsley finely chopped, and a glass of wine; break an egg into it, and mix well together. Fry a sim in oil until not seasoned enough and more seasonings. Make into balls.

Consommé à la Bonne Femme, see Vol. III., No. 2.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

Mother and Poet.

LAURA SAVIO, OF TURIN, AFTER THE NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever, instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast.
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, bow you hurt! *you* were strong as you pressed,
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings; to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees
And broder the long-clothes and neat little coat;
To dream and to doat!

To teach them . . . It stings there! I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word *country*. I taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not; But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
God, how the house feels!

At first happy news came—in gay letters, mailed
With my kisses—of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free!
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me:
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leaned on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand: I was not to faint—
One loved me for two—would he with me ere long;
And, "Viva l'Italia! he died for—our saint—
Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add: He was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the halls—was impressed
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother, not "mine;"
No voice says "My mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy Mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say.

Both boys dead? But that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, heaving out roads to a wall;
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men?
When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
When you have a country from mountain to sea,
And King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead!)

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly. *My country is there,*
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's THERE, with my brave civic PAIR,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women hear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this; and we sit on, forlorn,
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both, both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me! —Mrs. Browning.

Ouida has no longer the appearance of youth. She is stout and dresses neatly, is luxurious in her tastes, but is not now and never could have been pretty. She has nothing courteous nor sympathetic in her manner. To her guests she is severely polite, but prefers listening to talking. She never condescends to discuss her books with women, as she does not consider them capable of comprehending her. Ouida is not content with being thought only a clever writer; her higher ambition is to be considered a great artist, and her villa is adorned with pictures that she has painted in those hours when she has laid aside pen and paper for canvas and brush. Her paintings are much more moral than her books, but her novels are more artistic than her paintings.

THE QUESTION OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

Out of the very many communications sent to us, we select two as representing the sentiment of intelligent foreigners upon the question of universal suffrage, as extended to the ignorant and propertyless. In our "Americanism," we claim we are reflecting the views of the intelligent and respectable people of foreign birth who are residing among us. Alien vice and ignorance, combining with native-born demagoguery, championed by a mercenary press, is an evil that threatens the perpetuity of Republican liberty in this country.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I will confess my nationality. I was born and bred in Ireland, and am proud of that fact, and of being a subject of Great Britain, and I must add that it has been balm to my soul to hear you and others constantly complaining of the trouble and injury certain classes of my countrymen are causing in this State; for thus Americans may glean some idea of how difficult is the task of governing a country where men such as these are found in hundreds of thousands. So be more careful in abusing England for its relations to Ireland, for assuredly you have not all the idle, ignorant, and vicious Irish out here. Regarding the cause of all the trouble in San Francisco, it will surely appear to every thinking man that a free vote is the root of the evil. The vote of the best, enlightened, and influential man in the State is killed by that of a bummer who can neither read nor write, is too lazy to work, and may be bought for a glass of whisky. If the feeling in a free country is against a property qualification, there can surely be no objection to an educational one, and it would not be a great hardship to exclude all from voting who can not read and write English; and certainly it would be no hardship to compel every man, before recording his vote, to produce his poll-tax receipt. Regarding office-holding by foreigners, it would not appear that they are singular in their unfitness for official positions, as many of your own countrymen who hold like aspirations are equally illiterate, and there does not appear to be any educational test or qualification whatever for office; men are elected by means of a free vote, who are socially, morally, mentally, and educationally unfit for any civil service whatever; indeed, I have heard of a county treasurer who was said to be unable to write even his own name. He was an American, too, and in all probability was elected by an American vote. Another cause of this disturbing agitation continuing, and one which even you can not lay to the foreign element, would appear to be either loose laws or the loose administration of good ones; in either case, the fault lies with the executive government, and the remedy is in their hands, for the foreign-born portion of the population would, if properly and firmly ruled, make good and law-abiding citizens. Let me ask you if there is any other civilized country in the world in which two men like Kearney and Gannon would, after being convicted of breaking the law, and while out on bail, on appeal, be permitted to use the language they have done toward the judge who, in the performance of his sworn duty, passed sentence upon them, without receiving the severest possible penalty for contempt of court? In any other country I verily believe their bail would instantly have been recalled, and they would have had meted out to them the punishment they so richly deserve; but perhaps Denis is correct in his estimate of the situation, and can defy the laws of the United States. Should this be so, it is one of the most bitter satires on American institutions that has ever gone forth to the world.

LAL. COATEE.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Among the hundred and one causes which have produced the deplorable state of things now existing in San Francisco and throughout the State, I think there is one at least which is considerable to do with it that you have not alluded to, and it may be presumption, if not rank treason, on my part to suggest it, and that is universal suffrage. Now don't you talk of laying the axe to the root of the tree of liberty. The tree is all right in itself, but it has a lot of dead timber on it which requires lopping off, and some of its sprouts require pruning. Again, a lot of suckers and parasites have fastened on to its roots that if not removed will certainly kill it in time. I think it was Lord Brougham who told Mr. Webster that universal suffrage would never work after the country got thickly peopled. Thomas Carlyle says no country can succeed which gives Jesus Christ and Judas Iscariot the same political privileges. Madam Roland said: "Oh, Liberty, Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!" And Sir Robert Walpole said, "Every man has his price." He (Sir Robert) had bought and sold men and their influences for forty years, therefore should be accepted as an authority on the subject. There being so many men who can not distinguish between liberty and license, would it not be well to limit the number as much as possible? So when you draft the new constitution for governing foreigners in their political acts just insert a clause making a property qualification essential in casting a vote. This might deprive many a worthy man, but it would deprive so many more unworthy as to far overbalance the loss. It would work well in two ways: the tax-payers, who have to foot the bills voted on, would take sufficient interest in elections to work for the best men, and it would keep non-payers away from the polls, where they have no business. Why should I have any voice in voting a tax when I pay nothing toward it? I say, a county road-tax of two dollars, and a State poll-tax of three dollars is little enough to pay for the privileges of roads and protection by the laws of the State, and should not in themselves entitle me to a political vote. Ask any of your city officers regarding the workings of primary elections, and the contemptible measures they have to adopt to gain their ends. If you will do away with primaries and universal suffrage, you will do more to purify your political atmosphere than all your theorizing for a century. In the property qualification I would also include native-born citizens, otherwise you would be offering a premium on perjury. Let the Assessor's books be the Great Register.

C. D. H.

Ladies' luncheons have recently become fashionable in New York. At an entertainment of this kind, given by a lady residing on Fifth Avenue, there were twelve tables, each prepared for six guests, with different services, complete and harmonious to the most minute particular in glass and china, with exquisitely embroidered napkins and tablecloths. The cards inscribed with the names of the guests were elaborately painted with subjects appropriate to the occasion, and mementoes of the event were placed beside the plates, such as fans, bouquet-holders, etc., of curious workmanship, such as ladies dearly love.

At Japanese dinner-tables one frequently sees fish alive in a bowl, and, on inquiry, it is discovered that the slices served at the repast have been cut from the fish in the bowl, the skin being neatly sewn after the cutting. This is done to show that the fish is fresh.

Those who have traced the problem back have ascertained that the cat was born to earth before the mouse was. The latter was loosely flung together, given a long tail, and told to git up and git or the cat would have him.

The next best thing to seeing a man sitting on the curbstone waiting for a drug-store to come along, is to watch one earnestly endeavoring to jab a letter into a fire-alarm signal-box.

Bishop Bedell is of opinion that if ministers would only speak the truth in funeral sermons the demand for such discourses would be rapidly diminished.

Real humming birds are used to ornament the black velvet necklaces and bracelets that some ladies affect.

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WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO hereby certify and declare that we have formed a partnership, under the firm name and style of the OAKLAND BAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY; that said partnership has for its object the manufacture and sale of all kinds and descriptions of jute fabrics; that its principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, having its works and factory in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership and their places of residence are as follows, that is to say: WILLIAM SCHOLLE, residing at Number Twelve Hundred and Thirty-four Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; ISRAEL CAHN, residing at Number Eleven Hundred and Twenty Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN residing in the Town of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California. Dated March 16, 1880.

WILLIAM SCHOLLE,
ISRAEL CAHN,
J. BRANDENSTEIN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ss.
On this Eighteenth (18th) day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public and for said city and county, personally appeared William Scholle, Israel Cahn, and Joseph Brandenstein, known to me to be the persons respectively named and described in, and whose names are subscribed to, the within and foregoing certificate of partnership, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same respectively.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[NOTARIAL SEAL] JAMES MASON, Notary Public.
Endorsed—Filed March 18, 1880.

By J. WHALEN, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at No. 327 Pine Street, in the City of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

HENRY A. NEWTON, Adm'r of the Estate of Ebenezer C. Ledyard, Deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 10, 1880.
SAFFOLD & MEUX, Attorneys.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 22) of seventy-five (75) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth (6th) day of April, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of May, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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MAY NUMBER NEXT FRIDAY.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, CITY

and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10. In the matter of the petition of JAMES M. SHORES, an insolvent debtor. Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge of said Superior Court, notice is hereby given to all creditors of the said insolvent JAMES M. SHORES to be and appear before the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge as aforesaid, in open court, at the court-room of said court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on TUESDAY, the 27th day of April, A. D. 1880, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, whether perfectly or imperfectly described, or not described at all in the schedule filed herein, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 22d day of March, A. D. 1880.

[SEAL] WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.
By JOHN H. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.
WM. H. H. HART, Atty for Petitioner, 250 Montgomery Street.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 17, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN IDEALS.

Liberty and Equality.

In our American politics the democratic party has idealized liberty, and the republican party equality, the two main objects sought by our form of government; and the difference between these two ideals, or their respective emphasis, constitutes the main difference between the principles of the two parties. The democratic party would have, in a general way, all kinds of liberty, and liberty to the greatest extent. The republican party would have all kinds of equality, and equality in every particular. The democratic party would have, as far as practicable, liberty from rulers, from laws, and from the central government; liberty of trade, of speech, and of the press; liberty of assembling, of arming, and even of oppressing. The republican party would have equality of individuals, of races, and of colors; equality of sections, of States, and of religions; equality of rights and of powers; equality enforced by constitutions and by laws; and equality guaranteed against both the States and the General Government. Each party has taken a term—liberty and equality respectively—and analyzed and perfected its meaning, and drawn out and clustered about it all that it implies or suggests. It is the distinction between these two ideals as thus constructed, and their clashing in the attempt to realize them in their unlimited application, that constitute the yearly issues in our politics.

The democratic party, from its standpoint of liberty, would have all liberty; while the republican party, from its standpoint of equality, would have liberty for all. The democrats have wanted liberty even to enslave, while the republicans have wanted bonds, even on the free, against slavery. The democrats considering the interests and progress of liberty to consist in the extension of its degree, and the republicans in the extension of its subjects, the former have always wanted to make men more free, while the latter have wanted to make more free men. The democrats would select a portion of the race to be made perfectly free, while the republicans would take all and make them as free as possible. The democrats, in short, want unequal liberty, while the republicans want equal restraints. The former are willing to sacrifice some of the people that the rest may be free; while the latter are willing to sacrifice some of our rights that all may have the rest. The democrats looking over the whole range of liberties, and the republicans over the whole range of men, in their ideals, the former will not sacrifice anything for all, the latter will not sacrifice anybody for anything. The democrats will not bind themselves partially for the freedom of the whole, the republicans will not bind anybody wholly for the freedom of a part.

The democratic principles, under this ruling idea of liberty, may all be summed up as personal liberty, local liberty, and business liberty; or free men, free States, and free trade. Their idea is simply to let the people alone to conduct their own affairs, of whatever kind, according to their own opinions and strength. It is the idea of a free fight and the survival of the fittest. Let all be unrestrained, they would say, to follow their own inclinations. If some get up and others go down, it is no fault of the government. If some are oppressed, or even enslaved, it is only the result of perfect freedom among the people. Men by nature are unequal, and government should not force equality. The superiority of the great should not be abridged by a mean averaging. The country is an arena where each only needs an equal chance to do as he pleases. The government's business is not to prevent one from getting the better of others, but to prevent any unfairness in the fight.

The democratic party contemplates men as working with natural powers, according to natural laws, where the results are natural results; therein differing from the republican party, which would have men work under general laws in which men are equalized, laws made by governments instead of found in nature, and enforced by sentiment instead of driven by impulse. The democratic idea is that being free you work with the powers which nature has given you. If you get above others and take advantage of them, you do it by a real prerogative of power inherent in the laws of nature; whereas under government you work with artificial laws, which give the weak an equal chance with the strong. Let there be, therefore, they would say, the least possible government to restrain nature. Liberty is the law of nature, while government is the law of men; and the democrat wants more of nature in the political state. All he asks is to be let alone, thinking it is nobody's business what he does. Every one, according to him, is his own master, nobody else having a right to say whether he interferes with others. He himself is to see to that; and the person injured is the only one to resent it, and let him resent it if he can. The democrats, accordingly, while they respect an opponent, have no patience with an interferer. Their party has, in consequence of this position, defended various manifestations of force and craft, like dueling, gaming, and questionable feats of chivalry and intimidation, as mere self-assertion, and opposed the laws that would restrain these as being an infringement upon personal liberty. They have to a great extent the idea that force carries with it the right of use, so long as it is natural force, and not the force of the government.

The democratic party, accordingly, allows less weight to moral ideas than the republican; as moral laws are general

and federative, and do not comport with natural liberty. The democrats would have no inconvenient moral restraint, any more than physical restraint. Do and be what you can, they would say. Assert your superiority, if superior, and make the inferior keep his inferiority. Develop by natural selection a real aristocracy of merit, and eliminate, by the same law, the weak and unworthy, that a superior race may people and enspire our country. The democrats, in short, emphasize and insist on natural laws; the republicans, moral laws. The former say, in effect, "Let nature have full sway;" the latter, "Let morals have full sway." While, accordingly, the republican party wants the laws of morality recognized and enforced in politics, the democratic party wants the laws of nature, wealth, commerce, etc., recognized and let alone.

The democratic party embraces in its idea the differentiation of men, localities, and institutions. As men are not equal, it would not only not seek to equalize them, but would separate them and make them, if possible, more unlike; favoring the favored and impeding the unfavored. As all localities do not require the same laws and institutions, it would not seek to apply general laws to them, but adapt minute laws to each condition, leaving the State to itself and the county to itself, the people in every locality ordering their own affairs as suits them best. The democratic idea would develop the States to be great nations, and to be different from one another, each built up according to the peculiarities of its climate, situation, and resources. It would have thirty-eight nations instead of thirty-eight provinces, as different as the European States from one another; which is, after all, the law of all progress. The democratic idea would give more variety to our country than the republican, and develop more peculiarities of men's opinions and tastes. It would enlarge the number of our possibilities, and, if well directed, develop our civilization more fully. For it can not be denied that if thirty-eight peoples struggle for greatness there will be more great deeds than if one people so struggle, the greatness of each section being more fully called out by depending entirely on itself.

The republican party, on the other hand, contemplates homogeneity in our political relations, or a oneness of our characteristics. It aims at one country, one spirit, and one kind of everything. It would have all in system, making a perfect whole, and working together to a common end. The republicans do not appear to think that excessive differentiation in States, any more than in languages, is progress. As language should be the same, law should be the same in the whole country. Differentiation in the English language, by which there are different spellings and pronunciations for the same word, is imperfection rather than development; while uniformity and certainty rather indicate progress, as in the French and German languages. As, therefore, to speak elegant English everywhere and uniformly, and not to have different dialects in every locality, is the highest indication of culture, so it is in the uniformity of our institutions. Our life and habits do not require differentiation of any kind to the same extent as in Europe, or in other times. Our climate, soil, and occupations are sufficiently alike for us to have uniform government. Railroads, telegraphs, habits of travel and emigration, and quick and general diffusion of literature, are calculated to keep our nation everywhere alike. Greater areas can now be homogenized than formerly, when civilization could not so easily leap over mountains and seas, and cross wide interior plains.

If we look at the various issues which have divided the parties during the last generation, we find that they have all turned on the respective emphasizing of liberty and equality in their several applications. The democratic party, under the idea of liberty as manifest in the forms of personal liberty, local liberty, and business liberty, has maintained the right of slavery (looking to the liberty of the master), and all that it implies—the slave trade, the extension of slavery in the Territories, the reclamation of slaves from the free States, and the various necessary slave legislation and guarantees—State rights, State nullification, the right of secession, the wrong of coercion, opposition to centralization and to reconstruction by the General Government, "squatter sovereignty," "loco-focoism," and home rule generally; hostility to national banks and a protective tariff; resistance to the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, arbitrary arrests, the declaration of martial law, the enforcement acts, and military interference; opposition to stringent liquor and Sunday laws, to extensive improvements and governmental enterprises, to costly education, and in general to whatever is incompatible with a conservative, as opposed to a radical or liberal government.

The republican party, on the other hand, has, in the interest of equality, taken in turn the opposite of all these positions. It has opposed the extension of slavery, favored the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of the disfranchised, equal civil rights for all, a strong central government, the Union, coercion, the war, and all that it implied; reconstruction of the South by the Central Government, the suppression of outrages, the enforcement of the constitutional amendments; national banks, tariff, severe revenue laws, great improvements, public schools, and the abolition of all religious distinctions and appropriations by the Government.

The democratic party, under its idea of liberty, would secure the free against oppression; while the republican party would secure all against the free. The republican takes pride in self-government, while the democrat takes pride in the comparative absence of government. The republican

looks on himself as a ruler; the democrat looks on himself as a subject; so that while the former insists on just laws, the latter insists on no more laws than are absolutely necessary, the republican measuring his respectability by his equal authority, the democrat by his comparative immunity. The democratic idea, in its contempt for government, tends, by default, to monarchy; while the republican, in its assumption of power by the people, tends to communism. A republican never entertains the supposition of a monarchy, as being repugnant to his idea. A democrat does not care so much who rules if he be let alone. The democrat says: "Let others, if need be, have the government, so we do as we please;" the republican insists on having the government, no matter what it is. The republican regards his relation to the government as an interest to be possessed, the democrat as a burden from which to be relieved.

The democrats do not consider the elective franchise, or other exercise of power, to be any great privilege, and do not stickle for it in its theoretical and universal integrity like the republicans. Giving it to more men, or giving it to incompetent men, is only, in their eyes, conferring a bondage on those over whom they rule. "Don't give men," they would say, "more power over men;" and "Don't give more men power over men." Let this franchise be as small a power as possible, and be confined to as few as practicable—to those, at least, who had it before the war; its extension to more being more power given for government. Extending power to more is not advancing toward liberty, even if some are now excepted. Keeping persons from voting who have no vote is not depriving them of rights; it is only not subjecting the rights of others to them. On democratic principles men may be free and not vote. All that is necessary is that their liberties be not infringed by those who do vote. "Those who have power," they would say, "need not give it to others. The whites until recently had the votes. If they gave them to the negroes it was pure gratuity. When you give power to rule you have to consider not only the power you grant, but also the inability under which you put yourself; not only what others get, but also what you surrender. Giving more power to others may let them take away what you have. Giving votes to those who can not use them endangers the rights of those who now have them. Do not, therefore, give to others when you give away your own. Don't give to a part what may endanger that which all have, all privileges granted to the disabled being conceded from the empowered."

The democratic party, in combating the republican principles, have surrendered all pretensions to equality. According to them, power, like wealth, is a proper subject of acquisition. To get control of the government is no worse than to get control of land or money; and they recognize among their rights the right to keep what they have, as well as to get what is due them. The government, according to them, should protect men in their unequal privileges, or rather let them alone in them, as well as in anything else they have. We should not inquire too far back into whether power, like wealth, has been got honestly, and disturb our political, any more than our property titles. "Don't undo," they would say, "the actual state of things and unlay the foundations of government any more than of wealth or society. No matter what the early right by which we, or our ancestors, acquired our possessions, their present condition is a fact that we should recognize, without radical reconstruction or attempt at communism of power."

The democratic party says, in principle, that there are different kinds of men and different kinds of liberty; while the republican party maintains that men are the same and liberty is the same, and want no distinction in either. The democrats divide people so as to say everything good of one class and everything bad of another, and demand every liberty for the former and every disability for the latter. The republicans put all men in one class, and say they are not fit for certain liberties and are unfit for certain disabilities. The democrats would allow as many men to be free as are capable of freedom, the republicans would allow men as much freedom as all are capable of; the former restricting the number of freemen in order, to have more perfect freedom, the latter restricting the amount of freedom in order to have it universal.

Special exceptions, being a gain of so much liberty by the party privileged, are defended by the democrats; while, being a loss of so much by the rest, they are opposed by the republicans. The republicans would say: "Give to all alike;" the democrats, "Give to each what is best for him." Justice with the democrat means giving each his own; with the republican it means also determining by what right it is his. The democrat, in dealing with the different classes of men, relies on fact for his claims; the republican on principles. The democrat recognizes the actual state, the republican the ideal state, and each adjudges accordingly. The democrat is accordingly more practical, the republican more theoretical. The democrat sees the actual difficulties in equality as a practical realization; the republican sees objections to inequality as conflicting with an idea. The democratic problem is to mingle in society and be free; the republican problem to mingle in society and be just.

Equalizing, according to the democratic idea, robs the rich and burdens the poor. Making taxes equal, for example, puts heavier burdens on the poor, as does also making responsibilities equal, which should correspond to privileges. Lay the heavy responsibilities, they w

on those who can bear them, and give the exceptional power to do so. It is on this principle that the democrats are opposed to poll-tax and internal revenue, which fall on all alike, and insist, instead, on direct taxation, or taxation according to the value of property or income, which falls on men in proportion to their ability to pay it. And, on the same principle, they would, in some cases, give suffrage only to the property-holder, and make property qualifications for some of the offices. Equality of privileges takes away the advantages of the great, while equality of burdens takes away the exemptions of the weak.

As the republicans oppose every inequality, whether of special privilege or special deprivation, and the democrats favor such in the interest of the liberty of the more fortunate, the aggrieved parties always come to the republicans for relief, while the aggrieved ones come to the democrats for defense. The republicans have always drawn to them the negroes, the Chinese, the female suffragists, and the philanthropists who have sought deliverance from any kind of wrong. The democrats have drawn to their ranks the slave-holders, the Southern States, the liquor-dealers, the Catholics, and the foreigners whenever they have demanded special legislation in their interest.

It is a strange spectacle that in our country foreigners, who are generally democrats, are not pleading for rights, but for privileges, and are on the side of the oppressors instead of the oppressed. Where there is any difference they are, or demand that they shall be, more favored than the natives. They demand with great boldness the offices, and have in many cities the balance of power. They must generally be consulted, as foreigners, in the political nominations; and the platforms must be formed to catch the German or Irish vote. One often can not get an office unless he is a foreigner, and feels it a misfortune that he was born an American. They frequently demand special legislation for their benefit, particularly touching whisky, beer, and the Sabbath. They ask not to have the same rights as Americans, but to have the Government change the laws specially to suit them as foreigners with different ideas.

Religious sects, more especially, demand, in like manner, and always through the democratic party, not liberty, but privileges; not equality with others, but special favors—to be free from taxation, to have their own schools supported, to get appropriations for their hospitals and asylums, and to have their peculiarities generally recognized and patronized by the government. Instead of asking toleration they ask rather to be allowed to persecute. Instead of asking to be relieved from burdens not borne by others they ask for the right to lay special burdens on others for their benefit, as to tax the people for their religious objects, or to be themselves specially released from taxation on account of their peculiar views or church relations.

The democratic party has generally some special favors to ask for some special class, and is the champion always of a part of our population or of the country; while the republican party asks always for the same laws and privileges for all our citizens and all our sections. The democrat has ever on his lips, as his special proteges, "the States," "the South," "the whites," "the Germans," "the Irish," "the Catholics," and talks of "State rights," "Southern rights," "foreigners' rights," "the church's rights," etc. The republican party, on the other hand, loudly proclaims: "No difference in sections! No difference in States! No difference in men! No difference in religion! No difference in liberties! No difference in powers!"

So the republican party has always asserted the equal participation of all men in power; while the democratic party has been willing to sacrifice the principle of equality in power for the sake of liberty from power. The republicans seem to think it a great privilege to rule, while the democrats think it a great privilege not to be ruled; so that republican freedom is largely freedom to rule, while democratic freedom is freedom from rule. And conversely, oppression to republicans consists largely in not having power to exercise, while to democrats it consists in having power exercised over you; the former wanting to get the sceptre in their own hands, and the latter wanting not to feel the sceptre.

The republicans want a people's government, while the democrats want a free government. Republicans can not endure the thought of a king or aristocracy, while democrats can not endure the thought of the power of a king or aristocracy; the former hating these classes because of their exclusiveness in rule, the latter because of their oppressiveness in rule. The democrats might consent to a monarchy if free; the republicans might consent to oppression if under a republic. Republicans are uncompromising on the form of government, democrats on the powers of government. The republicans hate monarchies because they do not recognize equal rights, the democrats because they are oppressive. An oppressive republic is as tolerable to republicans as a liberal monarchy is to democrats. The object of the republicans is mainly to get men their rights, the object of the democrats to get them their liberties. The republicans say that good government is equal power, the democrats that it is absence of restraint. The republicans accordingly want every one to have a hand in, while the democrats want every one to be let alone.

The republicans hate injustice, while the democrats hate oppression. The former, looking at the democrats' treatment of the negroes, would say: "Men must not bind others by laws;" the democrats, looking at the republicans' excess of legislation, would say: "Men must not bind themselves by laws." The republicans might consent to self-slavery, the democrats to slavery of others; the former to voluntary slavery, the latter to involuntary slavery. The republicans delight in government by the people, the democrats in government for the people. According to the republican idea, government is an equalizer; according to the democratic idea, it should have nothing to do with existing inequalities. The republicans would cure the evils of society, the democrats those of nature. The former accordingly war against monarchy, aristocracy, titles, slavery, disfranchisement, intimidation, and all sorts of social discriminations; the latter against the difficulties of race and section, and the inhospitalities of soil and climate. The republican says: "Society is unequal; remedy it." The democrat says: "Nature is unequal; adjust yourself to it."

The democratic party has always put much stress upon the constitution, as circumscribing the power of the Government and guaranteeing the liberties of the people. The republican

party has cared less for the Constitution, as being only one among several bodies of laws made by the people in their supreme capacity to legislate. The republicans consider the Constitution as giving power, the democrats as restraining power. The former say that it constitutes, the latter that it limits. The republicans are accordingly ever trying to stretch its authorizations, the democrats to narrow its restraints; the former looking into it for authority, the latter for prohibition.

The republican says the government secures liberty, while the democrat says that it allows liberty; the former looking at government as an exercise of power, the latter as a protection from power. The democrat would have the government bound and men free, and the republicans would have the government free and men bound. The democrats say: "Let men do as they please;" the republicans: "Let the government do as it pleases;" the former caring more for liberty, and the latter more for power.

The republicans seem to think their mission to be to protect men from lawlessness; the democrats seem to think theirs to be to protect men from laws. The republicans in the campaigns complain of intimidation, fraud, ku-klux, white leagues, red-shirts, roughs, mobs, etc.—all illegal powers. The democrats complain of Federal bayonets, Federal courts, Federal supervisors, United States interference, and other legal agencies. The republicans complain of personal wrongs, the democrats of government wrongs; the former moving against the people when they do not do right, the latter against the government when it errs.

The democrat does not believe, like the republican, in any progress in government, and the word does not appear on his lips, but conservatism rather. Progress would be more government, whereas the democrat wants less. Government, he thinks, was most perfect at first, when there was least of it. All advancement from that simplicity is deterioration. The most perfect state was the primitive condition of mankind, without government. All government is a degeneracy. We should have the least government that is possible for the ends of happiness. Government, moreover, is negative. All progress and good of whatever kind are in other things. As all government is a concession, there should be no more of it than is necessary. Wise men will not let more of their powers go out of their hands than they must, and we should never concede more than we get in return. The laws should stop where the advantages cease. Men are free without government. Government should leave them so. Laws should be made so that they do not interfere with liberty. They never give liberty. Democrats are accordingly conservative. This is, first, because, as we have said, there is no progress in government; secondly, because change implies much exercise and activity of governmental functions, whereas there should be the least possible; and thirdly, because all gain in these changes is against men—one class against another—which the government should not regulate.

The object of government, according to the republicans, is to bring about the public good; according to the democrats, to let each bring about his own good. The democratic idea is to have each work for himself, the republican to have them all work together. The democratic tendency is to build up great private interests, the republican to build up great public interests. The former would give us great families, estates, residences, etc.; the latter would give us great capitol, custom-houses, and public works generally—things which all use, and which aggrandize the government rather than the individual. Democrats enjoy more their own, the republicans enjoy things in common. The republicans want all men to be moderately happy and wealthy, without any great difference. The democrats want an aristocracy in land and money, as in the South before the war, and unlike the republican life of New England. The republican States and cities accordingly show great improvement, fine school-houses, railroads, and general signs of prosperity. The democratic show low taxes, municipalities out of debt, quaint old buildings, dilapidated court-houses, and broken-down roads and bridges.

The democrats are more for economy, the republicans for improvement. The democrats are for economy because taking money is infringing on liberty. They would spend the least that is possible, and then only for the necessary, leaving luxury and art to the individual. The republicans are more for expense, because it aggrandizes the whole, building up that which is for all—public property. The democrats when in power are more apt to steal; the republicans more apt to be extravagant. The democrats steal because they think they have about as much right as the public to its funds (which they think are wrongly taken from the people in the first place), and because there is an enjoyable air of liberty about a thief. The republican, accordingly, gives us an expensive administration, the democrat a corrupt administration. But if a democrat will steal for himself, he will not steal so much for the public. When a democrat is restrained from stealing it is because it is taking (mediatedly) from other men. When a republican is restrained from stealing, it is because it is taking (directly) from the public treasury. Good democrats don't like to steal because it is interfering with private rights, good republicans because it is interfering with public rights.

The republicans are strong in politics, taking their principal pride and stock in them; the democrats are strong rather in the laws, and are apt to study and pride themselves in them; because politics are more public and laws more private, and because, further, the laws recognize the State as their sovereign, and politics usually the nation. The republicans are accordingly much for legislation, and the democrats for litigation. The greatest politicians are apt to be found among the republicans, the greatest lawyers among the democrats.

The republicans are, on the same principle, more selfish as a nation, while the democrats are more selfish as individuals. The republicans are in favor of a tariff, and of the exclusion of foreign ways and foreign goods, with a view to build up the country. They are illiberal in their interpretation of the laws of nations, and try to get every advantage for the United States. They give little place to religion and religious characters, as such, in the government, making them submit to the common laws for all.

The republican party in general regards the whole, the democratic party a part of our country and people. Our government, according to the republican ideal, is for all, or

the whole, rather than a part; and is, therefore, general rather than special. The republicans put the chief emphasis on that which is for all—the Federal Government. They recognize that the more government we have which is for the whole—the federal—the more guarantees we have of equality, and the equality of all; for by so much all are regarded alike, that being the effect of general legislation. The republicans are therefore for centralization, and would have enough laws for the whole country to leave no room for the States or municipalities to create distinctions or allow differences of rights. The Federal instead of the State governments should characterize us as a people, and determine our political status in all essentials.

The republican loves and prides himself on the whole—the nation, the Union, the people. The democrat loves and prides himself on the parts—the States, the whites, the Irish, the Germans, the Catholics—and is opposed to other parts, as the negroes, the Yankees, the Chinese. The republican party would have everything for all, and nothing for any. It knows only wholes: the whole country, the whole people, the whole laws. It would have no legislation for whites, or foreigners, or Catholics, or any class whatever.

The democratic party is sectional because of its pride in local independence; the republican is national because of its pride in universal inter-dependence. The democratic ideals are, accordingly, independence, individuality, and personal responsibility; the republicans are unity, solidity, greatness. The republican says "the Nation," "the Country," "the Union," "America;" the democrat says "home," "fire-side," "neighborhood," "the State," "the South." The democratic ideal is individual—the single; the republican is generic—the whole. The democratic party emphasizes man, the republican, men.

The republican wants the liberty of the whole, the democrat the liberty of the individual. The republican says: "Anything that all do each should submit to;" the democrat says: "All should do nothing which anybody does not want." The republican does not, therefore, hesitate to put any restraint on others which the majority are willing to bear themselves. The democrat would not put any restraint on the minority which the minority object to.

The democrat tries to destroy the country to save its parts, and fought for slavery to save liberty. The States and the whites are about all that they ever cared for, having never loved the nation or the whole people.

A democrat is a Virginian or Kentuckian. A republican is an American—never a Massachusettser or Michigander. The democratic State names are heroic, as Virginian and Carolinian. The republican State names are rather burlesque, as Hoosier and Buckeye. A democrat's country is Virginia or Louisiana; a republican's country is the United States.

The republicans are more for greatness, because greatness is for the whole. They want a great country, for which they need all its parts, and all the legislation subserved under the General Government. The democrats care less for greatness and the measures therefor. They are opposed to tariff, because it is an inconvenience of the parts for the benefit of the whole, and a restraint on liberty for the sake of greatness. Tariff is for the aggrandizement of the whole, and is, therefore, opposed in the interest of the parts. The democrats would consent to a tariff if it were between the States. For the same reason they are in favor of State banks, and a different currency in each State; while the republicans are for national banks, and one currency for all the Union.

The democrats don't want men to do anything as a whole. They dread contemplating nations and armies in action. They would rather have men differentiate for action, and strike out in smaller numbers toward individual ends. The republicans, on the other hand, want to see men act as a whole, and the greatest power of the world exercised. They want the combined force of mankind in national or international undertakings, having more confidence in the whole; while the democrats have more confidence in the parts. The democrats would be passive in government, the republicans would be active, contemplating the use of great power.

The republican party makes the whole responsible for what every one does; the democratic party rather makes every one responsible for what the whole does. The latter allows no conscience to the whole, but only to the individual. According to the republican idea, the government was responsible for slavery. According to the democratic, the slave-holders alone were responsible, and the rest of the people might have reposed in innocence. The republican has a national conscience, the democrat a State and personal conscience. The republican thinks he is responsible for what is done in any part of the country; the democrat thinks he is innocent of what is done outside of his State.

The republican has accordingly been trying to put souls and consciences in corporations, and to make them do right under moral penalties on all the individuals. He would have them feel moral responsibility as well as men. Republicans, accordingly, fear national sins and injustice, as well as personal, and have the national fast and thanksgiving days, which are hardly observed in democratic sections. They also pride themselves in national virtue, and in deeds done by the nation at large, as the freeing of the slaves. Much of a republican's virtue is held in the whole. A republican, besides his own goodness, has part of that of the American people.

The democrat is more bigoted, the republican more liberal. The democrat thinks for himself alone, and there is not that compromise necessary in his opinions that there is where men are averaged in a general opinion, as in the equality of republicanism. The democrat is, accordingly, intolerant; while the republican is tolerant. Democracy has much of the exclusiveness of a select class which it so long fostered in the South.

The republicans delighting in a great country, and the democrats in a free country, the republicans are apt to boast, while the democrats are apt to complain. The former think of the future and their better condition in prospect; the latter think of the past and their irksomeness under actual restraints. The former have great hope, the latter almost despair. The republicans have unlimited confidence in one form of government, and are more patriotic; the democrats are ever foreboding danger, and making unfavorable comparisons with the European monarchies. The republicans anticipate progress, the democrats anticipate degeneracy.

AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

THE CURATE OF CUCUGNAN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

The Abbé Martin was Curate of Cucugnan. Kind-hearted, good as gold, he had a father's love for his Cucugnais; if they had given him a little more satisfaction, Cucugnan would have been to him a paradise on earth. But alas! spiders spun their webs in his confessional, and on Easter Sunday the holy bread remained untouched in the sacred vase. The good priest's heart was tortured, and he prayed God continually that he might not die before bringing back to the fold his whole flock.

Now you shall see that his prayers were heard. One Sunday, after reading the gospel, Monsieur Martin ascended the pulpit.

"My brethren," said he, "believe me if you will: the other night I found myself—I, a miserable sinner—at the gates of paradise. I knocked; Saint Peter opened the door.

"Ah! it is you, my good Monsieur Martin," said he; "what can I do for you?"

"Good Saint Peter, you who keep the Book and the Key, tell me (if I am not too curious) how many Cucugnais you have in paradise?"

"I can refuse you nothing, Monsieur Martin; be seated—we will see."

"And Saint Peter took his big book, opened it, and put on his spectacles:

"Let us see: Cucugnan, did you say? Cu—cu—Cucugnan. Here we are. Cucugnan. My dear Monsieur Martin, the page is quite white. Not a soul—no more Cucugnais here than there are fish-bones in a turkey."

"What! None here from Cucugnan? Not one? Impossible! Look again, please."

"Nobody, reverend sir. Look for yourself, if you think I am jesting."

"And I, miserable I! with clasped hands, cried for pardon. Then said Saint Peter:

"My dear Monsieur Martin, don't put yourself in such a state; it may do you harm. After all, it is not your fault. Don't you see, your Cucugnais must doubtless endure their short quarantine in purgatory."

"Ah! for pity's sake, great Saint Peter! let me at least see them—see and console them."

"Willingly, my friend. Here, quick, put on these sandals, for the roads are not good. There, that's right. Now go on straight before you, always straight ahead. Do you see way down there where the road turns? You will find a silver door, at your right hand, ornamented with black crosses. Knock, and they will open to you. Adieu! Take care of yourself, and keep a stout heart."

"And I went on and on. What a path! I tremble to think of it. A narrow way, full of brambles, shining black beetles, and hissing serpents, led me to the silver door.

"Who knocks?" said a hoarse voice.

"The Curate of Cucugnan."

"Of what?"

"Of Cucugnan."

"Ah! Come in."

"I entered. A tall, beautiful angel, with wings dark as night, with garments shining as the day, and with a diamond key hanging from his belt, was writing in a large book—larger than Saint Peter's.

"Well, what do you want and what do you ask for?" said the angel.

"Beautiful angel of God, I want to know—I am very curious, perhaps—but have you any Cucugnais here?"

"Any?"

"Any Cucugnais; any people from Cucugnan. I am their pastor."

"Ah! Father Martin, is it not?"

"At your service, Sir Angel."

"You say Cucugnan?"

"And the angel opens his big book, wetting his finger to turn the leaves.

"Cucugnan," said he, heaving a long sigh; "Monsieur Martin, we've no one in purgatory from Cucugnan."

"Heavens! no one here from Cucugnan? Great heavens! Where are they then?"

"Ah! holy man, they are in paradise. Where the devil do you suppose they are?"

"But I've just come from paradise."

"You've just come from there! Well?"

"Well, they are not there! Ah! good mother of angels!"

"What could you expect, my dear sir? if they are neither in paradise nor in purgatory, there is no help for it, they are —"

"Holy cross! is it possible? Can it be that Saint Peter has told me a falsehood? However, I have not heard the cock crow! Ah! poor me! How can I go to paradise, if my Cucugnais are not there?"

"Listen, my poor Monsieur Martin, since you are determined, cost what it may, to be sure of all this and to see with your own eyes, take this path, go straight ahead, running if you know how to run. Once there, you will know all. 'Tis the hand of God."

"And the angel shut the door.

"It was a long path, strewn with red-hot coals. I reeled like a drunkard; stumbled at each step; I was dripping with perspiration, and panting with thirst. But, thanks to the sandals which good Saint Peter had lent me, I did not burn my feet. After much stumbling and tribulation, I saw at my left hand a door—no, a portal, an enormous portal, wide open, like the mouth of a great oven. Oh! my children, what a spectacle! No one asks your name there—no register—they go in just as you, my brethren, go into the tavern on Sundays.

"Great beads of perspiration stood on my brow, and yet I shivered with cold. My hair stood on end. The air had a burned smell, like roasted flesh—somewhat like the odor spread about in our Cucugnan, when Eloy, the blacksmith, burns the hoof of an old donkey, in order to shoe it. I lost my breath in the sickening, stifling atmosphere. I could hear a horrible clamor of sighs, howls, and groans.

"A horned demon called out: 'Are you coming in, you?' at the same time giving me a prick with his pitchfork.

"I? I am not coming in. I am one of God's people!"

"You are one of God's people? Then what do you want here?"

"I come—ah! don't speak to me, I can scarcely stand—I come—I come from a distance—humbly to ask you—if—if by chance—you might not have here—anybody—anybody from Cucugnan?"

"Ah! fire of God! why make yourself out such a fool, as if you did not know that all Cucugnan is here. Here, you blackbird, look and see how we treat your famous Cucugnais!"

"And I saw, in the midst of a frightful whirlpool of flames, Long Coq-Galine—you all knew him, my brethren—Coq-Galine, who got drunk so often, and beat his poor Clairon. I saw Catarinet—that little vagabond, with her nose in the air—you remember her well enough. But let that pass—I've said enough. I saw Pascal Doigt-de-Paix, who used to make his oil with the olives of M. Julien. I saw Babet the gleaner, who, in order to have her own sheaf made up quickly, took here and there a handful from other gleaners. I saw Maître Crapasi, who oiled the wheel of his barrow so well; and Dauphine, who sold his well-water so dear; and Tortillard, who, when he met me carrying the host, went on his way, removing neither cap nor pipe, as though he had met a dog; and I saw Coulan, with his Zette, and Jacques, and Pierre, and Toni."

White with fear, the audience groaned, as they recognized—this one a father, that one a mother, brother, or sister.

"You see, my brethren," continued the curate, "you see, this can not continue. I have charge of your souls, and I must, I will save you from the abyss into which you are about to fall headlong. To-morrow I shall begin the work, no later than to-morrow; and there'll be no lack of work. This is how I shall perform it. To be well done, all must be done in order. We'll proceed in rows, as they do at Jonquières when they dance. To-morrow, Monday, I will confess the old men and women. That won't be much. Tuesday, the children. I shall soon get through with them. Wednesday, the young men and women. That may be a long affair. Thursday, the men. We will cut them short. Friday, the women. I'll say: 'No wandering from the subject.' Saturday, the miller—a whole day is not too much for him alone. And if by Sunday we have finished, we'll have reason to be thankful."

"You see, my children, when the wheat is ripe it must be cut; when the wine is drawn, it must be drunk. We've dirty linen enough—the question now is to wash it, and may it be well washed. C'est la grâce que je vous souhaite. Amen."

What was said was done. They worked hard. Ever since that memorable Sunday the air is perfumed for ten leagues around by the virtues of Cucugnan.

And the good pastor, Monsieur Martin, dreamed the other night that he was climbing the starry way to the city of God, followed by his whole flock, in a splendid procession, surrounded by lighted candles, clouds of incense, and choir-boys chanting the *Te Deum*.

So ends the story of the Curate of Cucugnan.

MRS. H. M. HITCHCOCK.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

It is indubitable that the girl's ideal marriage has of late years greatly changed; and the change has been produced in part by what she sees, and in part by what she reads.

We entertain no doubt that the female novelists who have followed in the wake of the late George Lawrence have materially modified the ideal of a suitable lover as entertained by many of their sex. Ouida, Miss Broughton, Miss Annie Thomas, and others have accustomed them to ferocious lovers—but we will not waste our time in repeating a description of the physical peculiarities of the Adonis of the period, according to the standard of the female three-volume novel. Everybody knows the sort of hero—half Ajax, half Paris—of their monotonous pages. Grown-up people may smile at such absurdities, but girls are very impressionable, and when once they have adopted an ideal it is not easy to expel it from their minds. The person hardly exists in real life; the nearest approach to it being any and every unprincipled man who is prepared to make "fierce love" to any fool he meets. Obviously this is not a condition of things favorable to marriage, for while it makes girls more prompt, and indeed, eager, to flirt, it indisposes them to appreciate attentions of a more delicate and more practical kind. So much for the change produced in the ideals of women by what they read. The transformation is completed by what they see. While silly novels tell them that a lover, to be worth anything, must rail against heaven and bite the grass with his teeth, the whole arrangements of society keep daily telling them that a husband is no good at all unless he has a great deal of money.

Young Fred, a bashful yet persistent swain, was very much in love with Mary Jane. One night she told him, in her tenderest tone, "It is not good for man to be alone." Said Fred: "Just so, you darling little elf; I've often thought of that same thing myself." Then said the lass, while Fred was all agog, "You ought to buy yourself a terrier-dog."

The first Chinaman who went to Atlanta, Georgia, to settle, met with a rousing reception. Twelve colored washerwomen chased him out of town with broomsticks and mop-handles, and their hubbies threaten to "shute him, suah," if he ever comes out of the swamp.

The man who wishes to break off the habit of smoking should postpone the lighting of his first cigar five minutes each day. In this way the hour for beginning to smoke will be gradually put off until after he has gone to bed and got to sleep.

Lives of grocery-men remind us
They can make their starch half lime,
And with sugar wholly blind us,
Putting sand in all the time.

Greek brigands are modest, excessively modest, in fact. They only ask \$75,000 ransom for a young wife, and thousands of husbands never skirmish around to pick up even that much money.

Club life is increasing in popularity in Chicago, and all the clubs of the city are reported to be in a flourishing condition.

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

In a recent journey to Tucson, the writer visited the novitiates' convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph. It lies across the Valley of the Santa Cruz. The building—a spacious adobe—is enclosed by an adobe wall; and if you get upon the top of the wall you may look over the adjoining country. The convent is one-story, and has attached to it what will be in time a beautiful garden. In company with an old resident of the country and a friend of the lady nuns, I rang the convent bell; and oh! such a pretty girl came to the convent door—such great, charming, swimming, black, and gorgeous eyes, such a complexion of rose and lily, such a form, such an everything that goes to the make-up of a splendid woman! And in a year she will take the black veil; she will close the convent door between herself and the world; she will become the bride of Christ, and her duties will be to attend the sick and relieve the distressed; she becomes a soldier, subject to orders; she will renounce the world and consecrate herself to doing good, till gathered in by the black reaper; the convent bell shall toll her requiem, and solemn sisters in black chant her funeral dirge, and over her worn-out, mouldering form a plain marble slab will bear, not the name her mother bore, but the one she took at enlistment and put upon the roll-call of her service.

Inside the convent I met the courteous, cheerful welcome of an elder and a younger sister. Their novitiate had passed. They had taken upon themselves the vows, and seized the handle of the plow, from whence they may not look back, except with sin. Intelligent, gifted, beautiful women, away out her in the wilderness. Slowly growing up beside this convent, stone by stone, as fast as funds come in, there is being built a hospital for the sick. And in that hospital, worn and weary and dying, some of the adventurous, driving, prosperous business men and miners, adventurers, and prospectors, whom we found in the country buoyant with life and hope and health, will lay themselves down to die, and these good women will tend them with a mother's care and a sister's love. The lady superior, Sister Teresa, I did not see.

I do not love Catholic priests over much (this is not personal to Bishop Salpointe or Father Antonio); monks who shave their heads, wear sandals, and ropes around their waists; who consecrate themselves to God, and pray and sleep in the selfish desire to save their own souls, I do not love at all. I fancy they are lousy, and I know they take snuff; they are idle, and beg. I have seen them in Spain and Italy, and have always had a strong and almost unconquerable desire to kick them. But for the working sisters of the Catholic Church I have respect. They must, I think, be good women, for "they go about doing good." We never hear anything bad of them. Scandal attaches not to them; they are not selfish or mercenary; and if they are somewhat superstitious, they relieve the suffering, they minister to the sick, they feed the hungry, they clothe the naked, and they do all those things which distinguish the truly pious and devout. I recognize their virtues, their bravery in confronting death when the fiend of the epidemic rages; their self-denial, their industry, their womanly goodness. There is no danger that I shall make the pretty sister of the convent gate vain by this notice, nor the other sisters by reciting my admiration of their virtues, for they never will see the *Argonaut*; it is not a good convent paper, and has no circulation in pious cloisters; besides, when I offered to send it donative to the Convent of St. Joseph, the good sisters, with gentle smiles and in tones of sweetest sweetness, thanked me no. They did not care to have any newspapers. They had never heard of the *Argonaut*, nor even the *Monitor*. The last news the sisters had heard was the murder of Father D'Arbo and the priests of St. Sulpice, by the Commune in Paris. They never see a newspaper, and yet are happy. It must be a luxury to live where there are none. I sometimes wish I was a nun, shut out from newspapers and politics, with a faith that has strength enough to trust in God.

The following sentiment doubtless has an application here—though possibly not among our "best people." In the vicissitudes of life many excellent people, through no fault of their own, find themselves occupying a lower social position than the one to which they were born, and are sometimes looked down upon by foolish people who have slowly ascended to a worldly eminence which they do not grace. In illustration of this the following story may not be without point or interest. A lady of culture and refinement, whose husband had dishonored himself, but not her, found herself reduced to the position of a saleswoman in a retail store; and while she was attending to her new duties one day, a former neighbor entered. The last mentioned did not recognize the first by word or motion, although she bought of her old acquaintance quite a large bill of goods. As she turned from the counter to go out, however, she said: "Send the goods to the house this afternoon." The polite but significant answer to this piece of impertinence was: "Excuse me, madam, but I know neither your name nor address; will you please give it to me?"

Rufus Hatch ought to look out for his tenor singers. At Christ Church, New York, on Easter Sunday, the clergyman announced that the offertory would be applied to reducing the debt on the church. During the singing of the music, while the collection was being taken up, the tenor, who was a German, had a solo, in which occurred the words, "And the dead shall be raised." He succeeded in electrifying the congregation by giving out at the top of his voice, "Und ze debt shall be raised in ze twinging ov an eye."

A Maine man, who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail about the newspapers, rode fourteen miles through a fierce snow-storm to get a copy of a weekly that spoke of him as a "prominent citizen."

Eugenie's necklace—pearls the size of marrowfat peas, emeralds till you can't sleep, and no end of diamonds—is for sale. Here is a chance for some Leadville chap to give his girl a neat present.

As soon as a man gets perfectly familiar with his name he writes it so nobody can possibly read it.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Members of the Charter Convention of San Francisco.

GENTLEMEN: This memorial respectfully shows that the "Consolidation Act," under which this city has been governed for twenty-three years, is a solecism among American institutions, inconsistent in principle with the new State Constitution, is weak, exceedingly complicated, and expensive, and is for these reasons unfit to be taken as a basis for a new charter.

First—It is a solecism among American institutions because it has almost entirely deprived the people of the right of local self-government, and because it has not only failed to preserve the fundamental separation of the three powers of government—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial—but has mixed up these powers in a most incongruous and peculiar manner. Remembering the circumstances under which it was drawn up by that somewhat morbid and pessimistic thinker, the late Horace Hawes, it is evident that its fundamental principle was that nobody was to be trusted to do anything. The people of the city, especially after the five years of corruption preceding the Vigilance Committee of 1856, were, in Hawes's opinion, unfit for self-government. Any Mayor they might elect would necessarily abuse his power, so he left that officer without any power to abuse. In fact, he is neither pilot nor master, but only the man in the chains who heaves the lead. Any Board of Supervisors must necessarily form rings, and legislate for private instead of public interests; therefore the legislative power was almost wholly relegated to Sacramento, where the city delegation could sell out their constituents away from home observation and criticism, while the Supervisors were enabled to get even by juggling out contracts among their friends at home. And so the indexes of our State laws show, since 1860, not less than twelve hundred topics on which the State Legislature has made laws on the strictly local affairs of San Francisco; while the city's charter authorizes the Supervisors merely to complete the gaps due to legislative lack of omniscience by prescribing such police regulations as how dogs are to be killed, licenses collected, and garbage disposed of. But to compensate for the lack of legislative power, the supreme executive function is granted, not to the Mayor, but to the Finance Committee of the Board of Supervisors. The remainder of that function is scattered among a dozen different officials, who are not responsible to any common head, and whose powers sometimes conflict one with another. The Mayor is a mere ornament, with no more power in nearly all matters pertaining to the execution of ordinances than any other citizen has, viz., of complaining to the courts of the dereliction of officers—a duty which is also confided to the Finance Committee of the Board. The Mayor, indeed, has his veto, as usual, but he has no command over the police force, no control over the Chief of Police, the Fire Department, the Street Commissioner, the Boards of Health or of Education, or the Treasury; nor can he be held responsible for his administration when really he has very little to administer, even in the preservation of the peace.

Again, the executive duties of Police Commissioner were by the charter assigned to the judiciary in the person of the Police Judge, and the executive task of counting the city's cash to the County Judge. Judicial functions were devolved upon the County Clerk in deciding upon applications for enrollment of voters and the issuance of certificates of citizenship. According to a decision of Judge Dwinelle in the Spring Valley case, some three years ago, the Board of Supervisors are vested with judicial functions in the duty of auditing demands against the city, and this, to a degree, rendering the office of Auditor merely clerical in effect. The Boards of Health and Education, like the Board of Supervisors, are each both executive and legislative in their structure, there being no check upon their acts, except where the expenditure of money is concerned, and not always then.

Again, the lines where the State government ends and the city government begins are almost obliterated; for the appointment of officers and commissioners, their duties, their accountability, the mode of paying their salaries, etc., are so completely mixed up that a long and careful study of twenty-three years' legislation is required in order to trace the source of power, the duties and functions of each officer. The McClure Charter is open to the same criticism on this point. Now the adoption of the new Constitution has settled the right of the people of cities, counties, and towns to local self-government (Art. XI., Sec. 6, and Art. IV., Sec. 25), and has therefore knocked the bottom out of the main principle of the present charter—that the State shall do the legislation for the city. The new Constitution has also reaffirmed the old American principle of the total separation of the three powers of government (Art. III., Sec. 1), and though that section limits this separation to the State government, can any better assignment of powers be now devised, after a century of experience in favor of the old principle?

Second—But I have said that the present charter is weak. This weakness has been evident enough in the legislative department, where it has been deemed necessary so to tie up the hands of the Supervisors that an enabling act had to be passed by the Legislature before any action out of the usual routine could be had, be the emergency never so pressing. But it has been preëminently apparent in the executive department. Says "Publius," in No. LXIX. of the *Federalist*:

"Energy in the executive is a leading character in the definition of good government. It is essential to the steady administration of the laws, to the protection of property against those irregular and high-handed combinations which sometimes interrupt the ordinary course of justice, to the security of liberty against the assaults of ambition, of faction, and of anarchy. . . . A feeble executive implies a feeble execution of the government. A feeble execution is but another phrase for a bad execution; and a government ill executed, whatever it may be in theory, must be in practice a bad government. . . . But one of the weightiest objections to a plurality in the executive is that it tends to conceal faults and destroy responsibility."

No one who has been brought into close contact with our circumlocution offices in the City Hall can fail to perceive how our hydra-headed executive has for years past found out "how not to do it," and, like the cuttle-fish, escapes detection and conviction in the black cloud of uncertainty emanated from its own organism. Take a few examples: The Board of Supervisors has long ago enacted ordinances for-

bidding bill-posting or advertisement-painting on walls, fences, etc., without the consent of the owner; limiting the loads of drays and trucks to five tons, and requiring five-inch tires to such vehicles; forbidding the washing of vehicles during the hours of daylight in the public streets, or wheeled vehicles to be left in the street more than one hour of daylight when not in use; requiring all horses to be hitched, and all drays to have their wheels locked while standing in the streets; all horses found unhitched to be forthwith taken to the pound; forbidding public mendicancy, and the public exhibition of deformity or monstrosity, and sending all beggars and cripples to jail or to the almshouse; prohibiting houses of ill-fame, and visiting the same; prohibiting lotteries, raffles, and gambling; the obstruction of street railroads and their cars; depositing refuse in the streets; assemblages of more than three persons under twenty-one years of age on the streets after eight o'clock P. M.; the obstruction of streets or sidewalks with goods or other material more than one hour at a time; preventing contractors using more than one-third the width of a street while erecting buildings; requiring hitching-posts to be erected in front of every building; and prescribing in detail how buildings within the fire-limits shall be constructed.

Now, how many of these ordinances have been enforced? Nay, has there ever been any systematic attempt to enforce any of them? Is not every one of them violated daily with perfect impunity?—some of them by all classes of people? If the cause of this negligence be investigated, we shall find it in the *division of the executive power* between the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the Street Commissioner, the Fire Wardens, and the Finance Committee of the Board of Supervisors, none of whom appoints the other, or is responsible for his acts or neglects, and none of whose duties in the premises are sufficiently defined by law to fix responsibility upon him or them only. *In fact, there is no automatic action of any executive power*, the motive to all movement being newspaper clamor (as in the case of raids on gambling-houses), or the complaint of an aggrieved citizen. But as most citizens are unwilling to incur the trouble and personal hostility consequent upon filing a complaint against a neighbor, the motive is seldom supplied. Hence the non-execution of the ordinances, except spasmodically under the lash of the press or the stimulus of neighborhood quarrels.

Again, in what well-governed city would Kearney and his associates have been allowed, for more than two years, to utter publicly and on the Sabbath their weekly tirades of obscenity and sedition? Is it necessary to remind any thoughtful citizen that, under a strong city government, the legislative body would have promptly enacted and the executive would have at once enforced ordinances saving the city from the untold loss, depreciation of property, withdrawal of capital, enforced idleness of operatives, and contumely abroad, all due to the unheard-of toleration for so long a time of that most insufferable of nuisances?

Another element of weakness in the present charter, likewise in the McClure Charter, is the multitude of elective offices. To begin with, it is utterly impossible, when fifty to seventy names are presented on one ticket, for anything like due discrimination to be used, either in nominating or voting for candidates. Hence, many good citizens, knowing nothing of the persons nominated, do not vote at all, for if they do, how do they know they will not injure the community instead of benefiting it? So, therefore, unfit men are always elected to some of the offices, however wise may be the selection of a few prominent names. Thus, for twenty years after 1856, there was no difficulty in securing a good citizen for Mayor, though our people did not seem to be aware that their solicitude about that office was due to its traditional importance in other cities, rather than to its actual impotence under our peculiar charter. We have had such men as Burr, Teschemacher, Selby, Otis, and Alvord in that office, but to what good, with its powers merely nominal and its patronage nothing? And against these, how many unfit men have we elected to the minor offices in the city government? If at future elections only the Mayor, the two Boards of Councilmen, and the Judges were to be chosen, it being enacted that all other officers were to be filled by appointment of the Mayor, by and with the advice and consent of the Upper House of the Council, does it not stand to reason that far better nominations would be made; and if so made, the voters would nearly all turn out to secure their election? And if it were enacted in the charter that all appointed officers were liable to be removed summarily by the Mayor for any cause other than political, either with or without the concurrence of the Upper House of the Council, would not the responsibility of such officers be vastly increased over the present system, which requires a long and tedious process of litigation in the courts to remove a dishonest incumbent?

Now Secs. 4356 *et seq.* of the Political Code of this State sketch the outlines of a frame of city government that are well worthy of a prominent place in the discussions of your honorable body. Sec. 4356 provides that:

"Every city has legislative, executive, and judicial power. Its legislative power is vested in a Common Council, its executive power in a Mayor and his subordinate officers, and its judicial power in a police court."

Sec. 4386 gives the Mayor

"Power to nominate, and with the consent of the Common Council to appoint all non-elective officers of the city provided for by the Common Council, including Assessor, Collector of Revenue, City Attorney, Secretary of the Council and City Treasurer; also to suspend, and with the consent of the Common Council remove any non-elected officer, stating in the suspension or removal the cause thereof; also to cause the ordinances of the city to be executed, and to supervise the discharge of official duty by all subordinate officers," etc.

In the powers granted to the Council we find here a full and free charter to legislate on local matters, restricted only by the general inhibition "to make by-laws and ordinances not repugnant to the Constitution and laws of the United States or of this State." The new Constitution also embodies this last idea, in restricting the State Legislature from all future meddling in the local affairs of cities, counties, and towns. (Art. IV., Sec. 25.) It also provides that Sheriffs, as well as nearly if not quite all the officers of municipal corporations, may be "appointed or elected." Why not take advantage of these sanctions in that instrument to make a change in our time-honored but most faulty system by substituting appointment for election in all the minor offices provided in the new charter?

Supposing, then, that only the Mayor, the Common Council, and the Judges are elected, and all other officers be appointed by the Mayor, with the consent of the Upper House of the Council, why not follow the provisions of the Federal Constitution and laws in making the heads of departments members of the Mayor's Cabinet, by whose advice he should be required to act? The need of a Board of Public Works has been heretofore vigorously agitated. Why should not the Mayor, Street Commissioner, City Engineer, City Attorney, and Auditor constitute such a Board, to which should be committed the charge of all the city property, the park, City Hall, school-houses and sites, the public squares, streets, sewers, etc.? Ah! all the present Commissions, or let the Commissioners be appointed by the Mayor and report to him, as a department of the Board of Public Works. Let the Board project new works when required, and submit their suggestions, with estimates of cost, to the Council, whose appropriation for the expense must precede the execution. All contracts should be let by the Board of Public Works. Separate the present functions of the Board of Education (who especially should be appointed, not elected), so as to confine their labors wholly to the intellectual and moral government of the schools, and the examination and appointment of teachers. Leave the Board of Public Works to build and repair the school-houses, on special appropriations to be made by the Council.

The Police Commissioners and Chief of Police should be appointed, just as army officers are by the President of the United States; and, like the President, the Mayor should be commander-in-chief of the armed force of the city—at least of the police. The Fire Commissioners should likewise be appointed. The Mayor should hold his office for four years, should have a salary of \$10,000 per annum, and should be forbidden to serve in any other public capacity while in that office. He should, of course, be liable to impeachment for any malfeasance in office.

I have no desire to push these general suggestions into all their details, nor to forestall the entire work of so able a body as your own, as was attempted by one or two ambitious framers of State constitutions not elected to perform that duty. All I wish to urge *now*, before your work has been mapped out, is the error of taking the present charter for its basis, and of awaiting criticism until so late a period that it will be useless so far as fundamental principles are concerned. Our recent experience in the State Constitution shows that the mass of voters will not be deterred from affirming a new charter by its faults, but will vote for anything, however vicious, that secures a change from the existing order of things. Believing that a *strong executive* is the crying need in our city government, and far more necessary in the metropolis—where the unruly element always congregates and conspires—than in the autonomy of the State; believing that the city government should be so strong, so compact, yet elastic, as to put an end forever to the necessity for organizations of citizens to enforce law and order; and confident that by a wise incorporation of the above suggestions into the charter a better selection of officers, a more thorough system of checks and guards, more simplicity, more distinct responsibility, better discipline, far better protection of life, liberty, and property, a more efficient school system, and greater economy in the city's expenditures, will result, than the present charter has ever secured to our people, I respectfully submit these thoughts to your consideration. A PIONEER.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15, 1880.

The Inner Man.

"No one can be wise on an empty stomach."—GEORGE ELIOT.

The following clever travesty of one of Scott's best-known passages comes at first hand from a rural correspondent—who knows whereof she writes:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
He loves not new-baked gingerbread?
Who, stepping through the kitchen door,
On baking-day, sees goodly store
Of fragrant, unmer-shadowed cake,
And—half-unconscious—does not break
A ragged chunk? Ah, toothsome bliss!
He is a churl who knows not this.
For him, no practiced dexter twist
Shall limp, incipient doughnuts twist;
Or stir, to coax his gourmand taste,
Dreamy meringue and flaky paste.
Though he may live on Nob Hill's tip,
And boid his gold with miser's grip—
Though he may own the whole long list
Of vintner's hoard, by cobwebs kissed—
May dine from Sévres, drive a "cart,"
And sit on "decorative art"—
Despite his gastronomic books,
Despite his white-capped Gallic cooks,
The wretch, concentrated in his pride,
Shall live and eat—unsatisfied.
And when kind Providence—or gout—
Shall snuff his farthing rushlight out,
The stern recorder of the skies
Against the tombstone's gilded lies
(Counting the virtues of the dead)
Shall write: "He loved not ginger-bread!"

CXXV.—Sunday, April 18.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Vegetable Soup.
Stewed Trout.
Brains with White Sauce, served in Paper Cases.
Green Peas, Broiled Tomatoes.
Roast Veal, New Potatoes.
Salad à la Russe.
Banana Ice Cream, Cakes, Fruits, Almonds, and Raisins.

To STEW TROUT OR ROCK COD.—Rub the fish with salt, black pepper, and a little cayenne on the inside; put it in an oval stew-pan. To a fish that weighs three pounds, put half a pint of water; when it is about half done season well with salt, pepper, and a little mace; rub two ounces of butter in a large tablespoonful of flour, with a little parsley and thyme; stir in this fishy California or canned oysters. Serve with the gravy in the dish. White wine may be used instead of water. It requires about forty minutes to cook.

To MAKE SALAD A LA Russe.—One boiled carrot, one boiled turnip, two boiled potatoes, one-third of a head of fresh celery, one boiled beet, four olives, four anchovies, yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of Tanagen vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of black, and a little cayenne, pepper. Put the yolk of the egg in a bowl, drop upon it olive oil drop by drop, beating to a cream as the oil is poured in. Stir in the vinegar and the Tanagen vinegar, and season with the pepper and salt. Cut the carrot, turnip, potato, and celery into small dice, arrange these in pyramidal form upon a flat platter, and pour over this the mayonnaise dressing. Cut the boiled beet with a round vegetable cutter, and place the pieces around the dish, lapping one over the other. At each corner place one of the olives, around each of which must be twisted one of the anchovies.

AN UNCOMMON VISITOR.

A Tale of the Unreal and the Unideal.

Reading my *Bulletin* I naturally fell asleep, the paper on my lap. When I woke a shiver was playing at pitch-and-toss with my bones, as if I were the skeleton of an Arctic discoverer. The fire in my grate had burned itself to death, and the *Bulletin*, with the news all read off it, could not keep my legs warm. My lamp was burning with a steady, mechanical evenness and studied regularity, determined to do its exact duty and decline all responsibility for what was about to occur. My dog on the hearth-rug embraced his nose with his paws, as if he loved it, but kept his eyes resolutely shut, although it was easy to see that he was wide awake and apprehensive, for his muscles twitched uneasily and his tail had thoughtfully taken cover beneath him as he lay. The very shadows on the walls appeared to have assumed attitudes of expectation and terror. I felt that at the lifting of a finger or the creak of a chair they would be off. It was plain enough that something was about to happen.

There suddenly appeared between me and a broad space of papered wall the delicate outline of a human figure—a man's form, traced, apparently, in the air. The diaphanous texture of this aerial silhouette was shown by the barely perceptible obscuring of the figures on the wall-paper behind it. It had a watery consistency like that of a diluted moonbeam that has percolated through a jelly-fish. You must imagine a man from whom, and from whose clothing, all the solids and coloring matter have been extracted, leaving only the colorless fluids. Altogether, this was a most uncommon person. I did not consciously observe at the time, but remembered, later, that something in the vague outlines of this apparition suggested the Irish nationality, an age somewhere between thirty and forty, the profession of a bar-keeper, and a residence in San Francisco. The thing was beardless.

"Good-evening," I said, without rising. "You appear to have grown thin; I hope you are well."

"I am thin, that's a fact," was the reply, in faint, far-away, and altogether unreal tones—the very disembodied ghost of speech; "but that story about me is a good deal thinner than I am. Oh, incalculably thinner!" And this pellucid phantom laughed like a loon practicing ventriloquism in a distant marsh.

"What is the story, Mr. —? I beg your pardon: your face is familiar, but I can't remember names."

"Oh, no matter," it replied, with indifference.

"Of course," said I, reflectively, "of course a story is no matter; and, when it comes to that, you are none yourself, apparently. But what did I understand you to say your name was?"

"There has been a good deal of talk about my name lately—more talk than you would hear at a Methodist camp-meeting. I was never so famous before in all my life, and I've lived a longish time for a feller that has exposed himself as much as I have. In the last week or two I've been in the halls of legislation, and in the newspapers, and on people's tongues, until I'm just delighted, I am!"

This transparent and insubstantial figure—this preposterously attenuated simulacrum of a human form—was actually dancing with gratified vanity. It leaped into the air, glided across the pictures on the wall, skipped about the room, fading out of sight in one place and becoming visible at another, and finally, in the exuberance of its glee, passed from one side of the table to the other without leaping, stooping, or going round.

I got mad. I swore all the oaths I knew, and made many valuable additions to the vocabulary of malediction. Some of the oaths I then invented and set going are so sweet upon the tongue that they will live as long as the language. Others have to be diluted with ten times their quantity of prayer before they can safely be sworn: they would corrode the teeth; they would lift off the top of the head; the recoil would double up the swearer like a nut-cracker. Contemplating myself now as the source of that broad river of profanity, I am amazed at my capacity and proud of my versatility. My visitor was not visibly affected, however, and when I had run dry—when, in calling him a "wholly ghosted miraele," I had, as it were, discharged the farewell shot in my locker, the rascal had seated himself in a chair, and was thoughtfully passing his intangible limbs through the back and arms of it.

"Excuse me," he said, "but when I meet a man like you, who doesn't appear to love me any, it is a consolation to reflect that the girl in the song cares for me, me, and I care for her. She is not set against me by the fact that whenever there is a fatal railway accident I am to blame. Perhaps she compassionates me because of my wounds, for in nearly every duel I am hurt. You find these pretty hard riddles, I guess, don't you—you don't seem to get the hang o' what I'm saying, maybe. Well, as the proverb hath it, what is everybody's business is my business, so I'll just explain. Listen. *I am the man that tried to bribe Senator Kane.*"

I had fallen half-asleep under his enigmas of speech, but at this startling revelation I unclosed my eyes and fixed them full upon him as he sat smirking. I saw—Nobody. That was his name.

TILL EULENSPIEGLE.

SACRAMENTO, April 14, 1880.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was a dear lover of tea, and drank it freely. On a certain occasion he chanced to be taking tea in company where was present a woman who not only held the fragrant herb in holy horror, but who believed it to be poison. She sat near the doctor, and beheld him receive his sixth cup. She had borne it thus far in silence, but when she saw the good man about to empty another cup, after having drank five of them, she felt it her duty to speak, which she did, feelingly and emphatically:

"My dear Doctor Johnson, do you know what you are doing? Do you know that you are drinking poison? If you are given to that habit, you may be sure it is killing you."

The burly doctor looked at her, first in amazement and then quizzically, with the waiting cup suspended. With a reverent nod he replied:

"Madam, I thank you for your concern in my welfare, but on my account you need not be alarmed. I have been many, many years at this work, and if, as you say, it is killing me, it must be an easy death to die. Let me hope that your exit may be as vigorously healthful and as calmly placid!"

SOCIETY CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR ARGONAUT:—On Saturday last, Mrs. Shillaber gave a *dejeuner* to Mrs. LeBreton, which was followed by a kettle-drum in the afternoon, from three to six. At the *dejeuner* all ages known to women were represented, from the stately dowager to the modest maiden. On the veranda at the rear of the house, opening upon the garden, were some small tables, accommodating four married ladies each. In the centre was the bride's table, at which were seated Mrs. LeBreton, Mrs. McKinstry, Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Hooker. In the parlor was a table, exquisitely adorned with a bed of rosebuds two feet wide, which extended its entire length, and hence denominated the "rose-bud table," a fanciful appellation, which applied to the flowers, but not to the maidens surrounding them, for to my discerning eye they presented more the appearance of last roses of summer than the first buds of spring. The ladies remained at table until three o'clock, when those invited to the kettle-drum began to assemble. The gentlemen were slow in making their appearance, and the arrival of each individual was hailed with visible demonstrations of joy. I felt no flutterings, however, though the hostess was kind enough to class me with the so-called rose-buds. One of the prettiest features of the afternoon entertainment was a large and exquisite tea-kettle, composed of violets and red-and-white carnations, which rested on a large drum, but not, as a spiteful contemporary suggests, the colossal one of the May Festival—that drum was indeed a terror, but the one of which I speak was the centre of a brilliant group of admiring ladies. The costumes, though very handsome, were many of them not *de rigueur*, as the ladies wore no bonnets, and on such occasions only that solicited by the hostess should appear without them. I hope this criticism will not be so distasteful to my own sex as my strictures upon the dress-coat in daylight proved to be to the lords of creation. Between five and six the entertainment came to a close. Tuesday evening, Mrs. Crocker gave a small reception in honor of the return of Colonel Crocker from his Eastern tour. The inauguration of Governor Perkins has given us a new crop of colonels, whom I do not doubt are capable of creating a greater havoc in the female heart than on "the tented field." To-day Mrs. Crocker gives a kettle-drum, to which I am going *in my bonnet*, and on the 27th a reception, from eight to eleven in the evening. Since my last, Colonel J. Henley Smith, with a company of fair recruits, has returned to our welcoming arms. I hope to meet them all at the Crocker reception. ADA VEN.

From Our Sacramento Correspondent.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—Another crowd; another swell dress affair; another rush for cabriages; another Governor's reception at the Pavilion! This time very much more select, very much less crowded, and very much more order prevailing throughout, very much less of the "fire-and-fall-back" business. The Pavilion lacks but one thing to make it a fine place in which to give a party, and that is a floor. One night as well canvas the sidewalk and try to dance on it as that old Pavilion floor. It's perfectly barbarous, and tires one more than a six-days' walking-match. The Governor shook hands cordially and patiently until dancing began. Grand march at ten P. M.; and such a bevy of bright eyes, smiling lips, beautiful toilets, some décolletée, and twinkling feet. What a rare panorama a ball-room is! Every face is sure to look pleasant, no matter what disagreeable thoughts it may mask. Every one is sure to be on his very prettiest behavior, and to have on the very best of dry-goods their several purses admit of. Every movement is grace, and every action polite. The music sounds, the lights flash, and it all goes whisking before your dazzled eyes; old, yet ever new. As to who were there, we can't begin to tell you. Imagine all the first, second, and third ton of Sac. (You know there are three classes of ton—the very wealthy, we suppose, come first; then the people in comfortable circumstances, who dress well and entertain moderately, second ton; then the third ton are the literary people, the people of more than moderate education, the artists, the musicians, the people who frequent libraries, the school-teachers, the professors—many whose dresses are turned, whose coats are shiny, but still reckoned quite ton.) This makes us remember an old school-day rhyme:

"First the worst, second the same,
Last the best of all the game!"

Friday our Legislature adjourns, and how are we going to exist in this dull burg without Braunhart, and Tyler, and Kane; with all the rest of those musical far-reaching voices stilled in our capitol's halls? What'll the newspapers do without the legislative column to publish? Where will the gushing youth, so deeply interested in the legislation of their State, congregate now? Unquestionably the capital will simply vegetate, not live, after this august body's departure. And before they leave, Mrs. Gallatin entertains, where many will probably attend. Mr. Chas. F. Houghton, who sought an Eastern bride, receives his friends April 14th, at the residence of his father, General Houghton, in Oakland. Afterward, we believe, the young couple make their home in Sacramento. BETSY AND I.

Buttercup Supposes a Case.

Suppose two children aged three, a boy and girl; both equally given to mud-pies and other infantile pursuits. They are sent to the same school until twelve; the girl, nine times out of ten, helping her brother through difficult exercises, and by her patience and perseverance attaining more general excellence in their mutual studies than he. At twelve they are separated, and educated according to the present prevailing systems. At eighteen the boy is expected to have attained tolerable proficiency in Latin and the rudiments of Greek; to speak and write English correctly; to be thoroughly grounded in the essentials of mathematics; to know something of history, and the elements of chemistry; and in acquiring these to have established the foundation for the study of a profession, to which he devotes the years from eighteen to twenty-five. The girl, in the meantime, has been learning much the same things, with the exception of Greek and Latin, replaced by French and German. At eighteen she is supposed to have finished her education, during the acquirement of which she is expected to have become a moderately proficient musician and an accomplished linguist; to have imbibed (how, I do not know) the principles of domestic economy; to have become a thoroughly efficient seamstress, and able to clothe herself, by the manipulations of her own deft fingers, with the glory of Solomon; to be able to serve with neatness and dispatch a dinner fit to please the palate of an epicure; to be, in at least a degree, accomplished in the arts of brush and pencil; to be a woman of the world in ease of manner and conversation, and to be posted on topics of daily occurrence. All this when she has scarcely reached the age when men and women begin to think. And by the time her brother has completed the course of his studies, and entered upon his first trial in the arena of professional life, she has become wife and mother, the managing head of a household. It is all wrong, this cramming of girls' brains, however strong, with too many indigestible and unsuitable stimulants. No boy is expected to be at the same time his own tailor and lawyer, hatter and physician, cook and doctor of divinity. Yet the impossible extremes in which women are expected to be perfected at the unripe age of twenty are quite as incongruous as any of these would be. I am tired of hearing the slurs and slights on woman's incompetency, and I would like to know one single young man whose brains would stand the strain of this unnatural system of educational forcing, and, with the distractions of society-ridden homes to retard them, would be as really brilliant as our ordinary girls.

BUTTERCUP.

The *Californian* for May contains seventeen articles, exclusive of the departments. Of the latter, the "Note Book" and "Science and Industry" appear for the first time. Perhaps the most readable paper in the number is a story entitled "The First Xerxes Loan Collection," written by Octave Thanet, whose recent paper in *Lippincott's*, touching the industrial condition of England, attracted such flattering attention East. One or two of the articles seem scarcely seasonable; but the number, as a whole, is clearly in the direction of progress.

How mad it would make a cannibal to go hunting and kill nothing but Alexander Stephens.

WHAT OUR GIRLS ARE DOING.

A young lady in North Carolina had an awfully romantic wedding. He loved and she loved, but the old man objected. They prepared to elope, and while the young man was waiting outside at night for her to dress, the old man saw him and shot him in the arm. The young girl didn't wait to dress, but slipped down stairs and ran away in her night-gown.

One of the inmates of the Boston Old Ladies' Home appealed to the matron with a complaint against her roommate. "She threatened to bite me," was the accusation. "Well, let her do it," was the reply of the matron. "She can't hurt you; she hasn't a tooth in her head."

A handkerchief has caused a deadly strife between two maidens in a Rochester factory. They worshiped the same idol—a beautiful young man with a dapper cane and a bright smile. One of them flourished a silk handkerchief bearing his initials in the other's face. It was enough. The jealous rival had taffy, ice-cream, and many delicate attentions, but no silk handkerchief. So she slapped her antagonist's face, and was in return banged just above the bang on her beautiful brow. Then there was a little hair-pulling, and one of the girls rushed to the police office and swore out a warrant. Before the ink was dry she rushed in again and withdrew the warrant, saying she did not want to get her name in the newspapers.

A young lady who read that "it is luck to pick up a horse-shoe," happened in a blacksmith-shop the other day and picked up one. The surprising suddenness and piercing shriek with which she dropped it showed that it was not lucky. The blacksmith had just made the shoe, and it was as hot as a blast furnace.

Mrs. Sackett, of Downsville, Delaware, got mad and slammed her door to, and a gun standing behind it fell to the floor, discharging its contents into her leg, and making a wound which necessitated amputation. Moral—Always shut a door softly, as though there were sickness in the family. Never get mad when the door is open. Look out for the gun when the bell rings.

A young Maine farmer married a highly-cultured Boston girl, who didn't know the first thing about housekeeping, but had devoted her life to the study of geology and mineralogy; and when he took her home, instead of attending to household duties, she went roaming about the farm with a sledge-hammer, and soon discovered on her hubby's land a gold mine worth forty thousand dollars.

A Vassar College girl writes to *Puck* as follows concerning the Presidential candidates:

VASSAR COLLEGE, April 2, 1880.

Sweet Puck: I will let you into a great secret. All of us girls, the other night, talked about the coming Presidential election; and you must know we decided on two such dear, dear candidates. They are Anna Dickinson, who will make a quite too awfully lovely President, because she is severe and so like a man; but our ideal Vice-President is darling Whitelaw Reid. He is such an elegant young gentleman, and delivers, oh, such beautiful poetical orations at Lotus Club dinners. I do think it a shame that we young ladies are not permitted to vote. I am quite sure we are more cultured than Tammany Hall politicians, who are allowed to vote so much. Lovingly yours,

MAMIE AUGUSTINE SMITH, Sophomore.

P. S.—I shall look out so anxiously for the next number of *Puck*, to see if you will print this letter. I half hope that you won't. The very thought puts me in a flutter. But if you do print it, please don't say anything unkind. I really couldn't bear that. M. A. S.

P. P. S.—Perhaps you had better send me the letter back. M. A. S.

P. P. P. S.—On second consideration, you can do as you like. M. A. S.

The Countess Panine, lady-in-waiting to the Empress of Russia, has been requested to resign and to travel abroad. She is of a romantic turn, and sometimes received guests of whose character she was not fully aware. Among these was a young student, who, warned that the police were about to search his rooms, fled to her house with his papers, and, being pursued to her room, hid the papers under her pillow. The police discovered them and arrested him.

According to London *Truth*, even the young ladies are becoming infected with the overcharged political atmosphere. One of its writers says: "I was detailed off the other evening to take a young lady down to dinner. During the soup, she favored me with her views on the Eastern question; as she consumed her fish, she settled the Afghan question; as she dallied with the entrées she exhaustively explained the land question, and at dessert she informed me that the dream of her youthful and virgin soul was to be the wife of Mr. Gladstone. I asked her whether she contemplated converting to her political views that eminent man in a series of certain lectures? 'No,' she answered, 'I want to marry him that I might punish him for all his wicked conduct by running away with Lord Beaconsfield.'"

"Has your husband shown any encouraging signs of growth in the fear of the Lord?" asked a clergyman of a New England woman as they shared a social cup of tea. "Well," said the woman, "I kinder think he has, for I lately noticed that he never goes out on the Lord's day without a shot-gun."

Mrs. Lincoln says Charles Sumner made matrimonial proposals to her not long after her husband's death; and Mr. Sumner is not alive to deny it.

A Leadville boarding-house keeper, a few days since, traded his wife to a cook in exchange for a mine. All the parties seem perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

Adelina Patti is getting fat, and commenced growing a mustache. She has shaved the public enough, and now they advise her to tackle herself on opposition.

ABOUT WINES.

It is charged against Scotland that it is preëminently a nation of whisky-drinkers, and with a good foundation in truth. Any stranger visiting Edinburgh or Glasgow for a few days, especially if Sunday intervene, can hardly help being astonished at the universal consumption of that particular form of stimulant. Go where you will, to hotel or inn, mansion or cottage, the whisky is ever there present. The consumption is enormous. Yet a century and a half ago the Scotch people were equally remarkable for their consumption of the light red wines of France. When the wine-laden ships arrived, a thriving business was done by many a peddler of claret, who, after mounting his barrel on a sort of truck or wheelbarrow, disposed of its contents in the public streets, much in the way that milk is supplied at the present day. Looking back to that period, with the help of anecdotes and gossip, we may see the great-great grandmothers of the present race, jug in hand, providing a supply of the favorite stimulant for the requirements of the day or the week. Then, the disgusting drunkenness of the present time was all but unknown. Yet a change in the public policy of Great Britain soon put an end to their old-established habits of wine-drinking, and forced on the people the necessity of taking their stimulant in some form of malt spirit; and thus whisky became a power of evil in that land, as from the same cause did gin and beer in England.

One may ask, How and why? The policy of Great Britain at that period, was to cripple the commerce of France by all means in her power, especially in the direction of one of its greatest industries; and so the Methuen Treaty—now expired by effluxion of time—was made with Portugal, by which the French wines were excluded in view of the repressive nature of the tariff placed upon them, and the comparatively easy terms on which the wines of Portugal were admitted. These were both heavy and expensive; and thus port wine became the favorite luxury of the wealthy, while the middle and lower classes were thrown on their own resources to obtain a stimulant within their narrow means. Gin and rum soon took the place of cheap light wine side by side with beer and porter; and the effect continued to be deplorable, till, on the expiration of that treaty, Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, effected the repeal of the sumptuary law which excluded the French produce. One consequence of this has been the rapid return of the English to the light, wholesome wines of the world. For, besides bread and flesh meat, the instinct of man leads him to seek for something that can, for a time at least, lighten the burden of care and intensify the sense of enjoyment of life; and, the world over, it is found in one form or another of alcohol.

Thirty years ago there was a loud outcry about the great evils which are said to arise from the use of ardent spirits among the European races settled in North America. After much discussion, these led to strenuous efforts by the benevolent to check the use of alcoholic drinks, and to the passing of the Maine State Liquor Law, for the purpose of effectually repressing it. But the statements of over-zealous champions of total abstinence have not been borne out by chemical and physiological researches. The present purpose, however, is not to write a dissertation on alcohols, as such, but to state some facts touching the most interesting and least harmful of beverages containing alcohol—wines, especially when pure and unsophisticated.

Pure wine, the fermented juice of the vine (*vitis vinifera*), is a very different thing from fruit syrup, or other beverages prepared from fruit. It is a very compound fluid. Among its principal constituents, such as are always present in it, are water, spirit of wine, tannic acid, tartaric acid, phosphoric acid, racemic acid, malic acid, sugar, an oxide of iron, and potash, with generally a trace of lime. These are the principal but by no means the only constituents of pure wine. The bouquet, as it is called, is a true æther, formed by the action of the acids on the alcohol in a nascent state, and the flavoring principle of the grape, from which each distinctive bouquet is derived. A glass of genuine wine contains a varying quantity, generally about one-fifth of its bulk or a little more, of proof-spirit, and four-fifths water, when not fortified.

This proof-spirit, however, in the case of wine, differs widely from so much distilled spirit and water in its action on the human system; for in wine it is not a mere mixture, but a combination, and it stands in chemical relations with the tannic and tartaric acids and the iron. Tannic acid is an astringent and tonic; while tartaric acid, combined with potash and iron, has its own beneficial action on the human economy. It is pretty evident, then, that pure wine must be gradually digested before it can enter into the general circulation; and from the above it appears more to resemble the nicely adjusted prescription of a physician than aught else. And we may justly consider it a prescription from the greatest of all physicians, intended not alone as a restorative or alterative of the deranged functions of the body, but one intended also to promote the well-being of the healthy frame.

So far concerning pure wine—not the hot, brandied stuff commonly supplied to northern countries, both the United States and England, with its absolute alcohol ranging from 18 to 25 per cent.—which alcohol, besides that produced naturally by fermentation, is not wine-spirit, but other, obtained either from grain, sugar, or beet-root. Moreover, this added spirit never completely becomes incorporated with the wine. Hence the headiness of fortified wines.

During the past few months a searching investigation into the foreign wines imported in bulk into this State has been going on, by a competent analyst of wines, who has devoted a considerable portion of a lifetime to this branch of science; and his report will, when published, throw much light on the character of the foreign produce.

This much is known already, that the ports are fortified to an unnecessary extent; that the sherries, with hardly an exception, are trade parcels, robbed of several of their natural good properties, sulphured, some seasoned with alum, and all fortified to a degree which ought to render them unfit for consumption except in the smallest quantities. It will be remembered that about a year ago the keepers of a grand saloon were prosecuted for retailing a sherry in which the analyst had found as much as 2 grains per 1,000 of absolute sulphuric acid; and though none have hitherto proved so bad as this, yet some go as high as 1.620 per 1,000; at the same time the tannic acid had been almost com-

pletely removed by matters used in the clarification. How to account for the consumption by the people of San Francisco of stuff like this can be understood only on the assumption that the public taste is utterly perverted. The general average of over forty-eight samples of sherry taken promiscuously amounted to the monstrous strength of 20.406 per cent. absolute alcohol; the highest being 23.425, and the lowest 16.80. Thirty-five samples of port similarly taken yielded 19.60. *a. a.* What wonder, then, that such wines are heady, heating, and intoxicating?

Several years ago, the British Commissioners of Customs caused an exhaustive investigation to be made into the wines of France, by their officer, Mr. J. B. Keen, the head of the distillation department, London, whose report has been published. Of the red wines of 30 departments he determined 331, and found the general average to be only 20.810 British proof—equal to 11.891 absolute alcohol.

The general average of 112 samples from Italy.	12.40	absolute alcohol
" " " 67 from the Zollverein.	11.1045	" "
" " " 41 Austrian Empire.	12.0857	" "
" " " 18 Australia.	14.059	" "
" " " 26 North California	12.350	" "

Thus it will be seen that the wines of Sonoma, St. Helena, and Yolo County rank with those of Italy, Austria, and Hungary, and are more generous than those of France and the Zollverein. Those grown at Fresno, and in the southern portions of the State, approach the strongest pure port and sherry.

Within the last few days there has been issued from the University of California, College of Agriculture, a supplement to the biennial report of the Board of Regents, section six of which contains an interesting and valuable article on "California Wines," by Professor Eugene W. Hilgard, professor of agriculture and botany. He attributes the depression which the wine interest had to sustain until a comparatively recent date, "chiefly to the hasty putting upon the market of immature and indifferently made wines;" and accounts for the returning prosperity, in a great measure, by "the steady improvement in the qualities of the wines marketed—such improvement being partly due to the introduction of grape varieties better adapted than the Mission grape to the production of wines suited to the taste of wine-drinking nations, partly to a real improvement in the methods of treatment, and their better adaptation to the peculiarities of California-grown grapes. Doubtless much remains to be done, especially in the latter respect, before the best possible results are produced; for heretofore the vintners of each of the five wine-growing nations represented in California have followed their native habits and methods of treatment—the outgrowth of the experience of each country under its peculiar circumstances of climate, soil, temperature, etc. It is rather to be wondered at that so much good wine has, even thus, been produced in California as to overcome the prejudice engendered by the first crude products marketed, and on account of which most of the California wines have heretofore been sold under foreign labels."

Again he continues: "I have heretofore suggested that this peculiarity—the want of acid in the Mission grape—might in a measure be modified by not allowing the Mission grape as 'dead ripe' as is now usually done. This would tend to increase the acid at the expense of the sugar, which is in excess at best, thus producing the excessive headiness for which the California wines are thus far noted. The vintners object to this course on the ground of the European precedent, according to which every additional day of sun is accounted so much gain to the quality of the wine. But what is true in the cloudy climate of Europe is not, therefore, necessarily true in sunny California."

All this is replete with sound sense. And he continues: "Again, it has been the practice to put on the market, under the names of port, sherry, etc., wines whose only resemblance to their prototypes consists in a superficial resemblance of color, sweetness, and alcoholic strength, but lacking both the body and flavor of the originals. It should be distinctly understood that the production of these wines is dependent both on the peculiarities of the countries and localities where their prime materials grow, and upon definite processes of manufacture, without which their character can not be reproduced. Especially as regards port, the defects of the California practice are very clearly set forth in the treatise of Doctor Bleasdale, published in the *Official Report of the Thirtieth Mechanics' Exhibition, 1878*. There is especially one point of radical importance, namely, the thorough aeration of the must by the treading process, which evidently exerts a decisive influence upon the product. The aeration can, of course, be effected otherwise than by treading, but without it neither port nor sherry is likely to be produced anywhere, and the labeling of weak imitations with their names can but depress the public estimate of California wines."

The above practical observations, the result of the professor's studies of wines, should be laid to heart by the vintners who wish to see their wines rise to the perfection to which they have a right to aspire. One of the most important points to be more fully studied by California wine-makers is the proper blending of the several grape varieties in the must, as well as subsequently in the cask. The objections sometimes made to this process are, of course, a pure matter of sentiment, and, as such, are scarcely ever taken into account by intelligent wine-makers—who are well aware that even the best grape will rarely produce a palatable wine unless intelligently treated, and that, with few exceptions, the best wines in the world are judiciously made blends, whether of different grape varieties, or of the product of vineyards differing in the peculiarities they impart to the product.

It follows from the above considerations that wine-making, like any other technical process of manufacture, requires special training. Hence, the establishment of large wineries, conducted by persons specially qualified, would tend to improve the quality of wines, as against the practice of establishing a costly plant for each small vineyard, whose proprietor is not versed in the difficult art of wine-making. It is in reality just as absurd for every vineyard proprietor to become his own wine-treater, in the present state of knowledge in these new countries of that delicate art, as it would be for a grazier, or a butcher, or a woolen manufacturer to spend his time and money on utilizing hoofs and horns, and conducting chemical experiments on the after products of the remains of dead cattle, instead of attending to breeding, rearing, and feeding.

RATHER MIXED.

She was visiting my step-mother—or, rather, my—well, she was visiting my father's wife (I'm safe there). Now, my step-daughter—there! you see how I'm mixed. Let me commence anew. Let X. represent my father; then Mrs. X. will represent my father's wife.

She was visiting Mrs. X. The blonde beauty of my—Mrs. X.—I hate insipidity!—paled into utter insignificance before her warmth of coloring. Evidently of Spanish descent, with purple-black hair in thick coils around her shapely head. She was not too young—about thirty-nine, I should judge. I hate immaturity. She had a splendid figure, calling to mind, in its languid grace, the temporary repression of the quiescent tiger. (I don't exactly like that trope; it's too suggestive of scratching, and family broils. You can take sleeping volcano, or ice-bomb torrent, or anything else of that kind you choose.) Her glowing color, and, above all, her eyes—"dusky wells of passion"—made her, to my mind, the most magnificent woman I had ever met.

As I said, I was much impressed with her from the first. I may have shown it. At any rate, there was considerable whispering going on between Mr. and Mrs. X. and their guest, and Mrs. X. kept giggling spasmodically all the evening—I hate giggling! She introduced the new-comer to me rather indistinctly, and giggled in an absurd manner whenever I addressed her as "Mrs. Murtha," which I understood to be her name.

I am a practical man. I intended to marry the lady, and pursued our acquaintance with a view to the accomplishment of my purpose. And I must say Mrs. X. aided me to the best of her ability, throwing us in each other's society as much as possible, and behaving, generally, in a very desirable manner—with the exception of her giggle, which seemed to have become chronic. I remember one evening in particular, when my father had to request her to leave the room if she could not control herself better. And the cause of her laughter was simply my asking her if Mrs. Murtha's first name was "Marie," as I had heard Mrs. X. call her "Ma" several times, and I knew of no other name of which that could be a contraction. She said "yes;" and, on my remarking that her familiar appellation for her friend placed the accent on the wrong syllable, and so spoiled one of the most musical of names, she gave occasion for the reproof of which I have spoken. I found, on addressing Mrs. Murtha as "Marie," that Mrs. X.'s statement was absolutely false.

At last I told her what I feel confident she knew long before, and she consented to be my wife. She demurred, however, to my desire that the ceremony should take place on Christmas eve, pleading the shortness of the time and my lack of proper acquaintance with her; but I overruled her objections with unanswerable logic—at least I think it was logic. I know I felt as if I should go mad at a longer delay—and we were married just as daylight faded into dark on the twenty-fourth of December.

To say that I was happy is like calling Niagara "nice." I was in an ecstatic glow of bliss, that seemed to separate me from the rest of humanity; perhaps I needed some severe shock to bring back my ordinary self-possession. For some reason my father decided to omit our usual Christmas festivities, and dining *en famille*, the great dining-hall, used only on state occasions, seemed immeasurably large. Not all the radiance of glass and silver in the centre could light up the sombre corners, where little imps seemed to mock our laughter with oddly repeated echoes.

The only way in which my father showed his age was in his persistent observance of certain customs of his youth, of which common sense would dictate the abolition.

Everything went on as usual until the cloth was removed for dessert, and then I heard my father address my wife several times as "Murtha," evidently to her discomfort, for every time he did so she colored and glanced apprehensively at me.

I took no notice of it at first, presuming that he had made a mistake, or that our '36 port had been too strong for him; but as he repeated it, evidently to provoke some observation from me, I said:

"With all due respect for your age, sir, I consider your witticism, if it is intended as such, lacks both point and delicacy. The lady's name is *not* Murtha."

"I am aware of it, my so—respected sir," he replied. Then he added with great distinctness: "I called the lady *mother*, not *Murtha*, because she has the honor to be the maternal ancestress of my beloved wife."

I looked at Mrs. X.; she was struggling helplessly with one of her infernal giggles. I knew the meaning of them now—she had entrapped me into marrying—

"Great glory!" I exclaimed, starting from my chair in desperation as the complication began to unfold itself to my mind, "I have married my *grandmother*!" And all the little devils in the corners took the words and mockingly tossed them back and forth: "Married grandmother, mother, other, er;" and then, starting up again from the embrasure behind me with renewed emphasis, "*Grandmother*, mother, other," till I was nearly frantic.

I got over it after a while; in fact, on looking at my wife, who was in tears, and hearing her broken expressions of sorrow for the deception to which my father and her daughter had persuaded her to be a party (to this day they persist that I deceived myself, and that as she was distinctly introduced as "my mother," the existence of a slight deafness, which I have always denied, is an established fact), I forgot everything except how much I loved her. And when I clasped her in my arms, and her glorious hair, loosened from the comb, swept my face and fell in ebony richness almost to the ground, I vowed that I would have married her, and been glad to do it, if she were my great-great-grandmother.

And speaking of hair brings me back to my starting point. What is making me grow prematurely old is *indecision*! You see I have settled to my satisfaction that, in the line of succession, my father is my son-in-law; his wife, my step-mother and step-daughter; my wife, his mother-in-law and daughter-in-law; but am I—will some one help me to decide?—can it be possible that I am *my own grand-father*?

And when the near future shall bring the children—Good heavens!

FANNIE M. PUGH.

OAKLAND, April, 1880.

HER INVENTIVE GENIUS.

The New York *Times's* yarn regarding Mr. Dodge's chicken-ranch was read by a New England lady residing in North Carolina, and she too planned a colored trap for the ebony poultry-snatchers. Miss Towner, the lady in question, was of the school-teaching species. She went to North Carolina soon after the civil war, and took charge of the Jonesville district-school. She was between forty and fifty, and her reputation for fearlessness and decision of character in connection with the kitchen poker made her a terror to tramps and evil-doers generally. While she could not be said to be actually popular, she was not disliked by the Jonesville people, except, of course, by the poorer class of negroes, to whom she gave food and tracts, and who naturally regarded her as a hard and unfeeling person. The pleasant little cottage in which Miss Towner lived alone, without even a servant, had a small yard attached to it which seemed eminently adapted to chicken culture. Miss Towner had made several attempts to keep chickens, but the magnetism of the colored element was altogether too strong, and she had definitely abandoned the undertaking when she read of the Massachusetts man's trap. It was clear to her that whatever could be done by a good-for-nothing man could be done far better by an intelligent woman, and accordingly she resolved to stock her empty chicken-house, and to set a new and original trap. After much thought, she hit upon the plan of a noose-trap. She procured a long rope, which she passed through a pulley placed on the limb of a tree near the chicken-house. To one end of the rope was attached a weight of two hundred pounds, and to the other end a noose, and the weight was so arranged that a slight pull on the noose would cause it to shoot into the air, dragging with it the unfortunate colored man whose unlawful foot had entered it. One afternoon she received a supply of chickens, which she placed in the chicken-house, making no effort to conceal the fact from the colored public. Just before dark she set her trap, and repeatedly tested it by poking the noose with a stick. Every time the noose was poked the weight fell, and the stick was caught and hoisted some ten feet clear of the ground. Confident that the trap would prove a success, she reset it and went back to her house. About nine o'clock that evening she fancied that she heard a noise in the yard, and it occurred to her that some one might be prowling about the chicken-house. She therefore laid aside her copy of *Jonathan Edwards on the Will*, took up the poker, and crept stealthily into the yard. It was a bright moonlight night, but no one was visible, and, after making sure that her chickens were all safe, she was about to return to her reading, when she accidentally stepped within the fatal noose. The trap did credit to her inventive genius. The noose caught her by both ankles, and in an instant she found herself swinging with her head just clear of the ground. With great presence of mind she put her hands on the ground, and thus in some measure relieved her ankles of the strain of her entire weight. It was, however, impossible for her to release herself, and it was with difficulty that she could either breathe or see. There was clearly nothing to be done but to wait until some early chicken-stealer should arrive, and to appeal to him for aid. Miss Towner did not have long to wait. By half-past nine Mr. Hannibal Blue approached the yard on chickens bent, but of an unfortunately timorous mind. When he came in sight of the mysterious and appalling spectacle presented by Miss Towner, he remarked, "Golly!" in accents of great terror, and fled away, convinced that he had seen a ghost, while Miss Towner, with a voice stifled with emotion and flannel, in vain besought him to come back. Meeting a dozen of his fellow-citizens, who were on their way to the chicken-house, Mr. Blue explained that he had been driven away by a peculiarly frightful ghost, dressed entirely in white and holding both its arms upright above its head. He could not, however, induce his friends to share his fears, and, strong in the consciousness of numbers, they pursued their way to Miss Towner's yard. At the first sight of the alleged ghost, they were undeniably alarmed; but, finding that it did not attack them, they gained courage and drew nearer. In time they recognized Miss Towner's voice, and were able to comprehend that she had been hoist by her own petard—that is to say, noose. Some men, in like circumstances, would have left the unhappy chicken proprietor to pass the night in misery. Not so did these kindly colored men. They first carefully removed all the chickens, and then investigated the contents of the kitchen larder and the smoke-house. Having thus done their whole duty, they explained to Miss Towner that they would send her a colored lady to release her within the next half-hour, and then bade her a respectful farewell, confident that in the circumstances she could not identify her benefactors. They kept their word, and before eleven o'clock Mrs. Dinah Washington arrived, and lowered Miss Towner carefully to the ground, uninjured, except by a few slight bruises, and a somewhat excessive tendency of blood to the head. This teaches the value of the newspaper press as a disseminator of useful knowledge, and conveys besides a useful and affecting moral.

A clerk was discharged, and asked the reason "You are too awful slow about everything," said his employer. "You do me an injustice," responded the clerk. "There is one thing I am not slow about." "I should like to hear you name it," sneered the proprietor. "Well," said the clerk, slowly, "nobody can get tired as quick as I can."

The Rev. Joseph Cook says of the "gem puzzle," according to the Boston *Post*: "It is the natural offspring of a pathogenic and perspicacious perspicacity, and during the protoplasmic stage its inventor should have been percolated insuperably through the innate particles of a barn door."

A doctor attending a punster, who was very ill, apologized for being late one day by saying that he had to stop to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the punster.

A child being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly, and not unnaturally, replied: "Break-fast, dinner, and supper."

INTAGLIOS.

To-Morrow.

What name doth joy most borrow
When life is fair?

"To-morrow."

What name doth best fit sorrow
In young despair?

"To-morrow."—George Eliot.

At Last.

Will the day ever come, I wonder,
When I shall be glad to know
That my hands shall be folded under
The next white fall of the snow?
To know that when next the clover
Wooeth the wandering bee,
Its crimson tide will drift over
All that is left of me? —Julia C. R. Dorr.

After Heine

"Es liegt der herze Sommer,"

My little Love, the summer
Is hot upo' thy cheek,
And in thy heart the winter
Is white and chill and bleak.

Ah, that will change, my lassie,
When in my arms thou art;
Thy cheek be pale as winter,
And summer burn thy heart.
—Joe Warren Chapman.

Death's Blunder.

The carved doors were open;
The sexton tolled the bell;
And the light from the Gothic windows
Like shattered rainbows fell.
As through the porch of a splendid church
Crept little beggar Nell.

Low shrinking in the shadow,
Beside the pulpit stair,
She saw a little casket
Brought to the house of prayer;
And a sorrowing band of the rich and grand
Gather in silence there.

She heard the mournful music;
She heard the preacher say:
"The Lord, who gave your treasure,
Hath taken her away.
Be sure, my friends, for the wisest ends
God worketh. Let us pray!"

A ragged child stole forward,
While every head was bowed;
Through fragrant, snow-white flowers
She saw a snow-white shroud,
And golden hair, and a face most fair;
And she knelt, and wept aloud.

Forth from among the mourners
Came the father of the dead;
He raised the little beggar,
And, wonderingly, said:
"What strange child weeps for her who sleeps
With lilies round her head?"

"Why, Death has made a blunder;
'Twas me he meant!" she cried.
"I asked him; for there's no one
To grieve if I had died;
And there seems to be no room for me,
Though they say the world is wide."

"Nay! Death has made no blunder.
God means my heart shall be
Made sore enough by sorrow
To feel for one like thee.
It is His will that thou shouldst fill
Her place. Child, come with me."

How many friendless orphans
By him are clothed and fed!
In soothing others' sorrow
His own is comforted;
And Christ, the Lord, as his reward,
Will yet give back his dead.
—Helen Angèle Goodwin.

The Old Mill.

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller's dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound;
And the man goes, and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.
—Thomas Dunn English.

The Token.

No gleam of banners on the far-off hills;
No glittering-crested herald, riding swift,
To show through dreary clouds the golden rift,
And speak to waiting souls a word that fills
The measure of each need, to heal all ills,
And from sad hearts the weary weight to lift;
No trumpet to prelude the royal gift;
No strong, sure voice, which through the darkness thrills.

Yet lo! the token! from the wintry earth
Upspringing, mute and white! a lowly leaf
To bear the message of the world's new birth
And flash a smile o'er all its furrowed grief!
One blossom, with its promise from the skies:
"I conquered death; ye, too, some day shall rise."
—Jennie Harrison.

THROUGH FRENCH LORGNETTES.

Alfred de Vigny: A woman is always a child.

Madame de Sartory: Words are the key of the heart.

Madame d'Epinau: The trade of woman is very hard.

Madame Swetchine: Repentance is accepted remorse.

Ségur: Men make the laws, women make the customs.

Madame Desbordes Valmore: Nothing is so near love as pity.

Ach. Poincelot: The greatest merit of many husbands is their wives.

Madame d'Aulnay: Love, like fear, makes us believe everything.

Adrien Dupuy: In love, to give a portrait is to promise the original.

Madame Woilley: Grief counts the minutes; happiness forgets them.

Fontinell: To be able to please is already a great advance toward persuading.

Sanial Dubarg: The more a woman is idle the more is her heart occupied.

Lemontez: The abuse of books kills the health and the modesty of women.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry: A jealous man always finds more than he looks for.

Madame de Coigny: A coquette who takes a lover is a sovereign who abdicates.

Nicole: Ugliness and beauty depend upon the caprice and the imagination of men.

Madame de Genlis: Ugliness, after virtue, is the best guardian of a young woman.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry: One of the noblest effects of love is to produce liberality.

Madame Staal Delaunay: Liberty is incompatible with love. A lover is always a slave.

Cardan: Wine and women are the teachers of all the sins, if they are not the authors.

E. Young: Pretensions to youth always give to a woman a few more years than she really has.

Rochefoucauld: The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.

Idem: We always like those who admire us; we do not always like those whom we admire.

Madame de Sartory: No conversation is more tiresome than that of a lover who has nothing to desire and nothing to fear.

Louis Desnoyers: We blame inconstancy in women, but only when we are the victim. We find it charming if we are the object.

Montaigne: It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out—that is marriage.

Suard: No woman speaks of women without thinking a little of herself, and never thinks of herself without thinking a good deal of others.

Ninon de l'Enclos: Women detest a jealous man whom they do not love, but it angers them when a man whom they do love is not jealous.

Alfred de Musset: The woman who really wishes to refuse contents herself with saying no. She who explains wants to be convinced.

Rochebrun: When you talk to women, you must choose between lying and displeasing them. There is no middle course, unless you say nothing.

Louis Desnoyers: Women who love are always afraid they are not loved. Women who do not love always flatter themselves that they are loved.

Balzac: The winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the fruit is seen. So adversity tempers the human heart to discover its real worth.

Dumas, fils: Poor Madame de —! Chatting with her the other day, she brought all my youth back to me; but, alas! she did not bring back hers!

Adolph Ricard: To marry when you are sixty a beautiful girl of twenty-five is to imitate those silly creatures who buy books simply for the pleasure of their friends.

Daudet: With women, marked, irregular noses signify far more talent than with men; and, except in the case of a few, beauty must always sacrifice something to genius.

Anon: A wife no more believes in business which takes her husband away from her than a manager believes in the sickness of an actress, or a publisher in that of

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.

There is something to us exceedingly picturesque in the politics of England at the present time. Politics in England is the struggle of statesmen upon questions of national principle, upon appeal to the intelligent part of an intelligent people, and not, as in America, a struggle for spoils, into the contest for which enter the selfish and vulgar wrangles of an hundred thousand small officials and place-holders, and five hundred thousand more who hope to fill their positions. In the triumph of Gladstone over Beaconsfield, in the change of Parliament and the transfer of the royal confidence from the Tory to the Liberal party, only some fifty men lose or gain office. The Premier, the Cabinet, the Viceroy of India, of Ireland, and Canada, and a few of those in highest authority, step down and out; but the great machinery of state moves smoothly along. All the lesser servants of the crown maintain their positions, undisturbed by the tempest that rages in official circles far above them, and are left to the freedom of their individual opinions in casting their votes for members of the Parliament of the realm. In England, there is a qualification attached to the privilege of the elective franchise. It is a gift to be gained by intelligence, thrift, and economy, and to be preserved by sobriety, honesty, and good conduct. If it comes with birth and inheritance, it can not be maintained after being dragged through prison and pauper-house. England esteems her elective privilege as too sacred to be conferred as a matter of course upon the ignorant and pauper immigrant of every other nation that seeks her shores.

The history of Disraeli is a romance—one of those romances of real life that exceed all the imaginative paintings of fiction. It would be a bold story-writer that would have chosen his hero from a proscribed race, and that seventy years ago, when the prejudices of Europe denied to its sons and daughters not only social position and political privileges, but subjected them to the indignities of personal confinement and exclusion from official position; and through an eventful career to have made the "despised Jew" three times Premier of England—three times the first gentleman of the realm—ranking next to the royal family and the royal princes in the ceremonials and pageants of state. Upon him have been heaped wealth and honors, offices and titles of nobility, enabling him at court and in the presence of his Queen to outblaze his peers with his jewels of the royal Order of the Garter, and to bear upon his arm the noblest beauty of the court. Lord Beaconsfield has kept his administration in harmony with his gorgeous career; he has maintained abroad the prestige of the English name; he has given to his Queen an imperial diadem. His career has been one of brilliant surprises; his diplomacy one of pyrotechnics. His last adjournment of Parliament, so entirely unexpected, was a fit ending to a political career that did everything for effect. It is almost a pity that this distinguished and eminent man should have the palsied hand of age laid so heavily upon him that he has no reasonable prospect of recouping from his unexpected defeat. Disraeli is seventy-five years old.

The career of Gladstone has been more English, but none the less adventurous and bold. The son of a knight, formerly a Tory, filling office nearly all his life—he is only four years the junior of Lord Beaconsfield—once and for six years Premier of England, he has been since his loss of office the leader in Parliament and in the country of the opposition to the government. Bold, aggressive, uncompromising, brilliant in parliamentary debate and on the hustings, an untiring student and writer, he has finally driven the Tory party to the wall, and comes back to the administration with a decisive parliamentary majority after an open and hard-fought contest. There was something especially magnificent

in his offering himself as a candidate for Parliament in the heart of Midlothian—in bearding the great ducal lord of Scotland on his own broad domain—in challenging the son of his Grace to single combat on his own acres for the parliamentary representation. Gladstone's triumph is one of advanced and liberal sentiments, is a step forward in the direction of a people's government, is an unwelcome defeat to the titled, landed, and establishment class, and is understood to be far from pleasurable to her Majesty the Queen, and the princes of birth and marriage-beds, who live upon crown lands and pensions from the royal treasury. Assuredly the politics of England are picturesque.

The San Francisco *Monitor* calls attention to an article in the New York *Catholic Herald*, strongly opposing General Grant for his Des Moines speech, and general liberal or anti-Catholic spirit. As we do not advocate the renomination of General Grant for a third term, perhaps the *Monitor*, the *Herald*, the Catholic press, and the Catholic politicians generally, will be disposed to heed our suggestion and listen to our advice. It is this—the less said about General Grant's anti-Catholicism and liberality, the less likely he will be to be both nominated and elected. Our advice to the Romanists, both clergy and laity, is not to stir this question. General Grant did not mention the word "Catholic" in his Des Moines speech; he did object to any other than secular education at the expense of the public, and did not approve any interference with the system of free common-school education by any ecclesiastical authority. If this question should be made the issue at the next Presidential election, it would sweep the nation like a whirlwind, and wash it like a cloud-burst. Hence we advise all Catholics or Protestants, who do not want, and are not prepared, to brook the infernal devil and fight the tempest such an issue would be sure to provoke, to go slow on this question. Let it rest. It will come soon enough, and make trouble enough when it does come. Don't let us elect Grant with it this time.

Since the "whoop-up" in Pennsylvania, and the "corner" in New York, and a paroxysmal flutter through those negro commonwealths that will cast no Republican electoral vote, General Grant's candidacy has made but little progress. He has lost the prestige of a "boom," and now occupies the defiant attitude of seeking the nomination at the hands of the machine. Illinois—which was boastfully claimed by his friends as for him, and as the pivotal State around which all other results would cluster—has had four county conventions—Knox, Kane, Sangamon, and one other; result, thirty for Blaine, and eleven for Grant. The opposition to the candidacy of General Grant is composed of two elements—the one a principle, the other a memory. All over the United States, and in every precinct, hamlet, town, and city, there are sincere, earnest, honest, and patriotic men who think a third term of the Presidential office is a violation of the unwritten constitution of the nation, and a violation of its most honored tradition. All over the nation are good Republicans who remember the kind of men that stood around the Republican throne when General Grant was President. They fear, and they have a right to fear, that its approach will be barred against them by the same greedy, dishonest, and clamorous gang if he is re-elected.

The archives of the Washington departments undoubtedly contain many very stupid and ridiculous papers, but we doubt if, in all the vaults of all those marble piles, could be found any official document in which stupidity and cheek were more strongly shown, or more harmoniously blended, than in the report which has been made to the Postmaster-General by the committee of his subordinates whom he appointed to look into the matter of letter-carrying by express companies on the Pacific Coast. The fame of these three or four official gentlemen, who, sitting down in a snug room in a Washington bureau, propose to sweep away by a department edict one of the most important facilities for communication—in some places the only facility—enjoyed by the people of the Pacific Coast, has not yet reached this westernmost part of the Union with sufficient distinctness to enable us to say what manner of men they are. But, unless they are perfect types of the department Dogberry—barnacles of the sort which grow around large Government offices, and which, in their British species, have been well characterized and ridiculed by Dickens—we can not believe that they have ever read the reports which the telegrams to the Associated Press tell us they have signed; for certainly no man of ordinary perceptions, who had not been fossilized by long routine of red-tape tying, and had gradually come to look upon the whole fifty millions of American people as existing but to conform to departmental regulations, would, in sober earnest and in his natural senses, have proposed to interfere with the habits and wishes of a large part of the nation for the trivial reasons which in this report are given. The facts of the case are simply these: That the express company of Wells, Fargo & Co.,—which, since the early days of California, has been the great common carrier of this coast, and which has its agents in every city, village, and mining camp from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and from Puget Sound to the Mexican boundary line—has for all these years been in the habit

of carrying for the public letters enclosed in Government stamped envelopes, and on which postage is thus paid without any return service by the post. There is nothing secret, or underhand, or contraband about this business. On the contrary, it is in full accordance with and expressly permitted by the postal law; though that law, unfortunately, contains a provision which, technically interpreted, gives the Postmaster-General authority to prohibit it, should he care to exercise such an arbitrary power. It in no wise interferes with the operations of the post-office, nor creates any injurious competition with the mails. No one is in any way compelled to send his letters by express, if he prefers to send them by mail. On the contrary, anyone can send his letters through the mail for three cents a half-ounce, while if he wants to send them by express he must pay, not merely three cents a half-ounce to the Government, but the express charge in addition. And now it is proposed by these three or four Washington post-office functionaries to absolutely prohibit this letter-carrying. The thing is preposterous. The hotel-keeper, who prepares food and spreads a cover for his guests, has a right to demand that the guest shall pay for the regular meals, whether he eats them or not; but what would we say if, not content with this, he were to insist that the guest should be prohibited from eating or drinking except at his table? There are two very emphatic old English words which would be applied to such an individual, and they are two words which must occur to whoever thinks in the vernacular as he reads the report in which Mr. Key is asked to do what a long succession of Postmasters-General have never thought of doing, and to prohibit the people of the Pacific Coast from sending letters by express, even though they pay full Government postage, and may want them carried to places, or at times, where or when there is no mail.

The sublime cheek of this proposal, which exhibits, as lofty a disregard of the wishes and interests of the people as any edict ever promulgated in the name of a Bourbon or Romanoff, is only equaled by the "reasons" for which it is urged upon the Postmaster-General, and which range from the transparently false to the utterly absurd. For it is transparently false to urge that the letter-carrying of Wells, Fargo & Co. results in any diminution of the postal revenues, when the patent fact is that all its letter-franks are printed on stamped envelopes issued by the Government, and sold at a price proportioned to the Government stamp; for, this being the case, the express company can not carry letters for insufficient postage without lessening their own revenues. And it is utterly absurd to say that there is a loss to the Government because Wells, Fargo & Co. send their own communications by their own agents without the payment of postage, for they could, and undoubtedly would, do this even if they were not permitted to carry letters for the general public. And again, it is transparently false to urge that there can be any loss or inconvenience—instead of an obvious economy and convenience—resulting from the fact that in many little places the agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. and the postmaster is often the same person, just as he is often, also, the hotel-keeper, grocer, druggist, dry-goods merchant, newspaper and telegraph agent; while the very climax of absurdity is reached when it is gravely proposed as a good and sufficient reason for the arbitrary interference of the department, and the suppression of a great public convenience, that Wells, Fargo & Co. have letter-boxes, and that people sometimes put letters in these boxes that they intend to put in the post-office boxes! Shades of the late lamented fool-killer! We have heard of people who, under the influence of a liquid probably not unknown in Washington, put their boots in bed and threw themselves on the floor, but we never heard of anybody who proposed for this reason to abolish either beds or boots. We have heard of the newly-enfranchised freedmen of South Carolina putting their ballots into hollow trees, but the veriest carpet-bagger never on this account suggested the cutting down of the trees. We have heard of people who insisted on trying to stuff letters into fire-alarm boxes, but we never yet heard that anybody wanted on this account the fire-alarm system suppressed. Yet these paternal bureaucrats at Washington give this as a reason why the benighted people of the Pacific Coast should be denied the privilege of sending letters by express when they want to. We believe Postmaster-General Key has too much sense to pay any attention to such recommendations as those of this report. Let him stuff the thing in a pigeon-hole, and let the people of the Pacific Coast get their letters carried as they choose, so long as they pay the Government its dues. They know very little about us in Washington, anyhow, and the less paternal government of this sort they give us, the better in the long run both for them and for us.

To adjust water rates so that the Spring Valley Company may receive a fair and adequate remuneration upon its outlay, and at the same time that its collection may not discriminate against individuals or classes, is a plain duty. That the company should not receive an exorbitant interest upon a fictitious capital is recognized by every honest citizen. That it should not collect for current expenses for repairs more money than it costs to run the institution and keep it in re-

pair is also right. That the city as a municipal government, and for all its varied uses, should not have water for nothing, is also recognized. That seventeen thousand consumers should pay for all the water used for the health, safety, comfort, and protection of three hundred thousand, is an apparent wrong that needs no other argument than its bare statement. The city pays three hundred thousand dollars for gas to light its streets, and this expenditure is recognized as a legitimate municipal charge. It is for the safety, comfort, and police protection of all the people. The same argument in reference to franchises, and the privileges of using the streets, is based upon the same facts as control the water company. If gas is a comfort, water is indispensable. If gas is a luxury, water is a necessity. The writer of this article fails to see why general property should be taxed for the one and not for the other; why the man who consumes gas in his dwelling should not pay for the gas used in street-lamps and public buildings, upon the same principle that the private water-consumer is compelled to pay for the water drunk at the Lotta Fountain, or used to extinguish fires, flush sewers, and sprinkle the public parks. If any scheme is to be devised by means of which rates are not to be reduced to the private consumers, in event of the imposition of a general tax, then, of course, there should be no concession by the Board of Supervisors. But when the amount which the company is allowed to collect as an annual charge is fixed and is reasonable, then it would seem as though there should be no difficulty in so apportioning it that it should be equitable and just, and set equally upon all interests and all property. There are considerations, also, broader than these. We demand manufactories for the advancement of our city, to give employment to laborers; and nearly every workshop and factory uses more or less of water. To measure this water by the gallon, and charge for it at the same rates as for a bathing-tub, is to make it impossible for manufacturing to exist. This question of water supply and water rates is to this city an important question, and one that ought to be considered without passion or prejudice by the press, with fairness by the Supervisors, and with liberality by the company.

Beer-vat Steinman is on the warpath again. He thinks he can frighten the town once more by advising drilling. He will reach a climax by and by in setting up a few rusty muskets in the rear of some dingy hall. The thing to be done with this noisy demagogue is to hale him up for vagrancy. If he can not show that he has some visible means of support he should be sent to work on the county roads.

The foregoing is an editorial of Wednesday's *Bulletin*, and it is the best editorial that that journal has ever printed concerning the Sand-lot rebellion. "Beer-vat Steinman" is good. This is the colossal Dutchman who carries the Sand-lot banner: "Labor or bread." The same vigorous editorial comment against Kearney, Wellock, Gannon, Kalloch, and the other male and female vagabonds and street-walkers of the Sand-lot, would have contributed to squelch the whole vile business, and to have strangled it at its birth. We congratulate the *Bulletin* upon the valor it displays in coming to the funeral and kicking the corpse.

The New York *Times* altogether misunderstands popular opinion upon this coast in reference to Chinese immigration. We mean intelligent public opinion; and this great, leading, and influential journal does us, our State and our people, a most cruel wrong by thus persistently misrepresenting us. If, when a band of rioters imperiled the safety of New York, burned an orphan asylum, and set at defiance the law, the London journals had declared that the people of New York were barbarians—that plunder, murder, arson, and riot were the normal condition of that city—it could not have done that people greater injustice than the New York *Times* is now doing our people. The Chinese Commission has not been ungraciously received. The appointment of Mr. John F. Swift is accepted as all we had a right to expect or demand. We recognize this as a national question, concerning the whole country, involving commercial and other questions. The Commission is entirely acceptable to this coast. The *Times* is culpable in its ignorance, or criminal in its malice, when it says of Mr. Swift: "This gentleman represents the most extreme views of the anti-Chinese party, stopping only just a little short of the brutality of the men of the Sand-lots." Mr. Swift represents no such sentiment, but the very reverse. He represents that class of citizens which is just, humane, and generous; which recognizes the binding force of an international treaty, and which would—with arms, if necessary, as against the mob—defend the Chinese in all their rights under the law. Mr. John F. Swift is a gentleman, a lawyer, a man of high culture, a broad-minded, able, representative man; and though everybody upon the coast would have been glad had he been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary, they feel that they are well represented upon the Commission, and are grateful to the President and the Secretary of State for Mr. Swift's appointment.

An important interest is growing up on our coast that has up to the present time challenged very little public attention. From time to time, ever since the gold discovery, we have heard of oil prospects, oil discoveries, and oil wells. In nearly every one of our mountain ranges we find evidences of oil. Some two or three years ago oil wells were sunk in Santa Barbara, Ventura, and Los Angeles counties.

There is an oil station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, where oil is conducted in pipes from eight miles away. This oil was found to be expensive in its mode of rectifying. It made the best of lubricating oil, but for burning purposes could not compete with Pennsylvania oils. This property, formerly belonging to Messrs. Taylor, Bryant, MacDonald, and others, is now owned by Tevis, Felton, and others; Scofield & Tevis succeeding to Mr. Taylor's oil business in San Francisco. The same parties have been engaged in boring for oil in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and we believe successfully. As good a quality of oil has been brought to the surface as the Pennsylvania oils, although we believe no flowing wells have been found. Owners of oil-farms in the Santa Cruz Mountains and elsewhere will do well not to make hasty disposition of their property, nor embarrass themselves with long leases. If the owner of an oil-farm will either work the property himself, or lease it upon condition of active working by the lessee upon a share of the product, the oil business of California need not go into the hands of monopolists. We hope to see our people derive a large revenue from this oil development, and we hope in its infancy it may not be monopolized by capitalists, hence this word of caution to the owners of farms with oil prospects.

Two mysteries, obscure and dense,
All men are trying to clear:
Who tried to buy Kane's influence?
And who took Whitaker's ear?
Alas, the times are out of joint
From Sacramento to West Point!

Forbear, forbear, ye can not trace
These two dark criminals out;
A motive's wanting in each case,
As clear to the dismal doubt:
Who'd have the bigger's ear for naught?
Who'd use Kane's influence if bought?

A young man named Eldredge has cropped out as a rising phrenologist, bidding fair, says an enthusiastic contemporary, "to win a reputation second to that of no man in the country." We have this to say to that young man: There is no such science as phrenology. No man in this or any country has a "reputation," among men of wisdom and knowledge, for reading character by the shape of the head. The practicing phrenologist, like the "spirit medium," begins by deceiving others, and ends by deceiving himself. Turn it up, young man, turn it up. Nothing in it—nothing but just dead loads of money.

We are pleased to observe that a local contemporary has had the frank courage to point out the one weak spot in Lord Beaconsfield's policy—the joint in his armor through which the spear of political disaster invaded his official vitals: Lord Beaconsfield does not read the newspapers. This is indeed a grave mistake; how can he know what he ought to do if he will not let the editors tell him? We are reminded of a little story. An eccentric man who had complained a good deal about his hard luck, and been advised by prosperous friends to endure it as heroically as they did, conceived the notion of satirizing fortune by teaching it to a jackass. When what was left of that creature had become letter-perfect in Christian resignation the humorist harnessed it to a light wagon, led it into the street, and gave a public exhibition of that cardinal virtue. He belabored it sinfully, but it did not stir; he bit its ears, and it sweetly smiled; when prodded with a pitchfork it shut its eyes and snored. It brayed for him who despitely used it. Then gathered all the man's dear friends, each vociferating an infallible plan for moving a balky jackass. They were not all foolish; under other circumstances, perhaps, the advice to "unhang him from the hitchin'-post" would have worked like a charm.

We haven't clearly thought out the application of the foregoing anecdote, but we've a general notion that our contemporary is like a jackass.

A San Franciscanese bridal party recently chartered a steamer, and making a merry visit to Stockton visited the Lunatic Asylum

With glad surprise, by wond'ring eyes
The building was inspected;
"See what the State," said the groom, elate,
"For you, my love, erected."
"Nay," said the bride, "your tender pride
Has seriously misled you:
They'd placed each stone before 'twas known
That I'd agreed to wed you."

Never again will there be as formidable a bolt as that of 1872, when Sumner, Trumbull, Schurz, Fenton, Greeley, Brown, Chase, Davis, and Fixley rebelled, and raised the cry of "anything to beat Grant," and we all know that was a fizzle.—*Black-and-Tan*.

In the event of General Grant's nomination for a third term, the formidable bolt of 1872 will compare with the rebellion of 1880 as the zephyr compares to the storm—as the fall of dew to the cloud-burst—as the Sand-lot insurrection to the great civil war that shook the very foundations of our government, and imperiled the safety of the republic. The conditions then and now must be considered—the principles that controlled that election, and the one that is to come. To the number of honorable names which opposed General Grant's second election will be added other and more powerful ones. Many journals, of highest respectability and widest circulation, that then supported him, are now oppos-

ing and will continue to oppose him. Then the question was a personal one, confined to those who believed that his first term had not been a success; to these will be added a vast number of people who think his second term was a greater failure than his first; and to these again, that other large and influential class of electors who are opposed to a third term upon principle, and who would look upon his election as the violation of a tradition as sacred as any written provision of the organic law. Let it be remembered that there was not then a solid Democratic South, and a divided Republican North; that Greeley was a Republican, and could not and did not unite the Democracy, either North or South; that there then existed questions of reconstruction and finance that do not exist now. The correspondent of the *Chronicle* may think there will not be much of a shower in the event of Grant's nomination, but it looks to us as though it would be enough of a deluge to drown all the dogs that are now yelping at General Grant's heels for official crumbs.

Last week, forty cavalymen and twenty-five Apache scouts passed through Phoenix, Arizona, from Fort McDowell, bound for the Gila, to investigate the charges against the Papagoes of stealing cattle from the settlers.

If the foregoing is reliable, then it is probable that another Indian war has been organized in Arizona for the benefit of the Indian ring. This time it is the Apaches who are the allies and scouts of the Government, and it is the Papagoes who are to be the victims of the white thieves' terrible vengeance. If we understand the history of these tribes and their relations to the surrounding communities, the case is this: The Papagoes are, and for two hundred years have been, peaceful, Christianized Indians, living by agricultural industries, tilling their own lands, raising stock, making pottery, weaving baskets, and are an industrious, self-supporting, quiet people. All this time they have been at peace with the whites and at war with the Apaches. For two hundred years, and more, the Apaches have been at war with the whites, and are a thieving, cowardly race of assassins—stealing and raiding upon white and Indian alike. The Papagoes have been compelled to fight them in self-defense. In a late trip to Arizona, we visited two Papago villages, and saw these people herding their cattle, tilling the soil, and working at their industries. They have fixed habitations, where they raise crops, year after year, within the same fenced enclosures. We are writing without any knowledge of facts concerning this raid of soldiers and Apache scouts, but we will venture to guess that it is a villainous and wicked scheme, growing out of the greed of a band of political thieves, Arizona loafers, and Indian-ring bandits at Washington. We shall see.

Enter Bridget, with her hands on her hips. "Faith, mum, I shall have to ax ye more wages. Stocks is gone so low that a pore gurl like me is ruint intirely." "Well, Bridget, you know it is always a pleasure to me to pay my servants more money, but if the necessities of life are as cheap as you say, I think I ought rather to cut you down a trifle. With Con. Imperial at forty cents and Lady Bryan at fifteen, you really ought to be able to load up at very little expense." "Indade, mum, that's thrue of ye, but consider the assessments." "I shall consider nothing of the kind. Your position here enables you to buy the stocks, but it does not compel you to pay the assessments. Be reasonable, return to the kitchen, and when stocks become expensive again I will add five dollars a month to your wages, and we will resume, generally, the style of living to which you have been accustomed." *Head of the House (sotto voce)*.—"Smart woman, that! Only she doesn't happen to know that I'm short on the whole list, and a boom in the market would be rattlesnakes and blue lightning!"

The local dailies relate that an unknown woman jumped into the bay recently. There are seventeen reasons why an unknown woman should not jump into the bay. One of these is sufficient. We are a fastidious people, and yet we like crab salad. Naturally we wish to know the pedigree—or, at least, the approximate pedigree—of the crustacean pabulum.

One of our best known operators has a pretty daughter who is a bit of a hoiden. Brokers and bondholders are notorious for talking shop, and our operator is no exception to the rule. Of course Miss Tomboy has imbibed the jargon of the street, and of course she knows how to use her tongue. The other night, at dinner, the young lady spilled a goblet of water all over herself. The head of the family framed a stern rebuke, promptly checked by the chit with this explanation: "Oh, let up, pa, I was merely watering your stock."

If De Lesseps is only seventy-five years old it must have been quite early in life that he invented the Monroe Doctrine. Young man, it is never too soon to sow the seeds of political good, and never too late to reap the harvest of glory.

It is at this season of the year that, visiting your cousin in the country, and falling over a calf in the grass, the sociable and gentlemanly cow wants to shake horns with you by way of saying: "Don't mention it."

THE RÉMUSAT MEMOIRS.

Surfeited as we have been with histories of the First Empire, biographies of Napoleon, and personal reminiscences of his times, these memoirs have a peculiar interest of their own. They contain many anecdotes of court life not to be found in history, which present to us in a new light the characters of the principal actors of that time. Madame de Rémusat was evidently both contemplative and observing; and while she judges with severity some of the people among whom she was thrown, her work bears the stamp of truth, and a desire to be just. On the other hand, she is most lenient to those whom we have been accustomed to regard with doubtful eyes. Hortense she represents as little less than an angel, bearing her many persecutions with the air of a martyr. We had always known that Louis was a brute, but, according to Madame de Rémusat, if his wife was what posterity believes her to have been, it is only a wonder that she was not worse.

The most disagreeable feature of the book is its ruthless treatment of the ideal Josephine, who, probably on account of her misfortunes, has always been represented by historians and biographers as a woman of remarkable character, inviolable principles—in short, the exact opposite of the ordinary woman. Madame de Rémusat, however, lived with her from the time of Napoleon's elevation to the consulship to the day of the empress's death at Malmaison. It would be strange, therefore, if she had failed to make a remarkably correct estimate of her character. As Josephine was warmly attached to her we may conclude that madame was naturally inclined to judge her impartially.

The Duchesse d'Abrantes, on the other hand, detested Josephine, and, in her memoirs, never lost an opportunity to say something spiteful. Her opinions, therefore, have been generally attributed to ill-will and jealousy, and no value has been set upon them. She would, of course, never acknowledge that Josephine was pretty. Madame de Rémusat, on the other hand, describes Josephine as she has always been represented—a very pretty woman; and, indeed, there is no trace of spitefulness or jealousy toward any one in her memoirs. She acknowledges that Josephine had many amiable qualities, great kindness of heart, and extreme placability of disposition. But we are forced to believe that she had little stability of character, less principle, and less intellect; that her impulses, though good, were evanescent; that she was utterly incapable of any lasting impression, and that her ruling passion was vanity. It is a pity that these memoirs do not cover another year, and give an account of Josephine's conduct during and after the divorce. Madame de Rémusat went with her into obscurity, and could, by the personal details which she would thus have been enabled to give, have explained the seeming inconsistencies between her Josephine and the Josephine of history, who bore her misfortunes with such character and fortitude. Her wrongs have heretofore presented her to posterity as a saint and a martyr, and many will think it a pity to destroy the delusion.

Both Madame de Rémusat and her husband occupied posts near the imperial couple, and both seemed to have made a study of the emperor's character. Our author acknowledges that at first she was completely fascinated by him, and was disposed to look upon each of his acts as of little less than divine inspiration. Like the majority of her contemporaries, she regarded him as a man created by providence to save France. The successive phases of the decline of her affection are carefully delineated; and although she ends by disliking him thoroughly, there is an evident determination to be just in her estimate of him. She attributes the greater amount of his success to his thorough knowledge of human nature, and ability to convert it to his own ends. The more subservient a man was, the more favor he found at the imperial court. Implicit and unquestioning obedience was demanded from all. Duroc is an excellent example of the state of subjection to which officers and courtiers were reduced. Madame de Rémusat maintains that, though Napoleon was a perfect master of the science of war, he still preferred peace, and was driven into the opposite extreme; not at first by ambition, but by the necessity of keeping the minds of his subjects occupied, that they might not observe too closely the tyranny of his government.

One can forgive faults, no matter how great they may be, but not weaknesses, which provoke ridicule. It is enough to say that the Napoleon of the Rémusat memoirs is a mass of inconsistencies, a mixture of greatness and littleness, natural kindness of heart, and an utter unscrupulousness that spared neither friend nor foe when any end was to be gained. His letters to Eugene are masterpieces of sentiment, and upon reading them it would be hard to attribute to him a feeling that was not noble and elevated, still less a policy which neither stopped at honor nor anything else.

In one respect our author seems to me unjust. She reproaches Bonaparte for the agony he inflicted on wives and mothers by means of his wars, and attributes the hatred he inspired largely to this fact. But why? Tears are shed after every battle. Might not the same thing be said of every sovereign who leads his subjects to war? No matter what the motive, the result is always the same. I think it is the average of belief that Napoleon was one of the greatest men the world has ever known, but neither is any one prepared to deny Madame de Rémusat's assertion that he made many mistakes. Could he have read these memoirs by anticipation, he might have adopted another and wiser policy, and might have died in the Tuileries.

Although the numerous and well-told anecdotes of court life form one of the most attractive features of the book, the latter is far from being a mere collection of domestic gossip. Madame de Rémusat displays a minute knowledge of State affairs which would be surprising were it not known that the women of the First Empire interested themselves almost as largely in politics as did the men. Some portions of the book, however, read more as if written by a man than by a woman; and it is quite probable that her husband's memory and rhetoric were brought into play as well as her own. It is difficult at times to get over the idea that a large portion of the memoirs are quotations from a higher authority. However, we may conclude that she looked at the principal events of her times through the same lens as did her contemporaries. The story of the trials of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, Pichegru, and others, and of the state of public

feeling at the time, is well told, and displays both thought and observation. The account of her own state of mind, and that of the other inmates of the palace, after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, is interesting. Her condition was truly pitiable; but her distress was not for the unfortunate Bourbon, but for the tarnished reputation of her master. The world, that shuddered at Napoleon's crime, and that looked with amazement at the seeming indifference of the court, knew nothing of the conflicting emotions with which that court was torn. Outsiders knew nothing of the sleepless nights, the constant interceding with Napoleon, the anxious listening for every footstep, and the hoping against hope until all was over. It was the first mistake of Napoleon's policy, and one which he expiated at St. Helena.

Of the other members of Bonaparte's family, our author says little, and that little is not much to their credit. The women, in particular, seem to have had all the weaknesses of human nature in an exaggerated degree, and vanity seems to have been their predominant characteristic. She touches but lightly upon Jerome's marriage with Elizabeth Patterson, for which we are truly thankful, as the subject is worn threadbare. It is amusing to contrast the absolute indifference with which she alludes to it with the interest which it occasions in America at the present day.

Madame de Rémusat's memory must have been extraordinary, or else she draws largely upon her imagination in regard to Napoleon's conversations. In spite of a former assertion that his mode of talking was disconnected, abrupt, and ungrammatical, she gives us page after page of his interrupted, polished conversations. He must either have had a remarkably easy and lucid flow of language, or else, in spite of her prejudice, his biographer has embellished his remarks for the benefit of posterity.

The memoirs have been characterized as indecent, but that is a sweeping assertion. The greater amount of freedom in manners, speech, and writing of that time must be taken into consideration, and when they are compared with those of Fouché and the Duchesse d'Abrantes, there is little fault to be found with them. There is too much about herself in them, however, and a good deal that her admiring grandson would have done well to suppress. It is incredible that any woman of twenty-two years of age, and who lived in the centre of the court of the First Empire, could have been so surprisingly innocent. While her husband was ill, she spent a month in camp; and, being the only available woman, was honored by a good deal of Napoleon's society. In spite of her having lived in the world for some years, and although she acknowledges that the emperor indulged in the fatherly habit of pulling her ears and kissing her, she was overcome with surprise when Josephine, who was jealous of every woman whom Napoleon looked at, greeted her coldly upon her return. We can only conclude that she was singularly unattractive, or a man of Napoleon's well-known gallantry would have been likely to have himself given her some idea of what she might expect when she returned.

It seems to me, also, that she talks too much about her love for her husband and her own virtue. That is always suspicious. In every incident she manages to be a prominent figure, and never by any accident allows Madame de Rémusat to be placed in the background of these memoirs. That is inconsistent. She should have taken it for granted that posterity would have preferred that she should have made herself a means, not an end, and that her own adventures, trials, and tribulations would be of little interest to any one but her descendants.

Probably the glimpse which these memoirs give of Talleyrand's character will excite as much attention as anything else. We are glad to learn that that astute, diplomatic individual had some natural feeling; and we sympathize with, while we can not help laughing at, his domestic infelicities. His powers of self-repression were wonderful, and he seems to have been the only man who really influenced Napoleon. His conversations with M. de Rémusat are interesting, and he appears to have had more good qualities than are generally placed to his credit.

The last chapter of the second volume contains short and by no means satisfactory sketches of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël. The severity of her judgment in regard to the former, her son acknowledges, was owing to the great author's want of appreciation of her own fascinations and talents. She did not know Madame de Staël personally, but measured her by Talleyrand's opinion and by her books, which were not sufficiently prosy to suit Madame de Rémusat's taste.

Taking them as a whole, however, the memoirs are above the ordinary run in point of interest, and, although disconnected and rambling at times, are, in the main, well written and well told. Although they have destroyed many of our illusions, we ought not to regret their publication, for they have certainly afforded us amusement, and—I think—profit.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

F. A. G.

T. W. Higginson denies the right of anybody to assume that women, as women, are either angels or imbeciles. Whatever profession they enter they will bring to it, as men do, a great variety of temperaments and characters. A well-known physician once told me, he says, that when women began to practice medicine he supposed that all women practitioners would be just alike; but he soon found, to his amazement, that they varied just as much as men did; some were stronger in theory than in practice, others stronger in practice than in theory; and so on with all other characteristics. It will be the same with all occupations. In the few instances where women have been associated with men on an entire equality and on a large scale, thus far—as, for instance, in the Society of Friends and in the old anti-slavery societies—it has never turned out that they introduced any kind of element that was not useful and valuable, on the whole.

A scientist says: "The skulls of the African negroes are dolichocephalic, mesocephalic, prognathous, platyrrhine, and mesosome, while the Adamese are brachycephalic, microcephalic, mesognathous, mesorhine, and megaseme." We have frequently noticed this, but don't suppose there is any cure for it. All the niggers we know are similarly afflicted.

Instead of saying an officer shot a dog, an exchange says he "peppered the pup with his pop."

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

Little Breeches.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I came into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong;
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something, and started,
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all!

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upset, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critters' aid,
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold,
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And Thar sot Little Breeches, and chirped,
As peart as ever you see:
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne.—John Hay.

The Whistler.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled, and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine;
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."
—Anon.

A Dream of the South Wind.

O fresh, how fresh and fair!
Through the crystal gulf of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm;
And the green earth, lapped in bliss,
To the magic of that kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm.

From the distant tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint undertone,
From its fields of purpling flowers,
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind, lingering, sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystic, pure, and tender,
Wherewith, like soft heat-lightnings, they gird their meaning round,
And those waters! calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow-spray of sound.

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary dins and jars—
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dew-like from the weird and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm,
For, behold! its spirit fleeth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

—Paul H. Hayne.

THE FOUR DREAMS.

A Curious Little Story Written by Zola before he Became Famous.

I.

The evening shades were falling over a deserted battlefield. The victory was won, and four soldiers, camped in a lonely corner, were enjoying a tardy meal, seated on the grass in front of a large fire, before which a few slices of lamb were cooking. The red light cast a strange shadow around, and the pale flicker revealed many sleeping their last sleep. The soldiers were laughing boisterously, scarce noticing the glazed eyes fixed on them. The day's work had been severe, and the living were resting, not knowing what the morrow might bring. Death and night were spreading their wings over the blood-stained earth, where terror and silence were standing side by side.

Their feast ended, Gneuss began to sing. His deep voice sounded hoarse as it fell on the desolate and mournful air. The song, so joyous on his lips, echoed but a sob. Astonished at the strange accents, he began singing with redoubled ardor; when a piercing cry, issuing from the shadows, disturbed the little group.

Gneuss was silent, and, with a troubled expression, said to Elberg:

"Go see which corpse is awakening."

Elberg went, armed with a sword and a lighted torch. His companions could just perceive the outline of his form as he bent over the dead, but he soon disappeared.

"Clerian," said Gneuss, after a silence, "the wolves are about to-night. Go look for our friend."

And Clerian went, and was in turn soon lost in the darkness. Gneuss and Flem, tired of waiting for the return of the wanderers, rolled themselves in their cloaks and lay down by the smoldering embers. Their eyes were just closing, when the same dreadful cry rent the air. Flem rose, walked silently to the spot from whence issued the sound, and was soon lost in the gloom.

Gneuss sprang to his feet, terrified at the sight of the black gulf where the agonized gurgle rang. He threw a few dried leaves on the burning logs, hoping that the brightness would dissipate his fears. The flame rose, shedding its light in a ghastly red circle on the ground. In this circle the shrubs looked unreal, and the dead seemed roused by invisible hands.

Gneuss's terror increased; he shook the lighted branches and stamped out the flames. As the thick shadows fell around him once more, he shuddered, fearing to be again overtaken by the death-shout. He could not rest. He sat down, then rose again to call his companions, but the sound of his own voice made him shrink, and fear that it had attracted the attention of the surrounding corpses.

Suddenly the moon appeared, and Gneuss trembled to see it shedding its pale beams over the battlefield. Night no more concealed its horrors. The plain, strewn with dead and dying, seemed to extend under the shroud of white light, and this light seemed to give an unearthly touch to the scene. Gneuss, now thoroughly roused, wondered whether he could ascend the mountain and extinguish the pale night torch. In his excitement he thought the dead must rise and speak to him, now that they could see him so plainly. Their perfect calm was terrible; and, expecting every moment to be overtaken by some dreadful catastrophe, he closed his eyes. But, as he was standing there, a strange heat touched his left heel. He stooped, and saw a thin rivulet of blood flowing past his feet, leaping over the stones, and causing a gay murmur. It came out of the shade, meandered in the light of the pale moonbeams, then fled and returned to the darkness, like a snake in its tortuous windings. Gneuss could not remove his eyes from the tide of flowing blood. He saw it swelling slowly and visibly getting larger; the rivulet became a peaceful stream that a child could have easily leaped over; the stream became an ever-increasing torrent, bursting over the ground and throwing up a red foam on all sides; the torrent became an immense flowing river.

The river was ever carrying away the dead, but a cold shiver ran over him as he saw that it was supplied by the blood running from their wounds.

Gneuss kept moving backward from the ever-increasing tide; he could no longer distinguish the opposite bank, and the valley was changed into a lake.

Suddenly he was stopped in his course; a cluster of rocks impeded his flight. He soon felt the waves leaping round his knees, and the dead drifting on, insulting him in their course, each one of their wounds becoming a blood-stained mouth to scoff at his fears. The dreaded sea, ever increasing, now touched his waist. He made a final effort by clinging to the cracks in the rocks; but alas! the rocks gave way, and the tide covered his shoulders. The moon, pale and sad, watched this sea where her rays were not reflected. The light floated heavenward; this immense sheet of shadowy and clamorous blood seemed to be the entrance to some great abyss. The waves, ever ascending, touched and covered with their red foam the lips of the tortured Gneuss.

II.

At dawn, Elberg returned. He woke Gneuss, whom he found sleeping, with his head pillowed on a stone.

"Friend," said he, "I was lost in the shrubs, and sitting down to rest at the foot of a tree, sleep overtook me, and my soul was troubled by strange visions, the remembrance of which disturbs my waking thoughts."

"The world was in its infancy; the sky was one eternal smile. Earth, a virgin still, was basking in May's rich sunbeams; each blade of grass was ripening and surpassing in beauty the finest oaks; the trees were bursting into gorgeous leaves and fruits totally unknown to me. The sap was ever flowing through earth's deep veins, and in its abundance drifted into the recesses of rocks and gave them life."

"The horizon rose, calm and smiling, in the distance. Nature, waking from its sleep, as a child, knelt and thanked God for His light; it spread out its arms toward heaven to give praise for its songs and perfumes, so graceful and so sweet that my mind was overwhelmed with the divine impression. Earth, gentle and prosperous, engendered without pain. Fruit-trees sprang out of every corner, the roads were hedged with fields of ripe corn, where to-day plains of thistles and thorns would rise. The air was not laden with

the weight of human sorrow. God was alone working for His children.

"Man, like the birds, fed on food sent by God, gathering fruit on his way, drinking the water from the cooling spring and sleeping under a shelter of leaves, whose lips seemed to shudder at the sight of flesh, not knowing the taste of blood, relishing only the dew-sprinkled and sun-ripened fruits."

"So man remained innocent, and his very innocence anointed him king over all living things. Earth had assumed a new touch of purity, and was cradled in supreme peace. Birds fled no more at the sight of man to far-stretching forests; all God's creatures lived together under one supreme law—goodness."

"I was walking with them, enjoying their perfect nature, and feeling myself growing stronger and better under their united influence. I felt the delicious breeze so pure after the laden breath of earth."

"As the angel of my dream watched beside me, my eyes strayed to a forest. I saw two men following a narrow, shady path. The younger took the lead, singing gayly, and smiling at the beauty all around; now and again he turned to smile upon his companion, and the smile made me guess that they were brothers. But the lips and eyes of his companion did not respond; he followed the youth with a look of hatred, and hastened his step to keep up with him."

"I saw him cut down a branch and make it into a rough club; then he hastened his step, fearing to lose sight of his victim, and hiding his weapon behind him. The young man, who had been resting, rose at his approach, and kissed him on the forehead in welcome."

"They set out once again on their walk. The day was drawing to a close. The youth hurried on, as he perceived in the distance the sun gradually sinking behind a hill. The man thought the youth was trying to escape, and lifted his club. His young brother turned with a happy speech on his lips; the club felled him to the ground, crushing his face, from whence gushed a stream of blood."

"The first blade of grass it touched shuddered, and shook the drop upon its mother earth; earth trembled and was startled; a great cry of repugnance was wrung from its breast, and the sand in the road turned into a foaming red current."

"The scream from the wounded youth seemed to scatter God's creatures far and wide; they fled into the deep and dark places, the strong attacking the weak. I saw them in the gloom, polishing their hooks and sharpening their claws. The great work of the brigandage of creation had begun."

"Then the eternal tide passed before me. The sparrow flew at the swallow; the swallow in its turn seized the gnat; the gnat sucked the blood from the corpse. From the worm to the lion was one great insurrection. Nature, touched at this sight, was convulsed. The pure lines of the horizon were effaced, the dawn and sunset gave forth blood-stained clouds, the rippling of the waters seemed one prolonged sob, and the leaves of the trees fell faded to the ground ere they bloomed."

III.

Scarcely had Elberg finished his tale when Clerian appeared, and, seating himself between his two companions, said to him:

"I know not whether what I saw was a reality or a dream, the vision was so like the truth, and the truth so like a vision."

"My steps led me along a road that encompassed the earth; it was studded with towns, and crowds followed its course. A stream of red froth flowed onward, and my feet were soon blood-stained. Careworn, I wandered on amid the mass of human beings, increasing as we went, and cruel sights met my gaze. Fathers offering their daughters in sacrifice to some avenging god, the fair heads bent under the touch of steel, and tainting at death's kiss. Trembling maidens seeking death to escape from hateful kisses, the tomb alone shrouding the virginity. Women dying under passionate caresses, one crying bitterly on the brink of the river that had carried away her love; another killed in her lover's embrace; the blow was a death knell to him, and, locked in each other's arms, they soared heavenward."

"Men vainly seeking liberty and peace that were unattainable here below. Everywhere footprints of kings were marked with a crimson blot: one walking in the road stained by his brother's blood; another enjoying his crown at the cost of his subjects' lives; and still another wading in God's blood; and the people, standing back and letting him pass on, would say: 'A king has passed this way.'"

"Priests massacred their victims, and, open-mouthed over their bleeding entrails, pretended to read therein heaven's secrets. Swords were hidden under their priestly robes, as they preached warfare in the name of God, and, at the sound of their voices, each man turned to slay his neighbor, thinking thereby to glorify his Maker. The intoxicated mass of human beings was hurrying hither and thither, a crushed and seething crowd, brandishing their naked weapons without mercy and felling innocent souls to the ground. A craving for massacre fell on the raging populace. Their cry rang furiously on the still night air, until the last drop of blood was trampled from out the seething wounds, and men cursed their victims for dying so quickly."

"Earth drank unceasingly of the blood-red stream, and seemed insatiable and glutted over the dregs."

"I hurried on, wishing to lose sight of my fallen brothers, but the road lay dark and interminable before me, while the crimson tide drifted ever onward. Darkness increased around me until I could see the barren plains, the forsaken rocks, the mountains towering to the skies, the valleys becoming great gulfs, the stones turning into hillocks, and the furrows into yawning abysses."

"No sign of life was there, no green thing visible; nothing but rocks, desolate rocks, whose summits, barely touched by the wavering light, made the gloom appear more terrible in this valley where the road led, and where my footsteps echoed in the deathly silence."

"A sharp turn brought me to a ghastly sight. Four mountains, leaning heavily forward, formed a basin. Their sides, straight and stiff, like the walls of a cyclopean city, formed in their centre an immense well, and this well, where the stream terminated, gradually increased the thick and tranquil sea that rested so peacefully in its bed of rocks, giving a purple hue to the clouds."

"I knew that this abyss must receive the blood of the

murdered; that drops from each wound had gone to swell the surge of this flowing sea."

"Stop," said Gneuss, "the torrent I saw this night went to feed that cursed lake."

"Struck with terror," continued Clerian, "I stepped to the brink, and saw that the tide nearly reached to the summit of the rocks. A voice from the abyss spoke to me: 'The river is ever increasing, and will continue until it reaches the utmost heights; then it will overflow into the plains, the mountains will give way, and tired earth will soon be covered and flooded. New-born babies will be drowned in their fathers' blood.'"

"The day is at hand, friend," said Gneuss; "the waves were high last night."

IV.

The sun had risen ere Clerian had finished his tale. The trumpet was sounding to rally the scattered troops.

The three soldiers arose, and, shouldering their weapons, moved away, casting a last, lingering look at the fire—when Flem appeared, foot-sore and travel-stained.

"Friends," said he, "I know not whence I come, so rapid has been my flight. Long hours did I wander, till the noise of my footsteps rocked me gently, and I fell into a strange and restless sleep, never slackening my speed till I came to a lonely hill. The sun poured down upon it and scorched the ground, while I hurried on to attain the summit."

"As I fled, a man appeared, toiling up the path; a crown of thorns was on his head, a heavy burden on his back, drops of blood were standing on his forehead, and his tottering steps could scarcely reach their goal."

"I grieved to see his agony, and I waited for him. He was carrying a cross; and I saw by his crown and purple robes that he was a king, and I despised him, and rejoiced over his sufferings."

"Soldiers followed him, hurrying his faltering steps. At last, when they came to a stand-still on the highest pinnacle of the mountain, they divested him of his garments and nailed him to the cursed tree. The victim smiled sadly as he stretched out his hands and crossed his feet ready for the murderous deed. He turned his face heavenward; tears flowed slowly down his cheeks—tears which he felt not, and which were lost in the resigned smile on his lips."

"The cross was soon erected, and then the weight of the martyr's body enlarged the wounds and broke his bones until he shuddered again and again, and sought strength from above."

"The sight riveted me to the spot, and as I looked I said: 'That man is no king.'"

"Then, in my great pity, I cried to the soldiers to kill him."

"A linnet perched on the cross was singing a sad strain, that caught my ear and made me think of the weeping virgin."

"Blood is feeding the flame," said the linnet, "blood colors the flowers, blood shades the clouds. I alighted on the earth and my claws were stained, and as I touched the trees my wings grew crimson."

"I met a just man and followed him, and having bathed in a pure spring, I thought to find rest on his shoulder from the wickedness of earth."

"My only song to-day is a sob on Golgotha's Heights for one who carried me safely through many dangers. He came to purify, and he is doing it with the crimson tide from his own wounds."

"Oh, Jesus! I cry, when shall I find Thy brother to take me under his sheltering wings? Ah! when shall Thy son come to wash my wings in Thy sprinkled blood?"

"The victim listened to the linnet's song. Death was hovering over him, but his look was one of gentle reproach, a serene and hopeful smile passed over his face."

"Then, with an unearthly shout, he gave up the ghost; his head sank, the linnet fled, the sky darkened, and the earth trembled."

"I still ran on and on in my sleep; dawn had come, the valley awoke, smiling under the morning mists. The rain of the preceding evening gave a fresh touch to the green leaves, but the road was still hedged with the thorns that had impeded my course the night before. The same hard stones stopped my way as the snakes hissed out their warning note. The just man's blood had flowed in vain for the world."

"The linnet passed on its way, telling its tale as it went:

"In vain have I sought a cleansing stream to wash my blood-stained wings. Look at earth! it is no better for the sacrifice, and I have only to record the burden of one more murder."

V.

The clarion now rang loudly.

"Friends," said Gneuss, "we are driving a wicked trade; our sleep is disturbed by the phantoms of those we have slain. My rest, like yours, was disturbed by a ghastly nightmare; I have been massacring for thirty years, and am tired of it. Let us leave our brothers, and go into the country together and till the ground. I know of a valley where the plows are idle for want of hands."

"Such is our wish," replied his companions.

The soldiers buried their weapons, bathed themselves in the cooling stream, and, arm in arm, they started on their new road.

Jonathan and Paddy were riding together one day, when they came in sight of an old gallows. They suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see that, I calculate," said he, "and now where would you be if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone," coolly replied Paddy.

"Can a man's attention be riveted with copper rivets?" asks the Cincinnati Commercial. It can, if the rivets are sharpened and put where he will sit upon them.

Thackeray once said: "When I was a boy I wanted some taffy; it was a shilling; I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy."

When the Emperor of Russia is now asked in his dining-hall he declines, remarking: "I am n



BALDWIN THEATRE.—*Coralie* has a gamey flavor. We are not concerned about a matter of taste like this. There are people who prefer their mutton "high." In pre-railroad days, within the memory of men yet living, Vienna ate its oysters "touched." There are Chinese delicacies that can be prepared only from added eggs. We should keck at this cookery. Our attitude toward its votaries is one of moral elevation, very like that toward the poodle-dramatics of which *Coralie* is an example, whence we take a bird's-eye view of "those Frenchmen." They depict themselves in these plays, and we examine them with something of that large tolerance in which a mastiff might examine the curly coterie—dimly detecting the irony of such little creatures getting into love or a passion.

This matter suggests a political reflection. Some years ago, the French press fell to yelping at England. *Punch* made a picture of Napoleon (*le petit*) standing on the yonder shore of the Channel, working one of those toy-poodles which squeak. It would not have occurred to *Punch* to caricature poor Spain, or even Naples, by that toy. King Bomba was bad enough—Queen Isabella horrid enough; Bomba might have been figured with a toy cannon in his hand—Isabella with her mannikin of a husband in a pint-pot, emitting *pronunciamientos*. In each case, contempt would have been expressed for the antagonist's weakness; in the actual case, contempt was expressed for his strength. And, so long as Englishmen and Germans witness such self-drawn portraits of the Frenchman as abound on his stage, the feeling that inspired *Punch's* picture will endure. A wise French government might do a worse thing than suppress the national literary poodle.

However, as to *Coralie*, it is to be noted that the play is not a rank specimen of its kind. Usually in this business we are gratified with the representation of a Magdalen—the college of this name is pronounced "Maudlen," which seems a preferable location. Usually, then, we are presented with a Maudlen going through her repentances, or harrowing up in some other wise her immortal part, before our eyes. To this sort of performance the objections are: (1) Maudlens do not repent; (2) they do not harrow worth a cent; (3) their immortal part, however stirred, gives forth an ill savor. These are faults of gravity. A form of cancer is exhibited to us which does not exist in nature; and a cancer is no more than a sore, anyhow. The theatrical manager appeals to us as the companion of boyhood used to do: "Give me a hite of your apple, and I'll show you my sore toe." The appeal was not unsuccessful then, and that boy was father to a man.

Now, in *Coralie* we are spared this sort of exhibition. It is a cicatrix only that is exposed to our vision: we infer, but are not called on to inspect, the previous condition of the spot. We are not introduced to the operating-room to see the patient; we meet her after she has left the institution. The difference is enormous, and is in the favor of the new play. It is understood that "*Coralie*" has been awfully naughty, but all that was ages ago, and the interest we are invited to feel is not in her, but in her grown-up son. The title of the play expresses its true inwardness. It is called not *Coralie*, but *Le Fils de Coralie*. His fortunes are its theme. Her personality is intruded only as an accident of his career, and in all our dealings with her on the stage she appears only as the mother—plotting, harried, doubling, hunted, playing off tricks and wiles within a narrowing circle, to avert from her son the consequences of her own career. In all this there is no sentimental wish-wash to make you ill. There is nothing but what is natural, sound, and affecting—barring only the nature of the fatality which is pursuing the woman; this, being of a vile sort, sends forth its occasional whiffs of noisomeness.

The structure of the play (three acts) exacts high praise. A more dramatic thing in its each step of development has not appeared in a long time. Its plot is deeply interesting, and it is untwisted without a knot, or hitch, or the dropping of one round of the thread. As a piece of dramatic work, these three acts are masterly. But with the third act the play reaches a climax; the fourth is an anti-climax, and spoils it. It would be hard to tell how to change it for the better. The difficulty is inherent—the material on hand at the end of Act III. is awfully intractable. The real difficulty is to get properly rid both of "*Coralie*" and "*Captain Daniel*," without some tragedy, which the play in its present shape is not strong enough to bear; for as to "*Daniel's*" setting down to the domestic veal, it is ridiculous. "*Edith*" were drawn as a coquet made to play with "*Daniel*," a fitting way to kill him off could be con-

trived. We can not but think that somehow a superior play will be wrought out of this; these first three acts are too fine to be lost. The present conclusion of the play is impotent; that in the original is not only impotent, but also intolerably poodle.

The performance at Baldwin's is very fine. While Jeffreys-Lewis's success as "*Coralie*" is quite a triumph, the fact must not be lost sight of how much it is contributed to and grows out of the excellent acting of both the old men—"Godefroy" (Jennings) and "*Beauchamp*" (Bradley). This is a thing too much confused in distributing the merit among the different parts in plays. The most familiar instance, perhaps, is that of the two "Surfaces." The applause falls to "*Charles*," while the real fine play falls to "*Joseph*." The effectiveness of "*Charles's*" part, for which the actor gets the credit, depends on the way it is led up to and prepared for by that of "*Joseph's*," which a better actor is apt to get no credit for.

Speaking generally, the triumph of your dramatic hero is founded on the goodness of the acting by the dramatic rogue—his foil. However, this suggestion is offered here, not to dim the burnish of Jeffreys-Lewis's "*Coralie*," but to help the understanding to a due appreciation of the two old men. In "*Godefroy's*" scene with "*Captain Daniel*," when he demands release of his daughter's engagement, the quiet insistence of the broken old gentleman was quite perfect, and laid open the way to the fine episode between mother and son immediately succeeding. In the scene of drawing up the marriage settlement, "*Beauchamp's*" formal regularity up to the moment it dawns on him: "Something wrong here!" and the tension under which he pursues the clue, lent all needed effect to the action of the play.

Neither of those parts, of course, in the way of the depth of emotion or strength of acting, comes into competition or comparison with that of "*Coralie*." From the moment of her appearance on the stage, she becomes, by dint both of superior acting and her place in the play, the central object of interest. We do not propose to follow her through the part. Her entrance, toward the close of the first act, starts a round of applause, due solely to the effectiveness of her appearance. Her ensuing scenes with "*Montjoie*" are acted for all they are worth. The attempt to cajole him at first is a scurvy bit on the author's part—stupid; in the attempt to threaten, the dialogue is not up, in point of strength, to that of the situation, and hence, perhaps, there is no alternative but to rant it. But "*Coralie's*" scene with her son, in the third act, is 'way-up—strong at all points, and played for the full strength of the hand. In this, the climax of the play, Jeffreys-Lewis is well and effectively supported by Mr. O'Neill. Beyond this point, it is superfluous to pursue the theme, for here the play properly ends.

Of "*Edith*" (third costume), a lady was overheard to observe: "How much Carey has improved in her dressing." The bearings of this remark lie in the application of it.

"Has it stopped raining yet?" "Don't know. Guess we've had 'bout nuff." The above is a fair sample of the current street conversation anent our "beautiful weather"—beautiful from a farmer's standpoint. Of course the visiting granger is jubilant, and the visiting merchant from the Cohos District puts his hands a little deeper into his plethoric pocket, sighing for new methods to help him get rid of his hard-earned "pile"—in the line of attractions for his purchasing constituency. But while the visiting rural has been happy in the rain that has made them dream of the green and flower-brightened environs of their distant homes, we have looked down upon dreary streets, have picked our various disconsolate ways across slushy crossings, have peered through rain-pelted windows at the ashen sky, but nothing—except the welcome puff of earthquake, complimentary to Professor Proctor—has happened to break the monotony of "long, long, dreary days," that have made up the week just passed. And yet, within a half-hour's delightful ride of our busiest streets, the thrice-lovely verdure of a hundred rain-drenched slopes is leaping into the spring atmosphere and waiting for the spring sunshine. "That is gush," some one says. Perhaps it is, for this is the gush season. The sunshine is only just behind the clouds, we know, and the cloud-curtains can not be drawn much longer. Ah, but in the meantime half of us are wheezing with colds, aunt has the neuralgia in her dexter cheek, and uncle the g—the inflammatory rheumatism—in his sinister great toe; and the toddling two-year-old is growing daily pale and thin and fretful, for lack of sunshine and the air of all-out-doors.

Be still, sad heart, and cease pining;
Under the cloud is the sun still shining.

To-morrow, or the next day after, or next week surely, there will come warm April days—real April days, as drenched with sunlight as these days are with rain—and then, hurrah for an outing! We will jump upon the dummy and we'll all take a ride—uncle and auntie and little blue-eyes. We will go out on the California Street cars, and steam extension to the jumping-off place, ever so far, into the country, and then we'll go to the Presidio Common, and find wild flowers that shall match the baby's eyes to a dot, and queer little blush-blossoms that shall make us think of somebody's cheeks, and we will ramble and romp and fill our lungs to our hearts' content. It is enough to look forward to this—at least almost enough—to make us forget the rain and wind; and then, besides, we are so royally sure the California Street Road will have our carriage ready whenever we want it.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Forgotten Something.

Kitty and Alan were two little chicks,
They ran after a robin with two little sticks.
Said Kitty to Alan: "Of course we shall fail;
We've entirely forgotten the salt for his tail."

Entirely Seasonable.

I'll winter night fair Isabel;
I'll spring upon my knees and tell
No girl is hand summer than she,
And that she autumn marry me.

A Put Up Job.

He raseeled with that old front gate,
But couldn't move it—not a peg;
And when he tried to climb the fence,
The dog would catch him by the leg.
She watched him through the shutter slats
(She didn't want him to come up),
And softly murmured when he left:
"God bless the old gate and the pup."

Kill Him! Kill Him!

He married a maiden named Eva,
And said that he never would leave her.
"Do you really mean never?"
"Well," said he, "hardly Eva."

The Old Huascar.

There was an Old Man of Peru,
Who got himself into a stew
Of domestic concern,
Which did cruelly burn
This bald-head of Ancient Peru.

You Bet Your Life.

A clothes-line is a harmless thing,
When stretched from pole to pole,
Until you start across the yard
And step into a hole.
Then, as you make a forward lunge,
It stops you, so to speak,
And throws you down and jerks you to
The middle of neck's tweak.

A Leap-Year Idyl.

The pallid snow was drifted deep
When Nellie came prepared to leap.
She let her plump dimensions drape
Into her sweetheart's maiden lap.
And sighing prayed him give her hope,
And kneeling begged him with her slope.
Then held him in her fervent grip,
And smacked him on his downy lip.
* * * * *
But lest we into secrets drop,
These thrilling details will we lop.
Suffice to say a priestly troop
Soon after tied the bridal loop.

The Correct Thing.

Adown the street, with flying feet,
She tripped with high-toned flutter;
An orange peel caressed her heel,
And she anchored in the gutter!
With smothered swear the maiden fair
Arose from 'mid the boulders,
But oh! such luck! her panier stuck
Right up betwixt her shoulders.

"Fifteen two, Fifteen Four."

There was a young lady had legs
Resembling liberty poles;
She wanted to rent them for cribbage pegs,
But they couldn't find deep enough holes.

Where is Winnie?

Winnie was impatient, and her fire was getting low,
She thought a little coal-oil would surely make it go.
So it did; the flames went up, higher and higher—
And Winnie? She is singing in the angel choir.

A Fossilian Ballad.

I sing of the Kinkajou,
The carnivorous Kinkajou,
Who fell in love with the prodigal son
Of an antediluvian mastodon;
And when in love—so proud she grew—
The prehensile tail of Miss Kinkajou
Curled round with an extra kink or two.

They danced the matatin,
The elegant matatin,
They'd hardly accomplished a step or two,
When the plantigrade heel of Miss Kinkajou
Upset the colossal form of the one
She loved—y-e-a, even the graceful son
Of the antediluvian mastodon.

Alas! for the matatin,
For the stately matatin,
Uprose the pachydermatous son
Of the antediluvian mastodon,
And bade her adieu, with never a tear,
But munched an *arachnis hypogaea*,
Commenting on heels in a manner severe.

Alas! for the Kinkajou,
The deserted Kinkajou,
She went for the antediluvian son
Of the antediluvian mastodon,
Then wiped her eyes, and wearily sighed,
Uncurled the tail, now shorn of its pride,
Turned up her plantigrade heels—and died.

A Run for Two Hands.

When the darling little females aren't a-gadding—
Aren't a-gadding!
Their household duties they will always shirk!—
Always shirk!
And lay around the house both night and morning—
Night and morning!
And let their mothers do the work—
Do the work!

Political Points.

The Washburnes are all for Grant, viz:
Elihu B.,
And Cadwallader C.,
And William D.,
And Israel G.,
Each of whom swears that he
Has in his bonnet no White House bee.

Cupid and Psyche.

You have read of the story of Cupid and Psyche
How her lover was coy and would not be seen,
Till one evening she crept with a lamp to his cham-
ber,
And spilled on his shoulder some hot kerosene.

The fair god awoke, opened his eyes, spread his pinions,
And betook him at once from her bed and her heart,
As indignant he flew to the first pharmacist's,
For bi-carbon of soda to soften the smart.

There's more than one moral to this little story.
There's the obvious one of "Take care of your light,"
And a finer, which warns that love seeks gentle treat-
ment,
Come too close, handle roughly, and lo! he takes flight.

It was not long since that he came to my dwelling,
This god, fair and fickle, whose rambles I sing,
But too closely I pressed, and too fondly I plied him,
Till he fled, and I fear with a smart on his wing.

Yet Cupid returned when his wing had ceased aching,
And in Psyche's soft arms he forgot all his pain.
Ah, might he once more but tap at my casement,
So softly, so sweetly I'd greet him again.

Clerical Error.

Ten little parsons, preaching love divine,
One kissed his servant girl, then there were 9.
Nine little parsons, preaching sinners' fate,
One kissed his neighbor's wife, then there were 8.
Eight little parsons, smoothing paths to heaven,
One kissed his boarding mistress, then there were 7.
Seven little parsons, exposing Satan's tricks
One starved the children, then there were 6.
Six little parsons, preaching Christ alive,
One got slinging arsenic, then there were 5.
Five little parsons, preaching sin no more,
One shot his sexton, then there were 4.
Four little parsons, preaching Calvary,
One got horsewhipped, then there were 3.
Three little parsons, preaching Christ as true,
One cut his baby's throat, then there were 2.
Two little parsons, following the Son,
One beat his child to death, then there was 1.
One little parson, just for pious fun
Eloped with a deacon's wife, then there were none.

What Came from His Gizzard.

Instead of a blizzard;
Oh, give me a lizard,
To crawl down the back of my neck,
For the question is whether
This infernal weather
Will not make us a tee-total wreck.
I'd file no objection,
Nor make a correction,
If winter would linger with May;
But these kind of breezes
Will essentially freeze us,
Though we hail from the coast of Norway.
So, instead of a blizzard,
You may give me a lizard,
To crawl down the spine of my back;
The cold, clammy creature
Will be a nice feature
Compared with such weather, alack!

The Serenade.

"I will stay," he sang, "and will sing my lay,
While slumber seals your eyes;
And the still, deep night will see me stay
Under the star-lit skies.
I will wake and sing, till the morning star
Shall glow in the eastern sky.
But he didn't; her "pa" came out right 'thar
And "lifted" him nine feet high.

The Source of Woe.

Upon what slender threads
Hang gum-elastic things!
A button here,
Another near;
A pin put there,
A hook elsewhere;
And breaks in some of these
Is whence the trouble springs.

Sealed Proposals.

"What are sealed proposals, Tom?"
Archly asked a bright-eyed Miss,
Whose mouth up-turned, like a rose-hud sweet
Seemed asking for a kiss.

"Why, Fanny dear, I'll illustrate;
'Tis plain as a, h, c;
Give me your hand—you have my heart—
And now * * 'tis sealed—you see!"

Explode the Mine.

In the glorious Russian nation
There lived a beauteous dame,
Who indulged in osculation,
And Anna was her name,
But now this lovely vision
From her mourning home is missed,
They dragged her off to prison—
Said she was an anarchist.

A Bad Case Seized.

A gentle Miss, once seized with chill,
Was feeling most infernal ill,
When came an Md. for to know
If N. Y. service he could do.

"O," cried the maid (for scared was she),
"Do you Ind. Tenn. to murder me?"
"La," said the doctor, "I Kan. save
You from a most untimely grave,
If you will let me Conn. your case,
And hang this liver-pad in place."

"Am Ia. fool?" the patient cried—
"I can not Del.," the brute replied,
"But no one can be long time Ill.
Who Tex. a patent blue Mass. pill

"Ark!" shrieked the girl, "I'll hear no Mo.,
Your nostrums are N. J.—no go!"

ABOUT EDITORS.

"Editors are usually wealthy," remarked the man with the sample case.

"Yes," I said, "they are familiar with all the slang and business phrases of the money market; they write about millions as ordinary men talk about dollars; they know how to pay the national debt; they build railroads; they organize mining and magnificent transportation companies with fabulous capital; they declare war without consulting the Rothschilds, and if all the banks in America were to fail to-morrow they wouldn't be a cent poorer than they are to-day. They are rich. They associate with the moneyed classes; they sit down at the table with kings, and sometimes, in happier, luckier moments, with aces. If you want to borrow money, go to the editor; he will turn to his advertising columns and tell you where you can borrow it. If you have money to loan, rather than see you suffer he will borrow it of you himself. Rich? He knows the secrets of the moneyed rings; he divulges the plans and schemes of the heavy operators to the people; he roars himself louder than the bulls, and growls among the bears; his voice is heard in the temples of the money-changers, asking for money; he warbles his little roundelay out on the curbstone, in a melancholy minor key, when he doesn't get it. Oh, yes, editors are rich. When you want to spend all the money you have in this wide world, go to your lawyer; when you want something done for nothing, hie you to your newspaper office. Then, when you want to send some man to Congress, send your lawyer, because you can get along without him."

I paused, and a profound, impressive silence filled the air like a dream of peace. I looked around upon my audience.

It was asleep.—*Burdette.*

The man who wants a light for his cigar on coming out of the theatre is getting to be an unbearable nuisance. People who smoke good cigars have sense enough to carry match-boxes; so it happens that when you oblige these careless men, there is invariably left on your cigar a taste of the abominable weeds they affect. If you strike a match, before you have time to light your own cigar you are surrounded by a crowd of impudent fellows who demand a light. Why should not the theatres have, in their outer lobbies, such hanging lights as may be seen in any cigar store?

Patti is singing songs in private houses in Paris, where ballets danced by helles of the fashionable world are now given in Lent. She sings a song as each corps de ballet comes in, and for doing so receives the trifling sum of \$3,000 a song. If four songs are sung she knocks off \$7,000 from each song; but when one of her friends asked her to sing a single song for less, she replied that she did not make two prices, and that she could not allow sentimental considerations to affect her tariff.

His umbrella fell with a bang during one of the most pathetic scenes in the play, and when everybody turned around, as they always do under such circumstances, to see who was responsible for the racket, he was intently watching the stage, and nobody suspected him.

"I admire your self-possession," whispered his friend; "if that had been my umbrella I would, as a matter of course, have picked it up."

"Naturally; but, you see, that umbrella is not mine; it belongs to Jones."

Mr. Sothorn writes, enthusiastically: "W. S. Gilbert's new piece for me is simply lovely in its utter reckless, clever wildness. I never yet had such a chance of saying and doing such crazy things, and still with an air of earnestness and intensity that keeps the idea just within the bounds of comedy and reason."

A London society paper says that American women would be far more beautiful if they weighed about two hundred pounds apiece. American opinion is that English women would look better if they weighed two hundred pounds less than they do.

Speaking of our skeleton of an army, here is a scene at a Western post: *Captain* (rushing out on the parade ground)—"Fall in, Company G!" *First Sergeant* (rushing his eyes)—"He's gone a-fishin', sir!"

An exchange says that Mary Anderson is notably deficient in her kissing, and the *Albany Times* finds a reason in the fact that Mary wasn't brought up to the ministry.

Barry Sullivan, the actor, is mentioned as a probable candidate for Parliament for Belfast.

The school-master who sat on a bent pin got off a bright thing.

Many a man of honor may be a fearful liar and not know it.

Old men who can hardly totter about, and old ladies who are wheeled about in their armed chairs, can be made able to walk about lively and active by the use of Hop Bitters one week.

Were man to conform more to the laws of health and of nature, and be less addicted to the gratification of his passions, it would not be necessary to advertise Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites as a restorative for the power of the brain and nervous system, while the world's progress and enlightenment would indeed be marvelous.

WANTED!

Nos. 1 (March 25), 4 (April 15), of Vol. I of the ARGONAUT for 1877.

Twenty-five cents will be paid for each of the above numbers at the ARGONAUT office, 522 California Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF the Europa Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, April 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 54) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was declared, payable on TUESDAY, April 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

P. JACOBUS, Ass't Secretary.

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The comic opera, or rather musical comedy, is a grand success.—*News Letter.*

Not an instance in which the music is not fresh and bright.—*Chronicle.*

Theatre parties from the suburbs may secure seats by telegraph and telephone, paying for the same upon arrival at the theatre in the evening.

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EDWARD T. MARTIN has just received a choice stock of new designs in MENU AND DINNER CARDS; also a fine variety of WRITING PAPERS and PAPERIE in New Tints.

N. B.—Tiffany's New Harlequin Playing Cards, \$2.50 per pack.
No. 5 Montgomery Street.

STORAGE.

FURNITURE, PIANOS, TRUNKS, Boxes, Paintings, Mirrors, and other goods received on storage.

PARTIES LEAVING THE CITY Are requested to call. Large, airy brick buildings, free from vermin. Elevator on Stevenson Street. Terms moderate. Money loaned on valuable goods.

J. H. MOTT & CO., 647 Market Street.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

SPRING STYLE HATS

NOW INTRODUCED BY

HERRMANN

THE HATTER,

336 KEARNY STREET,

Between Bush and Pine Streets.

BRANCH, 910 MARKET ST., ABOVE STOCKTON.

As regards beauty and number of styles, Herrmann still leads.

Spring Catalogues now ready. Send for copy.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,

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Union Building, Junction Market and Pine Streets, San Francisco.

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Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance Co. of London; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; The Glasgow Iron Co.; Nich. Asbton & Son's Salt.

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SAW MANUFACTURING CO.

17 AND 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SAWS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

on hand and made to order. Agents for C. B. Paul's

Files. Repairing of all kinds done at short notice.

J. A. HUNTER, M. D.,

No. 321 Sutter Street, devotes Special Attention to

Catarrh, Deafness,

Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and all ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Heart.

TRADE



HULLED, CRUSHED, STEAM-COOKED AND DESICCATED AMERICAN

BREAKFAST CEREALS.

A. B. C. WHITE WHEAT. A. B. C. WHITE OATS.
A. B. C. BARLEY FOOD. A. B. C. MAIZE.

The most Nutritious, Palatable, and Easily Digested of all Cereal Food.

For sale by all first-class grocers. The trade supplied by

JOHN T. CUTTING & CO., Sole Agents,
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C. BEACH.

Finest assortment of FANCY and STAPLE STATIONERY, latest tints; all the LATEST and STANDARD BOOKS.

107 MONTGOMERY STREET.



MME. B. ZEITSKA'S
FRENCH, GERMAN & ENGLISH
INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, 922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin.

This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term on MONDAY, March 22, 1880.

MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

NOOK FARM.

THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY

home is now open for the accommodation of guests. The many improvements made the present season add greatly to the beauty of the grounds and the health and comfort of the guests. Everything is cheerful, healthful, and homelike.

Only three-fourths of a mile from railroad station. Two trains to and from San Francisco and Oakland daily.

E. B. SMITH, Napa County, Cal.

ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,
REGALIA AND LODGE SUPPLIES.

A. J. PLATE & CO.,

No. 325 Montgomery Street,
Odd Fellows' Hall.

SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE

Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms \$50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

Enchings and Rare Engravings.

W. K. VICKERY INVITES ATTENTION

to his large collection of the above, which includes fine original Engravings from the great Paintings of Europe. Rare Portraits, either in collection or procured. A large number of fine Enchings in stock. Hours 1 to 5 o'clock.

126 KEARNY ST. Thurlow Block San Francisco.

BUTTERICK'S

PATTERNS—APRIL STYLES.

Send Stamp for catalogue. AGENCY, 124 POST ST., San Francisco.

SILVER HILL MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the ninth (9th) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OPHIR SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirtieth (30th) day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the second (2d) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Address TRUE & CO.

AN EMOTIONAL FAMILY.

The New York *World* is of the opinion that there is a great difference in families. Of course there is. For example, in some families the current of life runs smoothly on like a canal. In others the stream of existence is full of cataracts, snags, and sand-bars—so to speak. There are the Tibbatts. There is not a week but that events really momentous take place in that family—events which are not only intensely absorbing to themselves, but whose interest rami-fies throughout the entire length and breadth of their acquaintance. Last week, for instance, Susie Tibbatts had her ears pierced. On Thursday, her brother John Henry, who was to give her a pair of diamond ear-rings provided she could make up her mind to endure the operation, which for some time had been doubtful, felt her pulse and remarked, seriously:

"You must brace up, Susie. To-morrow is the day. Mother, feel her pulse and tell me what you think of it."

Mrs. Tibbatts laid hold of Susie's wrist, and, taking on a listening and meditative air for some seconds, said, with affectionate solicitude:

"I'd be careful of my diet, my child. Maybe you'd better take a little of my tonic throughout the day."

"I don't know, mamma; I feel quite calm now. I'm getting familiarized with the idea."

Mrs. Tibbatts shook her head doubtfully, and slightly smiled at the ignorant confidence of a young girl.

Her sister-in-law Annie, James's wife, who had come down from the country to be present at the operation—Mrs. Tibbatts not feeling herself equal to it—added, encouragingly:

"Oh, dear, it will soon be over. I have gone through with it, you know."

"Oh, I don't think I'll be much frightened. But don't forget, Annie, you've promised to hold my hand."

"No, indeed, dear. And don't you think, mamma, Susie had better go to bed now? She will be so much stronger to-morrow, after a good, long sleep."

"That is an admirable suggestion, Annie. Good-night, dear. Just let everything pass out of your mind, and shut your eyes, and you will soon be asleep."

The next morning the family appeared heavy-eyed at the breakfast table, no one of them having slept a wink, and each began in turn to relate their bad dreams. Mrs. Tibbatts, whose mind finally began to act, thinking that these might have a bad effect on Susie's nerves, made warning faces all around the table, accompanied with glances at Susie. John Henry, who is very quick of thought, and the wit of the family, broke into such a gale of laughter he could scarcely speak.

"I must tell you of such a good thing I heard yesterday. Ha, ha, ha! Such a good thing! Why is an old dog like an inclined plane? Ha, ha! the best thing! No. Give it up? Well, ha, ha! It's because it's a slope up. See it? Slo-pup. Slo-pup, ha, ha! Good, isn't it?"

The whole family immediately fell into a state of reckless gaiety, which more than anything else revealed the tenseness of their feelings.

When the carriage came to the door, John Henry brought out the foot-warmer, James put on Susie's arctics, Annie buttoned up her sealskin sacque, and Mrs. Tibbatts brought her fur cloak as an overwrap.

"See that there are plenty of robes, James, and, Annie, you had best take my vinaigrette," said the anxious mother.

"John Henry, I wouldn't excite her more than I could help."

"Do you think, mamma, it would be better to leave her to her own thoughts in the carriage, or to try and beguile her so she won't think?"

"I really can't decide, John Henry. Watch her face carefully, and be governed by the indications."

"I am ready now," said Susie, in a faint voice beneath her wraps.

"Farewell, dear one." Mrs. Tibbatts kissed her passionately, and pressed her to her bosom.

"Come, Susie," said the stout-hearted James, with tears in his eyes.

"How shall I bear the suspense?" cried Mrs. Tibbatts as the carriage rolled away.

By lunch-time that lady was in an agonizing frame of mind at the delay, and waved away, with dramatic fervor, Thomas's offer of a cup of tea. She walked once more to the window, and there saw John Henry half carrying into the house the bundle of furs in which Susie was swathed.

"My child! my child! Here, John Henry, place her here." She swung around an easy-chair.

"I fainted, mamma. Only think, I fainted! Didn't I faint, Annie?"

"Fainted!"

"Yes, indeed, mamma, she really fainted; and I was alone with her."

"Except the clerk, Annie."

"Yes, Susie; except the clerk, mamma."

"Alone! Oh, John Henry, my son, where were you?"

"I'd gone round the corner to see a man. She seemed so calm and composed, mamma; and I was really afraid I'd see her suffer."

"Oh, my cruel neglect! I should have sent a physician with her. Tell me all about it. I must know all. I thought I could trust you, John Henry." Mrs. Tibbatts drew her handkerchief across her eyes.

"But Annie did remarkably well."

"Alone! What a fearful ordeal! Annie alone with this lifeless child! Tell me all about it."

"Let me tell, Annie—that is, until I fainted—and then you can tell. They were very kind, mamma. I sat in a chair, and Annie took my hand. I felt a little nervous, but I had determined to be brave."

"Dear child!"

"I only said, 'Don't let me see the instruments!' That was all, wasn't it, Annie?"

"Yes, love; I think that was all."

"And the clerk—such a nice clerk, mamma—he laid my head against his breast, and took up my ear and placed something behind it. What was it, Annie?"

"Cork, dear."

"And then," said Susie, solemnly—

"What, dear? Oh, don't tell me!" Mrs. Tibbatts shuddered with horror.

He jabbed right through! Now, Annie."

"Then she fainted. I saw the color leave her lips."

"My cheeks didn't get white at all, Annie says. Did they, Annie?"

"No; just her lips. And then she sank back and closed her eyes."

"Oh, how frightful!"

"We laid her gently—the clerk and I—on a sofa, for I had learned what to do before we went. I feared as much. Then I applied the vinaigrette, and the clerk brought water. As soon as her eyes were open we sat her up, but she seemed so weak I told her I would get some brandy before the second operation was performed. I ran to the nearest drug store and said: 'Give me some brandy, quick—some of your best brandy!' They wanted to know whether I wanted a pint or a quart, but I said: 'Give me some in a glass; it is important.' They quickly poured me a half glass, and I flew back, and she drank it."

"All, mamma; every bit! I wish you could have seen those clerks look at me. Such astonishment! I couldn't have done it, of course, except under such extraordinary circumstances."

"You poor dear! You may well say extraordinary circumstances."

"Then," resumed Annie, "we persuaded her to undergo the second operation."

"I made a great effort, mamma. You know my brothers say I have the strongest will of any woman in the United States."

"Yes, she got through it admirably; and they then inserted the gold wires of the purest possible gold."

"And they didn't charge a cent, mamma, for all that trouble! Wasn't it kind?—as we only bought the little gold rings there; not the diamonds."

"Now, dear, don't you think you had better lie down and keep quiet? What did they prescribe as subsequent treatment, Annie?"

"Oh, mamma, mayn't I have some lunch? I feel really unusually exhilarated."

"It is the brandy!" said John Henry, laconically.

"It is a reaction, dear, and will soon pass away. What did you say, Annie?"

"They thought she had better not expose herself for several days."

"There is no danger of fever, then?"

"They didn't mention it, mamma."

That evening a number of friends, who knew that Friday had been appointed for the operation, called to inquire about the result. Several were invited for Saturday—that is, enough to make the day pass and not enough to prove too exciting.

On Sunday the confinement was quite trying, but on Monday Susie was permitted to take the air, being well wrapped up, as the crisis was thought to have passed. She met on her walk old Mrs. Robinson, her Sunday-school teacher, who, strangely, hadn't heard of the affair.

"I didn't see you out yesterday, my dear?" inquired the kind old lady.

"I have been quite ill for several days," said Susie, with some dignity.

Theodore Martin has omitted some minor episodes of the domestic life of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, which would, perhaps, have cost him his spurs had he related them in his *Life of the Late Prince Consort*. When the august pair were first married, although the match was one of love, at least on the queen's part, her majesty could not always control her temper; and on the occasion of one of those trifling quarrels, which occur even in the best regulated families, she threw a teacup at the prince's head. He, excessively indignant, retired to his apartments and locked the door.

The queen's anger having somewhat abated, she thought him sufficiently punished, and knocked at his door. To the question, "Who's there?" she replied, in imperious tones: "The queen."

Prince Albert did not answer, and she went away. By and by she thought she would try again, and to the "Who's there?" answered: "Victoria." Again there was complete silence, and she again retired. With the perseverance characteristic of a woman alarmed at the trouble to come, she determined to try a third time, and, in response to the "Who's there?" replied, sobbingly: "Your own loving wife."

This brought Prince Albert to terms, and peace was reestablished. It is said there was no more teacup-throwing in the happy family.

A young man who had been drinking a good deal came down to the breakfast-table one morning, and said to his mother: "Look, ma, what a big bug is on your dress!"

"There, Charles," she said, "I've told you all along if you didn't quit drinking you would see things, and here you've got 'em sure enough." She wanted him to go right back to bed and take some medicine, and he had to explain to her very hastily that it was "April Fools' Day" to prevent her sending for a doctor.

"When I was young," said Mrs. — to her little girl, "I used to love my dear mamma too well to act as you do."

"And did your mamma," replied Bertha, quickly, "used to be all the time telling you what she did when she was a little girl?"

The only drawback with Hannay's process of making artificial diamonds is the depressing fact that it costs twenty-five dollars to make a ten-dollar diamond. He is now trying to reverse the figures, but they always come 13—15—14.

Ben Hill deprecates the practice of naming babies after living statesmen. He says parents incur a great risk by so doing, for man is only mortal, and may bring disgrace upon his name before he dies. "Which nobody can deny."

It looks now as if Columbus discovered this country for the especial purpose of enabling English walkers, lecturers, and opera constructors to come here and carry home thousands of dollars belonging to Americans.

That was a most astonishing case of color blindness when the fellow mistook a fine green silk umbrella for a blue cotton one.

Laugh and grow fat—grow fat and be laughed at.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Servant enters the apartment of his master, and hands him a visiting card on which is penciled an invitation to dinner.

"Ah, did the gentleman leave it?"

"No; it was the gentleman's gentleman himself."

A young girl endeavors to soften the obdurate heart of her stern parent.

"No," says her father, "I never will consent to your marrying him. He is only an artist—nay, what is worse, he is not even an artist—he lacks the divine afflatus and the first principles of his art."

"What! My Carmine Lake not a true artist!"

"No; I know what I am talking about, I tell you. I own the house he rooms in, and he pays his rent regularly."

A new definition of Sarah Bernhardt: "A prolonged neck." This is a trifle more refined than "an animated bone."

"M'sieu, give me a little sou?"

The monsieur, with an imposing air: "I haven't a little sou."

"Eh bien! give me a big one, then. I will divide it with my little sister!"

Two Bohemians, pretty well worn out, were stretching their legs in a promenade. One of them stopped before a handsome house, and, begging his friend to wait for him a moment, went in. At the end of twenty minutes he returned, and said:

"I only called a moment upon an Academician to ask him to vote for me at the coming election."

"Did he promise?"

"No. Nevertheless he gave me proof that he holds me in the highest esteem."

And he showed a five-franc piece.

A famous liar told an extraordinary story which, strangely enough, chanced to be true.

"It is so extraordinary," said a listener, "that if I did not know it to be true I should believe it false."

"Ah," said the narrator, "if it had been false I should have told it in a much more truthful manner than I did."

The gay Comtesse de C. is discovered just rising from bed by one of her friends who is infatuated with a certain fashionable preacher.

"What! my dear, not yet dressed?" said her friend. "Come, quick, quick! We shall be too late for the sermon. Make yourself as pretty as possible. All Paris will be there!"

"At the sermon! Are you insane? The father can do without me. I can not go to his church."

"Why?"

"I am not of society. I am in mourning."

Parisian ingenuity: On the door of a shop one reads:

"Fine face-powder for negroes."

It is merely pulverized charcoal.

A calculating mother reads her list of invited guests to her husband.

"But, my dear, what an extraordinary list," he cries. "You have only the names of men, and not a single woman. What will you do for dancers? There will be only our daughter."

"Eh bien! stupid! do you suppose I am giving a ball to marry off other peoples' daughters?"

Lying ill in bed, Madame X. desires her faithful maid to open a box and to find therein a letter from her absent spouse.

"Here is one," said the maid; "it must be the one you wish, as it commences 'Adored Angel.'"

"Silliness! that's not the one! That's one of his old ones. Look for one that commences 'Infamous Creature!'"

There are many women who would be very agreeable if they could only for a little while forget that they are so.

How to learn details of family histories.

A Frenchman arrived in Zurich. Having business with a man named Muller, and not knowing the address of Muller, he went to the post-office.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the Frenchman to the employee, "can you give me the address of M. Muller?"

"There are thirty Mullers!" answered the employee, slamming down the little window behind which he was stamping letters.

The Frenchman rapped again. The window reopened.

"This Muller married his cousin."

"There are fifteen of them," snapped the clerk, and down banged the window.

Again the Frenchman tapped.

"This Muller is jealous of his wife."

"There are seven of them," hissed the clerk, and again the window banged.

"But monsieur!" called the Frenchman through the glass, "this Muller has reason to be jealous of his wife."

"There are six of them," yelled the employee, in a rage, and the Frenchman went forth to run down Mr. Muller on some other trail.

Local item from the *Gaulois*:

"The dame Rougissard has been yesterday morning victim of accident cruel. This dame, who is merchant of apples of earth fried, street Our-Dame-of-Nazareth, was surveying the cooking of her merchandise, and bended on her large stove to fry was making herself ready to retire the slices of apples of earth gilded by the flame, when all of a blow she was taken of a giddiness, and fell the head in front in the lard in ebullition."

"A passing precipitated himself to her succor, and after having retired her in a lively manner from this frightful situation, bore her into a pharmacy where cares were prodigal to her. On the order of the Commissary of Police of the Quarter, this unhappy has been with urgency transported to the Hotel-God."

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, MAR. 20, 1880, and until further notice,

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.30 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
enger Train via Oakland and Benicia to "Sacramento." Connects at Vallejo Junction for Vallejo, Napa (Stages for Sonoma), St. Helena (White Sulphur Springs), and Calistoga (Stages for the Geysers). Connects also at Port Costa, for Martinez, Antioch, and "Byron."

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS, AT REDUCED RATES, TO SAN PABLO, VALLEJO, BENICIA, AND MARTINEZ.

7.30 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
enger Train via Oakland, Niles, Livermore, and Stockton, arriving at Sacramento at 1.40 P. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.30 A. M., and at Galt with train for Ione.

9.30 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express via Oakland and Benicia for Sacramento, Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Battle Mountain (Austin), Tallahassee (Eureka), Ogden, Omaha, and East. Connects at Davis for Woodland, and at Woodland, Sundays excepted, for Williams, and Willows. Connects at Sacramento daily with the Oregon Express for Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, and Redding (Stages for Portland, Oregon).

10.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
enger Train via Oakland to Haywards and Niles.

3.00 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
enger Train via Oakland and Niles, arriving at San Jose at 5.25 P. M.

3.00 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
enger Train via Oakland for Martinez and Antioch.

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA
Express Train via Oakland and Martinez for Lathrop (Stockton and Galt), Merced, Madera (Yosemite and Big Trees), Visalia, Summer, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara) Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (Stages for Phoenix and Prescott), Casa Grande (Stages for Florence), and for Tucson, 97 miles from San Francisco (Stages for Tombstone, Guaymas, and El Paso). Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Tucson.

Connects, Sundays excepted, at Vallejo Junction for Vallejo, Napa, St. Helena, and Calistoga.

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class Train via Oakland, Martinez, and Lathrop for Los Angeles and points in Arizona.

4.30 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.
Local Passenger Train, via Oakland and Benicia, for "Sacramento." Connects at Davis with Local Train for Woodland and Knight's Landing and at Sacramento with the "Virginia Express" for Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars Oakland to Carson.

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
enger Train via Oakland for Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects at Seminary Park Station with all trains, Sundays excepted.

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train via Oakland, Benicia, and Sacramento for Ogden, Omaha and East.
Connections for "Vallejo" made at Vallejo Junction from trains leaving San Francisco 7.30 A. M., 9.30 A. M., 3.00 P. M., and 4.00 P. M.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.											
To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To Peninsula.		To East Oakland.		To Niles.	To Berkeley.	Deliv- er at Street.	To West Oakland.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	6.10	7.30	7.30	7.30	6.10	
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00		
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.....	8.10	B 7.00				7.00					
.....	9.20	B 7.10				8.10	A. M.		Change cars		
.....	10.30	10.30				9.20	7.30		at West		
.....	B11.45	B 11.45				10.30	P. M.		Oakland.		

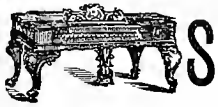
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It is PERFECT in every feature, and COMPLETE in all its details. It embodies all of the MODERN improvements that are of PROVED VALUE.

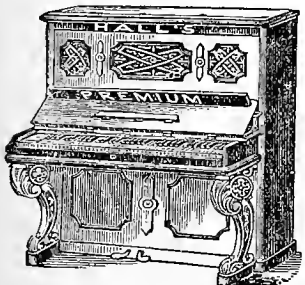
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No. 29 POST STREET (MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING).

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED



Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



PIANOS

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with Ivory keys, no imitation.

MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,
COAL DEALERS.

Office and Yard, 14 Post Street.
Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street.
BRANCH OFFICE.

J. Middleton & Son, 419 Pine Street,
Opposite California Market.

All kinds of coal at the lowest rates. Orders may be sent by telephone through any of the company's offices free.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO

herby certify and declare that we have formed a partnership, under the firm name and style of the OAKLAND BAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY; that said partnership has for its object the manufacture and sale of all kinds and descriptions of jute fabrics; that its principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, having its works and factory in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California; that the names in full of all the members of such partnership and their places of residence are as follows, that is to say: WILLIAM SCHOLLE, residing at Number Twelve Hundred and Thirty-four Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; ISRAEL CAHN, residing at Number Eleven Hundred and Twenty Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and JOSEPH BRANDENSTEIN, residing in the Town of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California. Dated March 16, 1880.

WILLIAM SCHOLLE,
ISRAEL CAHN,
J. BRANDENSTEIN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, ss.

On this Eighteenth (18th) day of March, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public in and for said city and county, personally appeared William Scholle, Israel Cahn, and Joseph Brandenstein, known to me to be the persons respectively named and described in, and whose names are subscribed to, the within and foregoing certificate of partnership, and they severally duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same respectively.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate first above written.

JAMES MASON, Notary Public.
[NOTARIAL SEAL]
Notarially Filed March 18, 1880.
WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.
By J. WHALEN, Deputy Clerk.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 22) of seventy-five (75) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth (6th) day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of May, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., April 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 14, of Seventy-five (75) cents per share, was declared, payable on MONDAY, April 12, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, CITY

and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10. In the matter of the petition of JAMES M. SHORES, an insolvent debtor. Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge of said Superior Court, notice is hereby given to all creditors of the said insolvent JAMES M. SHORES to be and appear before the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge as aforesaid, in open court, at the court-room of said court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on TUESDAY, the 27th day of April, A. D. 1880, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, whether perfectly or imperfectly described, or not described at all in the schedule filed herein, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 22d day of March, A. D. 1880.

[SEAL] WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.

By JOHN H. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

WM. H. H. HART, Att'y for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 24, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE REVELATIONS OF MR. JOSS.

CHAPTER I.

I beg the young lady's pardon, but I must take you into her boudoir. It is richly furnished, with lavish splendor and faultless taste. The chairs seem to have been invented by the God of Laziness, in one of his most sensuous moments; the ottomans are marvels of beauty; the couch is rather a bower than a bed, made snowy with shruhbry of the chastest lace. Everything about the apartment speaks of a life of whose careless magnificence nine-tenths of the world do not even dream.

Our intrusion can hardly disturb her. She is passing through one of the supreme climaxes of life; she is profoundly happy, because she is anticipating that which will never be realized. She has accepted him; she looks from her face in the mirror to the superb gem on her finger. In the first, she sees her own loveliness complacently reflected; in the second, she has brilliant evidence that the dream is real. He is rich, proud, noble, and refinedly ugly. He is better than handsome, he is distinguished looking, and solidly homely. He is the Count Marechal de Blazaroni. Is not that enough? Her reveries paint her a perfect picture; but, alas, canvas made of hopes is mortal—paint made of promises will fade.

Her father's name was Colonel Vesey. His immense fortune was the result of shrewdness and enterprise—in the canned-tomato trade with the South Sea Islands. He had carried his own cargoes, so that he was called "Captain" as well as "Colonel" Vesey. From long exposure, his face had the true tomato hue; his ample waistcoat was always immaculately white, and, informally speaking, he was a genial old cuss. His wife, never strong, died in giving birth to their daughter, whose sorrowful entry into the world was soon forgotten, as she grew into a picture of robust health and matured beauty.

If anything was needed to add sadness to the circumstances of her birth, it was the alliterative fiends to whom was given the duty of naming the child. They called her Vesta—Vesta Vesey. Having calmly accomplished their purpose, they left her to live a life that was destined to hear all the changes rung on—"Vesta Vesey! What an odd name!" "What a queer name!" "What a ridiculous name," etc.

They were residing now in Shanghai. The colonel could never exactly leave trade for good, and the ports of the Yang-tse-Kiang made a splendid field for the hermetical tomato. There is no better place in the world than Shanghai to find a husband that will suit an heiress. No one knew this better than the Yankee trader, and he had cause to praise his own foresight when the Count de Blazaroni laid successful siege to the heart of the beautiful Vesta.

Shanghai society is very exclusive. No amount of monetary prestige gains you admittance to it. The doors of its English Club can only be passed by those having a legitimate demand on the aristocracy. Its foreign population has distributed itself and segregated itself with the nicety of drops of water that fall on a greased surface. There is the Dutch settlement, the French settlement, the English and American—all within limits neatly and definitely prescribed.

But where is the society that has ever locked the door to loveliness? Radiant Miss Vesey, in spite of her tomato origin and catsup atmosphere, was the acknowledged queen of more than one *salon*.

Under the light of a chandelier the beauty of the heiress was very striking—her face was sympathetic and attractive, while she was remarkable in being the possessor of common sense enough to make a quiet corner conversationally cosy. She shone in tête-à-tête quite as much as she did in the promenade.

But why linger on her merits, when they are all the property—or soon will be—of the sallow Count de Blazaroni? She is thinking of him now, as she sits in her regal chamber. And in a little while she goes into an alcove, hidden by silken hangings. She is going to confession; her confessor is waiting patiently. He is one hundred years old; is covered with gold leaf; sits on a pedestal painted in vermilion. He is a Chinese Joss, with stoical features; he is a wooden man, and he waits patiently.

Miss Vesta has no confidant but him. Into his worm-eaten and non-responsive ear does she daily pour the secrets of her bosom. It is no child's play with her; from a habit it has become a necessity. With the same calm eyes he receives alike her joys and sorrows; he neither chides nor praises; he is not vexed with her tears, nor amused at her innocence; he does not assume the moral mantle, and give her such wholesome advice as would break her heart to follow; he simply sits and takes it in.

But, though he does not indulge even in idol talk, she comes to a better understanding and finds a more perfect peace in a conference with him than if she pillowed her pretty head on her father's area of white vest, and received his human consolation.

I can not explain the sincerity of her feelings, nor unveil those subtleties of mind that enabled her to gain so much comfort from this Confucian image. She was not even a Catholic—who rely more on the *forms* of their religion than on any particular belief. After all, the golden idol may have only been a subterfuge, in whose smileless presence she might commune with herself and annihilate her pas-

sions, secure from mistaken sympathy, or, worse still, misguided pity.

But hark!—behind the curtain she is speaking.

"Oh, Mr. Joss, I am very, very happy! Marechal has asked me to be his wife. Marechal has asked me to be a countess. Just think of it, Mr. Joss, a countess! Is it not grand?—is it not beautiful? But, Mr. Joss, I don't like the name—Blazaroni—it is horrid. Is it wrong for me to hate the name, when I am so happy? Well, I shall be 'Vesta Marechal'; and *he*—he shall be simply 'Marechal.' There, the Blazaroni is gone! And then he is so good, so kind, so thoughtful. He can sit quiet by the hour—even like *you*, Mr. Joss; he always rests me; he is himself, and is satisfied. The others tire me with their too-apparent efforts to be something which they are not. The most modest are really the most vain; the most witty yawn when you are not looking; the most earnest become trifling to gain a woman's smile; and after the wine they are all one—machine-made, exact.

"But Marechal is a count, and a *man*. True, he thinks much of money—more than papa, who thinks how to make it all the time. And Marechal loves me, Mr. Joss—he loves me. And I love him—yes, I love him. I am sure that I love him!"

The last sentence is in a self-convincing tone, as though the speaker would remove all doubt from her own mind. In a few minutes more her confession is ended. Mr. Joss, with his worm-eaten ear pretty full, is left to cogitate on what he has heard.

Miss Vesta's finger presses a bell in the wall, and her maid, a Chinese damsel with invisible eyes and pointed feet, answers it.

"I shall ride to-day, Ahma; have the phaeton brought around."

With a bow of obedience the girl hobbles away, but halts at the door.

"The new horse-boy has come," she says, in tolerable English.

"Well?" inquires her mistress.

"He is a white man," returns Ahma.

"A white man?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of such a thing. Send him up," orders Miss Vesta, with quite an air of interest.

"A horse-boy" in China can not properly be called a coachman, footman, groom, or stable-boy, though he frequently performs the functions of all of these. His principal duty is to "hang on behind," like the American *gamin*, and when the horse is brought to a stop he suddenly appears at its head, where he stands, like a statue, for any number of hours that his master or mistress may be detained. More frequently he runs at a trot by the side of the vehicle, and though many of the Chinese ponies are very fleet, he manages to be at the bridle when the destination is reached. Even among servants, the office of horse-boy is very much looked down upon; he often has the felicity of not only fighting all the other subalterns, but of being made responsible for the performance of many of their duties, and the shouldering of their faults and negligences.

Therefore Miss Vesta was surprised that a white man should accept so poor a position.

Ahma reappeared.

"He is here," said she.

"Tell him to come in," said Miss Vesey.

Ahma's head came through the door again.

"He would rather not," said she.

"Rather not! Order him to step in at once."

In an instant the new servant stood before her.

"You are disobedient," said the heiress, sternly.

"Not intentionally, my lady," in a low voice.

"Why did you not enter at once?"

The man fumbled with his cap before he answered.

"Should the horse-boy enter the boudoir of his mistress?"

he asked, mildly.

"He should obey instructions," said Miss Vesey, coldly.

"What is your name?"

"Macaire."

"You can go."

Evidently relieved, the man started.

"Stay a moment. Please do not address me as 'My lady'; it does not please me. 'Miss Vesey' will answer."

When the man had left, Miss Vesta looked in her mirror. This trifling interview had made her beauty rosete. The fellow had angered her with his impertinent question and subdued manner. She was conscious of being strangely moved at the first sight of him. For he was not an ordinary appearing man. He was tall and well-made; his clothes had a smack of the sea about them. So far he would not have been remarked. His face, however, was at once handsome and odd. He wore a full beard, of a rich brown shade and a silken texture. It was a thing of beauty, and at once attracted the eye. That part of his features not covered by his beard was heavily bronzed by life at sea, or under a tropical sun. But, just above his eyes, the constant wearing of a cap had made a distinct line of tan; above this was a forehead singularly broad and white. It was like a piece of pure marble set between his dark hair above and the brown of exposure beneath. His eyes were hazel; they had a mild, steady, and deep look, that impressed you with the power of the man who owned them.

With his cap on, Duncan Macaire showed a handsome

heard, and that was all. Bareheaded, his face was an impressive study for those who love to read the human features.

Miss Vesta was one of these. Her appreciative eye and receptive mind had noted, with emotion, this man's beautiful countenance. The list of questions she had intended asking was not to be thought of with such a man, so she had dismissed him at once.

Ahma came in lightly. "The count," said she.

"Tell him I have a headache, and can not see him," said the heiress, thoroughly out of humor. As the count leaves, he bestows an absent glance on the waiting phaeton, and on the silent figure of the patient horse-boy.

CHAPTER II.

As I have already intimated, Miss Vesta had too much good sense to allow a sudden and certainly foolish sensation at the sight of a stranger to have anything more than a temporary impression upon her. Her unreasonable interest, even for a moment, in a person so far beneath her, wounded her dignity and made her vexed with what she termed her "whimsical curiosity."

When another day had passed, the man with the white forehead had been consigned to oblivion, the heiress's peace of mind restored—and all without the aid of Mr. Joss, who could not be consulted on a subject so foreign to his functions. It was midsummer. The moonlit nights were glorious. So thought the Count Marechal, as he passed them on the veranda, enjoying the double solace of a good cigar and the dark eyes of his betrothed. He could go on in this way forever—life was so luxuriously pleasant. When this moon would have waned, and another be in its place, his wedding and his happiness should be consummated.

But his moonlight, his wedding, and his happiness were all upset and forever delayed by a little pile of mud.

Colonel Vesey, by mere accident, was the first to discover the mud. He found the room of the white horse-boy full of it, which occasioned his remark one day at the table:

"That Macaire," said he, "is a lazy rascal. Instead of attending to his duties, he has filled his room with dirt, and spends his time making things with it. He has littered up the place with mud cows, mud dogs, mud men, and mud everything. He must stop it or go."

Miss Vesta's ears, in spite of the fact that she was no longer interested in him, always became attentive at the mention of Macaire's name. She made some casual answer to her father's observation, and privately determined to investigate these regions of mud without delay.

The next day, she concluded that "Prince," her favorite bay, was not quite well, and she must see him in his stall. Her investigation developed the fact that he was in an alarming state of perfect horse-health; in fact, he was so far gone that, in a very pretty excess of solicitude and trepidation, she hastened up stairs to the quarters of Macaire, evidently forgetting that she could easily have called him down.

Arrived at the threshold, her boldness misgave her. She wished she was back again, and her heart insisted on being very foolish—it kept beating on her bodice, as though she were not doing the simplest thing in the world. She could see him at his work (or play); he was surrounded with clay, which he moulded with his hands. His back was toward her; it looked so harmless, she gathered courage and advanced. So engrossed was the clay-worker that none of the small noises which she made to acquaint him with her presence succeeded in doing so.

"Oh, Mr. Macaire," said she, suddenly.

The poor man started, almost guiltily. His cap, which he seemed never without, was off in a moment. His fine face was a picture of mute astonishment, at the visit of this—angel, he would have called her.

"Don't you think that Prince has picked up a nail?" continued the angel, with innocent cunning.

"Is it possible! I hadn't noticed—I'll go down and see to it," and he would have been off, but for her detaining question:

"What is that you are making?"

"The leg of a horse."

"What for?"

"The horse, to be sure. Here it is." He showed her the statuette of a horse, not at all badly done. In fact, the more her eyes wandered about the place, the more interested she became. Woman-like, she pressed her finger in the clay; on withdrawing it, she perceived it was not soiled. This seemed to surprise her.

"What is that?" she asked.

"Sculptors' clay."

"Are you a sculptor?"

"Hardly." The horse-boy laughed. He had watched intently her white finger sink into his material; what a magnificent diamond it was that sparkled for an instant amid the clay! He would have departed to see about the lame animal below, but her constant inquiries had to be attended to.

"I guess it is a *very small nail*," she said, absently, when he had expressed some anxiety about it.

She was still examining, commenting, criticising, praising, when a voice at the door said: "They told me you were here," and the Count de Blazaroni advanced, and greeted his fiancée rather coldly. The clay-worker might have been a chair, for all the notice the new-comer bestowed on him. In fact, a chair would have gained more attention; she might have sat down on it.

"Are these not beautiful, Marechal?" exclaimed Miss Vesta, with enthusiasm, retaining her *sang froid* under the frown of her lover. The latter was, in truth, a connoisseur in such matters. He minutely inspected several specimens. His displeasure vanished somewhat, as he frankly pronounced them the work of a master hand.

"Are they indeed?" said Miss Vesta, opening wide her eyes.

"Who made them?" asked the count, carelessly.

"Mr. Macaire."

"And who may Mr. Macaire be?"

"The gentleman behind you, Marechal."

The lover turned languidly about, and surveyed the horse-boy. His manner said as plainly as words could have: "Oh, do you mean this thing?"

The "gentleman behind him," moved by his mood, had pulled that inevitable cap over his eyes (for this act of disrespect he remembered to beg the lady's forgiveness two years later) and stood with his arms folded—if not the master of the situation, at least not perturbed by it. His silent indifference annoyed the count, who made a gesture of disdain; and as for Miss Vesta, she blushed with painful consciousness when the sculptor departed with the remark that he would "look for that nail."

CHAPTER III.

If Mr. Joss had been in the habit of drawing conclusions, or of taking notes of the changes that took place in the mental weather of his fair confidante, he would have made a sad estimate of her sex. You see, his confessional practice was limited; being a wooden man himself, and, with all his years, sublimely ignorant of all those varied passions that sway flesh and blood, he had long ago determined that men—that is, wooden men, with hearts of oak—were the correct thing in this world. The dust on his own head was to him invisible. The contraries and absurdities in that of the heiress he daily witnessed.

A few weeks after the severe indisposition of Prince, Mr. Joss arranged his gold-leaf robe, prepared for a judicial nap, and intelligently absorbed what follows:

"Oh, Mr. Joss, I am so *very, very* unhappy! I wish papa would send Mr. Macaire away. But he won't. He says he has watched the horse-boy, who he says does more work than any other of the servants, in spite of his mud pies. Papa calls them 'mud pies'—it's a shame, when they are really so beautiful. I *know* they are beautiful, and Marechal agrees with me. But then I think Macaire—I mean *Mr.* Macaire—is beautiful also. What an exquisitely white brow he has! And his beard is like spun silk. Marechal don't like him, I'm afraid. He says that he is an impostor—a very clever impostor. I never saw a clever impostor before, and I wish I had never seen this one. He won't go away—from my mind, I mean. He is always there with his cap and his clay. He is a low person, and I am glad that I love Marechal—for when one loves, one is safe. Wait—let me think. No, Mr. Joss, he is *not* a low person; I take that back. He may be a clever impostor—yes, he may—but I was vexed with Marechal when he laughed at me for calling the horse-boy 'that gentleman behind him'! Well, I suppose of course he can't be a gentleman—but how foolish of me! I sometimes wish that Marechal was a clever impostor, too. Oh, dear, I do wish papa would send Macaire away! How I should hate to see him go!

"When the day is glorious, and Marechal and I are riding in the country, he talks of our wedding and his happiness. Sometimes, Mr. Joss, I do not hear him—I am thinking of the man in the room above the stable! I never would have believed that a few clay images could have so impressed me. It is good, and I am grateful for it, that I love Marechal—yet I am so miserable!"

The Confucian image looks down unmoved, with eyes of granite, on the tears that tremble on those long lashes. A very weak proceeding, he would think, if he were awake. Miss Vesta is again calm. "I think I shall pray," she murmurs softly, and glides from the alcove. She has a God, then, it seems, and seeks Him in her trouble.

Any cloud of mystery that may have gathered about the innocent but trouble-creating horse-boy it is time to dispel. Duncan Macaire was, indeed, an impostor, but his imposition was a reversal of the order of things. People of obscure origin frequently ape the character and manners of those of gentle birth; but it is rarely that we find one "to the manor born" filling a station such as Macaire's. Yet his father was of the Scotch aristocracy, who left his son a beggar, but a gentleman born, nevertheless. Like all poor people, he fell in love early in life; but love on a crust does not seem to have been to his taste. Leaving his lassie in tears, he sailed into the world to seek his fortune. And we find the poor fellow still seeking it—his bad luck as constant as his love. *Form* had always been a predominating passion with him, but in the various positions in which he had gained his bread, the opportunity was not always present to foster and develop his love for sculpture. In the employ of Colonel Vesey, the sun had suddenly shown itself on the horizon of his hopes. The poor devil sometimes believed that he felt the divine fire burning within him; there were occasions when he trembled under the excitement of imaginary successes; the temples which Miss Vesta thought so pure and white seemed bursting at times, so great was the humble clay-worker's love for art.

Time wore on, as time will. The loveliness of Miss Vesey began, flower-like, to fade. Hollows came in her cheeks, and circles under her eyes. The morning of her wedding found it postponed at the wish of the invalid. She lost all interest in passing events, and events to come, even. Mr. Joss gathered dust in solitude, and waited in vain. Some odd little figures that the horse-boy had sent up, in his simple way, seemed to please her more than anything. Ah, her maid, would surprise her, at times, talking to them and fondling them. The little, fat, French physician, whose rufous face and twinkling black eyes reminded one of the little men we see in the shop windows with abdominal clocks set in their paunches, was quite at a loss to account for Vesta's malady. He rubbed his chubby palms together, and admitted that he was temporarily baffled. Her problematic disease, already solved by the reader, was first discovered by

the sight of his lamp, Macaire was working away alone

one night, busy and happy, when he was startled by a touch on his shoulder. Miss Vesta—white-robed, wan, and pale—stood before him. Her great eyes beamed on him with a sorrowful tenderness that he never forgot; she shook her head slowly from side to side as she said:

"Man, man, who are you? Do you not see that I love you?"

It was an appeal from her misery. Before he could collect himself, she had uttered a cry of terror and shame, and had fled from his sight.

The next day Colonel Vesey was sent for by his daughter. "Papa," said she, from where she lay, "you must do me two favors, and you must do them to-day. They may be the last I will ever ask of you. You must send away the horse-boy—but buy all his statues first. Be sure you buy *all* of them. Then, when Marechal comes, you must tell him that I do not love him—he must forgive me if he can, and leave me. Mind—he is not to see me again."

The invalid repeated this, like a lesson that had been learned perfectly.

Poor Mr. Vesey protested weakly—he could not see what the sculptor had to do with the matter. At last it dawned on him. She was silent, till he said: "Can it be that Macaire—"

"Yes, it can be, father. I love your groom, and have lowered myself to the level of telling him so."

Poor old man, it quite unmanned him. But he sternly did his duty. What he had deemed the easiest part of it, proved the most difficult: it was the huying of the clay figures. Macaire was loth to part with them, and did so at a nominal sum, only because it was the wish of the woman whose life he had so unwittingly blighted. The count was disposed of, after an hour's stormy interview.

"They have gone," said her father, wearily. It was sunset; he was holding his daughter's hand.

"Then bring me his works," she said, in a low voice.

They were brought to her—quite a varied group of them.

"I had to fight hard to get that one," said Mr. Vesey, pointing to one of the figures. Miss Vesta examined it. It represented a milkmaid, in Scottish costume, with her milk-pail and a bunch of wild flowers. There was an inscription on it; the invalid held it up to the waning light, and read: "THE SCULPTOR'S BRIDE."

"I understand," she said, faintly.

CHAPTER IV.

The little, fat, French physician—he with the imaginary clock in his basement—went around Shanghai with his chin in his chubby hand and his eyes bent on the ground. He was in a deep study as to what *could* be the ailment of the invalid heiress. Her long-continued indisposition and the grief of her father were evils which, in an indirect way, he felt he was responsible for.

"I am the family doctor," he said, "and it remains for me to ascertain the cause." What puzzled him most was that his medicines had no effect. He could have gone to her funeral with complacent melancholy; that his patients died on his hands did not disturb his sleep. It was when they insisted on neither getting better nor shuffling off that his placid temper was ruffled.

He determined to combine detective diplomacy with professional skill. He noticed Miss Vesta's preoccupation with the little clay statues; he traced them to the stable; the dismissal of the man who made them was a clue. All this—which his patient and her father could have told him, with more added—he fancied he was unearthing from the realms of the insoluble.

But he found out one thing which they were ignorant of, and which did the little fellow credit, after all. The destination of Macaire's ship (for he had left the place) had been Rome, and writing to friends there, the doctor was astounded and delighted to learn that the horse-boy was now a sculptor of great promise, having already made a name for himself in art circles. He was delighted, because he reasoned, not illogically, that a man ineligible as a groom would be accepted with the laurels of fame on his brow. But he must proceed cautiously.

Not long after this, Mr. Vesey told his daughter that he had heard through the doctor of some mineral springs near Rome that possessed miraculous healing qualities; he thought they had better try them. Miss Vesta, who had already begun slowly to mend, was not averse to a change of scene and a sea voyage. It was decided that they should go, the doctor accompanying them.

Consequently, Mr. Joss may or may not have been startled, when, with something like her old manner, she fluttered in upon him with the remark: "What do you think, my dear? We are going to Italy, so I will put you in your box."

So, sure enough, he found himself snugly packed away, in startling proximity to the "Sculptor's Bride"—parted from the lady only by a wall of silken hosiery, carefully stuffed between them. Any comparison of notes between these two, both so rich in the confidences of their mistress, would have been disastrous to the peace of the entire trunk.

When they arrived in Rome, the doctor triumphantly called the attention of Mr. Vesey to his daughter. "The springs have little left to do," said he.

Miss Vesta had improved greatly. Her cheek was full again, with a slight return of color; her beautiful eyes took an interest in objects about her. But the doctor, now on his mettle, was not yet content; he started to hunt up the "springs." He found them in a studio, with "Duncan Macaire" in neat letters on the door. He thought himself a great diplomat, as he rushed in excitedly. His diplomatic eyes failed to notice the dejected attitude of the sculptor, his gaunt form and haggard face.

"Do you love her yet?" he cried, waiving all formalities.

Macaire knew the doctor by sight and recognized him. He looked at him blankly for a while, evidently undecided whether to kick him out for his impudence, or forgive him as a lunatic. Then he dropped his eyes and forgot him—he was alone again, alone by a grave in Scotland, the grave of his Margie. "I shall love her forever," he unconsciously repeated.

"You shall see her this week!" cried the excited doctor. Macaire touched a bell in the panel. When the servant answered it, he handed him a slip of paper which read: "This man is crazy—have him removed."

"You shall marry her this summer!" continued the unabashed doctor. The sculptor, bestowed on him a look of infinite pity, and, in order to temporize till assistance arrived, he asked, carelessly: "Marry who?"

"Miss Vesey, the heiress."

Macaire bit his lip at his own stupid blindness. Two men appeared at the door, whom he dismissed with a wave of his hand.

"My dear sir," said he, turning calmly to his visitor, "your heat and zeal are no doubt well-intentioned, but they are untimely. I loved but one woman, and she—is dead. I beg of you to respect my sorrow, and to leave me."

Poor, chagrined little doctor! More trouble waited for him at the hotel. Colonel Vesey had been thrown from a horse, and a hasty diagnosis of his case said that he must die. That night at eleven he breathed his last. When his eyes were glazing, he whispered: "Beaupère—take—care—of—her." The man of medicine was really affected at last.

With the inevitableness of human destiny they met, one sunny day, on the Roman Campagna. Whatever constraint existed on both sides was lost in their double sorrow. Each felt that they must be friends—solitude would always make each think of the other. Vesta knew that her love was dead—in the way that lovely women "know" things; while Macaire was sure (in about the same way) that he could never love again. Life flowed quietly for these two friends; each morning sun brought with it the glad thought that they would see each other that day. They re-told their lives again and again. Vesta told him about what she called her "childish confessions to Mr. Joss."

One day they were talking about this love for inanimate things—what a space it filled in the human heart, quite distinct from the social affections. He admitted to being enamored of some of his own creations—he could appreciate her *penchant* for Mr. Joss.

"I sometimes wish I could hear the story he has to tell of me," said she; and then added, unguardedly: "There would be one novelty about it—it would not end with a marriage."

The day was very warm; the lining in Miss Vesta's sunshade was of a bright rose color; it may have been the reflection from it that dyed her cheeks when Macaire answered wickedly:

"Are you so sure of that?"

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880. JOHN C. CHALMERS.

Patience was sitting on a monument, without, however, smiling on Grief—that young gentleman having disappeared behind the portico of the capitol. Nevertheless, in order to keep her hand, or rather her mouth, in, Miss Patience was smiling quite industriously at Master Sammy Tilden, who sat on a pretty little cask, or keg, or "barr'l" mounted on a little dust-heap at the base of the monument. The young gentleman, on his part, seemed almost adoringly attentive to the tips of Miss Patience's French boots. At last Master Tilden made bold to speak, and said, in a plaintive, quavering voice:

"Now, really, Miss Patience, don't you think I've waited long enough?"

"Not nearly long enough, Master Sam."

"But I'm just as good as the other boys—just as good as Hod Seymour or—"

"The trouble is, Sammy dear—I like to call you 'Sammy dear,' because I know you are too polite to presume—the trouble is that folks can't be made to believe you. They say you don't pay your taxes, and that your virtue is *all* assumed, and that you have lumbago, and that you can't see in a straight line, and that your teeth and your calves and your cheeks and your hair are f—"

"I know who told you that lie, it's that Kelly boy. I let him whip me once at school, and he's never forgiven me because I wouldn't let him break my nose."

"Well, they say he did it out of joint! But never mind, you're all right if you'll only wait long enough, Samivel. There's a land that is fairer than this; but I guess they've a returning-board there, too, and you can easily arrange to send your barr'l as an *avant-courreur*. You'd best die first, and then try Neptune."

"I don't want to die. And then I learned at Sunday-school that I can't take my money away with me. 'As I brought nothing into the world, so shall I take nothing out of the world.' And if I do it will melt."

"Yes, Sammy, but that applies to ordinary men only—you are no ordinary man. The same skill, and tact, and unlimited knowledge of the law—all law is alike: traps for the unwary and fun for the funny man; and you are *the* funny man of mundanity, Sam—the same knowledge of law which makes you slippery here will aid you there, and with your experience—"

"My dear Miss Patience, you fill me with great joy. Your language thrills me like a draught from Helicon or the bar in the rotunda at Albany. But I think I see your young man coming around the corner. I'm awfully grateful, Adieu!"

All tongues are wagging about the extraordinarily great exposure, in the *décolletée* way, at the two recent Queen's drawing-rooms. A few of the leading beauties have got remarkably fine shoulders, and naturally, as court etiquette demands what is absurdly called full dress, when it is in reality far from being full, these ladies take advantage of that privilege to display them. The belle of the hour is undoubtedly the Countess of Lonsdale, Lady Gladys Herbert, whose marriage to the Earl of Lonsdale caused so much talk a season or two ago. Her dress is said to have cost one hundred guineas, and it quite looked as if it had. It was of the richest white satin, the petticoat being completely covered with the most exquisitely painted groups of flowers, which were repeated at intervals upon the train. The diamonds were indescribably magnificent, and on one side of her corsage was fastened a black pearl of fabulous size, set round with brilliants. From the shoulder-straps which served as sleeves hung strings of pearls, a novel and beautiful arrangement. Her loveliness is of the dark, Jewish type—she is called "The Gypsy"—and really, when enhanced by these magnificent adornments, she looked like some gorgeous vision of Oriental royalty summoned from the pages of Disraeli's glowing fiction. The Premier paid her marked attention at the drawing-room.

PROFESSOR POIRIER'S DREAM.

From the French of Erckmann-Chatrian.

Last Sunday afternoon, my maid-servant having gone out to vespers, and the heat of the day toward three o'clock being overpowering, I fell asleep reading Darwin.

My window opened upon the Charterhouse garden; the rustling of the leaves came vaguely to my ears; a light breath of air caressed my cheeks. Suddenly, in a dream, I saw myself transported to the banks of the Ganges, not far from Benares.

I was sitting in the shade of a great tamarind tree; the sacred river rolled before me like a lake, white with light, and upon its banks an immense forest of palms, bananas, and other exotic plants spread itself, whose lances, parasols, and fans mingled together as far as the eye could reach.

And while I contemplated in wonderment this splendid landscape, a slight noise in the leaves over my head drew my attention. I looked up and saw—guess what I saw!

I saw myself, Nicholas Poirier, Professor of Philosophy at the College of Saint Suzanne, in the form of a chimpanzee, hanging by one of my paws to the lower branch of the tamarind tree, and making faces at myself.

Judge of my astonishment!

Comprehending directly that my body had dissevered itself from my soul, and was capering about in the lonely forest, I was in consternation.

"If it wanders off into the depths of the wood," I said to myself, "it will never return, and I shall remain here alone, with my metaphysics and nothing else to console me."

The thought made me shudder. I wanted to summon my Not-Me to resume immediately its accustomed place, but the fear of frightening it modified my ideas, and with a conciliatory tone I said to it:

"Come! come! my dear Nicholas, consider—does that posture suit the dignity of your character? Ought a professor of philosophy to suspend himself from the branch of a tree? Is it proper? Come, my friend, come back to propriety!"

But the chimpanzee, after replying to me by two or three grimaces, said:

"Ah! now, do you take me for a fool, proud and stupid spirit? I descend from my tree to seat myself again in your old arm-chair, and wear out my eyes in deciphering silly stories! Ah, you know me little if you reckon on that. No, no! I am very well on my tree, and here I stay... until the fancy takes me to get down and munch a few almonds or treat myself to a cocoanut. That's what suits me. You! do what you like, discuss, dream, babble; that is your affair. I have had enough of it."

At this impertinent answer I had a mind to be angry, but for the second time reflecting that this would not be a good way to bring back the Not-Me, I resolved to convince it by the force of logic, and in softened accents cried:

"I comprehend, my dear Nicholas, the wish for liberty which has taken possession of you; the desire to stretch yourself was natural enough, after being thirty years at rest. But this once is enough. You should listen to reason. Come, my friend, come."

"Hear me," interrupted the chimpanzee. "For a long time I have known what you keep in store for me; that you distinguish between yourself and me, who are your own body and your own life; that you propose to survive me, after having made me work and sweat to satisfy your vanity. You have told me so a hundred times, while we were together under the same envelope. You have said to me, 'You, body, shall die; you shall turn to dust, after being buried ceremoniously; but I, spirit, I am of another essence than yours; my essence is one and indivisible; it is immortal, outside of space and time; time can not affect it. You, you were made to be eaten by worms.' Is it true? Did you say so?"

I could not deny it, my body having lived with me fifty years in the most intimate confidence, and, besides, I had taught the thing professionally in the lecture-room, according to the programme of the university. I could not, therefore, dispute the fact, and the chimpanzee, seeing me embarrassed, recommenced making faces at me, giving forth peals of laughter with an air of triumph.

I lost patience.

"Are you coming down directly?" I cried. "I am tired of all this talk. It is I who command, I the spirit; and matter ought to obey."

"You have told me so a hundred times," said the ape, sneeringly, "and I was stupid enough to believe you. But times are changed. Stay in your arm-chair. I am going to skip away, swing on the vines, and try to find some pretty monkey to beautify my existence."

At this threat a shudder of horror seized me; and, softening my voice, I said:

"Well, then, yes! I have said what has been repeated for six thousand years: It is clear that the body turns to dust, but that is not my fault; it is a fact, and every reasonable animal must submit to positive material facts. What is the use of struggling? That is evident to the senses. But the spirit, invisible, impalpable, is necessarily immortal."

On hearing this, my chimpanzee burst into endless roars of laughter, chattering his teeth and repeating:

"The spirit is immortal! immortal! Ha! ha! ha! that's a good joke! immortal!"

He slapped his thighs and went into such convulsions that I was afraid of seeing him fall from the tree, and began to cry out:

"Hook yourself on, animal! Hold yourself faster. With your extravagances you will end by breaking your neck, and I—I here, without a body, what will become of me? How shall I get up before my scholars and make them recognize me?"

These reasons appeared to affect the ape, for he was interested in his preservation as much as I. Then, having calmed himself, he continued:

"You are immortal, and I must disappear! Yet we have but one 'I.' For fifty years we have been working together for the development of this 'I,' both of us. I have suffered, as well as you, the privations which were needed for your greatness. Haven't we had to pass day and night digging into Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, without speaking of living languages, to get your chair of philosophy. And

now I must perish, while you will survive me in an existence of unalterable satisfaction and felicity for ever and ever? Come, now, that is contrary to common sense. Where would be the eternal justice of which you are always talking?"

My spirit, having no other answer to make, cried: "Shut up!" But, directly, feeling the necessity of wheeling this subtle animal by some sort of reasoning, I added:

"Your physical sufferings were nothing in comparison with my intellectual and moral sufferings. Besides, they were compensated by a host of pleasures suited to your nature. I never refused you anything. As soon as my means permitted, I put on you a fine brown suit of clothes, patent-leather shoes, according to the taste you have always shown; waist-coats, fashionable cravats, the latest trousers were not lacking to you—for your vanity was as great as mine. You had to have white linen, ornaments to your watch-chain—things which I could have done without, but for you. And your love of good living—I never saw the like. Haven't we shouted and sung and feasted at the Prado, at the Chaumière? How many sausages with sourcrot, slices of ham, and crawfish haven't you swallowed at the Strasburg Brewery, La Harpe Street? Have I ever reproached you in the least? Even when my pockets were empty, and I had to go on tick, did I hesitate? I do not speak of the innumerable pints of beer which have gone down your throat; they would make thousands of kegs if you would reckon them up. And the cigars, and the music, and the theatre—and all the rest."

My chimpanzee half shut his eyes impatiently. "Good!" said he, "you never refused anything to yourself, either, and a thousand times you have deprived me of the greatest necessities in order to adorn your library with some new book and satisfy your vain curiosity. In the early days, especially, I had to pass winters without fire; my fingers numb with cold and my stomach empty."

"I suffered from it more than you. Your privations enfeebled me, and the fear of losing you gave me a fever."

"Ah!" cried the rascally ape, "to be so afraid you must have been not quite sure of surviving me. Say what you will, we shall end together; you shall not survive me a second. When I sleep, we both lose the sense of the 'I,' when I begin to wake up, you dream, you babble; when I open my eyes, you revive; when I am sick and you suspect the slightest dangerous injury to me, you do not know what saint to pray to. Go! your case is as clear as mine; soothe yourself with your darling illusions, we shall none the less depart arm-in-arm."

He stopped, and seeing me reduced to silence, the animal went on with redoubled insolence:

"Formerly, in the time of the Egyptians, I was embalmed after my death, and remained hundreds of years in the condition of a mummy. It was a just tribute rendered to my services; the honor of being enveloped in consecrated bandages and stuffed with rare perfumes consoled me a little for my loss of life. But at present you disdain me; you think to elevate yourself by despising your body. For all that, it is only a comedy on your part. Do you remember our rheumatism in the stomach, when Dr. Boniface gave us both up? I could hardly help laughing, in spite of the sadness of the moment, at your looks when you received the last consolations of this terrestrial world; the big Latin words served out to you had not the appearance of reassuring you much as to your final lot, and for the sake of keeping me only two or three years more you would not have hesitated a minute to sacrifice your eternal life. Come, own up; be honest to yourself. Is it true?"

I was confounded at his impudence; then, with a movement of indignation and as a last resource, striking my breast, I cried:

"I think; therefore, I am."

And the chimpanzee, imitating my gesture and caressing his stomach, jeeringly cried:

"I digest; therefore I am. One can doubt everything except that one digests; for to doubt one must digest, doubt being a phase of good digestion."

So much audacity deserved chastisement. I rose to bring the rascal to his senses, when I perceived in the deep shadow of the leaves a moving object. Looking closer, I recognized with horror the flat head of one of those enormous serpents of the Ganges marshes, with whom apes are a favorite dainty. His tail loosened itself from the tip of the tamarind tree, and his scaly belly glided undulatingly in silence down to the lower branches. A cry of horror burst from my very bowels:

"Look out!"

And the chimpanzee, perceiving from the corner of his eye the fearful reptile, made a prodigious leap.

It was too late; the python had followed him like a dart, and I heard his bones cracking, when my maid-servant, returning from vespers, opened the door, asking:

"Did you call, sir?"

What luck! I seemed to feel all the hairs on my body stand on end, and I stammered:

"Nothing, Jeannette, nothing; I only sneezed."

See, for all that, the emotions to which a man is exposed in reading Darwin.

A little boy's composition on his school-ma'am concluded with the following touching lines:

A noble woman, nobly planned
To warm, to wallop, and command.

To the ordinary lad, entrance into society is a fiery ordeal. It is a great trial, either for a tender or a riper age, for an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and knock or ring with an absolute certainty that in a few moments all eyes will be upon him; it is a severe test of courage to go before these girls, and make the tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and to sit down and dispose of his hands without putting them in his pockets is an achievement which few boys can boast. But even if he acquits himself tolerably well during the evening, his trials are not yet over. The girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous, so unimpressible and independent, as if they did not wish anybody to go home with them. Then comes the pinch; and the boy who has the most pluck goes up to the prettiest girl in the room, with his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking out his elbow, stammers out the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touches her fingers on his arm, and they walk home, feeling as awkward as two goslings. Well, life has its trials.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

This is Alden's latest: A leading citizen—for of such are notoriously all the inhabitants of Western towns—found himself last month without any means of support. Had he been a literary man, he would have immediately accepted a consulship; but in the circumstance this was impossible. It is true that he might have found work to do, but he had been so long in the habit of living on money borrowed from the Shylocks of the East that his spirit revolted from the idea of working. In this emergency he remembered his ulster, and he decided to use it as an instrument for spoiling the Chicago hotel-keepers. He began operations by equipping himself with a small hand-bag, and by putting on his ulster, unaccompanied by trousers. Thus arrayed, he entered a Chicago hotel, and mentioning that he had just arrived in the city, and intended to start for St. Louis early in the morning, he took a room, and went to bed. The next morning the hotel was aroused by the violent ringing of the new guest's bell. The servant who answered the bell found him in a state of great excitement, in consequence of a robbery which he said had been perpetrated upon him. He demanded to see the landlord, to whom he complained that his room had been feloniously entered during the night, and that his only pair of trousers, which cost eighteen dollars, and in one pocket of which was his purse, containing fifteen dollars, and a through ticket to St. Louis, had been stolen. The landlord was greatly grieved, and a thorough inspection of the room conclusively showed that the guest was wholly devoid of trousers. The conclusion that he had really been robbed was inevitable, and the landlord foresaw that his house would be denounced as a den of thieves. He, therefore, like a wise man, begged the bereaved stranger not to be annoyed, and assured him that his losses would be made good. A supply of trousers from a ready-made clothing establishment was brought in, and the man selected a satisfactory pair. The landlord then gave him fifteen dollars and a ticket to St. Louis, and, as a further peace-offering, handed him a receipted bill for supper, lodging, and breakfast. Thus the reputation of the hotel was saved, and the wearer of the ulster returned to his lodgings, having made fifteen dollars in cash, a ticket worth several dollars more, and a new pair of trousers. There are many hotels of different degrees of excellence in Chicago, and to twenty-two of these the wearer of the ulster paid a trouserless visit. Twenty-two times did the astute man complain to the landlord that he had been robbed. The result was the collection of twenty-two pairs of desirable trousers, of sums of money varying from five to fifteen dollars, and amounting in the aggregate to over two hundred dollars, and a series of tickets to all sorts of places. Each landlord was so annoyed in finding that a robbery had taken place in his house that he kept the matter carefully secret, and in some cases bribed his servants to do the same. Thus, the ingenious Chicago man, in the space of little more than a month, lived sumptuously at a variety of hotels free of cost, and accumulated clothing and spending money with the greatest ease. It was prosperity that finally ruined him. He fell into the habit of drinking too much champagne, and when under the influence thereof made the terrible mistake of being robbed a second time in the Plumber House. The landlord immediately recognized him, and, being a prompt and determined man, informed his guest that he was an impostor, and "hadn't never brought no trousers into that there room." Furthermore, he seized the unfortunate man's ulster, and, instead of supplying him with trousers, coated his defenseless legs with tar and cotton-batting, and in that deplorable plight cast him out. Still, in spite of this failure, the owner of the ulster deserves the credit of inventing a new industry, and had he had the wisdom to abandon Chicago in time, and to select as his prey the landlords of other towns, he might now be rich and prosperous.

Amelia Donnerschlog brought suit against Augustus Behrens, who had promised to marry her, but failed to keep his word. The plaintiff set her damages at two hundred dollars. The suit came on to be tried before Mr. Justice Banyon; and Behrens, not denying the principal facts alleged against him, excused himself by saying that the plaintiff insisted, as a condition of the marriage, that her mother should keep house for the young couple, and this defendant could not consent to.

"I told her," said he, "that I loved her deeply, and was ready to marry her, but did not wish to marry her mother also, who was a woman of lordly and unpleasant habits, and insisted on feeding me too much on cabbage—a vegetable I always disliked."

Mr. Justice Banyon said: "Which would you rather do—marry the lady and take her mother to live with you, or pay two hundred dollars?"

Defendant answered: "I will pay two hundred dollars." Judgment was then delivered by the court: "Allow me to shake hands with you. I envy your firmness. There was a period in the life of this court, Mr. Behrens, when it was in circumstances somewhat similar to your own. If it had had the moral courage which you possess, it would have saved about twenty-five years of misery and unhappiness."

"The alternative was presented to this court whether it would marry a young lady and her mother, or whether it would pay one hundred and twenty-five dollars in gold. The court was poor at that time. It was earning an unsatisfactory living at the restaurant business. It yielded. It took the young woman and mother-in-law, and kept the one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"For a quarter of a century this court has regretted its hasty action. It is glad to meet a man who cherishes happiness more than he does money. The order of the court is that the defendant stand discharged, and that the complainant, who has been trying to bring a man into slavery to a mother-in-law, be fined ten dollars and costs."

There is really a man creature in this city who wears bangles! He entered a crowded horse-car the other night, and hung elegantly to a strap, displaying the jingling baubles on his manly wrists, to the intense amusement of the unsympathizing passengers.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other night she had found out where they made horses; she saw a man finishing one—"he was nailing on his nails."

EDITORS ARGUMENT: Will you give a strangerroom to express herself just once in your columns? I have never troubled you before by "talking back," but have been for years a "constant reader," and have kept up a mighty thinking. My only object in breaking the silence now is that I see one of my own sex wandering about in a wilderness of her own "supposing," and not likely to find her way out very soon. Will anybody have the kindness to ask "Buttercup" if she has the slightest idea what she wanted to say in that not too pellucid article of last Saturday's issue? As near as I can ascertain from her own words, she is "tired of hearing the slurs and slightes on woman's incompetency, and would like to know one single young man whose brains would stand the strain of this unnatural system of educational forcing"—the "forcing" consisting of the ability, at eighteen years of age, to "speak and write English correctly; to be thoroughly grounded in the essentials of mathematics; to be a moderately proficient musician, an accomplished linguist," a good cook, seamstress, and household manager, with a few other smaller accomplishments, which come so naturally to women as not to require mention. In the first place, "Buttercup," who has been so maligning us that you feel it your duty to lay aside your basket of "ribbons and laces" and leave your bum-boat to take up the cudgel for a cause so far, far beyond your comprehension? You complain that "it is all wrong, this cramming of girls' brains, *however strong*, with too many indigestible and unsuitable stimulants," fearing, no doubt, that our tender brains are crowded with subjects beyond our years. Of course, your words confirm what your position in life would imply—that this "process of forcing" is something which you have never experienced, so I hasten to reassure you. "Buttercup" and inform you that it is all *backwards* about its being beyond our abilities to have obtained the small amount of education you mention at the mature age of eighteen. As for the other domestic accomplishments of sewing, cooking, etc. (excepting, of course, the rare talent of being a brilliant conversationalist), they come so naturally to the generality of women as to be considered almost an attribute of the sex, which only requires a little observation and the stimulus of necessity to develop in the stupidest of women. Never mind, "Buttercup," this championship of your sex does your honest heart more credit, mistaken though it be, than that spiteful dig at the charming society of the "rosebud table" by that "last rose of last summer," *Miss "Ada Ven."* Now, "Ada," while I am defending my much-sat-upon "rose-bud companions," (I hope you won't say my petals are falling just yet, as *honestly* I am not yet twenty), just let me entreat you not to be so *cruelly severe* upon poor quaking society in general. No wonder the gentlemen were afraid to appear after your terrible "strictures upon dress coats by daylight," and can you blame us for welcoming those heroic ones who dared to brave the eagle glances of your "discerning eye"? Now, "Ada," if you appeared at Mrs. Crocker's kettle-drum as you threatened, "IN YOUR BUNNIT" (capitals please, Mr. Editor), and, indeed, how can we blame you?—the hair on the top of your head may be a little thin by this time—*please* don't forget your glasses, as then your "discerning eyes" may discover in the lovely unopened heads of dainty waving hair a reason, and at the same time an excuse, for this conduct not altogether "de rigueur."

MABELLE J.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Among them many good hits made by the *Argonaut* the one on phenology deserves approval. Many of us have examined the subject—in faith at first, but with contempt at last. The brain does not control the shape of the head, but exerts only influence outwardly; being eighty per cent. water, it does not press on one place more than another, and extends the skull in directions where bone and muscle resist the least; the latter are boss architects in deciding the form of the head. People who live on hard food develop strong jaws—the muscles used are attached to the side of the head, which is drawn downward and widened. Language is claimed to be shown by the eye, which is outside of the skull, and not crowded by the brain. The "perceptive faculties" are composed of bone, individuality and order being sometimes an inch from the brain, and all are small in children and small-boned adults. Very muscular people have low, broad, and round heads; wherever muscles are attached their influence is perceptible. Bone exerts its power to make the head rough, high, long, and narrow; the great variety in the shapes of heads is due to the different proportion and strength of the bone and muscle. The skull has plates of bone whose ups and downs are partially independent of each other. In old age the vertex and floor of the cranium become flattened (i. e., settle as a house does), and the sides bulge out. Dr. J. W. Draper says that the cerebellum and amateness have no connection at all. O. W. Holmes writes that you might as well try to tell the amount of money in a safe by feeling of the rivets on the outside, as to try to tell the value of a man by feeling of his skull.

OAKLAND, W. B. KELSEY.

DEAR ARGONAUT : Does a beastly, drizzling rain make you cross and out of sorts? Have your merchants flaunted their airy, fairy spring goods in their windows, only to haul them down again and exhibit water-proof cloths, ulsters, and umbrellas. Did you put on your light *habit*, and your *joli chapeau de paille*, and go sauntering the street in the bright spring sunshine, and then come sneaking home with your *habit* all spotted by the "gentle rain," and your straw hat all limp and crestfallen—like your disgusted countenances? That's the kind of tricks these "April showers" have been playing Sacramentoians; three hours of unclouded sky, and twenty-one of pouring rain; none of your gentle, rippling showers of April that you read so much about, but regular, pelting November rains, that mean business. Picnics advertised for three days from now, and the picnic grounds three inches under water. Interesting—for the grounds!

Notwithstanding all that, Mr. and Mrs. Gallatin gathered a large number of friends on Wednesday evening, and we all came home in a pouring rain. Their home is so grand—one of the very finest places in the city. The rooms are both large and elegant, and little nooks and windows surprise you at every turn. Dancing was partly the order of the evening (floors canvased, as usual), though it was varied by Mr. Crandall giving us a little ballad, well rendered. Refreshments were served in the billiard-room, up two flights of stairs. Mrs. Gallatin received us in a very becoming lavender silk and light grenadine; not at all gorgeously arrayed. Did you never notice the very poor taste exhibited by some hostesses, who *over-dress* and *out-dress* their guests—and how shockingly shoddy it looks? Mrs. Gallatin is always lovely in anything, so it didn't at all matter if she did leave her diamonds in her jewel-case and her trailing velvets in her closet. It was regular session night at the Legislature; and, just because a few of its members thought ladies' eyes fairer than the president's, and Mr. Gallatin's mansion more hospitable than the State's capital, that awe-inspiring sergeant-at-arms must invite himself to our host's dwelling and request the pleasure of their company in the Senate chamber. And such an oh-ling and ah-ling and awful-ling from every one of the guests would have scared away any ordinary officer, but he "held the fort" until he marched them all off. Mrs. Senator Brown was there, Mrs. Beckman, Miss Fox, of Oakland, Mrs. Haymond, Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Chesley, Misses Felter, Wilburn, Seeley, Cosby, and Bernard (who, by the way, received with Mrs. Gallatin), Mrs. Clarke and Porter, Mrs. Safford, Hamilton, Miller, and dozens of others. Some of the most elegant costumes of the season were worn; and though it was probably the *last* party of the winter, it was a great distance from being the *least*. A thoroughly elegant, enjoyable affair, of which mine host and his fair lady could well be proud.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: From the papers, I see that there are still just judges in the land, and that Kearney's sentence has been affirmed, and that he has been committed to prison. I feel an irresistible desire to clap my hands, shout "Well done!" and say "Amen!" If you kindly allow me, will do so through the columns of the *Argonaut*.

knowant. I am a falseigner by birth, and love the "old country" with a love that will end only with my life. But I am an American by adoption and naturalization, and am firmly impressed with the belief that we owe *some* duties to the land which has given us food, shelter, and a *home*—something that all foreigners who, like Kearney and Steinmann, are now "bellying" on the Sand-lot could not find in their own country. Else why did they come here? I repeat that I am of foreign birth; and premising that I have noticed through all the years of my residence here that it is not the better class of foreigners who seek office and political power—in other words, who want to run the Government—but generally those who spring from the lowest dregs of the society of the old world. I should like to ask a simple question of my American-horn fellow-citizens: Why do you allow a rabble of foreign-horn ignoramuses to actually govern your country? Mind, I do not say that foreigners are all ignoramuses, or all Americans Solons. Far from it. France, Germany, Ireland, England, have sent us men of profound intellect and great attainments in the world of letters, of art, and science; and some of you Americans are very ignorant people. But the foreign men of intellect are not those who run to the Sand-lot and clamor for office and position six months after stepping on American soil. They go quietly about their business, take advantage of the greater facility and wider range for the acquisition of knowledge and wealth that is afforded them here, and add to the prestige and lustre with which this country already shines abroad. The very men, however, who in their own country would never dare open their mouths on the subject of governing or law-making, for fear of being clapped into jail as traitors and *prisoners*, go blustering about the public streets here, vilifying the Government that protects them, gives them a chance for a livelihood, or feeds them if they are paupers, and speak openly of forming into "aggressive" companies and practicing military drill. Never, till the mob of the Sand-lot began to haul its meetings, and talk blood, hemp, and braggadocio in general, have I felt anything but pride at the thought of being fellow-citizens with the brave, the brave, Kearney, Steinmann, and the rest of the rabble. I have sometimes felt ashamed of my own countrymen. Being a woman, I confess that I do not know enough of the financial, political, and commercial situation to enter into a dissertation as to the causes of the present crisis in our city; but my reason tells me that the senseless threats of the very classes to which Kearney and Steinmann belong have caused most of the troubles that are on us now. No one has greater sympathy for the working classes than I have, and I echo Kearney's cry "The Chinese must go;" but while we are abating nuisances, why should not this *crying* nuisance be abated first of all? If Denis Kearney wants to reform any government, why doesn't he go back to Ireland and begin his labors there? Steinmann ditto; let him go back and tell old Kaiser Wilhelm and Chancellor Bismarck how to run the government-machine in the Fatherland. After they have taken counsel of his superior administrative talent, and his country has been reformed to suit his notion, then let him come back here and give us the benefit of his advanced views and his broken English; but until then, for gracious sake, let some one clap a muzzle on his big mouth, and lay him away beside his guide and fellow-reformer, Kearney.

We reproduce the following bit of sprightly correspondence of a young Jewish lady to the *Jewish Messenger*, explaining why the Hebrew maiden does not often wed the young Philistine. The Jewish girl sacrifices more to her religion, the Christian girl more to love. We think this young lady altogether wrong in allowing her religious prejudices to prevent her acquaintance with the young Christian gentlemen. This young lady is wrong in resisting the temptation that comes from social intermingling. We look upon all this business of sacrificing religious emotions as bosh, and we can not help thinking that if we Christians are good enough to barter and trade with—if this our country is good enough to attract a race that has none—if the Christian and Hebrew may engage together in business pursuits and social life—may work together, live together, and vote together—then our boys ought to be good enough to husband the very nicest of Jewish maidens. We always rejoice when we hear of a runaway match between Christian and Jew, and our sympathies have always been with Jessica as against her merchant father, especially when she carries away the jewels and the ducats.

My object is to show how faithfully our Hebrew maidens still cling to their inherited ancient religion, and that in matters of constant adherence to their belief they are superior to their Christian sisters. In beauty, grace, refinement, intellect, and education, they have certainly their perfect equals among the women of other denominations. Virtue and charity are not any more the exclusive property of single creeds. Humanity preaches its doctrines inside of the church as well as outside thereof. But when it comes to abandon her ancient faith, when loved good prospects would prompt her to embrace another creed, then the Jewish girl will cling more firmly and truly to her religion than the Christian girl, nay, even more than the Jewish young man. The vicissitudes of life and love are the same for all who mingle with the world and consent to be ruled and governed by that despotic monarch called society. The barriers are broken. Free and unmolested, independent of religious prejudices, can we seek the companionship of congenial minds. And yet notice the hesitation a Jewish young lady shows on forming the acquaintance of Christian young gentlemen. Very few receive their social calls. On the other hand, look at our Jewish young men. To most of them it is perfectly immaterial to what creed a young lady belongs—as long as she is pretty, sprightly, and entertaining, they are anxious to form her acquaintance. Some of our Jewish free-thinkers go even so far as to say that those enchanting qualities of a young lady are only to be found among those outside of the pale of Judaism. What is the consequence? If we had statistics about intermarriages we would find that ninety per cent. of them consist of Jewish men marrying fair Christians, who are willing to become Jewesses in order to marry the man they love, or the man who can best provide for them the luxuries of life. But how many Jewesses have become converted to the Christian faith in order to make a matrimonial hit? Can anybody deny that their dazzling oriental beauty is admired by the male sex of Christendom? Can anybody doubt that such charms are as much sought after as the dollars of the Jewish daddies of our young dandies? I claim that Jewish girls have to battle against as many temptations of intermarriage as the Christian girls have. But, knowing the danger, they avoid it in the beginning, and hesitate to be on intimate social footing with Christian young men. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." But, nevertheless, if sometimes little Cupid, that great cosmopolitan, has pierced the heart of a daughter of Israel, and made her love regardless of scientific blood, and such accidents happen even in well-regulated Jewish families, the young lady will nearly always sacrifice the strongest emotions of her heart to the holy belief of her mind. Knowing that habits and customs of a race or a church are more rigidly observed than their laws, and believing them the surest safeguard for future generations, I can only approve and applaud the strong convictions of our faithful Jewish daughters.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Boiled Salmon—"Argonaut" Sauce.
Broiled Squabs. Green Peas. Baked Tomatoes.
Rolled Shoulder of Lamb. Baked Potatoes.
Asparagus Salad.
- - - - -
Brosia Fancy Cakes. Apples, Oranges, and Bananas.

Ambrosia Paragon Cakes. Apples, Oranges, and Bananas. To Make. Make a custard of cream, sugar, and eggs, and add a French mastic, yolk of an egg, mix well together, then add a pound, a large cup of olive oil, and a little vinegar, half a saltspoonful of red pepper, and salt to taste. Have a double-handful of parsley and one young leek chopped as finely as it can be done, and stir into the dressing. The salmon may be eaten cold with this sauce.

ROASTED SHOULDER OF LAMB. Have the butcher bone and trim. Make a rich dressing, and fill the crevices, and roll and tie with a string; baste with butter and cook a nice brown. Serve with cress and the baked potatoes.

Once, twice, thrice—
Hold! 'Tis sacred ground!
Thrice did you say?
In all the earth
No mortal ever can be found—
No mortal man, no living head,
Shall thus exceed our honored dead.

Enough, when he is dead shall be,
 That he was one
 (And we have three)
 That in the nation's sacred roll
 There is enshrined another soul.
 When he is dead, when all is done,
 And honor's goal is fairly won,
 Then may he with our father sleep,
 And with our martyr glory reap.
 But while his erring steps may stray
 In foul ambition's devious way,
 While yet remains one step to try,
 He can not peer with these on high.

Back! back! Three times! It can not be!
That chair is not again for thee!
Uniosue thy tongue! Quick, quick, disclaim.
Let not ambition blast thy fame!
This silence all thy glory pales—
He loses all who schemes and fails.
This Cameron-Pennsylvania plan
Of binding, pledging every man;
This Conkling-New York unity
Is not the thing to win the free.
The "wild horse" of a general boom
Disdains the saddle, bit, and groom—
Rises spontaneous from the ground,
And hounds and leaps and prances round.
This gagged and bound and hampered crew,
That perforce votes as others do,
Has not the bright, spontaneous ring
That to the polls bold freemen bring.

Grant? Well, no! Not Grant again!
No third term—never!
Above our George and Abraham
Shall none aspire
Now and forever!
Within our hearts are they enshrined—
Tried, trusty, true!
And numbered with the silent dead
Grand lives run through!
Unfinished, erring, mortal clay,
With time to fall and go astray,
And every glittering hope betray—
No, never, never,
"Twere sacrifice! Away! away!

Now that nearly all the nations of the world have had their industrial and art expositions, their world's fairs for the display of products, machinery, implements of war, fabrics, inventions, and works of art, why would it not be a good idea to have a world's naval display? Let all the governments unite, and send to the harbor of San Francisco their war ships; let all the great steam lines send one or more of their model steamers; let the merchant marine display its commercial vessels; let every ship-yard be represented in models of its handiwork; let all the gentlemen who own yachts come with them on a pleasure excursion to our Bay of San Francisco; and let there be a grand display of every kind of thing that floats, from the iron-clad to the skeleton rowed by sculls. This port would be a convenient centre for all to gather. Here the new navies of Japan and China could display their first efforts with the monster ships of Europe. Here would be an opportunity for all sorts of trials—trials of speed, trials of guns, trials in handling ships. Our great, spacious, inner bay, with its diurnal breezes, would be a splendid place for yacht races. To the Farallones might race the craft that would dare the ocean; to the Sandwich Islands the steamers of heavier tonnage. It would be a splendid sight to see gathered around our city such an exhibition of all the navies of the world; and grand to see the bunting of all nations flung to our trade winds in a peaceful display. It would be profitable, too—a great deal more profitable than war. Sham battles and a comparison of navies might save the world from the horrors of naval conflicts; and it is possible that out of such a friendly meeting there might come the recognition of the uselessness of war vessels, and an international congress that would consent to the disbanding of armies, the dismantling of forts, and the discontinuance of navies. Suppose we fix upon the year 1885 as the time, and the harbor of San Francisco as the place, for the world's first great naval exposition.

A recent tornado, destroying the village of Marshfield in Missouri, is suggestive of unpleasant possibilities. Scarce a year passes that we do not hear of one or more destructive wind-storms in the Northwest. Sometimes the track of ruin lies through forests or over plains; sometimes through fields and orchards, farms and towns. But wherever the tempest directs its line of march, ruin attends it. Houses, barns, fences, trees, human beings, and cattle are tossed like straws before a whirlwind. Chicago has had a touch of the tornado. Had this destructive whirlwind struck Chicago or St. Louis, or any of the great towns, what would have been the result? Would not the giant have as easily demolished the great brick and wooden edifices of those cities as it did the lesser structures of Marshfield? We may not willingly contemplate the terrible ruin and the destruction to life and property that would attend the tornado in its attack upon a great city, with its dense population, its streets, buildings, and warehouses, and running all through its buildings, and under its streets and into its piles of merchandise, arteries filled with gas, to break forth into a thousand conflagrations. Yet this is the dreadful possibility suggested by these oft recurring and destructive tornadoes. The Northwest is subject to them; Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri lie in their track.

Mrs. Joseph Austin—"Betsy B."—has returned from a three-months' trip to Japan, entirely restored in health and spirits, and invigorated by the breezes of the Orient. As soon as the fatigue of travel and the worry of the long quarantine that the *City of Peking* is now experiencing is over, Mrs. Austin will resume her old position as dramatic critic of the *Argonaut*.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Our Contributor's Uncle unloads a whole Noah's Ark of Animals hitherto overlooked.—The righteous indignation of a Tiger that was a Show.—The story of the escaped Mangrove of Soudan.—Cracky Diles and Alley Gaters; with an Episode concerning the Blessings of the Unconverted.—Mr. Pitchel, that's the Preacher, reappears in these Columns, to be Sat Upon as usual by our Contributor's unheavenly Parent.—Some of the latter Gentleman's views concerning the proper Direction and Object of Missionary Effort.—Together with a great Variety of Incidental Matters: the Brass-nosed Bear, of Oakland; the Weeping Anvil; the death struggle of the Fiddling Fish; a dissertation on Bottlepopping by the Sons of Arcturus; and such other Themes as the Reader may be able to Find herein set forth.

Uncle Ned he sed: "Johnny," and I spoke up and sed: "Wot?"

Then Uncle Ned he said a other time: "Johnny, sence you xosted yure idees a bout animals, an can't think of nothing more for to write about em, they are jest a havin their own time! As I come a cros the medder jest now I seen a blu back stampae a goin it, and a goin it, like he wude do hissef a injury. And then as I got a little further a long I seen a rib nose pugwummelly a carryin on offle with a sky-leapin gazoo. And jest as I was a passin the pint of the woods tween here an ole Gaffer Petersees a big buck rhy-nas-tyfurious was in the shaprel, jest a spinnin! And then, Johnny, as I come out under the bay tree this side ov Missis Doppy's ole pater patch a monstrous grate stump-suckin flabbibumpus stude up and wank its ey at me insultin."

Then I tole Uncle Ned I never heard of sech animals in ol my life, and I bet Billy haddent in his'n, and Uncle Ned he sed: "Very likely, Johnny, very likely; but, ol the same, some things is, and continews for to be, wich you and Billy aint never been aprized of. Frinstence, theres the purple tagger, wich is ten times more frocious than the stripy feller, and can lick the rhi nosy rose every time. And theres the panzy-face hippopotsumus, with a pocket on the stummuck of its belly, into wich it retires wen pursude by the goblin gally grampus of the dezert. And then there's the fuzzifungo of Madgisker, wich has a ostridge for its father and a foggy morning for its mother. I confess, Johnny, yure the boss beast-sharp, as yure learned artickles into the Argonaut have amply prove; but then Nature does sometimes sort o' sling to gather a few vestidges of creation and make a animal without reportin' the feller's peculiarities to you."

But wot Uncle Ned meant by all that rigmy roll jest kanocks me down, and I guess it wude flore Billy too.

An now I wil tel you a little story. One time there was a man which had a tagger, and the tagger it was a sho and the man he tuke the money for to get in. The man he had a big paper naid onto the tagger's den, and the paper it sed, the paper did:

THE
ROIL BENGOL TAGGER,
some times cald
THE MONNERK OF THE JUNGLE.
HANDS OF
NO TETCHIN THE TAGGER!

The monnerk of the jungle it was always a layin down with its nose tween its poz, and the fokes wich had paid for to get in thay was mad cos it wudent wock, and rore like dissent thunder. But the sho man he sed: "That's ol rite wen I git the new cage done, but this is the same cage wich the offle feller broke out of in Oregon, time he et up them seventeen men and their families."

Then the fokes they wude ol stand back and tock in wispers wile the tagger slep. But one day a feller wich was drunk he tuke to punchin the tagger with the mast hed of his umbreller, wich -stampeded the oddience, wild; and the wimmen fokes thay stude onto chairs and hollerd like it was a mouse; but the drunk chap he kep a jobbin the monnerk of the jungle crewel. Prety sune the monnerk it bellerd offle, and riggled, but the feller kep a pokn like he was fireman to a steam engin. Bimeby the monnerk it jumpt onto its hine feets, and shucked itsself out of its skin, and roled up its sleefs, and spit onto its hands, and spoke up an sed: "I bedam if I cant jest whollip the pea green stufn out o' the gum dasted galoot wich has ben a proddin this ere tagger!"

And the oddience thay was a stonish!

There was a other tagger wich was a sho, an one day it got out and hid its self in a man's gardn. Then the sho man he went to the house, and he sed to the other man, the sho man did: "Mister, my tagger is in yure gardn, an I gess you better tie up that dog o' yourn."

The other man he sed: "Bles my sole, do you sposse Ime a goin a navigatin round outside wen theres taggers, and lions, and catamints, an rhi nosy roses, and hiphiphurrah-cusses loose? Dog be blode!—he aint wurth 2 bits, any how."

Then the sho man he sed: "Mebby not, but that tagger o' mine is a vallable animal wich was made a present to me by the King of Soodan, and no son of a sea cook's 2 bit yaller dog shal spile a five 100 dollar sho for me if I can git a kick in wen the tussle comes."

But for spilin taggers jest gimme a cracky dile or a ally gater. Uncle Ned, wich has ben in Injy and evry were, he says the diles and gaters likes like ly taggers bettern any uther kind of board; and my sisters yung man he says one time in Africa there was a natif nigger a talkn to a dile, wen a mitionary preacher cum a long and preached at the nigger. Wen he had went a way the dile it sed: "Wot use hav we heethens got for that feller with his new fangle notions? Niggers and cracky diles is pretty wel pvided for, I gess, cos we dont need no cloze, and we git plenty board and lodgn."

The natif nigger he thot a wile, and then he sed: "Yes, thats a fack—plenty sech as it is; but Ive observ that we wooly-heds is always the board, and you saw-backs is always the lodgn."

One day Mister Pitchel, thats the preacher, was to our house, and he sed: "I got a offer to go for a mitionary among the cannibals."

Uncle Ned he ast him where, and Mister Pitchel he sed it was to the Sandwich Islands. Then my father he spoke up and sed:

"You better go. I don't sposse yude amount to much as a mitionary, but I guess you wude make a pretty good sandwich."

A suckn pig nice roasted is the kind of sandwich for me and Billy, plenty apple sass, and some mash ptatose with butter in the middle and lots of grafy, hooray!

My father he says: "Johnny, wen it comes to spredn the gospel in forn parts I aint the boss contributionist. But Ime mity wel dispoze tord the mitionary business, an, genly speakin, delighted to see the ballance of trade so much in our favor. But, Johnny, my lad, if a ship load or so of them fellers cude come from Greenling's icy mountains or Injy's quarrel strand for to labor among the Demmicrats, yure ole father wude kill and eat as few of em as any cannibal in California."

Then Missy she sed: "Wy, pa!" But Bildad, thats the new dog, he whaggled his tail approvin, and Mose, wich is the cat, licked him like it was a stick of candy.

A Varied Theme.

Executed on a Harp of a Single String.

Break, break, break

These stones with my one, two, three!
I would that I never had uttered
The thoughts that arose in me.

Oh well for the Kalloch boy

That he shouts in a milder way!

Oh well for the Steinman lad,

That they care not what he may say!

The stately Smith goes on

With her raving, wonderful shrill,

But oh for the sight of the vanished sand,

And the sound of my voice, which is still!

Break, break, break,

My teeth on these serags (no tea),

But the tender steaks of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

II.

The Dutchman and the Judge looked down

On Kearney at his labor;

The Judge pronounced, with brow afrown,

This warning to his neighbor:

"If anything is in a name

You ought to be a fine man

For cracking stones: the voice of Fame

Proclaims you Mr. Steinman."

HEINE.

III.

Poor rock-breaker Denis, of Mineral Hill,

Is luckless and hopeless and sorry:

Transformed by the gods to a single-stamp mill,

Wet-crushing with tears in a quarry!

OVID.

IV.

Old Moses smote the rock, and lo!

It made the fountains rise out.

Our Denis hammers, and each blow

Brings water—from his eyes out.

DAVID.

Coroner Hamilton, of Alameda, merits a leather medal made out of a whole hide. At his hash-house in Oakland he had several hundred pounds of miscellaneous "remains," gleaned from an area of as many acres circumjacent to the exploded powder-works. These poor shreds and scraps of humanity, ranging in size from a chew of tobacco to an Oakland girl's foot, were entirely unidentified. But because eight white men were known to have perished, the fragments of distinguishable Caucasian texture were put into eight caskets, taken to the cemetery in eight hearses, and buried in eight graves; a more preposterous and ridiculous proceeding the grimmest humorist could hardly imagine. Whether the Chinese debris was also divided by the number of missing Mongols we are not at this moment informed; but already an additional half a hundred-weight or so of "Meli-can man has been picked up, and we are curious to know what disposition this ingenious coroner will make of it. To save himself the trouble of "pro-rating" he will perhaps affirm the loss of another life.

The matter is really too serious for the perpetration of any such fantastic pranks to go unrebuked. The decent thing to do was perfectly obvious—bury these indistinguishable remains all together, and as quickly as possible. Nothing but bad taste, morbid sentimentality, confused thinking, and a misapprehension of official duty could have suggested any other course. But a sentimentalist is necessarily a fool, and so frequently a rascal also that we shall be agreeably surprised if the sombre circumstances of this inquest do not include some dismal instance of malfeasance in office—perhaps the misappropriation of a segment of skull, or the embezzlement of two or three sets of fingers and toes.

Mr. Nathan Blackburn, the House of Correction officer who shot Austin, a refractory prisoner, appears from his own testimony to have a tolerably cool head on his shoulders. Austin had grappled with him, but was frightened off by two shots which the forbearing Blackburn fired at a wall. Then Austin advanced to strike, and when his fist was within four inches of its destination—Blackburn's face—the imperilled officer thought it was time to act. With a presence of mind and a deliberate calculating of chances, equally admirable under the circumstances, he cocked his pistol, and, mercifully aiming at the arm which propelled the coming fist, inflicted a wound just sufficient to arrest the blow, but not serious enough to permanently disable the limb. The uncommon degree of effectiveness to which this officer has trained and developed several of his mental faculties and physical powers has been surpassed, we believe, in but one instance—that of the man lying under a tree, who, in the act of being struck by lightning, so disposed his legs that if the electric fluid ran down his left it would go off in the direction of his enemy's haystack, but if it followed his right it would assist in plowing up his own potato field.

If Mr. Tilden should not be a candidate, there is probably no leading Democrat with a stronger backing for the Presidential nomination than Judge Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme Court. He comes from California, and the Pacific slope is almost indispensable to Democratic success.—*New York Tribune editorial.*

TRUE STORIES OF HUMANS.

At one of Mrs. S——'s dinner parties a "sweet girl graduate" of one of our high schools, daintily pecking at the delicacies on her plate, overheard a gentleman opposite mention the name of "Dr. Harvey."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. B——," said she, sweetly, "but do you refer to the distinguished philanthropist who invented the circumlocution of the blood?"

Mr. B—— attempted to say he did, but uttered a mouthful of soup instead.

And this occurred at a reception at Mr. C——'s: Brown—"I say, Jones, I saw that horrible vulgarian, Tom Tompson, a few minutes ago. How on earth do you suppose he got in here?"

Tom Tompson (from behind)—"Do you allude to me, sir?" Brown—"Allude? I am afraid I went to the length of actually mentioning you."

She loved a lord better than anything, and she was brought up in Chico. Soon after the departure of the last English nobleman she said to her father:

"Papa, dear, Lord—— told me that San Francisco would probably be honored soon by a visit from the Marquis of Bute. Of course you will help ma and me to secure him for one of our Wednesday evenings."

The old man (reflectively)—"Marquis of Butte—Marquis of Butte? Oh, yes, certainly: we mustn't go back on anybody from that section."

A brace of sentimental ladies, having withal a morbid curiosity, ventured the other day to solicit (and obtained) a peep into the dissecting room of one of our public hospitals, the bodies on the tables having, of course, been decently covered with sheets, those in pickle anchored to the bottom of the vat, and things tidied up generally for the occasion.

"Ah," said one, "how peacefully the holy dead submit to the indignities here offered them!"

"Yes'm," said the janitor; "the wholly dead can't help themselves; but there's mighty lively clawin' round on the part o' them which ain't quite got their everlastin' afore they're started in onto."

Another grim one which "actually occurred" is this: An affectionate young married couple were discussing the melancholy subject of death, or rather that phase of it affecting their selfish selves:

"Promise me, Henry," said the wife, "that if I die before you do I shall not be made a show. It is dreadful to think of anybody seeing my poor dead body except just you and me."

Mr. Alfred Cranch Davis is in San Francisco. Mr. Davis lives in Galveston, Texas, and was there during General Grant's visit. Just before he left he met a friend, the Rev. Mr. Hemway, a Methodist minister, who had had the honor of dining with the Grants, *en famille*.

"Well, is the general sound in his religious views?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Not entirely, I fear," was the thoughtful reply—"at least I judge he is not altogether satisfied with the divine scheme of rewards. He likes this life, and favors the life eternal, as far as it goes; but I think he hopes for a third term."

"My boy," said a dying stock-broker to his sorrowing son, "You can never know until you are laid upon your death-bed how trivial and paltry the interests of this world really are. With eternity opening before me, the petty struggles for wealth and temporal distinction, the baubles and gauds of this ephemeral life, the tiresome vicissitudes of fortune—all are seen as vanities and empty visions."

"I know, father, I know; and in this solemn hour they are as little to me as to you. To one who is about to part with such a father as you it matters nothing that they have uncovered a bonanza in the North End, and Sierra Nevada has jumped up six points."

"No! you don't say so!"

"My dear," said Mrs. P——, toying with the nut-cracker after dinner, "I happened in at Colonel Andrews's this afternoon, and he said he hoped I was pleased with the pearl necklace you bought for me last week. Now I had to say something, you know; so I told him I would send it back and have some trifling alterations made in it. So you'd better get it from the fortunate possessor, whoever she may be, and take it down and have something or other done to it."

"Really, Matilda, this is awfully magnanimous of you, and I hope to die if I ever deceive you again as long——"

"Oh, don't mention it; we must spare one another's feelings and reputations, you know, and it was very kind of you to say it was for me. Just do as I suggest, and I will say no more about it."

The next day Mr. P—— loads her down with presents of jewelry; but all the same, on the day after she goes to the man of gems, carelessly mentions that she has changed her mind about having the pearl necklace altered, takes it home with her, and wears it at dinner. Mr. P——, knowing there is not another like it in America, does not particularly well enjoy his meal.

Jonesmith was intently scanning the stock-list in his *Bulletin*, when his wife entered with her head tied up, and began to pace the floor, distracted.

"Oh, Gus," said she, "I have such a horrible ear-ache!"

"H'm," muttered the brute, absently, without looking up, "you must have it out."

"Mr. Jonesmith," said the lady, coldly, "don't you think I could save it by having it filled?"

Q., of San Rafael, has quartered on him a maiden aunt of whom neither he nor his wife is over-fond, her chief advantage as a member of the family being her invincible deafness. The other day, however, she purchased an audiphone, which enabled her to hear perfectly, and that evening appeared in the parlor with the edge of it duly inserted between her teeth.

"Tell you, Mary," said the unsuspecting Q. to the wife of his bosom, "I'm just sick o' seein' that m—— body relic sittin' round here all winter eternally ch——— and old fan!"

B.

A MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

Translated for the "Argonaut" from the French of G. Hamor.

The story which I am about to relate, strange as it may seem, is positively authentic. The event transpired several years ago in one of the large German universities. There are, doubtless, those who will find it very lugubrious, but, as says Murger: "One can not always laugh." I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

It was at H—, a little town of Wurtemberg, December 25, 185—. The city had donned its gala robes, for, on the other side of the Rhine, Christmas is the feast of feasts, the day of family reunions, of joyous suppers, of charming reminiscences; the day when relatives assemble to talk together of the past, reading in the prismatic hues of the convivial glass a brilliant future. In short, it is the day when, as flowers brighten if turned to the sun's warm rays, even so do the countenances of the little ones, standing around the traditional tree, assume a bright glow of expectancy under the dazzling rays of the lighted Christmas tree.

Upon this particular morning the good people of H— hurried through the streets, running from house to house, exchanging here and there a hearty hand-shake, offering at the same time the compliments of the season in that old-fashioned phrase, which can yet never grow old: "A merry Christmas!" The fresh, bracing atmosphere lent fleetness to the footstep. In the pendent icicles were reflected rays of sunlight, as though the sun, too, were determined to lend animation to the scene. Children, running hither and thither through the town, made the very air ring with their joyous exclamations, and the happy refrain was taken up and sung in chorus by knots of students as they gaily sauntered forth.

One house alone appeared to take no part in the universal joy. It rather threw a shadow upon the prevailing happiness. Even the children lowered their voices and hushed their merry laughter on passing the closed door. Alas! mourning has there set its seal, at an hour when all the world resounds to the signal for the dance, for joyous revelry. The unhappy denizens of this beautiful home have just lost their only daughter, a beautiful child, scarcely sixteen years of age; fair and pure as Goethe's "Marguerite," whose name she bore. She faded away as a flower broken from its stem—without any shock, almost without suffering, and none could tell to what malady she had succumbed. A strange thing at her age, she had seen death approach without a thought of fear, and without regret. It might be said that she looked upon it rather as a liberator than as an enemy, and the "dark valley," which has such terrors for the strongest of us, was to her but the end of a mysterious sorrow. Stranger yet, none knew the cause of her grief. What cloud could have obscured the sun of her young life? Rich, young, beautiful, loved and cherished by all who knew her, had she not everything which can constitute happiness here below? That—notwithstanding all this—she had suffered, they were assured; but from what cause they knew not.

One man alone could possibly have solved the mystery: the young student, Franck Livins. He was tall, handsome, possessed of a magnificent figure, a proud step, and a lofty, somewhat haughty, mien; a man whose physical strength and powerful logic were the admiration and envy of his comrades. He was of a peculiar type—such as is occasionally met with in the universities beyond the Rhine. Philosopher and metaphysician in his soul, he boasted of absolute skepticism. For a motto, he adopted the "Nil admirari" of Horace. Faith, love, glory itself, all these he looked upon as senseless dreams, passing follies. He believed in nothing, loved nobody, and straightway followed his own course, without concerning himself about anything. However, he was a jolly good fellow, ready to laugh at all times. He never refused a convivial glass. He was brave to excess, and never declined to fight a duel. In short, he would have been described by Rabelais as "the best fellow in the world."

He had already turned many hearts, and had his conquests been counted they might have been summed up by the dozen. But little did he trouble himself as to what the world thought about him; he concerned himself only about his sword, his pipe and his philosophical problems. Passion being an anti-metaphysical sentiment, he had erased it from his life, and seemed to have in the place where his heart should have been, a volume of Kant. He could not, however, spite of his proud indifference, blind himself to the fact that, when he passed a certain street in H—, a curtain was raised, behind which, yet hardly hidden, was the fresh, smiling face of a young girl. He had often noticed, on the promenade, pretty Marguerite Seiler, who invariably responded to his bow with a rosy blush, and when he approached her had oftentimes stammered with pretty embarrassment. Likewise had he noticed, at a ball one evening of the previous winter, when he paid her the customary gallantries, when he whispered in her ear pretty flatteries, that the poor little one listened without anger, and her heart beat loudly as he guided her through the bewildering mazes of a Strauss waltz. Perhaps the handsome Franck had been flattered by the emotion, of which he could not doubt that he was the cause, but of which, in accordance with his doctrine of calm skepticism, he had never appeared conscious.

Nevertheless, upon this particular Christmas morning of which I speak, a close observer might have detected upon his countenance traces of a passing emotion, when from her father's house went forth the sad funeral procession of the young girl who had just departed this life. But if his heart were touched by this naïve love which he had awakened—if this sudden and cruel death, of which, perhaps, his coldness had been the cause, affected him for an instant—he showed to his friends no indication of such a sentiment, and like the rest he appeared disposed to feast joyously while the gay season lasted. So well did he carry out the programme that midnight found him at the table with his comrades, doing honor to that saint which in college slang is called "Saint Révéillon."

Here were assembled eight bachelors—licentiate doctors—attired in the classical dress of the German student—the flowing turtletail belted at the waist, trousers of white leather, large cavalry boots, the rapier hung at the side, and the elaborately embroidered head-piece so worn as to incline toward one ear. Around the smoke-grimed hall were hung portraits of ancient comrades; here and there were scattered panoplies, goblets, and other trophies of grand occa-

sions; while upon the table an enormous quantity of monumental cups, for the most part empty, bore witness that the orgie left nothing to be desired. The large porcelain pipes performed their functions without relaxation; to a noisy and joyful key were the voices raised—now in laughter, now in harmonious refrain, and gay words and witty speeches were not wanting.

Franck had plunged into a grave philosophical discussion with a long individual of lugubrious countenance, of thin hair, and gold spectacles, who discoursed blindly upon the *ego* and *non ego*, upon the objective and the subjective, and upon the identity primarily synthetical of the perception *à priori* (from cause to effect) of "myself." Lost in the most ethereal regions of metaphysical speculation, the interlocutors heard nothing of all that was going on around them, until a direct interpolation interrupted their discussion and abruptly conveyed them back to earth.

"Ho! down with them! Make away with these philosophers!" cried a tall student, whose rubicund face and sparkling eyes gave undeniable evidence of the most complete ebriety. "Will you never cease overwhelming us with your phrases a mile long, and deafening us with your Hebrew jargon? Leave Kant and De Schopenhauer alone for the present, and tell me, Franck, if I am not right."

"It is hardly probable," replied Franck; "but, first, what do you uphold?"

"I maintain that fear is a physical sensation; and that man, however brave he may be, must experience the feeling at least once during his life."

"You are wrong," gravely replied Franck. "Fear is a sentiment, like any other, and as such can be controlled by the will."

"That is all very well theoretically," said another interlocutor; "but, in my opinion, if put to the test, you yourself would be the first to gainsay it. I wager that you will not go alone at this hour to pass five minutes in the cemetery on the hill-side above us, near the old château."

"I accept the wager," said Franck; "what will you bet?" "My large pipe of Ulm against your Hungarian glass. But how are we to know whether you fulfill your engagement?"

"That is very simple. The cemetery is a quarter of an hour's walk from here; it will take ten minutes to return from there. I will be back here in half an hour, and we will go together to seek some object which I will leave in the cemetery—my rapier, for instance, which I will plant in a grave. Is it agreed?"

"Yes! yes! it is agreed!" they cried in one voice.

"Very well. Look at the clock—it is now a quarter past one. At a quarter of two I will be with you."

Franck went out. The night was clear; the moon shone with a brilliant lustre, and the footsteps of the student loudly resounded upon the frozen pavement. He walked rapidly. Soon he stood before the cemetery wall. He easily leaped it, and stopped before a newly-made grave. A simple cross was placed upon it. Franck stooped, and deciphered these words:

MARGUERITE SEILER.

Aged sixteen years. Dec. 25th, 185—.

The student stepped quickly back. He was at the grave of the young girl who had loved him, and whose love he had despised. He asked himself then, for the first time, if he might not have been mistaken; if he had the right to steel his heart to all pure and true emotions; and if, above all, this stoicism which he affected, and which possibly had caused the death of an innocent victim, was not, if called by its proper name, monstrous egotism. These reflections crossed his mind and troubled him; but soon he banished this weakness as unworthy of him.

"Bah!" said he. And drawing his sword, he buried it in the newly-broken earth. He then turned to retrace his steps, but he felt himself detained from behind. He quickly turned around. In a foolish hallucination, he thought he saw standing before him the spectre of the young girl; he extended his arms, gave one scream, and fell as though struck by a thunderbolt.

Below, meanwhile, at the brewery, the orgie continued, but less madly, not so noisily. Franck's abrupt departure, the strange object of his expedition, had cooled the enthusiasm and put gayety to flight. The nearer did the moment approach for their comrade's return, the more silent became the guests. The hour passed. Franck did not appear. Gradually, surprise gave way to fear; they knew not how to reconcile his long absence.

At the suggestion of one of the party it was resolved that they should investigate the matter, should see what had befallen him.

They sallied forth, and hurried together to the appointed place. Judge of their horror when, upon the tomb of the young girl, they found the corpse of their comrade! The first stupor over, they tried to raise him; but something fastened the body to the earth.

It was Franck's sword, which, unconsciously, he had thrust through the folds of his long mantle, and, as it were, nailed himself to the soil. SALLIE R. HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

As red as a rose was my love last night—
Yes, red as a rose was she;
But to-day my love's as pale and white
As the blooms of the apple tree.

Poor thing, she is pining for me I think,
But the wicked neighbors say
Her mother stole in, while my love was asleep,
And stole her pink saucer away.

If more attention was paid to the study of elocution in schools and colleges, there would not be so many complaints of the way the service is read in some of our fashionable Episcopal churches. Bad management of the tones of the voice, and emphasizing the wrong words, is about as disturbing to an educated ear as false intonations in singing, to say nothing of the ridiculous effects such faults produce. Solemnity is quite out of the question when the fine church service is gabbled over in a monotonous undertone, almost unintelligible to those most familiar with it. This lack of intelligent reading in high places is about equal to the ungrammatical talk heard from the public-school children, who are never instructed to avoid two negatives out of school, whatever they may be told to do in.

INTAGLIOS.

Sharp Trailing Briars.

Sharp trailing briars, where'er I pass,
Across my temples bind and beat;
Quick stinging weeds inweave the grass
And bite my blindly feeling feet.

Still toil I, with a heart that scorns
Such cheer as riven darkness shows;
Content, if-but these vicious thorns
Would yield me here or there one rose.

A Bird of Passage.

As the day's last light is dying,
As the night's first breeze is sighing,
I send you, love,
Like a messenger dove,
My thoughts through the distance flying!

'Tis a bird that in plume and sinew
Is strong as the truth within you.
'Tis a bird as white
As the faith you plight
With the lover so proud to win you!

I bid it speed till it meet you,
Then, fluttering downward, greet you
With a coo, perchance,
Or with glowing glance
That softly seems to entreat you!

Let it perch on your sill; or better,
Let it feel your white hands' fetter—
For under its wing
It shall surely bring
Love hidden away like a letter!—Edgar Fawcett.

Too Late.

As, through the wind-waved mist of morning,
Down a far sweep of sylvan glade,
Come glimpses of some glistening statue,
Perplexed with shifting sheen and shade,

So, through a veil of spectral vapors—
Now shrouded in sun, now steeped in gloom—
I see a sweet, mysterious phantom
Of one beloved beyond the tomb.

To love, and then to lose, is better
Than never to have loved. Ah, well!
But of a love by loss engendered,
A phoenix passion, who may tell?

Think that I never loved her, living—
Think of the awful throes of birth,
The sudden travail of my passion,
Begun the night she quitted earth.

And ever since, beyond forgetting
Of wasting care or wild caprice,
It grows upon me in the pauses,
And feeds upon its own increase.

And ever, in the spectral shadows,
Now sun-enshrined, now draped in gloom,
I see the sad, mysterious phantom
Of her—beloved beyond the tomb.—D. C. Gardette.

An Incident.*

Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar
Through Moscow's busy street one winter's day,
The crowd uncovers as his face they see—
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe,
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare.
And he who drew it bent before his load,
With dull and sullen air.

The emperor stopped and beckoned to the man;
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, Sire!" the short reply.
"Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar;
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on. I follow. Such an one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap;
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Following the coffin, as again it went,
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently;
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.—Agnes MacDonell.

The Dance in the Kitchen.

Oh, that winter afternoon,
Such a merry, merry tune
As the jolly, fat tea-kettle chose its singing to begin!
'Twas the lilting Scottish air,
And it seemed, I do declare,
As though bagpipe played by fairy was forever joining in.

Then the bagpipe ceased to play,
And another tune straightway
Sang the kettle, louder, louder, till its voice grew very big;
And the feet of laughing girls
(Girls with shamrocks in their curls)
You could almost hear a-keeping time to that old Irish jig.

Darling, smiling, cunning Bess
Grasped with tiny hands her dress,
And a pretty curtsy making, while the kettle made a bow:
"I'll your partner be," said she,
"Forward, backward, one, two, three!"
And Pussy cried, "Bravo, my dears!" in one immense *meow*.

And they danced right merrily
Till 'twas nearly time for tea,
The kettle tilting this way and then that way—oh, what fun!
And its hat bobbed up and down
On its moist and steamy crown,
With a clatter falling off at last, and then the dance was done.

* NOTE.—This incident is narrated by a lady who was living in Moscow when it took place.

A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL.

"Never mind," said Sarah Bernhardt (not the world-famous Sarah), "we will have a chance before long, and I mean to use it; I shall propose to some man before the year is out."

"O Sarah, you dare not! what will people say?" exclaimed the other girls, looking at her with wide, horrified eyes.

"Much what they are always saying," was the quiet answer. "People will interest themselves in things that do not concern them, so they might just as well have something to make their hair stand up and set their tongues going—something really shocking. But you need not say a word, girls, for it is written in the laws of the Medes and Persians that I am to offer heart and hand to some man during leap-year, and I can not avoid the inexorable."

"And I'll wager, Miss Bernhardt," said Jack Jernym, "that you do nothing of the sort. Women are cowards before custom, and you are a woman, you know."

Jack was a long-legged fellow of thirty-five, who was never in a hurry, and who could say the most exasperating things with an air that would drive you almost wild; yet it was unsafe to measure swords with him in a tilt of words. He was usually quiet, and some persons not knowing his power had roused his wrath, and ever afterward they heard his name with a sense of angry humility.

Miss Bernhardt was plain and dark, and he had never given her a thought beyond ordinary notice; but now she turned her level brows and intense eyes on him with a look that made him thrill.

"I take your wager," she said, "and against a box of gloves I put a dressing-gown, that I will propose to you, and that you will refuse me."

"Sarah! how can you?" came in shocked tones from all parts of the room.

"Let Miss Sarah alone," said Jack, into whose eyes a queer expression had come. "I admire pluck, and if she will do as she says, I will double the gloves that I do not refuse. You may try disguises, young lady, but I have a pet theory that if we know another the personality will make itself felt through any disguise. Some of my friends, among whom are a few actors, have tried to deceive me as to their identity; but, though some were marvelously changed, I was not long in finding out each one. Disguise as you will, Miss Bernhardt, I shall know you."

"Of course I shall not tell what I mean to do, nor how I shall accomplish my design, but I shall surely accomplish it," quietly answered Miss Bernhardt.

"By the great horn spoon! I believe you will," exclaimed Tad Brompton, a straggling boy of eighteen. "I think your cake is dough on both sides, Mr. Jernym, and that you will be scared to death if she does propose to you. You might as well be looking out for those gloves."

"No, Tad," was the reply, "I am more than willing to buy the gloves, but I do not think they will be needed."

Miss Bernhardt smiled in a way that was very aggravating to Mr. Jack, but he kept quiet, and through the rest of the evening watched her closely, a fact that did not escape her, though she remained cool under the inspection.

"Tell you what, Miss Bernhardt," confidentially remarked Tad, as they stood together, apart from the others, "that fellow is going to win that dressing-gown if he can. He's ever so sly about it, but he has been watching you all evening as if he wanted to see how you were put up. You'll have to get up early if you catch him napping."

"So much more glory if I win those gloves."

"I'd give something to know how you mean to do it," said Tad.

"I will tell you when I wear the first pair of gloves."

"All right, and I'll take you to Baldwin's, and then we'll have a jolly supper afterward."

"What are you plotting?" said Jack, with suave rudeness, as he sauntered up to them.

"Discussing human nature," replied Miss Bernhardt, inhaling the perfume of a rose.

"In the abstract, or with the assistance of a particular subject?" he questioned, his half-closed eyes carelessly on her face.

"Abstractions have little charm for me; only the substance makes them interesting."

"That hardly answers my question, but I am glad to learn that you take so much interest in the actual. Please look upon me as a fact, an actuality, and tell me what you think of me. How do I appear to you—as good, bad, or indifferent? No lady has ever had the temerity to tell me the truth on this subject, but I believe you not only have an explicit opinion, but that you have the courage to express it."

Tad had been called away, and they were alone. Miss Bernhardt slowly plucked the leaves from her rose, and dropped them, idly. Jack looked at her dark face, and wondered if it were really plain. Finally she looked up.

"I think," she said, "that you have a strong, healthy body, and a sound mind that has been brought carefully through the schools and absorbed some knowledge. You have seen more of the world than I have, and learned many things there not taught in the schools. You have a business that is called good, money enough to make you comfortable, a fair share of good looks, and are on friendly terms with yourself. You seldom go to church, because you are apt to hear things that make you uncomfortable, and you do not like to feel uncomfortable. You do not take any part in charities, only to pay your money at some fair. You do not like to visit prisons, for you are sympathetic, and there your feelings are lacerated. You do not work for the temperance cause, for you enjoy a good glass of wine. You laugh at peace congresses, and at men and women who have missions, and believe in them. You think there is no work, or device, or knowledge, unless self-interest lies back of all. You have little reverence for creed or profession, and look with cynical eyes on every action of man or woman, and speculate as to what motive prompts to this or that apparently unselfish deed. You work because you must, to earn the money you love to spend, and because others work, and it is respectable. You believe men are selfish, weak, grasping; that women are vain, silly, and careless; and that after a life not very different from those of your fellows, you will die and go, you know not where. Of course at times you rouse, and feel dull pains in heart and mind that will not let you rest; but you

give them some ready opiate, and soon they sleep again—pardon me, you asked what I thought, and I have told you."

"No pardon is necessary," he replied, in a low tone. "I thank you for your plain speech, and will look about in the dust inside to see if it is true."

"Don't let the dust blind your eyes," she answered, significantly.

"I will endeavor to avoid such a result; but you know that dust has just that peculiarity. Could you not help me?"

"No, I would only be in the way. I shall, however, take a deep interest in your investigations. Good-night, for I see my friends are going."

* * * * *

On Christmas Eve they met at the house where their queer wager had been made, and Tad was full of something he had to tell.

"You see," he said, "I have chum who is the jolliest fellow in the world, but he has his troubles. The biggest one is his old-maid aunt, who thinks all the men love her, and are waiting around corners to tell her so, and inveigle her into matrimony. She nags Bob awfully, and tells him of her narrow escapes at the hands of some man, so that he just wants to die, and wishes some man would carry her off and then eat her up. But the old rosebud holds the purse, and Bob is helpless, for he has nothing of his own, and will not have until he is twenty-one. Lately, the unappreciated but sanguine virgin has had some trouble about her property, and wanted me to tell her of a gentle, honest lawyer; and I told her of you, Mr. Jernym, as being the gentlest man I know, and she is coming to see you next week. But you mustn't entertain designs upon her heart, for you never could keep her if you got her; some other fellow would be sure to wile her away."

There was a laugh at Tad's story that annoyed Jack, for he saw Miss Bernhardt enjoyed the prospect of his future sufferings.

"She will prepare the way for me, and so spoil Mr. Jernym's temper that he would say no to a houri if she came in petticoats," said Miss Bernhardt.

Tad laughed: "I never thought of that. You'll have to make me a dressing-gown for sending her to him and helping you out."

"You shall have a dressing-gown, and some slippers, too, and shall be my chancellor. Don't let the lady darken your entire horizon, Mr. Jernym. Look at her with a sharp, cool eye, and she may think you do not like romance; or, better still, intimate that you are married, and have seven children."

"Oh, that won't do a bit of good," put in Tad; "Bob says she suffers more from the married men than from the single ones, and that a score of wives are dying of jealousy because of her."

"Well, the only way I can see, then, is for Mr. Jernym to tell her that madness is hereditary in his family, and that he is liable to go mad at any moment, and that a peculiarity of the family affliction is that they, in their paroxysms, invariably bite the one thing they love best on earth."

Even Jack had to smile at this.

"Thank you, Miss Bernhardt," he said; "if I am troubled I will surely do as you say."

The next week, as Jack sat in his office, there was a tap at the door, and to his "Come in," there entered a lady of uncertain years, who smiled at him till he looked down.

"Are you Mr. Jernym?" she asked, in a clear, low voice, with a complacent ring to it.

"I am. Can I serve you, madam?"

"I am Miss Toddle, Bob Scrope's aunt, and I want you to do some law business for me."

Astonished Jack had looked for a spinster in spectacles and a plaid shawl. This woman, though past middle age, was well preserved and possessed of a good figure of medium height, a bright, dark eye, ordinary features, and apparently the usual manner of woman. Her dress was black, fashionably made, and worn with a girlish air. The only things that made Jack uneasy were the glances she gave him and her constant smile.

"Certainly," he said. "Will you please state just what the business is, and what you desire done?"

"O Mr. Jernym, I hope you will be able to save me from the clutches of a bold, bad man."

"It's coming," thought Jack; and aloud he said: "I hope you will have no trouble, Miss Toddle, that I can not relieve"—thinking that if she wanted to make love to him he would help her along and see just what she would do.

"This man has had charge of some of my property, and he says that he will not yield it up to me to be placed in the hands of another."

"The property is exclusively your own, and he is but your man of business?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think you have a right to take another man if you want to," said the wicked Jack.

"Oh, Mr. Jernym, how good you are! And you will take charge of the matter, and get my property away from that awful man, and manage it yourself?"

"I never was called good before," said Jack, meekly; "but I will make that wretch give up his prey, and afterward do my humble best to take good care of it—the prey, I mean."

"If you only will, I will do anything for you, Mr. Jernym. Ask anything of me, and it shall be yours."

"Thank you, Miss Toddle; I am only too happy to serve you in any way. After my work is done, I may ask a great favor at your hands."

In a few days Miss Toddle again visited him to see how the business came on, and she was a trifle more gushing than at first. The calls became frequent, and Jack knew from her manner that she was making a "dead set for him," and that she surely would give him the chance to possess herself and fortune. It was not long, of course, before he was heartily sick of the whole thing, but made no sign, for Tad never failed, when they were in company together, to ask him how his wooing sped, and Miss Bernhardt would smile, and kindly inquire if he were prospering in business.

Two weeks after New Year's Day Miss Toddle had visited him and set him almost crazy, while he tried to keep her from making a fool of herself. By desperate efforts he succeeded, but he felt that it was only for the time—that on her next visit she would doubtless renew her attentions, and, very likely, make him a point-blank proposal. His very back hair stood up at the thought; and it was with a deep feeling

of thankfulness and relief that he heard she was sick—laid up with the neuralgia and toothache. He uncharitably hoped the combined pains would kill her, and set him free from her dreadful presence—for dreadful it had grown. On the evening that he heard of Miss Toddle's afflictions, he was once more spending an hour or two where we first met him, and Tad and Miss Bernhardt were both there.

"I'd like to know, Sarah," said one of the girls, "when you mean to propose to Mr. Jernym?"

"Yes, Miss Sarah; can't you give me some idea of when to look for you?" inquired Jack.

"Of course not; but you may be ready at any time to receive me."

"Do you really mean to do it, Sarah?" asked the girls.

"Did I not say I would? I shall do it if I have to crawl to his office."

"I'll carry you, Miss Bernhardt," said Tad; "you wouldn't be much of a load."

"If you will allow me, I will send a carriage for you whenever you make up your mind to come," said Jack.

"Thank you; you are oppressively kind. I will let you know if I need the carriage."

"Where were you yesterday, all day, Miss Bernhardt?" asked Tad. "I was here three times to get you to help me with my lessons, but I couldn't find even your knitting to commence with."

For the first time since Jack had known her, he saw Miss Bernhardt blush and look annoyed. He was surprised, for Tad's question, though boyishly rude, was simple; and he could see no cause why she should change color at it.

"I was calling on a lady," she answered, recovering her usual manner, "and spent most of the day out."

"I'd like to know what she blushed about," thought Jack. "I wonder if she has a lover anywhere."

He was more uncomfortable than he liked at the surmise, and he determined to find out, if possible, if such a reality existed.

The next day he was sitting in his office, wondering about this possible lover, and feeling unnecessarily fierce toward the poor, cloudy fellow, when a low tap at the door brought him back to actual things. The door opened, and Miss Toddle, her face tied up and with smoked glasses on her eyes, came in. She spoke in a sort of smothered voice, and looked ten years older.

"I could not stay away, my dear friend," she half whispered; "I did so want a manly heart on which to lean, and a tender friend to sympathize with me in my pain and trouble."

"Dashed old fool," thought Jack; but he placed a chair, and tried to look tender and properly sympathetic, and then he said: "I am truly sorry for your troubles, Miss Toddle, and wish I could relieve them."

"Don't call me Miss Toddle, call me Jemima," she exclaimed in watery tones, as she hitched her chair nearer to Jack, and put her hand on his shoulder. "I am a woman with a tender, loving heart, and I want some soul to whom I can turn for help. Do you never, my dear friend, feel that you want to be loved, and have some gentle nature all your own, to care for you, and soothe your lonely hours; on whose bosom you can lean and whisper words of love?"

"Can't say that I do, my dear madam," said unresponsive Jack.

"My dear madam! Oh, you will break my heart! Can you not see that I am all your own?—that I love you—do you understand?—love you, and only wait to be taken by you?"

"Well, but my dear Miss Toddle," said Jack, wishing he were in heaven, or that his visitor were, "I do not love you. I do not think our natures assimilate. In fact, I am an awful man: I never could love only one; I love 'em by the wholesale; I love 'em all, and can't help it. I would drive you crazy running after some new face all the time. I tell you, you don't know how wicked I am."

"Yes, I do," said poor Miss Toddle—reaching for his neck, while he almost broke that member trying to escape her arms—"yes, I do; I know you are a man who can never be deceived in the identity of his friends, and whose pet theory never fails—that through all disguises the personality will show," and a choking laugh came from the apparently heart-broken Miss Toddle.

"The devil!" exploded Jack. "Who, in the name of Jupiter, are you?"

"Miss Bernhardt," said the lady, taking off her glasses, and the wrappings from her head and face. "I will take number sixes, and in light colors, if you please. I like four buttons, too, I think."

Jack sat down and looked at her, wholly unable to say a word.

"Well, haven't I earned my gloves?" she asked, as he sat and looked at her.

"Yes," he slowly answered, "I think you have. You are the sharpest woman I ever saw, and I am the worst beaten man I know."

"Don't get low-spirited," she replied. "I am the one who ought to be dejected—after such a cool refusal of my heart and hand."

There was an awkward pause, and then he said, earnestly: "I deserve to be punished, after being such a fool. Miss Bernhardt, I know you do not admire me, but I must speak for myself. Do you think, after all, I could ever make myself worthy of your love, and have some time a hope of winning you for my wife?"

Jack spoke impelled by he knew not what, and yet he was in deep earnest.

"You surprise me, Mr. Jernym," said his visitor, blushing deeply, and looking ready to run away. "I never supposed you cared for me in that way. I made the wager in a moment of thoughtlessness, and I am so obstinate that I would have done as I have if I had been sure you had the yellow-fever. You don't know me, or you would not ask me to be your wife. I am plain, and quiet, and not at all suited to you."

"Will you let me be the judge of that?" he answered quickly; "I think I know you, and the only question is, do I suit you?"

"Well"—was Miss Bernhardt's somewhat halting answer; but one may suppose Jack found it satisfactory, for the girls tell me that Sarah is working an elaborate smoking-jacket in Mr. Jernym's favorite colors, and I know that Sarah has been wearing four-button gloves very recklessly of late.

V. SAVELLI.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1880.

A report has gained currency throughout the State that the *Argonaut* was to be changed to a daily newspaper. This report has no foundation in fact. No change is contemplated, and none will be made in this respect. The *Argonaut* is prosperous, and will be continued as a weekly journal. It will be edited and conducted on the same general plan and platform. We do not expect to please everybody. We do not try to do so, and we do not disguise our contempt nor withhold our criticism from those who do. We do not expect to be always right, nor always upon the popular side; but we do expect to be always frank, and honest, and independent, and American without prejudice. Will those interior journals who have aided to give currency to the "daily" rumor be generous enough to advise their readers that the *Argonaut* will sail its originally charted course?

The Legislature has adjourned, and we feel the relief that is natural when a danger is passed. It is a painful fact that this is an oft-recurring danger. We look forward with dread to the meeting of our Legislature; we hold our breath in suspense while it continues; and when its deliberations are ended we look cautiously out to see whether we may venture forth to resume our business avocations, or whether, under its enactments, we may venture upon new enterprises. A brief review of the past four months will illustrate our meaning. Out of the chaos and confusion of a revolution that had given us a new organic law—out of an election that had stirred the worst passions of our people—we had chosen a new body of law-makers. That from this mad and hateful conflict we had evolved no worse men than composed our Legislature we may and ought to be thankful; that the ignorant, propertyless, and unprincipled did not outnumber the intelligent, respectable, and well-meaning was the result of accident rather than deliberative judgment. When the roll of members was called, we found the Republican party in a small majority, the Democracy in minority. A strong body of ignorant, inexperienced, unprincipled adventurers, flung to the surface by an agrarian agitation, was introduced to our law-making council. For four months intelligence wrangled with ignorance, demanding the physical courage of a Tyler to brave the ignorant and insolent impudence of a Brauhart. Kane, the Irish coal-heaver of Tar Flat, illustrates the depths we have plunged and the dangers we have escaped. For four months every legitimate industry folded its arms, enterprise was paralyzed, money hid itself, and labor stood idle. For four months the railroad companies fought for their lives, against the confiscation of their property. The Spring Valley Water Company was compelled to fight for its defense against the shameful assumption that sixteen millions of expenditure for the catchment and distribution of water was not property. The stock exchange of San Francisco, representing the leading industry of the coast, was summoned to the Legislature to defend itself for dealing in stocks, and was called upon to defeat legislative schemes which, if successful, would have arrested the development of our mines. Commercial and savings banks made a vain effort to protect the accumulations of their depositors from unjust and double taxation. The owners of landed estates, acquired in accordance with the laws of the land, were threatened with a discriminating and aggressive taxation that would have rendered their estates valueless. The great agricultural valleys and the cities did not escape paying tribute to the gravel-sluicing industry, that claimed the privilege of sending mining debris over farms and orchards, unless farmers and orchardists would pay to restrain it—to destroy harbors and navigable streams, unless commerce and commercial cities would pay to prevent their destruction. To this class of effort, add the lesser enormities of school-marm and normal school extravagances, and the almost entire neglect of those great industries that demand legislation,

such as are involved in the questions of irrigation, reclamation, viticulture, manufacturing, etc., and we may have some idea of the feelings and apprehensions of a business and tax-paying people during the session of a Legislature. Thank God that it is over for the present, and that for eight months we may have time to recover and fortify ourselves for the next session. It would be God's blessing if there could be no legislation and no State election for the next ten years. Better: bad laws and fixed, than this constant, never-ending turmoil. But better than all this, that our people would for once awake to the necessity of performing those public duties that our republican form of government necessarily devolves upon them.

The conclusion of the Sand-lot insurrection by the trial, conviction, sentence, and imprisonment of Denis Kearney—whose name properly spelled is Carney—will by many be considered as a more rational ending of a disgraceful episode in our history than as though he and his associate culprits had been taken by a vigilance committee and hanged. Some will think differently, and believe that the more heroic remedy would have been a more permanent one. Belonging to the more moderate and conservative class, we rejoice that the remedy has been found within the law. The lamp-post is the last resort of an indignant and outraged people, and should not be used until more peaceful and legal attempts have failed. Our own history justifies us in speaking kindly of the rude justice of vigilance committees, administered under lynch law. The lessons taught to the "Hounds" and repeated in 1852 and again in 1856, ought to last a generation at least. An alien immigration brings us new men, to whom it may be necessary to repeat the lesson. If so, the old schoolmasters are abroad. Yes, we are glad that the law had within itself the power to teach these agitators that they could no longer imperil our city by their illegal conduct, and we are glad that judges have been found who have had the courage to enforce its mandates. On the whole, perhaps, it is better than to have commended to these disturbers the medicine of their own prescription, viz., strangulation by hemp.

And yet Kearney is but the symptom, and not the disease. He is the pustule that, coming to the surface, indicates the blood that stagnates beneath. He is the effect, and not the cause. It is not Kearney that makes the cauldron to seethe and bubble; he is not the fire that rages beneath the pot; he is but the scum that gathers, froths, and dances on the boiling surface. Kearney is not at the source of our troubled waters; he is far away down stream, a rotting chip upon the muddy, turbulent, political wave. Kearney is a sign of our political troubles. Born in Ireland, of an ignorant, bigoted, oppressed, and pauper race, himself ignorant and bigoted, he is the type of a bad and dangerous class. He inherited from his progenitors, who in turn, and for generations, had inherited from theirs, a hatred of the band that governed them. From a long descent was evolved an active-brained, strong-muscled, undisciplined barbarian, who knew nothing of self-restraint, nothing of respect for law, nothing of the duties and responsibilities and dignities of republican government; who grew up in jealousy of those above him, in hatred of the rich, in contempt of authority, and in impatience of labor. The accidents of grievous poverty and want of employment drove him to leave his native land and seek an asylum in ours. Cheap navigation made his emigration possible. Immigration societies aided him, our laws invited him, and he came to America. He came, and bringing this inherited contempt of government, law, social order, rights of persons, this undisciplined barbarian our system took up, and after five years of pupillage made him a citizen, clothed him with political power, crowned him elector, sovereign, and ruler—made him equal with the native-born. More than this, it gave to him an unrestricted enjoyment of all the privileges and opportunities of American citizenship, and in this declared the false and dangerous doctrine that in a republican government, ignorance, superstition, bigotry, idleness, crime, jealousy of social position, and resistance to authority, should have the same power at the electoral urn as the intelligent, native-born, patriotic American citizen who possessed all the virtues. Kearney is one of many millions whom the redundant populations of European States have sent to us. We have taken them in faster than we can digest and assimilate them. We have been too hasty in giving them the electoral privilege, and they have abused it. This foreign immigration has dehaunched our political system. It has become a body so strong in influence, and so powerful in numbers, that it imperils the safety of our government. It is the cause that invites politicians to acts of shameless demagoguery.

Had it not been for this strong Irish vote, and had not the Irish as a nationality consolidated their political influence to control a great national party, and had not the leaders of that national—Democratic—party yielded to the dictation of Irish insolence, and given way to the demands of Irish politicians, we should have had no Irish rioters resisting the draft in New York, no Irish laborers burning railroad property in Pittsburgh, and no Irish Sand-lot imperiling government in San Francisco. We should have no high-toned

Southern gentlemen plotting with ignorant bog-trotters to be made Senators of the United States; no Chief Justice and Associate Justices, Superior Judges and inferior magistrates, to whom the Sand-lot could say, "I created you;" no legislative body standing in awe of law-breakers, while it made the laws; no press bidding for its support, and making its circulation dependent upon a most cowardly and contemptible subserviency to a dirty and unwashed mob of Irish law-breakers. This condition of things we have—and it is not ended because we have sent one flannel-mouthed swash-buckler, with cropped hair and striped clothes, to break stones. It is not ended if all his associates, male and female; clerical and lay, are sent to keep him company. The cause still exists, the fountain is unclean, the fires burn, the foul stream runs on, and new scum will rise to the surface. New riots will occur, new insurrections take place, and other Sand-lots breed other vermin, and other cities be cursed by other demagogues; and, unless the evil is arrested, the experiment of republican government will have proved a failure upon this continent, as it has failed oftentimes in other lands before.

The remedy for this evil is to discourage indiscriminate immigration; to prevent by penal laws the immigration to our shores of the discontented, unruly, criminal, or pauper class of other lands, and to repeal, by one broad, sweeping enactment, our naturalization laws. Let no man of foreign birth come to regard the privilege of American citizenship other than as a boon, to be obtained by some distinctive act of service, or to be merited by qualifications that stamp him as a citizen most desirable to acquire. Give to the men of foreign birth the right of domicile, of inheritance, of acquisition of property; give to them the right to transmit their accumulations by bequest or devise; let them be protected under our laws. Let their rights of person and property be held inviolate; let them be free in their conscience, their worship, and their faith; let their children be taught a rudimentary education in English at our free schools; and let them be content to live under laws made by and executed by the native-born American citizen. This gives to their children the inheritance of free government, and it gives us no citizens clothed with political power who do not acknowledge the allegiance that comes with birth and education, and who have not some preparation for, and knowledge of, the duties and responsibilities that go with the electoral privilege. To the Congress of the United States, as to the Parliament of England, the Assembly of France, the Reichstag of Germany, the legislative body of Belgium, the imperial authority of Austria, and the higher law-making bodies of every nation in Europe, should be relegated this authority of naturalization. The American-born may not become a British subject except by an act of Parliament, and that act may not be expected except in favor toward some distinguished person who would honor the land whose citizen or subject he would be. We fling this jewel of American citizenship to every adventurous swine that is driven into the ocean by the devil of poverty or crime, and has the luck to reach our shore without drowning. And now, again, as ever, when we write upon this topic, there come to our mind the exceptional, worthy, excellent foreigners whom we welcome as an addition to our population. We say to them—and in reply they say to us—this is right, and we would be willing to recognize, and do recognize, the necessity of this rule so defined. It is right that America should be governed by Americans, and an "American party" would embrace the intelligent, respectable, non-partisan, orderly, law-abiding foreigners from all European nations, now naturalized and domiciled among us. This embraces the better Irish, the German, the Catholic, the Jew. It embraces all but the vicious, the idle, the discontented, the ignorant, and the native-born cowardly demagogue.

If there was but one man in America who, stretching his huge legs across the continent, could compel us pigmies to walk between them, we still might be allowed to speculate upon his chance of becoming President. But this Caesar of ours, who has become so great, has not yet crossed the Rubicon, and we still are free—free at least to repeat our prophecy, made when first he returned from Gaul, laden with the trophies and honors of his trip around the world, and entered upon his triumphal march, with all his slaves of office and flunkies of politicians chained captive to his chariot wheels. Plain people—who do not worship heroes—are getting weary of all this pagan business. The echo of the "whoop up" and the "hoom" is dying out. The people are tired of hearing about Grant, and he will not be nominated at Chicago; and if he is, it will be in utter and shameful defiance of the wishes of the better class of Republicans. If he is nominated, it will produce such a bolt and stampede as will make Cameron, Conkling, and the machine politicians at Washington think one of those Western tornadoes, mixed with a California earthquake, and wet down by a cloud-hurst, had struck the Republican party. Since the Pennsylvania and New York conventions, not a single Grant delegate has been chosen in any Northern State. Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, Kansas, Iowa, and Oregon have had conventions, and in every one of them Grant has been overwhelmingly defeated. In Connecticut

the delegation is divided between Edmunds, Blaine, and Washburne—Grant's name not mentioned. In Massachusetts a strong effort was made to secure two or three Grant delegates. A ticket composed of four ex-governors was placed before the convention in his interest, and defeated nearly six to one in a convention of twelve hundred delegates. In Iowa, where the largest Republican majorities in the West are found, Grant did not carry a single congressional district at the primaries; it sends twenty-two delegates to Chicago for Blaine. In Kansas Grant's friends made a desperate fight, resulting in an entire delegation for Blaine. Indiana elects by congressional districts, and, so far, not a Grant delegate has been chosen from that State. In Michigan the sentiment is overwhelmingly for Blaine; so it is in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Nebraska. In Ohio—Grant's native State—the contest lies between Sherman and Blaine. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says there is not a single representative Republican in Ohio for Grant. The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "Signals of distress of the Grant party are flying all around the political sky." In the three Pacific States Grant will get no vote; Blaine will secure all. At the Virginia City primary a Grant ticket was run, and beaten three to one. In Washoe County the Grant ticket was smashed; also in Humboldt County. Oregon has already spoken, and in favor of Blaine. California Republicans will meet at Sacramento next week, and, out of four hundred delegates, there will be no man for Grant that has not got into the convention by the underhand intrigue of a little clique of political coyotes, who have been, as ever, plotting to cheat and defraud the rank and file of the party. In Illinois the third-termers are making their last desperate efforts, but the latest advices indicate that the Grant party will be routed, horse, foot, and dragoons, and that the delegation will be substantially divided between Blaine and Washburne. The only counties in Illinois carried for Grant so far are Democratic. Sangamon County, which contains the capital, held its convention last week, and refused to instruct for Grant. This is significant, as Springfield is the headquarters of Senator Logan's machine, and, up to the time of the convention, the county had been conceded to Grant. It is quite probable that Grant will lose Illinois, which his friends admit is the pivotal point upon which his nomination depends. If the conventions had not been held in Pennsylvania and New York at so early a day (a trick of the machine), Grant would have carried neither State.

Having shown, then, an almost solid North against Grant's nomination, it of course remains that if he is nominated the Southern States will do it. To suppose that the great Republican party of the nation will allow a distasteful and unpopular candidate to be thrust upon it by the negroes and carpet-baggers of fifteen States who have no electoral votes to give, is preposterous and absurd. The vast majority of the Northern Republicans, the moral power of such States as Massachusetts, Iowa, Michigan, and Wisconsin, will certainly influence and change enough Southern delegates away from Grant to defeat him. It is true Missouri and Kentucky are instructed for Grant, but Texas is not, and it is believed that Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana will not instruct their delegates. A loss of any one of the larger Southern States defeats Grant. The carpet-baggers are now his only hope; and it may, and probably will, turn out that even they are not always to be depended upon. West Virginia, Delaware, and Maryland will probably send anti-Grant delegations. Black and Tan has recently made some figures and published them in the *Chronicle*, by which he claims Grant's nomination assured. But to get that result he has placed in the Grant column such ridiculous figures as these: Indiana, 16; Texas, 16; Massachusetts, 26; New Jersey, 18; Illinois, 42; Wisconsin, 20; Nevada, 6. As Grant will not have a vote in either Massachusetts, Indiana, New Jersey, Wisconsin, or Nevada, and probably none in either Texas, Illinois, or Nebraska, he shows what a false hireling witness he is by making the statements above quoted. He claims every Southern State for Grant, solid, while the truth is that there will probably be divided delegations in Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and Mississippi. As to whether there is to be a "dark horse," who shall come in and capture the nomination over the heads of the now leading candidates, is a hard question to answer. Such things have occurred in national politics, but not often. Usually the contest has been fought out between the leading candidates. In this connection it is asserted that the second choice of Don Cameron and the Pennsylvania delegation is Blaine. And it is believed that the choice of Ohio, after Sherman, is also Blaine. If, therefore, Grant and Sherman should be withdrawn, it is doubtful if the entire opposition, headed by Senator Conkling and the New York delegation, could keep the Chicago Convention from nominating James G. Blaine.

The Hon. Stephen J. Field is becoming one of the prominent possibilities of a Democratic Presidential nomination. He is discussed as one of the probabilities by the knowing ones, and if it should happen that the mantle of the Moses who came so near the promised Presidential land at the last election should fall upon the shoulders of Mr. Justice

Field, we may regard his nomination certain, and his election probable. If the contest should come between General Grant and Judge Field, the issues would be clear-cut and well-defined. Judge Field was a loyal man during the war—as only an appointment of President Lincoln could have been—and represents the highest order of legal and judicial talent, as General Grant represents the highest order of military capacity and genius. General Grant will embody the idea of centralization and military power, and Judge Field will embody the idea of State sovereignty and the majesty of the civil law. General Grant will reflect the glory of Augustus, while Judge Field will stand as a representative of that constitutional principle that declares the "civil" to be superior to the "military" power. The one will carry with him into the campaign the emblems of peace—the pen, the gown, the civic wreath, generosity to the South, forgetfulness of the war; the other, the sword, the glittering uniform, the laurel crown, the bloody shirt. The one will be a new man, taken from peaceful pursuits, asking for gifts; the other a hero demanding his rights. The one seeking a first term; the other a third. The one maintaining an honored political and as yet inviolate tradition; the other casting before him the threatening menace of dynasty. As neither of these distinguished gentlemen may be nominated, we will continue to indulge ourselves in thinking that we will do as we please until a real issue is presented to us for our decision.

The Associated Press dispatches are popularly regarded as indispensable to the prosperity of a daily paper. We do not think so. A contract for two thousand words a day, at so much for telegraphic transmission, results in sending words, words, words. A negro robs a hen-roost in Kentucky, or a Democrat burns a barn in Canada, and it is telegraphed across the continent as news. Every accident, calamity, or scandal that occurs within the reach of the Associated Press news-gatherer is dispatched westward as news. It would make an amusing book if the contradictory statements, lies, rumors, false reports, corrections, and misstatements made concerning Governor Tilden could be gathered together. To-day he is a Presidential candidate; to-morrow he retires. To-day he is in robust health—a rosy, hale, and hearty middle-aged gentleman, full of promise and labor; to-morrow he is a poor, old, and feeble octogenarian, trembling upon the verge of the grave. To-day he is to be married—lady's name, age, and fortune, with time, place, and circumstance, all given; to-morrow it is denied. At one time he is represented as a subtle, scheming spider, engaged in the dark intrigue of weaving political webs to catch unwary partisan flies; and then it turns out that he is not meddling in politics, but enjoying his *otium cum dig.* in his library, or quietly fishing in the Highlands. At one time he is spending money by the barrel, tampering with commissions, up to his eyes in cipher dispatches; and then it is authoritatively announced that he is taking no part and spending no money in politics. Now he is plotting for delegates to make himself the candidate, then he is represented as content to make the nominee; yesterday it was Randall, to-day it is Field, and to-morrow it will be John Kelly. He quarrels and reconciles with Tammany each alternate day—and so the Associated Press dispatches mix and jumble and toss and huddle, not only this, but all news. The result is, there is not a man on this side of the continent that knows anything about the condition of that class of events over which the Associated Press thinks it must speculate. One intelligent person at St. Louis could gather more and better news for a daily journal than all the rubbish that is sent across the wires to the Associated Press.

The murder of Mr. Severance by a Chinaman has its moral. A deliberately planned murder for a mercenary purpose is something exceedingly rare upon this coast. We recall no single case where money was the sole cause of a premeditated murder, except where murder has followed as an incident to highway robbery or burglary. This Chinaman came to California when almost a boy in years. He was a good servant, industrious, obedient, frugal. He saved money enough to return to his native land. He asked Mr. Throckmorton, his employer, for leave of absence. He would go home to China and marry him a wife. He would then come back to California, and "would Mr. Throckmorton keep his place open for him?" He was a good servant, so faithful and reliable that he easily obtained his employer's promise. He went to China, bought himself three acres of land, married him a wife, built him a house, and returned to California to make more money, to add three acres more to his home, and then he would "be a rich man in China." He lived in the country, a single servant in a large farm-house. Mr. Severance, bailiff of Mr. Throckmorton's estate, came and went with his money. The Chinaman was honest, and there were no secrets from him. Before this Chinaman, every month, was an amount of gold coin that to him represented a life of ease. A stranger in a strange land, there came over him the heart-sickness for his wife and home. He dreamed of his loved ones. Into his heart as he dreamed, and into his imagination as he toiled, during these dreary winter days, came the

temptation to murder—to murder this outcast. This Chinaman, this man whose money would enable him to realize his dreams of home and wife and child. And so, one dismal, rainy night, he came behind Mr. Severance; shot him to his death; buried his body; gathered his money; hid it; covered over the corpse of his dead friend, and prepared to return to China. He had no anger against Severance, none against Mr. Throckmorton, none against any one. He was a good Chinaman—honest, law-abiding, and non-resistant; industrious, frugal, loved his native land and his family, worshipped the tablets of his ancestors, believed in the precepts of Confucius, and had faith that the only road to the heavenly realm was from the Flowery Kingdom. His murder grew out of all these virtues; and could he have got away with his plunder, who that does not believe in God or conscience can doubt that this Chinaman would have been a good husband, father, and citizen, and that his days would have been long and honored in that Chinese land, where he would have been distinguished for his wealth, his liberality, and his many pagan virtues? He was a murderer, and took this good man's life—made his wife desolate, his babes fatherless, and wrenched the hearts of loving, aged parents—because he was a Chinaman, and had not the education, the civilization, or the conscience that would restrain him from one or an hundred murders if one or an hundred lives were between him and his home. Moral: No more Chinese.

When recently, at Portland, one Ah Lee was to have been hung on the following day, a strong guard was placed in the county jail, composed of men detailed from the several military companies of the city, and every precaution was observed to prevent the Chinaman from committing suicide. When Ah Lung, the murderer of Severance, killed himself in the county jail at San Rafael, the sheriff expressed great regret. It is a universal custom to so guard criminals on the eve of execution that they may not take their own lives. Now, why is this? Why should not the murderer be allowed the privilege of suicide if he pleases? Why—if to-morrow noon he is to die by the hangman, in the yard of the county jail, in the presence of reporters and other morbid people, with women and children looking through fences and crowding the roofs of adjoining buildings to gaze upon him—why may he not, at midnight, in the seclusion and darkness of his cell, settle his account between himself, his conscience, and his God, by wrapping the mantle of death around him, and voluntarily stepping out into the darkness of the eternal night? Have the hangman and the law any higher warrant to take human life than the guilty owner of the soul that sins? If society demands the criminal's death, is it not satisfied, and is not the debt as fully paid by the voluntary death as by the execution of the law? Why not? And if so, then where is the propriety of calling out the military to guard the poor devil from going his own way to the unknown country? When the sentence of death has become irrevocable, and government has decreed that in self-defense the man must die, why not leave to him the choice of his mode of exit, and place within his reach knife, cord, and drug? We ask "why?" and leave to preachers, statesmen, and county sheriffs the task of answering. In this argument, we waive all the advantage of such considerations on our side as the shame of friends, the agony of the criminal's suspense, the demoralization of an execution, the saving of the cost of incarceration and execution, and—as in Ah Lung's case—the expense of trial. The possible perjuries may not be considered, nor the advantages that society gains in depriving the newspapers of an unprofitable sensation, and denying preachers the professional satisfaction of sending a penitent murderer from the scaffold to the over-burdened bosom of Abraham.

A religious idiot named Clark, at a recent gathering of pious folks of his kind at the Larkin Street Presbyterian Church, advised a week of prayer to ask God to send the phylloxera to destroy all the grape-vines, so that he and his associate imbeciles might be rescued from the temptation to get drunk on wine or brandy. As God made the vine, and the devil makes this kind of Presbyterians and the phylloxera, we suggest that the idiot named Clark pray to the devil; and while he is on his marrow-bones, he may as well invoke the weevil for the corn crop, and ask a light upon barley, and pray for the Colorado-bug to destroy the potato crop. If the devil should answer this pious idiot's prayer, Clark would be compelled to eat his own head.

Among the leading Republican papers opposed to the nomination of General Grant are the *Chicago Tribune*, *Cincinnati Commercial*, *Cincinnati Gazette*, *Ohio State Journal*, *Indianapolis Journal*, *New York Tribune*, *New York Evening Post*, *Brooklyn Union*, *Springfield Republican*, *Boston Journal*, *Boston Transcript*, *Albany Journal*, *Utica Herald*, *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, *Philadelphia Record*, *Milwaukee Times*, *Reading Journal*. And among independent papers of influence, the *New York Herald*, *Chicago Times*, *St. Louis Dispatch*, *Cincinnati Times*, *Philadelphia North American*, *Toledo Blade*, *Detroit Courier*, *New York Independent*, *Harper's Weekly*, *San Francisco*.

A FIRE IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

When Thomas Carlyle was writing his *Sartor Resartus* from the mouth of Teufelsdröckh, he described a city by night, and village life in the day-time. He carried his old hero to the world-promontory at the North Cape, and from that point, at midnight in June, allowed the old wanderer to paint a word-picture of the "silence as of death" and the appalling solitude of that hyperborean region. With his grand powers of description, this real old writer has descended upon matters material, from earth to sky; from the highest imperial sceptre and Charlemagne-mantle to the poorest ox-goad and gypsy blanket, and withal he dealt in quaint, yet telling style of purest poetry and prose, but he has left undone one thing—he has not described a fire in a country town. He should not have been thus misfeisant. He ought to have written about this thing that heads my screech, for I cannot. (There is no egotism in this.) But I am going to try, from a personal stand-point, because the world needs the picture, even though it be but a daub. A master may yet take the suggestion, and make it his *chef d'œuvre*. For this attempt there need be no other excuse than that which my warmest friends may find for me in the aphorism that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," or words to that effect. A fire in a country town is startling, ridiculous, interesting, appalling, amusing, comparatively harmless, and is the property of every citizen, from the hootblack and scullion at the tavern to the side-whiskered Presbyterian elder who is the president of the county bank, which stands in its white-lined, red-brick prominence on the chief corner, shaded by a big tree, accompanied by the town-pump.

I lived in a certain country town in California once for nine months, and I'm sorry for it. So are the people there. But I have never been able to account for this situation, either individually or collectively, to my own satisfaction, except through the reasons that shall here follow. The probabilities are that I was beginning to get too prominent, and tried to do too much toward the ambitious end of becoming a valuable citizen. The other men, in a town like that, with as much ambition as I had, and less brains, never like a man who promises to become popular. If he sings a good song, tells a roaring fine story, makes pretty efforts in oratory, and reads like a horn elocutionist—all of which I do in more than an average manner—he is the lion for a brief space, but it soon becomes a settled fact, among the *haut ton* and the place-seekers of the place, that "that fellow is a little too smart, or at least thinks himself so."

It is true that, during the few months I lived in that town, I started a lyceum, laid the foundation for a public library, instituted a new benevolent lodge, taught a class in Sunday-school, became presiding officer of a temperance organization, played the leading part in all the amateur theatricals, participated in concerts for the benefit of the churches, the poor, or anything else, directed tableaux vivants, allowed impetuous cusses to win their cigars from me on "bean poker" and "pigeon-hole" hilliards, was working well along toward establishing an agricultural fair, and was editing a spicy, newsy paper, which was losing money, but I was all this time getting "too smart," and to cap the climax, a fire broke out. I happened, at the moment of this catastrophe, to be at work at my editorial desk. Everybody rushed out at the tap of the little, lower-case, italic fire-bell, and the town went wild, I suppose.

I was deeply engrossed, however, in an editorial, which I fondly hoped would be the means of opening the eyes of the people to the necessity of a more thorough and effective system of irrigation, and hadn't thought of the fire until some of the village wisecracks—who had a habit of haunting my sanctum, which was a sort of accepted debating-place for their rustic subjects, and a remarkably satisfactory rendezvous for the retailers of smutty stories—returned from the fire, which had only amounted to the burning of a hay-shed in a vacant lot. They were petrified with indignation to find that I had sat there, through all this excitement, attending to my business. One of the number, with a moiety more of coolness than the others, finally found voice enough to ask what on earth I meant by not going to the fire. I told them that I hadn't lost any fire—and that made it worse. I was then disjointedly, incoherently, but earnestly and unanimously, reprimanded by the entire party, and informed that it was the duty of every citizen to turn out to a fire and help save the property of his neighbors. This seemed very sensible and just to me, but I apologized by informing the crowd that I had been brought up in such a cold and uncharitable place that somehow I had become imbued with the idea that it was the duty of the firemen to look after conflagrations, and that such affairs were not particularly interesting to any save that band of noble martyrs and the individuals who owned the property which the Fiend of Caloric essayed to devour. This appeased their wrath and indignation to a comfortable extent, and even created for me some degree of pity. But there were others in the town who, when the matter became bruited abroad, insisted that I was "putting on style and assuming city airs." Unfortunately I hadn't acquired any country airs, for lack of opportunity, but I resolved to become as bucolic as my metropolitan rearing would admit of. Alas! "it is a difficult thing to teach an old dog new tricks."

Matters went along fairly for about two weeks, when, one Sunday evening, I went to church, leaving my wife, who was indisposed, and my two-year-old daughter at our room in the hotel. The minister—God bless him!—was an able, earnest, and eloquent man, who deserved a higher place in the vineyard, and who, I thank heaven, has since acquired it. He was preaching a beautiful sermon, and I was deeply interested in it—more, I confess, on its literary merits than its soul-saving and religion-inspiring attributes, which were sufficiently strong to be highly commendable—when that tenor-toned fire-bell rattled excitedly; then away went that heretofore enrapt congregation. The manner in which that aggregation of piety, vanity, store-clothes, and property-holders went pell-mell out by the windows and down the aisles, over pew-benches and old women, was a caution. This was amusing to me—a beathen Bohemian and city-raised cuss. But there were, perhaps, a dozen other persons—for the most part strangers—who were more interested in the sermon than they were in the fire, and we sat until the fleeing portion of the assemblage had cleared out and was rushing madly down the streets. Quiet was restored, and the minister took up

the thread of his discourse. He had barely spoken twenty words more, however, when the "tang-tang" of the little fire-bell broke out afresh, madder, more wildly than before, and a glare from the conflagration lit up the windows on one side of the sanctuary. The good minister then closed the holy book, and remarked that as the fire seemed to be somewhat serious, and all the conditions for preaching on that occasion were somewhat disturbed, it would be better to defer the remainder of the discourse until some more fortuitous time; and so the decimated congregation left the church, while the minister remained to turn off the lights and lock the door.

Having nothing better to do, I sauntered leisurely in the direction of the blaze, more particularly for the reason that it was in my direction, though far beyond my hotel-home. Turning down a cross street, which would take me to the hotel, about a block away, and thinking I would call in and tell my sicker half that I was going to the fire, judge of my astonishment, if you please, when reaching the corner directly opposite the hotel, I beheld coatless men and half-clad women emptying that caravansary of its contents. They carried mattresses down-stairs, and laid them tenderly on the side-walks half a block away; mirrors were dashed from second-story windows to the street below; the kind-hearted people, intent on saving the movable property of the landlord and his guests, had rushed in, forgetting every idea of such a thing as privacy, snatched up the temporarily discarded garments of guests who had retired, and flung them through the windows. And now, thoroughly aroused, I rushed through a shower of valises, hoots, trunks, chinaware, vases, and house-keeping paraphernalia, "too numerous to mention," as they say in the auction-hills, to the hotel entrance, thence up the stair-way, and through the halls, jammed with people who were "working" at the fire and the debris of a hotel wreck. Upon reaching my own room I found wife and baby gone, and the apartment looked as if some violent convulsion had taken place. My books and papers were scattered over the floor and out on the balcony; the carpets had been torn up and "chugged" into a corner; the spring mattress stood on edge against the wall; the bureau was half-way out of a window, with the looking-glass smashed to "smithereens;" the bedstead had been torn apart; the chairs were disjointed, and the rocker was a clear case of kindling wood. This, and all else, had been done by the solicitous neighbors who were "working at the fire," which was half a block away, burning two or three frame shanties and a grocery store, and as the hotel was of brick, even had the building been in imminent danger, a dozen cool-headed men could have taken everything out of it to a place of safety before the house could have ignited to such an extent as to make it unapproachable. Naturally, the first thing that I proposed to attend to was to find my wife and baby. Some one told me in an excited manner where they were, and going to the place, a millinery store about two blocks further away from the supposed-to-be appalling conflagration, I found them, with other lady guests and children from the hotel, the whole lot in *deshabille* and hysterics. When I reached the place they unanimously and tearfully desired to know if I thought that would "go too." Assuring them that there was about as much danger of it as that I would be a rich man next week, they began to be somewhat consoled. The assurance, in the manner it was put, was particularly consoling to my wife, who knew, poor child, that there was no more danger of my getting rich than that I might be translated like Elijah of old, and she laughed while shivering in my ulster, and I scowled to see the baby swaddled in my dress coat. Of course the "workers" at the fire had frightened all these women and children into the belief that the Chicago fire was not a river-bank wood-yard blaze to what this would be "if the wind don't change."

Leaving this fair but disheveled party feeling somewhat safer and in better spirits, I returned to the scene of the conflagration. The fire had spent its force, and now the fire-company, with its hand-engine, was deluging the upper floors of the hotel with water to still further "save" it; the street facing the fire was strewn with barrels of sugar and salt, which had been saved to be kicked in and the contents spilled and mixed and muddled; sacks of potatoes, rat-traps, office furniture, and all sorts of truck, with here and there a section of leaking hose-pipe, were piled and scattered in delightful confusion and profusion, and the mud was ankle-deep. As the fire went down, the crowd gathered in knots and discussed the awful event, and talked in an animated way about who had first discovered the blaze, how it had caught, with many theories thereon, and nearly every one was sounding his own praises as to how he had "worked."

After a while the unfortunate landlord went to work, with his hired help and one or two volunteers, who expected a drink of whisky when they had done, to "sorter set things to rights." Little by little the crowd dwindled to a few men who had got drunk, and toward daylight the town was asleep again. All the next day parties of ladies and others came to view the "burnt district," sigh and turn away, and little boys dug in the ashes for burnt nails and mementoes of the great conflagration. The insurance agent also came around with his committee of appraisers, and the owner of the grocery-store haunted the scene for two or three days, sitting about, here and there, disconsolately, on an inverted nail-keg or cracker-box, or answering questions concerning his losses. The town talk about the disaster finally fell off in a week to such an extent that when the "scare-head" article in the other paper, written by its editor in his first paroxysm of excitement and exaggeration, about "The Fire-fiend in Our Midst," came out, it was barely noticed by the readers of that "widely circulated and influential journal," while I was roundly abused over the "coldness" of the modest paragraph in my paper, giving the facts in a few words, according to my metropolitan journalistic training.

The landlord of the hotel was the heaviest loser by the fire, because he got no insurance. His property was destroyed in the "work" of saving it, and the insurance man from the city could see no reason why it should have been disturbed. But in a little while another grocery-store grew on the black spot which the fire had left; little by little the other vacant places are being filled with far better buildings than occupied them before; but I have "exodusted," and can not enjoy these growing beauties, all because I am a failure as a bucolic editor, and don't know how to work at a fire.

MATTHEW MATTOX.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

IN LIFE AND IN DEATH.

She rides like a bird on the wing,
As free as the breeze of heaven;
And her flying steed—
Unmatched for speed—
Is black as the gloom of even.

His trappings are fringed with gold,
And studded with golden stars,
And his coal-black mane
Flows over a rein
That is bitted with golden bars.

The rider is lithe of form,
With a wealth of yellow hair,
But her still, cold face
Has a marble grace
That a statue of stone might wear.

The sun is caught in the mesh
Of her tresses' golden cloud,
But the carven rose
Of her lips repose
In calm, as though under a shroud.

Her eyes have a far, fixed look,
As at something one can not see;
And ever she rides
Down the brown hillsides,
And, passing, sees not me.

One day I followed afar
The coal-black steed and his queen;
The rhythmic beat
Of the horse's feet
Led away o'er hill and ravine.

The blue sky girdled the earth,
The hot sun beat on its breast,
Through sunlight and shade,
That the woodland made,
In her flight she did not rest.

The still morn slept on the hills,
The blue haze lay on the plain,
The rush of the air
Tossed back her hair
In a shower of golden rain.

She gave no backward glance
At the gray I held in hand,
But her horse urged on—
And then she was gone,
And I was alone in the land.

Not even the echo of hoofs
Lingered under the air;
Still the hot sun shone;
The black was gone,
But the gray and I were there.

I wheeled my steed through the wood,
I rode to the brow of the hill;
I searched for a trace
Of the vanished face—
But even the birds were still.

O maid of maidens most fair!
Thy steed fled over my heart,
O lily of stone!
I rode back alone,
And slowly, as one apart.

And day after day I watched
For the coal-black steed to pass;
And followed afar
My life's white star,
To see it vanish, alas!

* * * * *

Down under the sentinel pines,
Where the shadows lie dark and deep,
There riseth a mound
From the dry, dead ground,
Where thy lover doth calmly sleep.

He answereth not thy voice,
Nor the magic of thy caress.
Oh, call unto me,
Who lovest thee,
And see if I answer less!

Mine is a heart of red blood—
The heart thou lovest is dust.
Oh, turn thee away
From mouldering clay,
And bestow on me thy trust!

NORTH COLUMBIA, Cal., April, 1880.

MAY N. HAWLEY.

She Don't Know It.

I know a girl as beautiful
As yon bright moon, or aught below it,
And my fond heart is brimming full
Of burning love—but she don't know it.

She's absent now, and ceaseless thought
Such pleasure yields, I can't forego it—
So, all day long, I think of naught
Except my love—but she don't know it.

And oh, I have a trysting-place;
And gentle Somnus guides me to it,
There oft I meet her angel face,
Beaming with smiles—but she don't know it.

Land of dreams—oh! blessed land—
Full streams of bliss flow purling through it—
'Tis there I press her little hand,
And kiss her, too—but she don't know it.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

OM. G.

Masculine attire begins to show the decorative, highly-colored spirit of the day in a marked degree. It has grown, by a slow process, from gay hosiery to gayer jewelry; but the entering wedge is in now, and no one would be surprised if dress suits took a decided turn for the worse, such as an attack of embroidery on the white or colored silk linings and lappels, and that lace ruffles broke out on the cuffs. As for the trousers, a vine of embroidery running up the outside seam would be chic; and on the waistcoat it might look well to have only one button, and that a brilliant diamond. These suggestions are gratis; but since Paris fashion prohibits flowers in the button-hole, it is a shame not to invent some lively device for those poor men who are struggling to keep pace with the gorgeous livery of their wives, sisters and sweet-hearts.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE.

The house of Billings, Harbourn & Co. send us, from the publishing house of Roberts Brothers, of Boston, a most interesting work on Ireland. It is written by Mr. W. Steuart Trench, and is entitled *Realities of Irish Life*. We take from it a chapter for publication. The author is an educated man—agent for several large estates—who has lived among and dealt with the Irish people during the last eventful half-century. He speaks from an intimate knowledge of and friendly sympathy for them. We have undertaken in the editorial columns of this journal, to advocate a limitation to our immigration laws, and a total repeal of our naturalization laws. This argument we direct more especially against Irish immigration, because we think that in some particulars it is more embarrassing and dangerous than Chinese. We know that in advocating this line of policy we shall place ourselves in antagonism to the judgment of some people, and run contra to the prejudices of many. Hence it becomes us to be very cautious in the statement of facts, and very careful in the deduction of opinions from those facts. We can not do better than, from time to time, make extracts from the work before us, and commend to our readers a careful consideration of them. We have in other articles declared that European countries are sending to us their paupers, their uneducated and vicious classes, and we print this chapter from *Realities of Irish Life* as tending to prove at least one of our grave assertions.

After a very graphic description of the potato rot, and the dreadful scenes of famine and destitution that accompanied it in 1846, Mr. Trench—afterward, in 1849, becoming agent of Lord Lansdowne in the union of Kenmare—says:

When I first reached Kenmare, in the winter of 1849-50, the form of destitution had changed in some degree; but it was still very great. It was true that people no longer died of starvation, but they were dying nearly as fast of fever, dysentery, and scurvy within the walls of the work-house. Food was now in abundance, but to entitle the people to obtain it, they were compelled to go into the work-house and "auxiliary sheds," until these were crowded almost to suffocation. And although out-door relief had also been resorted to, in consequence of the impossibility of finding room for the paupers in the houses, yet the quantity of food given was so small, and the previous destitution through which they had passed was so severe, that nearly as many died now under the hands of the guardians as had perished before by actual starvation.

In illustration of this state of things, I may mention an event which occurred to myself, soon after my arrival in the district:

I was in the habit, at this time, of attending the meetings of the Poor Law Board of Guardians, of which I had not yet become a member.

The numbers at that time receiving relief in the whole union of Kenmare were somewhere about ten thousand. In June, 1849, six months previous to my coming, they had reached the highest point, about ten thousand four hundred persons being then in receipt of relief. They had diminished slightly at the time to which I allude.

After a day of painful toil, in the duty of admitting paupers, I was obliged to leave before the board broke up, as I had important business in Killarney, and I started on horseback to ride across the mountains. I had not gone far, when a messenger came posting after me to say that the government officer, then in attendance at the board, was very desirous to see me. I asked if the case was urgent, and was told that it was very urgent indeed.

I returned, of course, and found the members of the board looking certainly blank enough. The officer immediately informed me that the contractor, to whom a very large amount of money was due, had positively refused to give another sack of meal unless he received an installment in cash that day. No one could well blame him. The board was bankrupt; repeated promises had been made to him of payments, which had not been fulfilled, and credit was utterly gone. At length I proposed that we should all put our hands in our pockets, and offered, on my own account, to double whatever total the rest of the board would subscribe among them, and take chance for the union refunding the money afterward. The board, however, declined, and I could not get a £10 note subscribed. I called the Government officer aside into another room, and said: "Will you tell me exactly what you think will be the consequence if the contractor refuses to let us have another load of meal?"

"I have thought over this," he replied; "and, considering the numbers who are depending exclusively on this food and who are already in the last stage of destitution, on out-door relief, in distant parts of the union where this meal should now be sent, I feel confident that not less than from twelve to fifteen hundred persons will be dead before twenty-four hours are over."

"Is it possible?" said I. "Can this really be true?"

"I think, sir," said he, "I am rather under than over the estimate." I could no longer hesitate. I, fortunately, happened to have some private funds in bank. I made the necessary arrangements for the payment of a portion of the debt, and the contractor forwarded the meal. Even now I tremble to think what might have occurred, either if I had gone too far toward Killarney to be recalled, or if I had not happened, at the time, to be in a position to make the necessary arrangements.

It may readily be supposed that this was a very serious state of things for a stranger to enter upon as the agent of Lord Lansdowne's estate in this union, and consequently, as such, the most responsible person in the district. I can hardly describe my anxiety of mind as, day after day, the increasing responsibilities of the post I had assumed developed themselves before me. No one else would stir. They had not done much before; and now, that I took a prominent part among them, they held back and would do nothing. All, indeed, cried aloud that "something ought to be done," but few were able or willing to subscribe, and none had energy enough to attempt to grapple with the difficulty. Thus, by degrees, I felt myself placed almost alone, to meet, as I could, this fearful mass of pauperism.

The position was a most anxious one, but I endeavored to meet it steadily. Lord Lansdowne had kindly intimated to me that funds on the most liberal scale—in fact, to any amount required—would be at my disposal for anything which would be for the advantage of the district, and the development of my plans was looked forward to with much anxiety.

Such was the state of things in Kenmare at the time to which I allude. My first step was to endeavor to relieve, in some degree, the plethora of the poor-house; and for this purpose I offered employment, outside, to all those who had entered it, chargeable to Lord Lansdowne's estate. I promised them reasonable wages in draining, subsoiling, removing rocks and stones, and such like out-of-door labor. No sooner had I made this proposal, than about three hundred gaunt, half-famished men, and nearly as many boys and women, appeared in my field the next morning, all of them claiming my promise, but none of them having any tools wherewith to labor! Here was a new dilemma. The offer of employment had been accepted with only too great avidity, but the creatures had not a spade, nor a pick-axe, nor a working tool among them. Fortunately, a large depot of these articles had lain stored in a tool-house hard by—remnants of the public works. These I immediately appropriated, and, before noon, about one-half the people were employed. The remainder I sent again to the poor-house, telling them, however, to return the next day and I would endeavor to procure implements to lend them. They did so. And, partly by buying, partly by borrowing, and by making some of them work with their hands alone, I managed to keep most of them employed.

But although at first this system met with great approbation in the district, yet I found it quite impossible to continue it. In the first place, not much more than one-fourth of a reasonable value in labor could be

obtained from those who proposed to work; and in the next, being now in employment, they had, of course, to leave the work-house. Where, then, were they to lodge at night? Every lane, every alley, every cabin in the town was crowded to excess with these unhappy work-people, and they slept by threes and fours together wherever they could get a pallet of straw to lie upon. But I plainly saw that this could not go on. The towns-people began to complain of the scenes in the town at night; and when a wet day came and the people could not work, nearly one-half of them were obliged to return for the day to the poor-house, creating immense confusion by the sudden influx of such a body of famished new-comers, and the remainder wandered about, objects of the utmost compassion.

Accordingly, after the most anxious deliberation, I arrived at the final conclusion that this system could not be carried on. I felt it would be madness in me to assume the responsibility of keeping three hundred paupers in employment, most of them removed only one step from the grave, as, if any accident should happen to prevent them from obtaining *daily pay*, whether they had work or not—which I had hitherto managed at great inconvenience to give them—many lives might be lost in a night; a result for which I—not in law, but perhaps in public opinion—might immediately be called to account.

I therefore resolved to put into practice a scheme which I had meditated for a long time previously, namely: to go myself to Lord Lansdowne, at Bowood, to state to him the whole circumstances of the case, and to recommend him to adopt an extensive system of voluntary emigration as the only practicable and effective means of relieving this frightful destitution.

This plan, accordingly, I carried into effect. And in the month of November, 1850, I went over to England; and, having been invited to visit his lordship at Bowood, I remained there five days.

During my stay I had frequent and lengthened interviews with that most enlightened and liberal statesman. The broad sketch of the plan I laid before him was as follows: I showed him, by the poor-house returns, that the number of paupers off his estate and receiving relief in the work-house amounted to about three thousand. That I was wholly unable to undertake the employment of these people in their present condition, on reproductive works; and that, if left in the work-house, the smallest amount they could possibly cost would be £5 per head per annum, and thus that the poor-rates must necessarily amount, for some years to come, to £15,000 per annum, unless these people died or left—and the latter was not probable. I stated, also, that hitherto the people had been kept alive in the work-house by grants from the rates in aid and other public money, but that this could not always go on. That the valuation of his estate in that district scarcely reached £10,000 per annum, and thus, that the poor-rates necessary to be raised in the future off the estate, to support this number of people, would amount to at least thirty shillings in the pound. I explained further to him that, under these circumstances, inasmuch as the poor-rates were a charge prior to the rent, it would be impossible for his lordship to expect any rent whatever out of his estate for many years to come.

The remedy I proposed was as follows: That he should forthwith offer free emigration to every man, woman, and child now in the poor-house and chargeable to his estate. That I had been in communication with an emigration agent, who had offered to contract to take them to whatever port in America each pleased, at a reasonable rate per head. That, even supposing they all accepted this offer, the total, together with a small sum per head for outfit and a few shillings on landing, would not exceed from £13,000 to £14,000—a sum less than it would cost to support them in the work-house for a single year. That in the one case he would not only free his estate of this mass of pauperism which had been allowed to accumulate upon it, but would put the people themselves in a far better way of earning their bread hereafter; whereas, by feeding and retaining them where they were, they must remain as a mill-stone around the neck of his estate, and prevent its rise for many years to come. And I plainly proved that it would be cheaper to him, and better for them, to pay for their emigration at once, than to continue to support them at home.

His lordship discussed the matter very fully, and with that kindness, good sense, and liberality which characterized all his acts. And on my leaving Bowood he gave me an order for £8,000, wherewith to commence the system of emigration, with a full understanding that more should be forthcoming if required.

I shall not readily forget the scenes that occurred in Kenmare when I returned, and announced that I was prepared, at Lord Lansdowne's expense, to send to America every one now in the poor-house who was chargeable to his lordship's estate, and who desired to go, leaving each to select what port in America he pleased—whether Boston, New York, New Orleans, or Quebec.

The announcement at first was scarcely credited. It was considered by the paupers to be too good news to be true. But when it began to be believed and appreciated, a rush was made to get away at once.

The organization of the system required, however, much care and thought.

The mode adopted was as follows: Two hundred each week were selected of those apparently most suited for emigration. And, having arranged their slender outfit, a steady man, on whom I could depend—Mr. Jeremiah O'Shea—was employed to take charge of them on their journey to Cork, and not to leave them nor allow them to scatter until he saw them safely on board the emigrant ship. This plan succeeded admirably; and, week after week, to the astonishment of the good people of Cork, and sometimes not a little to their dismay, a batch of two hundred paupers appeared on the quays of Cork, bound for the Far West.

A cry was now raised that I was exterminating the people. But the people knew well that those who now cried loudest had given them no help when in the extremity of their distress, and they rushed from the country like a panic-stricken throng, each only fearing that the funds at my disposal might fall before he and his family could get their passage.

So great was the rush from the poor-house to emigrate, and so great was the influx into the bouse to qualify (as I generally required the application of that sure test of abject poverty before I gave an order for emigration), that the guardians became uneasy, and said the poor-house would be filled with those seeking emigration even faster than it could be emptied. But I told them not to be alarmed—that all demands should be met. And thus, two hundred after two hundred, week after week, departed for Cork, until the poor-house was nearly emptied of paupers chargeable to the Lansdowne estate; and in little more than a year three thousand five hundred paupers had left Kenmare for America, all free emigrants, without any ejectments having been brought against them to enforce it, or the slightest pressure put upon them to go.

It must be admitted that the paupers dispatched to America on such a sudden pressure as this, were of a very motley type; and a strange figure these wild batches of two hundred each—most of them speaking only the Irish language—made in the streets of Cork, as well as on the quays of Liverpool and America. There was great difficulty in keeping them from breaking loose from the ship, not only in Cork, but in Liverpool, where the ships touched before they left for the West. Their chief device was to escape out of the ships almost naked, to hide all their good clothes which had been furnished them as an outfit, and to appear only in their worst rags. In this costume they took delight in rushing through the streets of Cork and Liverpool in large bodies, to the real terror of the inhabitants. In short, I do believe that so strange, unmanageable, and wild a crew had never before left the shores of Ireland.

We submit the foregoing to our readers without further present comment, only asking of the thinking and reasonable Irish among us to reflect upon this condition of things, and answer to themselves the question whether, in their judgment, this pauper immigration from the estate of Kenmare is good material out of which to fabricate American citizens and electors in the short period of five years. And we might perhaps indulge ourselves in asking of the Irish agitators of the Sand-lot whether the lowest, meanest, and most drunken of their vile mob had not had his condition improved by being transplanted from an Irish poor-house, or an Irish cabin, or an Irish bog to this land of liberty and plenty.

Isabella color, combined with peach or rose, is becoming to blondes. Why do they lament its introduction?

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

The coiffeur is at work on the blonde tresses of the beautiful Tata.

"A white hair!" he exclaims.

"Impossible!" cries Tata.

"Ah, but I recognize it," he says; "it is one of that rich old fellow's who sent you bouquets. I am also his coiffeur."

At the time of the revolution, a *ci-devant*, coming out of a theatre, said to somebody:

"Call my servant."

"There are no more servants," said a *citoyen*; "we are all brothers."

"Then call your brother."

A Grecian bandit, having captured an unfortunate traveler, sends word to the traveler's wife that the captive's ransom is fixed at one thousand drachmas. If it is not paid on the 15th, his nose is to be cut off; on the 16th, off will come one ear; on the 17th, another; on the 18th, his lips; and if the money does not come to hand on the 19th the prisoner will be killed.

The unhappy woman goes to work to raise the money, but the process of obtaining it is so difficult that by the 15th she has only obtained three hundred drachmas, by the 16th four hundred, by the 17th six hundred, and it is the night of the 18th when the whole sum of one thousand drachmas has been put together.

Then she says, with a bitter burst of tears, to her sympathizing sister:

"Poor Epaminondas! He never was particularly handsome, and now, with his nose, ears, and lips cut off, he must look like a regular guy. I guess I'll use this money toward buying me my mourning and a new trousseau. I look well in black. Besides, it would be a mercy to Epam to put him out of his sufferings."

Local item from the *Journal des Débats*:

Last night, toward midnight, the cries of "Stop it!" resounded all of a blow on the Boulevard Saint-Germain at the height of the Theatre Cluny.

A man of a fortieth of years, the visage ensanguined, was flying himself at all legs in the direction of the Street St. James.

The agents put themselves to his pursuit and could obtain him after a course furious. He was otherwise at the end of forces in the reason of the blood which he was losing.

At the succession of a riot which had exploded in a house of the street of the English he had wounded one of his comrades, the named C—, so grievously that this one here was rested inanimate on the soil.

Well, though wounded himself, X— had lost the head and was enfeebled himself (*s'était enfié*). After having received the cares which reclaimed his state, X— has been put at the disposition of the Commissary of Police of the quarter.

One day, during the Second Empire, Arthur Ranc was sent for by a juge d'instruction.

"Monsieur," said the official, turning over a formidable dossier, "you are acquainted with X?"

"I have the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance."

"X, I may say, has been arrested for conspiring against the life of the emperor."

No answer.

"We have learned, in the course of our examination, that he confided to you his project."

Still no answer.

"And that you endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose."

"True, I did," said Ranc with eagerness, seeing an apparently favorable issue from the decidedly embarrassing situation.

"True, you did," continued the official; "you said to him: 'Don't fire at the emperor! You are short-sighted; you'll miss him!'"

Ranc was sent to Lambessa.

An old tradesman in a country town sends his nephew Alfred to study law at Paris. He gives him an old code annotated by a leading member of the village bar, and says to his young relative: "I will pay you a visit in March, and if I am pleased with your progress, I will give you such a tip as will make glad your heart and cause your face to shine."

In March, the old gentleman calls on his nephew.

"Well, Alfred, hard at work, I see. Made good progress with your code? Pretty well through it, I expect, by this time."

"Yes, respected sir, my life has been one demnition grind (*Dickens on Mantlini*, iv. 11-44). Your venerable friend's marginal notes I found of great service to me while laboring at the code."

"Good boy, excellent young man. You got my draft, of course? It is a pleasure to me to reflect that my bounty was not ill-bestowed."

"Your draft, uncle? No; I never received it."

"Gimme that code." The old man opens the old book and shows his stupefied nephew a draft for two thousand francs, dated five months before, which has all the time been reposing between the first two leaves of the code.

American news from *Le Gaulois*:

A mode bizarre exists in America. There is in that country the daughters of the companies of sappers-pumpers, as there were with us formerly the daughters of the regiments. These young persons are adopted by the companies for the acts of charity and of devotion. They are recognizable by a number special which they carry on them, and which is reproduced above the door of their house. Each time the company of pumpers is appealed to the fire the windows of the daughters of pumpers open themselves in the streets where they pass; the young girl appears with the helmet and the insignia of her title; she salutes her fathers, who render themselves to the appeal of the duty.

There, happily, bounds himself her mission. She conflagration to extinguish, not even those which eyes

* The work-houses at this time being quite unable to hold the number who crowded in, large auxiliary timber sheds were erected in convenient places, and in these were housed immense numbers of paupers, for whom room could not be found in the main building.



The question, "What will draw the public?" is the perennial conundrum torturing the wits of a theatrical manager. Any rule that would serve to indicate its answer would be worth a fortune to the discoverer. No amount of experience, added to whatever amount of the showman faculty, has ever proved equal to a solution of the mystery. Looking at some of the triumphs of dramatic hits, it is possible to discern the special circumstance that accounts for each; yet it would have been quite impossible to predict such a result from the known cause. A few examples, taken quite at random, will illustrate the point, and at the same time serve to show the perverse freakiness of popular fancy: When the extraordinary vogue of *The Monk* had given its author the sobriquet of "Monk" Lewis, and Ann Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* had contributed to raise a temporary appetite for horrors, the fortunes of the old Drury under Sheridan's management were tottering to their fall. In despair, he accepted Lewis's absurd, grotesque, puerile play of *The Castle Spectre*. No one is surprised, after the event, that it proved an enormous hit. The perverted public appetite craved for the moment just such perverted pabulum. Yet on perusal of the play it is even more difficult to understand how they could have swallowed such a wash, than it is, on perusal of the books, to understand how the same public had contrived to swallow them. However, the connection between the success of the two is clear. At no other epoch in the history of the English stage could *The Castle Spectre* have been played at all. At that particular moment it transcended Shakspeare. And yet, on the manager's part, the hit was the purest luck. He ventured it, on the verge of bankruptcy, in sheer desperation.

Of recent years there has been a class of *Lady Audley's Secrets* that have fallen as pecuniary manna on the heads of managers, the success of which has palpably had its foundation in the vogue of the whole class of novels indicated by the title of one. Again, there was the *Guy Livingston* line of novel, represented by a few successful plays, the Ainsworth novel and *Jack Sheppard*, the earlier Bulwer novel and *George Barnwell*. Yet the character, or rather the spirit, of our permanent novel literature appears not to lend itself to dramatic reproduction. We have had nothing on the stage corresponding to the work of Thackeray, Dickens, or George Eliot; or even of Scott, or Marryatt, or Lever, or Jane Austin. Yet each of these had in turn a vogue greater than that of Wilkie Collins or Miss Braddon. Hence it is clear that a manager could not safely rely on a play, even a clever one, that happened to reproduce the very spirit of a school of literature prevailing at the moment among play-goers; yet, in rejecting such a play, he might be rejecting a colossal hit.

It is curious to note, too, how hits are sometimes forced on managers almost against their will. Rich succeeded in producing a reaction against Garrick—when nothing else would—by his pantomimes! And when the public had had its surfeit of "Harlequin," and the manager of Covent Garden was forced to return to the regular drama—which he despised—and his house was packed for a tragedy, he was heard to say, peeping through a hole in the green curtain: "What! You're there, you fools, are you? Well, much good may it do you." More often, an actor-manager is found ruining himself in an effort to run the legitimate, finding his salvation in a live elephant piece, or blue-fire spectacle, or infant phenomenon, and damning his audiences from pit to gallery.

In Mathews's autobiography, recently published, we read how, as by an accident, his second season as lessee of Covent Garden was saved from abrupt disaster. By advice of his solicitor he was making up a statement of his affairs, with a view to compounding with his creditors, when "*The Beggar's Opera*" was produced as an afterpiece. To the surprise of every one, ourselves included, up went the receipts. The houses were crammed, and a long and successful run was the consequence. The corner was turned."

A foot-note at this page of Mr. Mathews's memoirs shows the load under which a great London theatre had to stagger forty years ago. He gives the payroll of Covent Garden, showing the appalling number of 684 attachés in all. Of these, "the company" embraced 38 gentlemen and 34 ladies; "the band," 32 pieces. Employed in the department of the "gentlemen's wardrobe" were 56 hands, and in that of the "ladies' wardrobe," 60 more. This is frightful. What a season's total outgo came to in those days Mathews does not tell us; he paid five per cent. per month for money to meet them, it appears, and they soon swamped him. His rent was \$25,000 per year. He then takes the comparatively small and cheap Lyceum Theatre, and lands in disaster after

seasons the receipts of which average \$570, \$485, and \$500 per night; yet each of these seasons had its episode of "brilliant houses" and "large receipts."

However, the days of modern salaries were already fairly at hand. The change in this respect from old times had been nearly as sudden as it was enormous. C. J. Mathews's own father had written, only thirty years before, "Now to my offer, which I think *stupendous and magnificent*—£17 per week." (The italics are his own.) John Kemble then received only £36; Miss O'Neil (Lady Becher), at her zenith, £25. But in 1840, Macready was up to £150; Tyrone Power, £120; while Miss Ellen Tree, who had left Drury Lane at £15 per week to try America, returned after a few seasons to Drury at £150 per week—or, as the indignant chronicler puts it, "She comes, demands, and actually obtains, £25 a night!"—with an exclamation point of exasperation. The salaries of other members of the company had mounted in proportion. How they have all continued to mount since is a familiar story. John Poole gives as the terms of a modern star, "eight-tenths of the clear receipts and free benefit, for a twelve-nights' engagement," in which there is very little caricature.

No, the times had changed when Mathews undertook management in 1840; the actors had gradually come to hold the whip-hand of the situation, and a rather protracted period of hard times for managers ensued, both in England and America. Before it ended the actors began to suffer, too. There appeared not to be room for all hands at the going prices. Little by little, changes wrought themselves out, and among these one notable one is the modern small theatre, seating about one thousand people; another is the manager-actor, letting himself out with or without a company to perform a half-dozen favorite pieces, or, it may be, only one; a third is the protracted run—covering, perhaps, one or two entire seasons. In all these departures from the old-time methods that originated in the "patent" system, and crossed the water to us, bringing a train of managerial disaster, it is not difficult to recognize features of a process of adjustment looking toward some fairness of method in dividing up the receipts at the door. We see the actor assuming some risk by buying and paying for his own play; or, if he still exact "eight-tenths of the clear receipts and a free benefit," he has an assured attraction to dispose of on those terms.

But after all is said and done, Mr. Manager has but a risky, dubious, worrying outlook before him, with a very shady chance of competence at the end of it. For the conundrum at the head of this column springs perpetually green—What attraction will attract? And the answer that proves to-day the right one, proves to-morrow to be wrong; nor is there rhyme or reason to be found for the change. What shall it be—"Macbeth" or "Harlequin"? *Cherry and Fair Star* or *She Stoops to Conquer*? *The Infant Pinafore* or Edwin Booth? Clara Morris and Camille or John Raymond and the *Almighty Dollar*? *Henry V.* or *Humpty-Dumpty*? the *Corsican Brothers* or Billy Emerson's Minstrels? *Mazeppa* or the *Lady of Lyons*? the Japanese jugglers or *School for Scandal*? Ada Cavendish or Buffalo Bill? What shall it be?—and if so, which? when? why? where? fore?

Answer it you must, poor manager, and answer it aright—or slap empty pockets. The many-headed monster can not itself tell what it wants. It knows, but it is inarticulate. It is sure only not to want what it says it does. If it calls for a *Tempest* give it a *Sea of Ice*; if it thinks it yearns for a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, engage Billy Williamson; if it fall into a virtuous fit, underline *Mazeppa* for next week.

Thus may the much-bedevised manager chance to stave off insolvency for another season, and close that in hand—objurgated impartially by patrons, critics, landlords, actors, ushers, and creditors. There's not a soul of them, from the steady patron of the right-hand proscenium-box down to the bill-sticker, but knows how much better he could have managed, and what a wooden-head the manager is anyhow. Why there is not a Dutch girl in the chorus but is prepared to teach him his business any day in the week. But when he himself feels that he really needs advice—solid chunks of useful counsel—we know where he goes for it. He goes where it is to be had—to the critics of the press. That's what he does. Truly, as Stephen Blackpool hath it, "It's a' a muddle;" or in language more familiar to our ears, it is one of those things no fellow can find out.

The success which is attending the production of the *Royal Middy* is a natural one. This serio-buffo operetta possesses all the elements of a "draw." The mind is pleased by good acting; the ear, by good music, well sung; the eye, by picturesque costumes; and the fun-humor of the action is the thread that holds these different effects together, and puts the audience in the proper pleasant mood to appreciate the whole. As a musical work it has considerable merit: the solos are tuneful, the concerted pieces pretty bits of harmony. At times the composition approaches the serious opera in its nature, then again becomes decidedly Offenbachian in style. The plot is lively, sprightly, brimful of opportunities for the individual artists to develop their respective abilities. Max Freeman is evidently the central figure, overshadowing all of the others by the force and self-assertion of his effort. In make-up and mercurial activity he is decidedly tropical. His manner is full

of *desinvolture* and his speech bristling with *verve*. There is an ease and airiness about his every word and movement that carries all before it. In the early days of opera-bouffe its popular and most celebrated delineators—Schneider, Dupuis, and Milher, for instance—were singularly devoid of musical talent. They all possessed, though, the charming gift of, as the French call it, "*dire une chanson*"—saying a song—that is to half speak it, artistically slurring over the technical musical difficulties, but giving the words with rare diction, putting expression and emphasis into every phrase, and bringing out the meaning—hidden or visible—with clearness. Max Freeman is an adept in this line; his solos are forcible, and his parts in the quartets and ensembles minutely distinct. "Fanchette" is a delicious, soubrette character. A lively, vivacious, arch little body, full of that abandon which the freedom from social restraints engenders. In fact, a true *ecotote*, with all her charms and attractions. The part fits its holder like a glove, and a better performance from a dramatic point of view could not be devised. Unfortunately, as much can not be said about the singing. The tendency of Miss Melville to sing flat at times is remarkable. She seems to suffer from spells of this nature. This was noticeable during the *Pinafore* run, and is painfully apparent in the *Middy*. Miss Montague and Mr. Turner sing their respective scores admirably, but the least said of their dramatic efforts the better. Peakes's fine bass voice resounds to advantage in the ensembles. This artist's endeavors to keep himself in the foreground are, in view of the minor importance of his character, rather annoying. Casselli is a young actor of promise, but he must endeavor to rid himself of certain defects of gesture and intonation that are too strongly reminiscent of his former dramatic sphere. The middies, led by Miss Lily Post, are an octette of pretty girls. The costume is hardly a graceful one, but was insisted upon from above for grave reasons. The introduction of the quarrel duet, a composition of Offenbach's, is in bad taste. It is miserably rendered, and is not in keeping with the surroundings. It has nothing of the flavor of aristocratic sprigs in a royal academy, and a good deal of the smell of a Tenth Ward gang of hoodlums. The management has done everything to present the play in fine style. It is to be regretted, though, that the adapter of the text has done his work so carelessly. The lines are full of cant phrases, vulgarisms, and slang, California slang at that. Whoever the writer is, and it is unknown, he does well to hide his light under a bushel. M.

What a superstition there is concerning birds just now among New York professional people. At a little dinner given in Boucicault's magnificent apartments, a week ago, there alighted for an instant at the window opening on Fifteenth Street a jet-black bird—somebody's escaped pet—probably a Mino bird. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Dion; "that's a fore-runner of ill-luck."

Those at the table had not forgotten the incident when the papers set forth the proceedings of Mrs. B.'s lawyers.

Fanny Davenport devoutly believes the ownership of a bird brings her misfortune. A pet canary popped into her room from the balcony one night a few years ago.

"Ah," said Fanny, "that's not a present nor a purchase; it's a waif and stray. Let it remain. I can't think that will be bad luck."

She went to the theatre—playing "Vesta," the blind old woman; and in the second act, unable from the arrangements over her eyes to see exactly where she fell, miscounted her distance and struck her face on the iron work of the footlights, disfiguring herself for months.

Augustin Daly is another enemy of birds, even in a pictured form.

A suite of furniture was brought in to the Fifth Avenue from Pottier & Styums, for use in a play whose rehearsals had been thought sure forerunners of a great success by actors and managers. Just before the curtain rang up, after one act of perfect satisfaction, Mr. Daly stood on the stage surveying the new set; of a sudden he espied a tiny swallow poised amid the flowers of the brocade covering.

"It's up with this piece," he cried out. "There's a miserable fowl on the chair-back."

"One swallow don't make a summer," said an actor standing by.

"But one swallow makes a respectable fall for me," returned Mr. Daly; and, sure enough, the piece was a flat failure for the ensuing end of the evening.

The famous English tenor, Sims Reeves, contemplates retiring from his profession. As he must be nearly sixty years old, and is very rich, the wisdom of such a course seems undeniable, though he is still without a rival in oratorio singing. About fifteen years ago his voice deteriorated considerably, but soon regained its power. It is an open secret among the profession that he is obliged to have all his songs transposed a couple of tones lower than he used to sing them. Sims Reeves was, curiously enough, both idolized and hated by the English public. To account for this, it must be borne in mind that he could never be depended on to fulfill his engagements. This gave a start to all sorts of stories about his being a confirmed drunkard. But they were utterly untrue, as the fact that he has retained his voice to his present

age conclusively proves. The truth is that his throat was always most delicate; a simple journey by rail was often sufficient to make him "as hoarse as a crow." In the height of summer he did not dare to walk across Hyde Park without as many wraps around his neck as an ordinary man would wear with the thermometer below zero.

Reeves was a native of Woolwich, and as a boy attracted the attention of the officers of the garrison by his musical talent. He began his career as a baritone, and the real register of his voice was not discovered for some time. Even in those early days his throat was most susceptible to cold and fatigue, and after any severe exertion he was liable to spit blood. Much of his subsequent success was due to the care taken of him by his wife, who sacrificed her own musical career for the sake of looking after that of her husband. She took as much care of him as a trainer does of the favorite for the Derby, and during years and years waited for him behind the scenes with beef tea, gargles, and other restoratives. The report about Reeves's habits of intoxication arose from his fondness for beef tea. He was accustomed to carry about with him a pocket-flask of that nutritious but insipid beverage, and persons seeing him constantly interviewing the little bottle jumped at the conclusion that it contained brandy. He was never liked personally by his brother artists. His jealousy of the success of other singers was extreme, and he could not hide it. On one occasion he was on a tour with a concert party, among whom was a rising contralto, who now takes the foremost place among English singers, and commands a larger fee than Reeves himself. Unfortunately for the harmony of the evening, the audience applauded this lady more than they had the tenor, and on her return to the green-room Reeves grossly insulted her and refused to sing again. The manager, however, forced him to continue the tour.

When the Kirafls brought to Detroit their spectacular play, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, they had one of the stage-settings representing the deck of a steamer. The spectator was supposed to look along the deck from stem to bow, instead of getting a side-section view, as he does in that later-launched craft, *Pinafore*. This steamer had two masts and the regulation funnel, and as the boat was running against time, and the fuel was exhausted, they cut most of the ship to pieces to keep the pot boiling. At the end of the act the steamer was supposed to sink. The masts and the funnel went down beautifully, but the deck refused to move, and the extraordinary marine view was given of the masts sinking gradually through the deck, while the crew danced with rage at not getting a chance to drown. A good deal of knocking was heard below, and suddenly, just as the masts were disappearing, down went the deck, and up came the blue-cloth waves.

When the *Crook* struck Detroit the spectacle had the usual electrical effect. A splendid orchestra accompanied the troupe, and the music they pounded out drew forth tumultuous applause. One light-fingered individual with a piccolo was particularly popular, and his mocking-bird and whip-poor-will business brought down the house in a way that was disgusting to the lovers of classical music. But there was an unseen and energetic individual that earned his salary manfully. He was situated at the right-hand corner of the depths in which the orchestra are seated. He manipulated a triangle, a muffled drum, a metalophone, a pair of cymbals, a young gong, and another instrument that went "swish, swish, swish," when he shook it. He worked everything by turns, and nothing long.

We knew all the machines he operated except the one that went "swish," and that puzzled everybody. Some thought the noise was made by rubbing a couple of brushes together, and others didn't know. One lanky, long-haired party, evidently from Kalamazoo, stood it as long as he could. Chucking his soft hat under his arm, he walked down the aisle to the orchestra pit, and placing both his hands on the railing, gazed over at the industrious musician for a full minute. Then, with a broad smile of supreme satisfaction, he walked back to his seat, the observed of all observers. As he sat down beside his equally lank companion, the latter whispered, "What is it, Jim?"

Jim answered, in a deep, coarse voice, plainly audible all over the house:

"Durn'd if 'twasn't a lot o' peas in a sieve."

This brought down the house, and made Jim and his friend blush deeply.

He was right about the peas, but the sieve was a tambourine.

Obscure Intimations.

"COMPLAINING."—1. Have been crazed over the signature—that is, in explaining it. Is it Member of Parliament, or Metropolitan Police, or what? 2. You can write what you propose. Yours to command and cheerfully regarding its disposition. 3. Article not received at this office. Thanks for quotations. *Qualis ab incepto*.

"BERKELEY."—Take same route, as before to Milton, thence via Sonora and Big Oak Flat to the valley. You will have to pay tolls on road and in valley on trails to the amount of twenty dollars, more or less. No charge for camping in valley. Return by any route you choose.

Facts are stubborn things. Mules are facts.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

What is vinegar without a mother?

Girl of the period—Little Dot.

"Pull-hair" is the translation of the Indian name of Chief Douglass's wife.

Manchester, England, has a society of women painters, to which the other sex is not admitted, not even at the yearly exhibition.

Miss Lettie Gray, a girl of New York city, is astonishing people in her State with her marvelous whistling.

When an Indiana woman addresses her husband as "old corpse" he goes and applies for a divorce, and the court grants it.

"Send us fifty thousand women at once," is the cry from Arizona. The men out there have evidently grown tired of splitting wood and knocking down tramps.

A young lady sent a poem entitled, "I Can Not Make Him Smile," to a British newspaper. The editor ventures to express the opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

A patriotic Philadelphia widower has erected a monument of red, white, and blue stone to his deceased wife.

"I notice," said a traveled Frenchman, "that English women live about sixty years. The first thirty years they drink water, the next brandy, which results in a very fair article of *grog*!"

Mrs. General Fremont, who is in Washington, has white hair and a complexion like a girl's, with sparkling eyes and a merry laugh. An eminent artist says she has the prettiest hand he ever saw.

When a lisping girl calls her Augustus "Dear Gutty," right afore folk, the listeners are apt to become diltgubbed.

"Don't you think," said a husband, in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are sometimes possessed of the devil?" "Yes," was the answer, "as soon as they are married!"

Mlle. Blanc, the wealthy daughter of the M. Blanc of Monte Carlo fame, and sister to the Princess Radziwill, is quoted as saying lately to a titled but impecunious suitor: "No, I intend marrying in my own rank of life; but as titles are still in fashion, I intend having a duke as my head cook, and all my men-servants shall be marquises."

A man may smash the stove and things,
And black a fond wife's eye;
And she may pound him with a club,
But true love can not die.

When a New Hampshire chap wanted to break off the engagement of the girl he loved to another fellow, he didn't try to persuade either that the other was false. He just contrived to get them both to join the same church choir, and in less than a week they didn't speak.

She came up beaming. "How do you like my new bonnet, heavenliest?" He over his newspaper—"Very well, very well—what there is of it! In future, when we go to the theatre I shall sit behind you and enjoy myself."

A well-known manager was applauding a pretty actress the other evening in a New York theatre, when he suddenly discovered that it was one of his former wives who had married some other man. He stopped applauding and began hissing; which proves the force of prejudice.

When you find a sun-bonnet floating around on the surface of a pond, it is not always safe to conclude that there is a woman at the bottom of it. She may have eloped with the hired man, and thrown the bonnet in there so as to get a good start while the neighbors are dragging the pond and the husband is trying to beat down the undertaker on the price of a rose-wood coffin.

If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and others for the assertion "Ann is an indefinite article."

A Colorado girl, only eighteen years old, on the death of her father, took charge of his family and farm, and now manages her mother and her brothers, and also her sisters, her cousins, and her ranch.

Knock, knock, knock.
Knock till you're black and blue;
I'm not going down to-night
To open the door for you.

You would go drink at the club
Till your boots were full of snakes.
And now you can roost on the mat
Till the light of the morning breaks.

A New Haven belle, according to the *Register*, tired of living an aimless, plague-painting life, has actually taken to cooking. She dumped the contents of her rouge-box in her first pan of dough instead of saleratus to be sure, but the beautiful rose tint imparted to the bread after it was baked amply atoned for the error. It was ornamental cooking merely. It wasn't intended for dietetic purposes.

A bill to prevent female walking-matches was offered in the New York Legislature, but a bill to prevent female minstrel and ballet shows will never be heard of there. There are too many old men among the members to entertain such a measure.

"These goods are cut bias, lady," said the sales gentleman. "Are they, indeed!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know that you manufactured garments." "No more we don't, lady." "Then why do you say 'they are cut by us,' young man?" The look of bewilderment that overcame the face of that young person was most pathetic. Fortunately, the joke didn't get through his skull. It would have had a lonely time of it there.

It is surmised that Christine Nilsson is coming back to America next fall. Christine, thou wrecker of piano stools, keep away until next year. We elect a President this coming autumn, and this unhappy country will have all it can do to take care of its own temper, without any reinforcements.

Rev. Thomas Beecher is responsible for the following bit of advice: "If your wife objects to kissing you because you smoke, simply remark that you know some girl who will. That settles it." And that confession generally settles the husband.

There was uproar in a Philadelphia theatre recently. A caged lion from a menagerie had been introduced on the stage, with marked success. The curtain had gone down, and the stage was crowded with actors and actresses. Nero was led quietly to his stage, some ten feet behind, by W. Thompson, of Forepaugh's, who had him in charge during the day. Just at this moment, Jack, a large and rather ferocious-looking dog, approached the lion's cage. Just as soon as Nero beheld Jack he arose to his feet, and with a roar which startled all, bit at one of the iron bars, which parted as though it had been made of wood. In a twinkling another bar was snapped by his vigorous jaws. All this was done so quickly that the second bar had gone before the owner of the dog had time to cry out: "My God! the lion's getting out!" Instantly there was a rush from the stage. Several actors and actresses fled into the street in their stage costumes by the back-door. Jack himself stood on the defensive, as though he was willing to chance an encounter with the king of the forest. Before, however, Nero had had time to snap the third bar, which would have given him liberty, Keeper Thompson secured the chain which was fastened around the animal's neck.

When conservative physicians prescribe Hop Bitters to their suffering patients, instead of the ordinary combinations of the apothecary, it is because they find in them the only remedy that will accomplish exactly what is needed.

A wealthy English parvenu, who began life with a lapstone on his knee, invited Kulak, the great pianist, to dinner, and immediately after the meal insisted on his playing for the company. Kulak complied, and invited the snob to a dinner at his residence on the following Sunday. After the meal Kulak astonished his guests by placing a pair of old shoes before his rich parvenu friend. "What are these for?" queried the latter. Kulak replied: "Last Sunday you did me the honor to invite me to dinner, and insisted upon my paying with music. I have returned the compliment, and require my shoes to be mended. Every man to his trade."

From observations, under the microscope, of the blood of patients (using Fellows's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites) taken from time to time, positive proof has been obtained of the steady removal of diseased and dead blood particles, and the substitution of vitalized discs, so necessary to the construction of healthy muscle.

Senator Christy's unfortunate matrimonial venture will not tend in the least to discourage elderly gentlemen who are inclined to take unto themselves young wives. The Senator's mistake was not in picking out a juvenile, but a red-haired girl, with a temper of her own.

An Icelandic youth has written a five-act tragedy entitled "Sigridur Eyyjafjardarsol." We have often wondered why some one didn't write a play thus entitled. It will be worth a small fortune to hear the young man who goes out between acts for cloths attempt to pronounce the name of the tragedy.

One night Toole, the well-known actor, occupied a private box during the first performance of an opera at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. No sooner had the gods, with whom he was a great favorite, caught sight of him than a perfect storm of voices filled the house. Cries of "Toole! Toole!" "Sing us 'A Horrible Tale,' Toole!" "Dodger Toole!" "Toole, me bye, get up yid ye and jine the oporoi!" It was not until the comedian had made a little speech, and promised to appear the following week, that the "oporoi" ceased.

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A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

Our Democratic Correspondent for Hugh J. Jewett.

MR. ARGONAUT—SIR: Doubtless you believe, and certainly I think, that you are publishing a Republican newspaper, therefore it is important to your readers to know what the Democrats are driving at as the Presidential campaign approaches. Well, we have no secrets which the American people may not know. I had just as lief tell all I know about politics as not.

We are in a little pool of trouble. The fact is, you Republicans are trying to nominate "owd Sammy" Tilden for us, and we are anxious to nominate old Third Term for you. We may both succeed in our efforts, but I hope we shall not. We can both do better for each other, and for the afflicted country we inhabit. There is little further to go in this country in search of a fit man to be President than there is in the search for a fit man to be justice of the peace. The trouble seems to be in finding a man fit to be a candidate—one who has a character well enough known to save him, or partly save him, from the ephemeral damnation of a million scribblers and squibblers. These remarks, Mr. Editor, need not apply to yourself or myself, as there is probably no danger that either of us will be nominated, or elected, for President; and certainly neither of us would, for political effect, aim to scribble away into thin blatherskism the good name or fair fame of any capable candidate.

But there are men in these United States to-day who live in hourly expectation of being struck by the lightning of *vox populi*; then, again, there are a few—a choice few—who may be stricken partly unawares. Among this few on the Democratic side of home-thought is HUGH J. JEWETT, formerly of Ohio, but now a citizen of New York State.

The average Democrat of California, and many people who are not Democrats, would like to vote for Allen G. Thurman for President, knowing his great ability as a statesman, his renown as an advocate and judge of the laws, as well as his inborn sympathy with the average voter; but there may be reasons why politicians and men of much money power will not permit the nomination of Allen G. Thurman; and in such case we may not have a chance to vote for him, however much we may desire to do it.

If not Thurman, who then? All things considered with reference to the probability of carrying the States of New York and Ohio, no man among sound and safe Democrats comes nearer to answering the need than HUGH JEWETT.

The writer hereof lived in the same Ohio town and trained in the same political party with Mr. Jewett for ten years; and while this statement may not greatly enhance his Presidential chances, it does show that I ought to know the man.

There is only one objection that can be made to Mr. Jewett, and, if the American people have sense enough to look this objection coolly and fairly in the face, it is no objection at all. The objection is, that he is a railroad man. It is true, too, but it is not any *too* true. I remember very well the time when Mr. Jewett was, by the courts of law in Ohio, appointed receiver of the broken-down business of the Central Ohio Road. That was his first employment as a railroad man. Everything of the business was at odds and ends. The road was in debt, was paying badly; the engines and trains were being taken by attachment as they passed through the towns along the line; the employees were growling and threatening. But Mr. Jewett, with a rare patience and firmness, steered the road through all these troubles, and was getting the business to run smoothly, when, one bright morning in July, 1857, the great Breslin-Gibson defalcation of \$800,000 in the State treasury of Ohio burst upon the financial sky like a bomb, and with it came a horrible July black frost, which mowed the young heads of the filling grain over half the State. Credit became a myth; banking houses burst in every direction; everybody tried to pay everybody else with depreciating bank paper, and consequently all sorts of business, as "the lamented martyred President" would say, "went hell-west and crooked."

This state of affairs struck the Central Ohio Railroad a fearful blow. It staggered beneath the shock. Jewett was everywhere, actively, yet not noisily, keeping it from sinking. Success seemed to crown his efforts, and the road was steadily but very slowly working forward. At this juncture Mr. Jewett was called away on business of the road. Hardly was his back turned when the rumor went afloat that "the Central Ohio has been assigned to the Baltimore & Ohio, and the men—the general class of employees—who have trusted the road on back pay will all be swindled." Whoop! How the rumor flew from one end of the road to the other! At Zanesville—midway on the line, where the repair shops, etc., were located—a strike commenced among the employees of the road. Meetings of indignant workmen were held in the market-house of the town; resolutions were passed, cuss-words speeches were made, and a committee appointed to stop the trains as they came in. The committee was a success. Nearly every train as it came in was boarded and peacefully captured, and either then and right there set off on a side-track, or else run through to the end of the line and sided there.

Stockholders and bondholders of the road rushed about among the men, explaining, and trying to explain, that it was the effect of "hard times" and tough luck, and not any intention to wrong them, that made the trouble. No. The men would believe nothing. The mischief-maker and "the agitator" were among them. Confidence was destroyed and business rapidly coming to a disastrous end. In the midst of this confusion and peril, Jewett came steaming along the deserted road; his lone locomotive yelling into the depot among the buzzing and gesticulating crowd; and as he jumped upon the platform and entered the office, a brakeman, who had got pretty druuk in honor of the occasion, leered into Jewett's firm and anxious face as it passed by, and then said, in brief description of the exact state of the case: "The old man's just a-bilin'." He was "bilin'"; but he did not "bile over"—he seldom does. What did he do? He simply gathered his personal friends, and he and they borrowed the money on private account to pay the men. And it was no easy thing to borrow good money that day, even on the best of security. The men were called into a meeting of their own in the market-house. Mr. Jewett addressed the meeting, saying, in his deep, gruff, but not unpleasant

voice: "Men, you shall have your money. You ought to know that I would not permit you to be robbed of your wages, even if the company were going into bankruptcy; but there is nothing of the kind taking place. You know what kind of times these are—they are times in which men should bear and forbear. *We* cannot better things by swindling you; *you* can not help the case by crippling us. It is very hard for us to raise the money at this time, but we have raised it, and your money is ready for you. You men who belong on the delayed trains will meet me at the office after this meeting adjourns; the men of the shops will meet at the round-house to-morrow at ten o'clock A. M. Now, men, go home, or about your work, and let this affair end right here; and remember, that no man was ever employed by me or for me and failed to get his pay; and no man ever shall fail to get his pay when I can get it for him." The men believed him and got their pay. The Central Ohio Railroad gradually recovered, until years afterward it consolidated with the Baltimore & Ohio; and from that day to this, whenever Mr. Jewett takes hold of a railroad its credit improves, and its employees are the last to enter into a strike or a riot. That is the sort of railroad man he is. He is no railroad king, no "wrecker."

Mr. Jewett is a lawyer by profession, and when he took charge of the Central Ohio had a lucrative practice in the law-firm of Jewett & O'Neill, in Zanesville, Ohio.

He was born in Maryland about sixty years ago, but came early in life to Ohio and settled in Belmont County, where he married, in St. Clairsville, the younger, if not the youngest, daughter of Ezra Ellis. I think Judge Kennon, of St. Clairsville, George W. Monypenny, Indian Commissioner under President Pierce, Isaac Eaton, of Kansas, and ex-Governor Wilson Shannon, of Ohio and Kansas, married four other of the Ellis girls. At all events, these men are—except Shannon, who is dead—brothers-in-law of Mr. Jewett. Mr. Jewett had three brothers, all good lawyers, and all, I think, now dead. He has served in the State Senate of Ohio. He was nominated and ran for Governor of Ohio against David Todd in 1861, and was beaten, as he expected to be when he accepted the nomination, on account of the prejudice then existing against any man who adhered to the Democratic organization. Although "Davy" Todd never saw the day that he was any better patriot than Hugh J. Jewett, as was proved not only by Jewett's utterances and actions at the time, but by the further fact that his own son, though under age and subject to his father's full legal control, was among the first to take up arms and go to the front, where he made a good record, for a boy, until he was severely wounded and crippled for life.

Since Mr. Jewett ran for Governor in 1861, he has been elected to Congress from Ohio—the Central District; and while serving in Congress he was offered the receivership and presidency of the Erie Railroad, which institution was then sinking into bankruptcy and exhaustion from the manipulations of Fisk, Gould, et al. Under Mr. Jewett's management the kinks have been taken out of Erie, and the business of the road runs straight as a string—straight as a straight string.

In religion, Mr. J. is a Quaker, but *not* a non-combatant. He is the grandson of Hugh Judge, a distinguished Quaker preacher, who died years ago in Belmont County, Ohio. His Quaker origin and education is pretty good evidence to the initiated that he never was much struck after forced servitude, while I can assert without fear of truthful contradiction that he was never addicted to the agitation which brought on "the late unpleasantness."

Mr. Jewett is a neatly and compactly built man of about five feet nine inches in height, with dark hair and eyes, of a grave and dignified countenance. Such is my recollection of his personal appearance when I last saw him in 1864; he may have grown gray since then.

His personal character is clean of all scandal. He is a solid citizen, an honest business manager, a good lawyer, a safe man, and a sound Democrat. J. W. GALLY.

People who have a weakness for believing that the number thirteen is unlucky, says the *Independence Belge*, are requested to meditate upon the following fact, the authenticity of which is vouched for: A young soldier, Serigeries by name, was born on the thirteenth of the month of January, 1855. He lived at Brussels in a house numbered thirteen. On Friday, February 13, 1875, he was drafted into the army by virtue of having drawn the number thirteen. A lottery ticket was inherited by him bearing the number thirteen, which has lately drawn a prize of two hundred thousand francs. Which reminds one that Mr. Whitelaw Reid recently gave some bits of experience upon the point of thirteen at dinner, one of which is worth reporting. At the time of the Shepherd Ring scandals in Washington, Mr. Reid dined one day at a gentleman's house in that city. There were just thirteen persons at the table, and the fact was commented upon. During the dinner Mr. Reid was served with a writ of arrest in one of the vexatious suits, by means of which certain persons at the capital sought to punish him for the *Tribune's* boldness of speech, and this untoward event appeared, according to the superstition, to mark Mr. Reid as the doomed thirteenth guest. The superstition being thus brought to mind, Mr. Reid made a list of the persons present, and, although the dinner occurred many years ago, there is not one of its guests who is not in sounder health to-day than he was at the time when the thirteen dined together. One such fact as this is a complete, logical refutation of the teaching of the superstition.

Somebody who delights in spoiling poetry says that the pansy face looks like the countenance of a skate when pressed against the glass sides of an aquarium.

A little girl being asked, on the first day of school, how she liked her new teacher, replied: "I do not like her; she is just as saucy to me as my mother."

Painting on silk is not so popular as it has been. The effect on dresses is too refined, and it takes too much time. In fact, it doesn't pay.

The moths are walking around on stilts since they heard that fur was to be a fashionable trimming for mantles this summer.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Bridge.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city
Behind the dark church tower.

Among the long black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away.

As sweeping, eddying through them
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The sea-weed floated wide.

And, like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky.

How often, oh, how often
I had wished the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me—
It lies buried in the sea,
And only the sorrows of others
Throw a shadow over me.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

Forever and forever,
As long as the river flows—
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes—

The moon and its broken reflections
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbols of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here. —Longfellow.

Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
And the red sparks lit the air—
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And, for the plowshare and the plow,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword." —Charles Mackay.

The Poet's Song.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slept under a spray,
The wild-hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey.
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away." —Tennyson.

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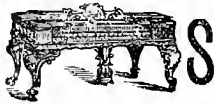
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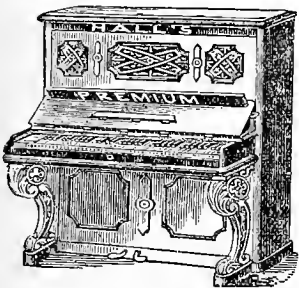
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BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 22) of seventy-five (75) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth (6th) day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of May, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the ninth (9th) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

OPHIR SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 23) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirtieth (30th) day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the second (2d) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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THE ONLY LIGHT RUNNING AND NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE made. It has no Bobbins, no Shuttle, no Tension. It is sold wholly upon its merits.

We hereby offer to parties who have owned an Automatic for Six Months and are dissatisfied, a New Machine of any other make, on even exchange. No other Company dare make such an offer.

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Call and examine our NEW STYLES for 1880. TENTS and CAMPERS' OUTFITS. Tents let for the Season.

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ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE

Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked with the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAY & CO.,

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, CITY

and County of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 20. In the matter of the petition of JAMES M. SHORES, an insolvent debtor. Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge of said Superior Court, notice is hereby given to all creditors of the said insolvent JAMES M. SHORES to be and appear before the Hon. Charles Halsey, Judge as aforesaid, in open court, at the court-room of said court, in the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on TUESDAY, the 27th day of April, A. D. 1880, at 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, whether perfectly or imperfectly described, or not described at all in the schedule filed herein, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided; and in the meantime all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 22d day of March, A. D. 1880.

[SEAL]

WILLIAM A. STUART, Clerk.
By JOHN H. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.
WM. H. H. HART, Att'y for Petitioner, 230 Montgomery Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, April 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company held this day, a dividend (No. 54) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was declared, payable on TUESDAY, April 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

P. JACOBUS, Ass't Secretary.

The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 1, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

WEALTHY BOHEMIANS.

A Famous Painting, and the Strange Events Therewith Connected.

[ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI MURGER.]

For five years Marcel had been engaged upon his famous painting, the "Crossing of the Red Sea." For five years this masterpiece of art had been annually refused at the exhibition. By dint of its numerous journeys from the artist's studio to the Louvre, and back again, the painting had acquired such a thorough knowledge of the road that if it had been placed upon rollers it would have gone there by itself. Marcel, who had entirely repainted it a dozen times, attributed its ostracism to personal hostility on the part of the jury. He had therefore composed in their honor a sort of hand-book of abuse, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm in all the studios of Paris.

Notwithstanding these repeated rebuffs, Marcel was not discouraged. He was of the firm opinion that this work was the only worthy successor to Raphael's "Last Supper." So each year, at the time of the exhibition, he sent the painting again to the jury. Each time, however, in order to evade the vigilance of his enemies, the jurymen, he would modify some detail and change the title of the work. Thus, upon one occasion, it arrived at the Salon under the name of "The Passage of the Rubicon." But, alas! Pharaoh, only partially disguised under Caesar's mantle, was recognized, and repulsed with all due honors. The following year Marcel spread a coat of snow over the ground, planted a leafless tree in one corner, changed his Egyptians into grenadiers, and christened it: "The Crossing of the Beresina upon the Retreat from Moscow." But the jury were not duped by this new stratagem. They recognized a certain parti-colored horse, and there were not enough blackballs for the vote which followed.

"How can they refuse this child of my genius, without waves of shame as red as my sea covering their faces? But I see their disgraceful plan: they wish to force me to throw aside my brush—to even throw myself from the window in despair! But little do they know the human heart. From this date I will cease to wait for the annual exhibition. My painting shall become a Damoclesian sword, suspended over their heads. Once a week, henceforth, I shall send it to each man's house—in the bosom of his family will he receive it. It will embitter his life, it will poison his domestic joys. One by one they will become mad, and when all are straight-jacketed I shall smile again."

Some days after, when Marcel had already forgotten his plans of vengeance against his persecutors, he received a visit from Father Medicis—otherwise Solomon Medicis, a Jew well known to all Bohemia. Father Medicis dealt in all kinds of *bric-à-brac*. He sold furniture-sets all the way from fifteen francs to fifteen thousand. His shop was a sort of enchanter's cave, where everything could be found. He was known by all literary men; he was intimate with all artists. He would exchange cigars for canards, slippers for sonnets, fresh fish for fiction; he would talk at so much per hour to reporters in quest of scandal; he would procure seats for you in the legislative chamber; he would get you invitations to private balls; he would furnish seedy artists with lodgings in exchange for copies after the great masters; he would procure you admission behind the scenes of the theatre; he would ensure your dramas being played there. He had in his head twenty-five thousand addresses, and would give you the name, residence, and family secrets of any celebrity—for a consideration.

Sueh was Father Medicis. A stray leaf from his day-book will give a better idea of the many-sidedness of his business than pages of description:

MARCH 20, 18—.	Francs.
Bought from Monsieur V—, critic, the complete works (uncut) of Monsieur X—, the distinguished author.....	10
Sold to the same a criticism upon the complete works of Monsieur X—, the academician.....	30
Sold to Monsieur X—, Member of the Academy, a twelve-column article upon his complete works.....	250
Bought from Monsieur R—, journalist, a critical review of the works of Monsieur X—, academician, 10 francs (less 3 francs for coal and 2 francs for coffee).....	5
Bought from little Fifine B— her hair.....	15
Bought from Monsieur B— a series of articles upon morals; also, the last three blunders in spelling made by a certain official personage, 10 francs (less a pair of shoes, 4 francs).....	6
Sold to Mademoiselle O— a head of blonde hair.....	120
Sold to Monsieur Ferdinand Z— information as to the hour at which the Baronne de R— goes to mass.....	15
To the same—leased for one day the first floor, No. — Faubourg Montmartre.....	15
Sold to Monsieur Isidore L— his portrait as "Mephistophiles".....	30
Sold to Mademoiselle R— two lobsters and six pairs of gloves.....	36
To the same—procured six months' credit at Madame O—'s, milliner.....	Price unsettled
Procured for Madame O— the custom of Mademoiselle R—.....	Received for this three yards of velvet and six of lace
Sold to Monsieur Ferdinand Z— two love-letters.....	12
Bought from Monsieur J—, painter, the portrait of Monsieur Isidore L— as "Mephistophiles".....	6
Bought from Monsieur R— 40 pounds of his recent book, entitled <i>Submarine Revolutions</i>	15
Leased to the Countess G— a china set for one night.....	20
To Mademoiselle S— G—, for the hire of a coupé and a room for one day.....	Nothing received (see her account, Ledger fol. 26-27)
Sold to Mademoiselle S— G— a set of elegant furniture.....	5,000
For the same—paid an apothecary's bill.....	75
For the same—paid a washing bill.....	3
For the same—paid a board bill.....	40

It will be seen by the foregoing extracts upon what a gigantic scale the business of Father Medicis was arranged.

When he entered the Bohemians' domicile the Jew saw at a glance that the time was a propitious one. In fact, Marcel and his three friends—Schaunard, the musician, Rodolphe, the poet, and Colline, the philosopher—were engaged in discussing the question of dinner. It was a Monday—fatal day! It was the first of the month—sinister date! His appearance was therefore hailed with joy, for all knew that he was too economical of his time to waste it in visits of politeness. "Good evening, gentlemen," he began. "How is your health?"

"Colline," remarked Rodolphe, "exercise the duties of hospitality, and offer our guest a chair—a guest is sacred. I salute you, O Medicis!" he added.

Colline advanced a chair which resembled bronze in its elasticity. The Jew dropped into it, and was about to complain of its unyielding disposition, when he suddenly thought him that he had himself sold it to Colline, and maintained a discreet silence upon the subject. As he seated himself, his pockets gave forth a mellow, silvery sound, which threw the Bohemians into a gentle reverie.

"Monsieur Marcel," said Medicis, "I have come to make your fortune. In a word, I come to offer you an opportunity to enter the temple of artistic fame. Art, you must know, Monsieur Marcel, is an arid desert, of which glory is the oasis."

"Father Medicis," replied Marcel, "here, lying upon the coals of impatience, I implore you by all you hold most dear—in the name of Fifty Per Cent., your revered patron saint—to be brief!"

"Very well," returned Medicis, "this is the case: a rich amateur is at present engaged in making a collection of paintings which is destined to be the wonder of Europe. He has commissioned me to procure for him a number of remarkable works. I have therefore come for the purpose of purchasing your painting, 'The Crossing of the Red Sea.'"

"Cash?" said Marcel.

"Cash," replied the Jew, jingling the argentine contents of his pockets.

"Father Medicis," said Marcel, "to you will I leave the honor of setting a price upon this priceless work."

The Jew placed upon the table fifty bright, new, silver crowns.

"Very good," said Marcel, "to begin with. But what follows?"

"Monsieur Marcel," said Medicis, "you know well that my first word is always my last. I will not add another franc. But pause—reflect! Fifty crowns—why, that's one hundred and fifty francs. One—hundred—and—fifty—f-r-a-n-c-s—that's the money, that is!"

"Oh, pooh!" said the artist, "why, there's at least that much cobalt in Pharaoh's robe. Come, come—be fair, O son of Abraham—and square as well. Make it four piles instead of three—equalize the thing—let's talk in round numbers!"

"Not another franc," said Father Medicis, "this is my last word. But I'm not a mean man. I tell you what I'll do—if you accept I'll invite the crowd to dinner—any kind of wine, as much dessert as you like, and after dinner I will pay *cash*—GOLD!"

"He is silent," said Colline, gravely rapping thrice upon the table. "Is it agreed?—it is."

Medicis treated the Bohemians in tip-top style. He caused to be placed before them a host of things which had previously remained to them completely unpublished. It was on this occasion that the Lobster ceased to be a myth to Schaunard, and he contracted for that gorgeous creature a passion verging upon delirium.

The four Bohemians left the table as drunk as fiddlers. Intoxication is always most deplorable, but on this occasion it had nearly been fatal to Marcel. In passing before the dwelling of his tailor he endeavored to awaken that slumbering fraction of humanity for the purpose of paying a long-standing bill. Fortunately, however, a glimmer of reason still shone athwart the wine-befogged brain of Colline, and he stayed his friend from this dreadful action.

On the morrow of the Medicis banquet, Marcel, Schaunard, Colline, and Rodolphe slept very late. The fumes of last night's wine still affected them, and at first not a man of them recollected what had passed. As the bell in the neighboring tower clanged forth the noon hour they regarded each other with melancholy smiles.

"Hark to the bell which calls mankind to table!" said Marcel.

"True," replied Rodolphe, "it is the solemn hour at which the world doth eat."

"Ah," sighed Schaunard, "square meals of my childhood, whither have ye flown?"

"Only to think," said Marcel, "that at this moment in Paris there are probably a hundred thousand chops on the gridiron!"

"And as many beefsteaks," groaned Rodolphe.

The irony of fate was such that in an adjoining restaurant the waiters were bawling at the tops of their voices the names of various appetizing dishes.

"Will those scoundrels never stop?" grumbled Marcel. "Gentlemen," said Colline, gravely, pointing to a weathercock upon a neighboring roof, "we shall not eat to-day—the wind is north—the elements therefore unfavorable."

"And why so?" asked Marcel.

"It is an atmospherical observation," continued the philosopher. "The north wind signifies abstinence, while the south wind indicates pleasure and good cheer. These are what philosophers call warnings from on high."

When he was fasting, Gustave Colline's humor was simply ferocious.

Suddenly, Schaunard, who had thrust his hand into one of his abysmal pockets, withdrew it with a cry of anguish: "Help! Help! There's something in my coat!" he shouted, striving to free his fingers from the clutches of a live lobster.

His cry was echoed by another. Marcel had mechanically put his hand into his own pocket, and there discovered the money given him by the Jew the night before. Memory returned to all four at once. Marcel placed his wealth upon the table, and the Bohemians saluted the glittering pile with frenzy.

"But where did that thing come from?" said Marcel, gazing at the lobster, which was gravely promenading the room.

"Oh," said Schaunard, "now I think of it, I was poking around Medicis's kitchen last night, and I suppose the reptile must have accidentally fallen into my pocket. The creatures are near-sighted, I believe."

"Gentlemen," cried Colline, "look, look! The wind has shifted to the south—we shall eat to-day!"

"You'd better believe we shall!" said Marcel.

The bill of fare was considered with a gravity befitting the occasion. After a lengthy discussion it was settled, and among the other articles appeared the agreeable titles of

Lobster. Pâté.
Brochette.
Omelette. Dessert.
Coffee.
Wine at indiscretion.

The chimney was thrown into a state of sputtering surprise by the appearance of a fire—something almost unknown to it.

Marcel, however, was inexcusably careless. He had a letter to send, and in confiding it to the porter he allowed that functionary to perceive a quantity of money. No sooner had Marcel left him, than the porter hastened to the landlord with the astounding news.

"Monsieur Benoit," said he, breathlessly, "you know the artist on the sixth floor?"

"Yes," replied the landlord; "that fellow who had the impudence to borrow money of me to pay an installment on account. Yes, I know—I gave him notice to leave yesterday."

"He's just loaded down with coin to-day—I saw it a few moments ago. You'd better go and strike him before it's all gone."

"You are right," said Monsieur Benoit, "quite right. I will go immediately."

In the meanwhile the four Bohemians had drawn up to the table. They were mighty trenchermen, and did the repast ample justice. The snow was falling without, but within the fire burned brightly, and jollity reigned. Suddenly a knock was heard. Marcel went to the door. Upon the threshold was a gentleman with an agreeable smile and a somewhat faded dressing-gown. It was the landlord.

"Ah," said he, smiling affably upon the terror-stricken Bohemians, "ah, gentlemen, I am rejoiced to find you so pleasantly employed; and he fixed his eye upon the remains of the banquet.

"Ah, how fortunate!" cried Marcel, "Colline, a chair and a glass for Monsieur Benoit. We were just about to drink your health, sir. Colline, there, delivers the most touching toasts. Commence over again, Colline."

"No, gentlemen," said the landlord, "excuse me—I will not interrupt your festivities," and he unfolded a paper.

"What is that document?" said Marcel.

The landlord's restless eye roamed over the room, and detected the pile of gold and silver resting upon the mantel-piece.

"That," said he, "is a receipt, which I have already had the honor of presenting to you."

"So you have," said Marcel, "so you have. It was on a Friday—the 8th of October—at fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock, P. M."

"It is all signed and in form," said Monsieur Benoit, "and if you could settle the little bill—"

"But sit down, Monsieur Benoit, sit down, and take a glass of wine," said Marcel, compelling him to do so. "Well, monsieur, now that we are talking of business, I received a legal document from you yesterday."

"It was a notice to quit," said Monsieur Benoit.

"Ah, yes—a notice to quit. Yes, that's what I wanted to see you about. I would prefer not to go. The house pleases me, the street is an agreeable one, a fall upon the stairs would not be fatal—in short, a thousand things endear these walls to me."

"But," said the landlord, waving his receipt, "you haven't paid your last month's rent."

"Yes, yes, very true, I have not. However, it will be paid—that is all right."

But the landlord continued to stare at the money on the mantel-piece, and such was the intensity of his gaze that the coins seemed to wriggle beneath it.

"I am pleased to have arrived at a time when you can settle the little account without inconvenience," proffering the receipt to Marcel, who took three

pieces from the mantel and placed them on the table, at some distance from his creditor.

Schaunard, Colline, and Rodolphe looked on with visible inquietude.

"Come, Monsieur Benoit," said Marcel, "I am sure you will not refuse to try a glass of this old Burgundy with me," and he poured a brimming one.

"Ab," said the other, smacking his lips, "magnificent." And he extended his hand toward the money.

"One moment," said Marcel, "as I am rather flush just now, I believe I'll pay a month in advance. Young men are foolish, you know, and I might dissipate the money." And, taking sixty francs, he added them to the money already on the table.

"An excellent idea," said the landlord; "indeed, a most excellent idea. I have some blank receipts in my pocket, and I'll fill one out for you."

The other three Bohemians were stupefied.

"But," said Marcel, "there's one thing I don't like—the chimney smokes."

"Why didn't you speak of it before? I'll have the workmen here to-morrow." And, pushing the second receipt to Marcel, he again extended his hand toward the money.

"Oh, don't be in a hurry to leave us, Monsieur Benoit—take another glass."

He did. He took two more. He took several more. He began to maintain his seat with some difficulty, and promised Marcel the most fabulous embellishments to his room. The latter winked to his companions, who were beginning to understand, and they advanced the brandy-bottle. After the first glass the landlord favored the company with an amorous ditty which made even Schaunard blush. After the second, he related his marital misfortunes; and, as his spouse's name was Helen, he compared himself to Menelaus. After the third, a philosophical fit seized him, and he emitted aphorisms like minute-guns: "Life is a river," "Man is but frail," "How sweet is love!" etc., etc. After the fourth glass he became confidential; and, laying his head upon Schaunard's bosom, he imparted to that gentleman's shirt-front the details of a love affair which he was conducting with a young lady whom he called Euphemia. Taking a letter from his pocket, he gave it to Schaunard. It began thus: "My own popsy-wopsy."

"Thaz me," said he; "thazme. I'm her pozzy-wozzy. I've rented her a nice lth establishment, magnific furnshoor. 'Svery dear, but whazmoney? I don't care for money—'mrish. I'll give her tha'money there. Why, where's tha'money gone? I'zgone!"

He was right. It was.

"It is impossible," said Marcel, with cold dignity, "for an honest man, even indirectly, to become a party to such shocking proceedings. My conscience forbids me to place this money in the hands of yonder debauched old man. I will not pay my rent—I will not have that sin upon my soul."

Monsieur Benoit was now upon the floor, engaged in sweet commune with the empty bottles. As he was pursuing this pleasing occupation, the porter entered, in search of him.

"What have you done to my master?" demanded he.

"Nothing," said Colline; "he came for his rent, and as we did not have the money he sat down to drink with us, which he did with so little discretion that he is as you now see him."

"He is so drunk," said Marcel, "that he made out receipts for two months' rent, and gave them to me. Here they are—give them to his wife. We do not wish to profit by his intoxication."

"O Lord!" said the porter, "won't he catch it though, nor nothin'!" And after a vain attempt to elevate his master upon his legs, he made use of those attachments to drag him out of the room. As he shot through the door his affable but now somewhat alcoholic smile still flickered upon his features.

"Well," said Rodolphe, "he will come again to-morrow—he has seen the money."

"When he does I will threaten to expose his love affair to his wife."

During five days the Bohemians lived like princes. A most admirable disorder reigned in the apartment. Upon a bank of oyster shells lay an army of bottles of all sizes, and upon the table every delicacy figured.

On the morning of the sixth day, Colline, as usual, drew up the bill of fare, and submitted it to the rest for approval. It was duly sealed with a cork, and he went to the money-drawer for the necessary lucre. But on opening it he recoiled with a cry of alarm.

"What is the matter?" cried the others.

"The matter is, O my children, that our capital is reduced to thirty sous."

"Thirty sous! Well, well! We must revise the bill of fare. We will begin by expunging the article 'Truffles.'"

In its revised and amended form the bill of fare was Spartan in its simplicity. Upon the table soon appeared, ranged with the utmost symmetry, the following:

Plate of Herrings.
Plate of Potatoes. Plate of Cheese.
Water at discretion.

The four Bohemians seated themselves, and gravely unfolded their napkins.

"It is singular," said Marcel, "but this herring has a sort of a pheasant flavor."

"The herring," said Colline, "is a most nutritious fish, and is only despised by ignorant people."

"But," said Schaunard, "where shall we dine to-day?"

"O man of little faith," said Colline, philosophically, "we shall know to-morrow."

A short time afterward, Marcel discovered in what gallery his masterpiece had found a place. He noticed a large crowd standing before a grocery-store, and joined them. The attraction was a new sign which hung before the establishment. Imagine the painter's pride when he beheld the darling of his heart dangling gracefully in the breeze. It is true, it had been modernized—grocerized, so to speak—by the addition of a steamboat and some bales of goods. But none the less flattering were the comments of the gazing crowd, and the painter continued his homeward way, murmuring to himself, with a gratified smile, "*Vox populi, vox Dei!*"

JEROME A. HART.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

OUR OWN POETS.

Then, Now, and Hereafter.

The olden days, the golden days
Of summer sea and shore—
With their gleaming rays through the dreamy haze—
Oh, will they return no more?
To me, dear,
To thee, dear—
And ever the wild waves roar.

The present days, the pleasant days—
How fast they fly, loved heart!
Soon the gleaming prism and flowing chrym
Must beam and stream apart.
For me, dear,
For thee, dear,
Time flies like a hunter's dart.

The coming days, the foaming days!
When life shall spray like wine
In endless motion—a rosy ocean
Sparkling like love divine
For me, dear,
For thee, dear—
Like the ruby Almadine.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

The Fisherman.

From the German of Goethe.

The waters swelled, the waters rose,
A fishing youth sat nigh,
Gazed at his rod in calm repose
With unrelenting eye.
And as he, glancing, forward bends,
The waters part and spray,
And from the rippling flood ascends
A maid fair as the day.

She sang to him, she said to him:
"Why lustest thou my brood,
With human skill, in human whim,
Out of my homely flood?
Oh, if thou knewest the happy life
The fish lead in the deep,
Thou'dst leave the world, its griefs and strife,
And come with us to sleep."

"The sun by day, the moon by night,
Bathe in the sea their face;
Does not their wave-reflected light
Return with heightened grace?
Makes not the sky, so blue and gay,
Thy heart with longing sore?
Begs not thy face beneath, these stay
With us for evermore?"

The waters swelled, the waters rose,
Played round his ankles bare;
His fond heart swelled, his sore heart rose,
As though his love was there.
She sang to him with all her charms,
The lovely Water Queen;
He sank into her tender arms—
He never more was seen.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

HUGO WALDECK.

The Rustic Bridge.

It stands there still, though old and gray,
O'er the rivulet by the spring;
All covered with moss, and rotting away
By the winds and storms from day to day,
While the birds its requiem sing.

Ah, long in that arch of the forest green
It has kept its watch and ward,
While many a nimble sylvan queen,
By the light of the moonbeams faintly seen,
Has merrily danced on the sword.

And fairy music, distinct but low,
By unseen fingers played,
Seemed to rise and fall, to come and go,
Now gayer and faster, anon more slow,
From under the evergreen shade.

And all through the still and starry night
The revel goes on till morn;
Till the first faint blush of the coming light
Has made invisible each wee sprite,
And the bridge is left forlorn.

There May and her lover were wont to meet—
'Tis many long years gone by—
While the old bridge heard the murmur sweet
Of love's soft tones, and heard rustling feet
Mid the leaves so yellow and dry.

And the fond caress, and the last farewell,
When they for a time must part;
"But soon to return to claim my bride,"
Harry said with a smile; but the maiden sighed,
"A shadow stole over her heart."

* * * * *
One wild and cheerless December night
The struggling moonbeams show
To the heavens above a horrid sight,
And the old bridge shrinks aghast with fright
At crimson drops on the snow.

And only the bridge heard the victim's cry
For mercy to ears of lead;
It saw the bright dagger flash out on high—
The treacherous stab was the sole reply,
And the form of poor Harry fell dead.

* * * * *
May sleeps on the hill; for many a year
The daisies above her have grown,
With the dew on each bud like affection's tear,
And the mosses encircle the letters so dear,
Carved deep in the weather-beat stone.

Yet a while and the bridge will itself pass away
With the memories that entwine
Round every old plank with the mosses gray,
And the waters will bear their old friend away
To its grave in the ocean brine.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

JAMES DE WITT.

The way ministers are being found guilty of kissing other women but their own wives, proves that you may roll a man under the wheels of theology for years and years, yet you can not squeeze all human nature out of him.

When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

MEANDERINGS IN SLANG LAND.

There are a great number of cant and slang expressions in use at present that are supposed to be new or nearly new, not a few of which are attributed to California birth. It will surprise the general reader to be informed that many of the cant and slang words and terms daily made use of are—at least, some of them—nearly "as old as Methuselah," and that comparatively few of them, indeed, are the legitimate offspring of the present age, while those of truly Californian origin are not so numerous as is generally supposed. I have spent some considerable time in the investigation of this subject, and I discover that most of the slang and cant expressions of the present day originated hundreds of years ago in London low life, although many may be traced to the Bible, Shakspeare, Horace, the English universities, and to the poets and orators and newspapers and resorts of fashion and frolic of all ages.

The expression, "to blow on" a man, or a thing, is Shakspearean. The following lines may be found in Act III, Scene 7, in "As You Like It": "I must have liberty withal, as large a charter as the wind, to *blow on* whom I please." "He's a bad man," or "I'm a bad man," is not new. It may be found in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Book I, Chap. I, Stan. 37; also, in Massinger's play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," also, in Shakspeare's "King Henry VIII," Act II, Scene 2: "*This bold, bad man!*" In the same tragedy, Act IV, Scene 2, is the line: "He was a man of an unbounded stomach," which is a poetical way of denominating a ponderosity of belly a "bay window." The common expression of "It's (or that's) all Dutch to me," may be traced to Shakspeare. In Act I, Scene 2, of "Julius Caesar," may be found this line: "But, for mine own part, *it was Greek to me.*" "All cry and no wool," may be found in Butler's "Hudibras," Part I, Canto 1, line 831: "Or shear swine, *all cry and no wool!*" We often hear men of bad reputations referred to as "frauds," naughty ministers and canting hypocrites are mentioned as "pious frauds." In Part I, Canto III, line 1145, "Hudibras," is "When *pious frauds* and holy shifts," etc. "I owe you one," is a felicitous salutation often heard. The line "Thank you, good sir, *I owe you one,*" may be found in Act I, Scene 2, of George Colman's (the younger) play of "The Poor Gentleman." "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is an interrogatory in Thomas Morton's "Speed the Plough," Act I, Scene 1. "I will see you d—d first!" is an expression that often meets the ear. In "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder," written by George Canning, in 1795, there is the line: "I give thee sixpence! *I will see thee d—d first!*" "That's the kind of hair-pin I am," is new, and came from New York; also, "What do you *say?*" "Stolen fruits (or kisses) are the sweetest," may be traced to the Bible, in sentiment. In "Proverbs," IX, 17—"Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." For the original of "What are you giving me?" which is supposed to be a Californianism, I refer the reader to "Genesis," XXXVIII, 16. "You bet!" is a Californianism, although not truly so, as the slang terms "You bet your boots," and "You bet your life," were in use in New York and Boston forty years ago. They were favorite expressions of grown-up boys; and so, also, was "Yes, sir-ee, horse-fly." The word "cheek," as applied to a book-agent or any other impudent person, has been in use in England and America for a hundred years. "Cheese it!" is a very old expression, and has been a slang term in London for hundreds of years; it has lately come into use in California, and perhaps elsewhere. Decker's "Bellman of London," published in 1608, says that "cheese it" is a corruption of cease it, and means leave off, or have done; "cheese your barrikin"—hold your noise, or tongue, or clatter. "That's the cheese" was also in use in London in 1600, and signified anything good, genuine, pleasant, or advantageous. "Hash-house" and "gin-mill" are specimens of Boston slang, and have been in use at the Hub and in other American cities for some forty years. "Hog-wash" originated in New Orleans, and was in use a good deal in the South years ago.

"To go to the bad" has been handed down for nearly two thousand years, and may be traced to Virgil—at least he has an exactly similar phrase: "*in pejus ruere.*" There are many who suppose the word "bilk" as now often applied to a "beat" in California, originated here—that is, the modern application: this is not so; "Bailey's Dictionary of Cant and Flash Sayings," published in London in 1790, says: "Bilk—To defraud, to obtain goods, etc., without paying for them, to get information and experience without paying for it; thus, to bilk the school-master." In the Gypsy vocabulary the word "bilk" signifies a mean, mercenary fellow; in the London slang it means—see "Kent's Modern Flash Dictionary," published in 1825. The slang term "too thin," which has come into use during the past two years, may be found in Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," published in London in 1761; the exact words are as follows: "This pretext was *too thin* to impose upon her lover, or deceive the observation of her friend Sophy." "They are too thin" may also be found in Shakspeare, "Henry VIII," Act V, Scene 1: "You were ever good at sudden commendations, Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not to hear such flattery now, and in my presence. *They are too thin* and bare to hide offenses." The slang term of "he's a brick," as applied to an excellent person, is of classic origin: King Agisilaus, being asked by an ambassador why they had no walls for Sparta, replied that the ambassador was mistaken; then drawing himself up proudly, and pointing to his army, he said: "There are the walls of Sparta—every man you see is a brick!" "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched" is a corruption of a line from Butler's "Hudibras," Part III, line 23: "And count their chickens ere they're hatched." "The cup that cheers but not inebriates" is a misquotation. Cowper, in "The Task," Book IV, line 34: "And the cups that cheer, but not inebriate." "Better late than never" is from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," part II. "Ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" is from Bret Harte; also "Truthful James," etc. "Don't get your back up" is old, and the expression or idea is taken from a cat, so Decker says, on account of that animal always raising its back when angry; an allusion also sometimes used to jeer a crooked man, as, "So, sir, I see somebody has offended you, for your back is up." "That's all in my eye, Betty Martin" is a slang phrase that has been used by the cockneys of London for hundreds of years, and has given birth to "in a pig's eye," "over the left," "in a horn," "that's all in your

eye," etc., of the New Yorkers, Bostonians, and Baltimoreans, and is an answer, as the others are answers, to any one who attempts transparent impositions; the above American expressions are from thirty to forty years old. "Not for Joe," or "Joseph," is American, and came out since the war. "Not if I know myself" is older, and may be traced to Chicago. "To tip the blarney" is Irish, and meant, originally, the telling of a marvelous or magnificent fabrication. The blarney stone is a triangular piece of granite on the very top of an ancient castle of that name, in the County Cork, Ireland, extremely difficult of access, so that to have ascended to it was considered a proof of perseverance, courage, and agility, whereof many have claimed the honor who have never achieved the adventure. To blarney nowadays means to flatter. "That's what's the matter with Hannah" is an American slang term—for the most part, however, borrowed from the English; see "Canting Dictionary," published in London in 1725: "Hannah—a Salopian phrase, to express a matter begun; as 'that's the man as married Hannah!'"

"Bore," a tedious or troublesome man or woman, one who bores the ears of his hearers with an uninteresting tale—a term much in fashion in England in 1700; see Bailey's "Etymological Dictionary," published in London in 1737. The word "bore" is a very proper term with us, and has lost its slang parentage. "Hard-up" is an old English slang term used in the universities. "To settle his hash," "cook his goose," "up to snuff," "throw up the sponge," "give him the bounce" (we now say give him the *grand* bounce), "in full feather," "to play second fiddle," "to run one's face," "cutting it fat," "drawing it mild," "give us a rest," "he's a dead-beat," "used up," "cleaned him out," "to tackle it," "on the shelf," "up the spout," "to sport a new tile," "that's all gammon," "on the square" (we say "dead on the square"), "a way-up spread" (meaning a superb lunch or dinner), "play or pay," "starchy," "brown study," "bumper" (a full glass), "double first-class man," "stunning," "gift o' the gab," etc., all do duty in a variety of senses in Cambridge and Oxford universities; see "Gentleman's (London) Magazine" for December, 1794; and they also do duty on Kearny, Market, Montgomery, and California Streets here; on Broadway, Wall Street, Fifth Avenue, and Fourteenth Street, New York; on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Washington and Tremont Streets, Boston, and elsewhere in America; and yet none of the above slang terms originated in our country. "You know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina—it's a long time between drinks," is, in my opinion, the neatest thing in the whole range of American slang. "There's millions in it," from Mark Twain's play of "The Gilded Age," is pleasant; and so also is "By a large majority," "B. T. I.—Big thing on Ice," and "Q. K.—Quite correct," from Ben Woolf's dramatic curiosity of "The Mighty Dollar." Opera bouffe and burlesque have given birth to "lots of slang." The "pretty waiter girl" era in New York was followed by the "blondes" and the "leg drama," and the latter was in turn succeeded by the burial service in "the little church around the corner." Twenty years ago in New York the Democratic drinking-place down town was known as the "Pewter Mug." After "guzzling" was prohibited at the Capitol in Washington, thirsty M. C.'s used to repair to the "hole in the wall," and West Point cadets clandestinely "drowned their sorrows" at "Benny Havens, O!" During the prevalence of the "Maine liquor law" in Massachusetts, twenty-six years ago, Bostonians "threw themselves outside their tods medicinally." The pet of a family is said to "have its nose put out of joint" upon the appearance of an additional member. The "Bowery Boy," as once impersonated by Frank Chanfrau, has passed away, and the "Broadway swell" of thirty years ago now "loafs around" the Windsor. "Step down and out" is an offspring of the celebrated Beecher trial; "addition, division, and silence" comes from Philadelphia; "fell down" and "I should smile" are Californianisms; the "roughs" of all American cities are called either "bullies," "bruisers," "buffers," or "shoulder-hitters;" gamblers are called "knights of the green cloth," and their lieutenants who are sent out after "greenhorns" are called "decoys," "cappers," and "steerers;" in New York there used to be species of "roughs" called "dead rabbits," "Five Pointers," and "Water-Street rats;" the "roughs" of Baltimore were known as "blood tubs" and "plug uglies;" in Philadelphia as "Shiffers" and "Moyamensingers;" in New Orleans as "Tigers." The representative American belle has for the past twenty-five years been known as "Miss Flora McFlimsney of Madison Square." General Grant's visits to Long Branch were called "junketings" by his enemies. "Au reservoir" is often indulged in by funny fellows for *Au revoir*. "Ta ta" is used by the bogus English swell for good-bye, and also by the American monkey who imitates him. "Thanks" is also one of those sickening ejaculations of the B. E. S., picked up and used by the average American society sharp and small-talk scavenger.

To "stand off the tailor" originated at Cambridge. "Hanging the landlady" is synonymous, and is the newest Californianism. "According to Gunter," "short cut," "guess not," "crack thing," "seedy," "all-fired," "correct thing," "small potatoes" (and) "few in the hill," "a whole team" (and) "a little dog under the wagon," "fizzle," "blue blazes," "gol durn it," "peculiar kink," "an up-hill job," "slick," "handy," "rooster," "nigger night" (applied to Saturday-night courting by young white people throughout New England), "doxology," "sockdologer," "pants," "panties," "unmentionables," "on the quivy vivy," "on the sly," "soft snap," "piece of calico," are all Bostonianisms. The terms "innocent," "acknowledge the corn," "on the fence," "buncombe," "Southron," "high-toned Southern gentleman," "bark up the wrong tree," "I reckon," "slip'try," "great snakes," "pick-aninny," "playing possum," "rifle whisky," "dead shot," "hog and hominy," "wood up," had their origin in the Southern States. The word "flap-jacks" originated on board an American man-of-war; also, "navy sherry." "Deadheads," "that beats the Dutch," "torchlight-procession whisky," "going out to meet a man," "on the half-shell," "modern Greeks," "Mickies," "Murphys," "Jerusalem" (for Chatham Street thirty years ago), are of New York birth. "Dog-gone it" was originally an Indiana ejaculation.

"Pull down your vest," "jim-jams," "got 'em bad," "flying axe-handles," "and that's what's the matter," "dry up," "divide the spoils," "go hire a hall," "take in your sign," "F. F. V.'s," "peg out," "shoot that hat," "wipe off your chin," "how's that for high?" "hump yourself," "it's the man around

the corner," "putting up a job," "light out," "scatter," "irrigate," "put a head on him," "big head," "decorated bugle," "erected a mansard over his eye," "no back talk," "bottom dollar," "went off on his ear," "chalk it down," "it isn't a marker," "taking a snifter," "driving another nail," "staving him off," "making it warm," "dropping him gently," "three fingers of clear juice," "piling on the agony," "lobby," "third house," "caucus," "dead gone," "busted," "counter jumper," "scalper," "scrub," "two-forty," "put up or shut up," "throw the bones," "take that in out of the wet," "beer-jerker," "Tom Collins," "bang up," "Kentucky wine," "grubbing checks," "smart Aleck," "toddly blossom," "corner in grain," "too much jaw," "chin music," "swap votes," "top heavy," "bare-footed on top of his head," "tie up that whistle," "a little too fresh," "stem-winder," "bloated bondholder," "tough citizen," "jaw-bone," "champion liar," "irregularities," "chief cook and bottle-washer," "bag and baggage," "taking it all in," "sit down on him," "an ornament" (a mortgage), "beating his way through the world," "taking up the whole sidewalk," "at the lodge," "crookedness," "we make 'em ourselves," "as fine as silk," "nominate your poison," "no heels," "died with his boots on," "old hoss," "everything goes," "make your will," "hunkey dorey," "hold your horses," "galoot," "another man gone wrong," and many others, are nearly all American slang terms, and some of them quite modern.

"Go off and die," "hocked his ulster," "and don't you forget it," "you hear me," "rough deal," "square deal," "in the door," "tied up," "well heeled," "flush times," "snatch him baldheaded," "pool your issues," "go bury yourself," "she's a daisy," "git," "go drown yourself," "stand the racket," "the heathen Chinese," "Chinatown," "give your tongue a vacation," "change your breath," "the Jackson bounce" (a Palace Hotel saying, and means that Jackson, the policeman, gets after noisy children in the hotel court and elsewhere), "Nob Hill," "Tar Flat," "Barbary Coast," "Cliff House brigade," "bonanza kings," "a bad egg," "the sand-lot," "Kearneyism," "go climb a tree," ("up a tree" is old American backwoods slang), "honorable bilks," "plug hats," "black-and-tans," "Dolly Vardens," "sand-lot," "Ben Butler" (a noted sea-lion at the Cliff House), "well fixed," "down to the bed-rock," "hard-pan," "outfit," "pay-dirt," "petered out," "it won't wash," "handed in his checks," "gone to Lone Mountain," "finest climate in the world," "got the drop on him," "vigilantes," "square meal," "slug of whisky," "free-lunch fiend," "broke his back," "the Chinese must go," "John Chinaman," "the boss of the road," "hoodlums" and "hoodlumism," "49er," "quien sabe?" "the Bush fund," "agitators," "bob-tail cars," "workmen" (so-called), "biled shirt," "not as the roads are," "grass is short," "society sharp," "the big board," "to cinch," "to mash," "pans out well" (or otherwise, etc., are all, or nearly all, Californianisms that have attained more or less use and circulation at home and abroad. "Ewaldian answers" is a new term, and finds its way into the newspapers occasionally.

Shakespeare speaks of "crocodile's tears" in "Othello," Act IV, scene 1. Ben Jonson calls an alarmist a "croaker." Shakespeare used the word "flush" as the reverse of "hard-up." The immortal William also uses the words "lay for him" for watch him; he calls a paltry fellow a "patch," thus: "What a pined ninnys this? thou scurvy patch!" The word "party" is nowadays applied to a gentleman or lady derisively. Strange to say, the use is not modern. Get your Bible, turn to Tobit (Apocrypha), Chapter VI, verse 7: "If any evil spirit trouble any, one must make a smoke thereof before the man or the woman, and the party shall be no more vexed." Shakespeare uses the word in the same way in the "Tempest," and Walter Scott uses it as above in "Ivanhoe" and the "Bride of Lammermoor." Swift coins the word "phiz" for face. Bulwer's "Paul Clifford," Butler's "Hudibras," and Byron's "Don Juan" each contain a good deal of slang. Bulwer uses the word "stretch" for hang, "skid" for sovereign, "oliver" for moon, and "killing" for bewitching. The "Noctes Ambrosianae" is full of slang. "He put in the big licks," says North, in speaking of a person who was making great exertions. Thackeray, in his "Lovel, the Widower," calls a young surgeon a "lint-scraper." Lord Chesterfield used the cant word "flog" for whip. "Giving him taffy" (Welsh "soft-sap," or "blarney") was London slang two hundred years ago.

I am not quite sure, but I am of the impression that "fire him out," or "fired out," is a Californianism. "That's a dead give-away" is new—that is, it is only a few years old. "You can't play that on me" is a corruption from Shakespeare. In "Hamlet," Act III, Scene 2, the Prince says: "You would play upon me; do you think I am easier to be played upon? You can't play upon me!" Polonius, in Act II, Scene 2, same tragedy, declared that Hamlet "was gone, far gone," on his daughter Ophelia. The use of the word "boom," in a political sense, first found its way into a San Francisco daily paper. "Yum-yum-yum" signifies osculatory desires, and originated in California. "Me no sabby," or "me sabby," is Anglo-Chinese *patois*, and has been in use among the lower classes all over the world for hundreds of years. It is very much used in California. It also means acuteness, or cleverness—as that chap has plenty of savy; in French, *savez-vous cela*?—do you savy that? "Be off!" is slanged at Eton, "amputate your mahogany" (cut stick). The term "uncle" for pawnbroker was in use three hundred years ago in London. To be "spoony" on a girl means to be foolishly attached to one, whether she reciprocates or not. See play of "Everybody's Friend."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880. BEN C. TRUMAN.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Hebe, the Greek goddess of youth, daughter of no less distinguished personages than Jupiter and Juno, was a model for many young ladies of the present day in one particular: she wasn't afraid of work. Of course there wasn't much housework to do, but she personally attended to her mother's chariot, saw that the thoroughbraces were all right, the whip-socket in order, and the axles greased, and with her own fair hands she harnessed the peacocks, and we presume rubbed them down and bedded them after a hard day's drive. There are few daughters born to such regal state who would consent to anything like that. Hercules afterward released her from her menial service—on a writ of Hebeous corpus, perhaps—and married her. But she doubtless wanted a strong man.

THE FATE OF AN EGYPTIAN HAREM.

The New York Times learns that the ex-Khedive of Egypt is in an unhappy state of mind. By care and industry, accompanied by a large outlay, he succeeded while in Egypt in collecting a very fine harem. It was especially rich in what art critics would call "choice examples" of Circassian and Georgian, and it included the best specimens of Egyptian, Turkish, and Syrian girls, besides a small amount of select French moral bric-à-brac. When, in compliance with the enthusiastic desire of his fellow-countrymen, and the foreign consuls, the Khedive abdicated, he took his harem and such valuables as he could lay his hands on, and went to Naples, intending to live a quiet life of study and meditation, surrounded by his harem and his portable property. At Naples his troubles began. The government rented him a fine palace—popularly known as the Favorita—on the shore of the bay, and at the foot of Vesuvius, where he took up his residence and arranged his collection of wives in a series of pleasant rooms. It formed decidedly the best collection of the kind that any Italian city had seen since the days of the Roman Empire, and the ex-Khedive was naturally proud of it. Before very long, however, he found that a harem can not be kept together so easily in Naples as in Cairo. The windows of the palace were not latticed, and the ladies of the harem could not be prevented from looking out at the people in the street. Neither was it practicable to prevent stray Italians from seeing an occasional wife at a window. The eunuchs did their best to keep the harem in subjection, but their efforts were unavailing, and before the ex-Khedive had occupied his palace many weeks he was compelled to notice that his harem was gradually growing smaller. He at once spoke to the chief eunuch, and demanded to know if several of his wives were not missing. The eunuch maintained that, beyond the usual loss of wives by the wear and tear incidental to dressing, no losses had occurred. The ex-Khedive could not thus be deceived. He was confident that seven or eight of his best wives had vanished, and although, owing to the want of a trustworthy catalogue, he could not prove that he was right, he resolved that no more losses should occur without his knowledge. A careful watch soon showed the leak in the harem. Every night a throng of handsome young Italians would appear under the windows of the palace, and a few wives would jump into their arms. In this way a constant drain of wives was in progress, and the alarmed ex-Khedive saw that unless it could be stopped he would soon be wifeless. The Italian Government showed itself cold and heartless. When appealed to by the ex-Khedive, it explained that there was no law under which an Italian could be beheaded for taking one of the ex-Khedive's wives, or the latter prevented from jumping out of the window. In these circumstances he decided to take severe measures, and ordered his entire harem to be tied together by the ankles and chained to a post. To his great dismay, he found that his servants had been corrupted by civilization, and were unwilling to obey orders that would bring them into difficulties with the Italian police. They flatly refused to lay illegal hands upon a single ankle, and the ex-Khedive sadly realized that he was living in a free and Christian country. There was nothing for him to do but to sit up at night and watch his family. He walked up and down the corridors of the palace, bursting into a room whenever he heard a noise, and occasionally catching a wife in the act of climbing out of the window. But this could not last. The want of sleep soon told upon him. Moreover, his wives resented his conduct in watching them; and, whenever he put his head out of the window, the Italians that stood below in the street, watching for wives, and making bets as to who would catch the next one, addressed disrespectful language to him. Thus he was forced to see his harem melting away. Day after day he would walk through the rooms in which he had arranged his collection, and note how many valuable specimens were missing. One day it would be his most costly Circassian who had left him, taking all her back hair with her; and another day it would be a favorite Egyptian who had gone, after solemnly pledging herself never to leave her lord and master. At last it became more than the ex-Khedive could bear. When no less than fifty-seven valuable wives had been lost, the ex-Khedive abandoned the palace and fled to Rome, leaving the remnants of his once unique harem behind him. It is said that the five wives which he left at Naples will probably prove faithful to him, as they are the most unattractive of the lot, and have hitherto failed to find any Italian who would consent to take them. The ex-Khedive, however, has expressed the opinion that he does not care what becomes of them. He has definitely given up the profession of a wife-collector, and he is now living at a Roman hotel as a single man. Perhaps he will try to console himself by collecting postal stamps or other objects less elusive than wives. Meanwhile, the young Neapolitan dandy no longer blocks up the street in front of the Favorita Palace, and his recent athletic sport of catching the ex-Khedive's wives as they threw themselves from the windows is at an end.

The reigning beauty in Paris at the present time is an American girl. She generally is, by the way. An English journal, in describing her, says: "Her head is classical, and she wears her naturally wavy hair in Grecian bandeaux." If her nose were an atom shorter one might admire it more. No one is perfection, of course; but no doubt this American beauty, in order to gain the unequalled admiration of the English editor, would be willing to file off an atom of her nose—make it that much shorter. He further says that "the texture of her neck and shoulders was a thing to throw painters into rapture. It was without *morbidezza*, but smooth as a rose petal." When the "texture of a young lady's neck and shoulders is without *morbidezza*, she can afford to have a nose an atom too long.

If some one would successfully start the report that ice-cream spoiled the complexion and made women bow-legged, it would be thousands of dollars in the pockets of the poor but love-stricken young men.

A poet asks: "Who shall go first to the shadowy land—my love or I?" If they contemplate coming to the nether world, we suggest that they toss up a cent—heads, he goes; tails, she goes last.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

A fifty-cent fan makes as much wind as a fifty-dollar one.

Why is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old? Because she has not much on 'er in her own country.

The great discrepancy between Mr. and Mrs. Christianity's age is given by the Atlanta *Constitution* in a few words. He is sixty-three, and she is red-headed.

A Michigan widow who jumped down off a load of hay and knocked down a tramp who made fun of her sun-bonnet had three offers of marriage within a week.

"Is your wife's name Margaret?" asked the hired man. "No," said the farmer; "Marge's short for oleomargarine, and I calls her that 'cause I don't love any but her."

When a good-looking Indian girl has the measles, it always follows that from seven to fifteen of the young bucks in the neighborhood are soon taken down with the same disease.

At a printers' festival, lately, the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news." The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise. Ah! how true it is.

Mr. Grim, of Des Moines, wants a divorce, because—she says—his wife prayed that lightning might strike him. In all probability she meant the Jersey brand of lightning, and we are not in the least surprised that he yearns for a separation.

Ladies' lunch-parties flourish, and why they should no man can discover, for of all stupidities a lot of women—but no matter. There are always a few tough characters remaining to be pulled to pieces with the Charlotte Russe and ginger-snaps.

A Bridgeport woman unconsciously went to church the other Sunday with two hats on her head—one inside of the other—and a score or more of other women came very near expiring with envy before the error was discovered. They thought it was a new style of hat.

A young woman lost her husband, whom she seemed to adore. Nevertheless, it was remarked that her lids were scarcely damp at the funeral. At the end of some months the young widow went to the theatre, and witnessed a drama full of sorrowful mishaps. She soaked four handkerchiefs, and sobbed bitterly on the bosom of her neighbor. "And yet they said I had no heart!" she whispered, triumphantly.

Mrs. Lathbury, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Agnosticism and Women," says: "With their faith that of an ultimate age of ice, and their hope bounded by the grave, what is left to the women of the future but their love alone to tell them of how much happiness and misery they are capable? If such is the only truth possible for mankind, in very mercy let us pause long before we help others to attain to it."

A young girl arrived in London from Scotland. She was about seventeen, and was, she said, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. She had come to marry a Zulu, and, accompanied by one of the oldest and most ill-favored of these dusky savages, she presented herself to the manager of the Aquarium and made known her wish. In vain he remonstrated with her on her folly. She replied that her heart was given. He suggested that she would only be one of many wives when her contemplated husband returned to Zululand; but she persisted. Finding that it was useless to reason with her, she was told she could not marry without the assent of her parents, and was sent back to Scotland to obtain it. She left, with the remark: "I go, but I will come again for that Zulu, and don't you forget it."

They say that Mary Anderson "isn't afraid of a cow." Of a stage cow perhaps not; but if Mary were in Marin County culling violets and flaming poppies, and a cow of the gentleman sex was to quite unexpectedly appear on the scene, and commence to paw up the earth, and claw sods with his horns, and sing bass louder than stage thunder, and eventually elevate his tail ominously at an angle of forty-five degrees, and make a bee-line for the fair actress, you can stake a fortune that she would, like Conkling, make the greatest effort of her life to get on the other side of the fence, without regard to stile or style. And if she dropped any of her back hair or other articles of wearing apparel in the arena she would generally let them remain there. When a cow of this description begins to paw dirt and switch his tail nervously as a storm-signal, he means business—and very mean business, too!

Mrs. Georgina Weldon, a well-known singer, a handsome and brilliant but impulsive woman, getting into a quarrel with M. Riviere, a Frenchman, who for several years has conducted the Covent Garden (London) Promenade Concerts, wrote privately to several of her friends that she had found Riviere to be a very disreputable person, intimating her intention to drive him out of London. The contents of these letters became known to M. Riviere, who brought an action in the Criminal Court for libel. Mrs. Weldon first apologized and then put in a defense of justification, undertaking to prove both charges, and that they were made with the motive of guarding her friends against a bad man. The Recorder, however, charged strongly against her, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, on the ground that, although the charges that he was a bigamist and a fugitive from justice were true, the motive was not a good one. Sentence was deferred until after the decision of a civil suit pending between the parties. This result ought to prove a caution to people who think they can say and write anything so long as it is not printed in a newspaper. Some of our San Francisco boss back-biters and silent slanderers can reflect over this item to their friends' great advantage.

KISSING VERSE.

The Sheep and Kiss Market.

[One of the prettiest of pastorals is the "Lendemain," by Dufresney, the clever poet, who, when Louis XIV. said to him, consolingly, "Poverty is no crime," replied, "No, sire, it's worse." "Le Lendemain" may thus be translated, almost with literalness:]

Phillis, greedier far than tender,
Naught gaining by refusing, I wis,
One day exacted of Clitander
Thirty sheep for a single kiss.

On the next day the youth was gaining—
Prices had ta'en a downward leap,
He from the shepherdess was gaining
Thirty kisses for one sheep.

On the next day, Phillis, tenderer,
Fearing to be denied her bliss,
To the youth did glad surrender her
Thirty muttons for one kiss.

Next day Phillis had been willing
To give both flock and sheep-dog large
For the one kiss she saw the villain
Give Lisette without any charge!

An Old Wretch Sings of Youthful Love.

He kisses me! Ah, now, at last,
He says good-night as it should be—
His great, warm eyes bent yearningly
Above my face, his arms locked fast
About me, and my own eyes dim
With happy tears for love of him.

He kisses me! Last night, beneath
A swarm of stars, he said I stood
His one fair form of womanhood;
And, springing, shut me in the sheath
Of a caress that almost hid
Me from the good his kisses did.

He kisses me! He kisses me!
This is the sweetest song I know,
And so I sing it very low
And faint, and oh, so tenderly
That, though you listen, none but he
May hear it as he kisses me.

"How can I make you love me more?"
A thousand times she asks me this—
Her lips uplifted with the kiss
That I have tasted o'er and o'er,
Till now I drain it with no sense
Other than utter indolence.

"How can I make you love me more?"
A thousand times her questioning face
Has nestled in its resting-place
Unanswered, till, though I adore
This thing of being loved, I doubt
Not I could get along without.

"How can she make me love her more?"
Ah! little woman, if, indeed,
I might be frank as is the need
Of frankness, I would fall before
Your very feet, and there confess
My love were more if yours were less.

Since I am old I have no care
To babble silly tales of when
I loved, and lied, as other men
Have done, who boasted here and there
They would have died for the fair thing
They after murdered, marrying.

Since I am old I reason thus:
No thing survives of all the past,
But just regret enough to last
Us till the clouds have smothered us:
Then, with our dead loves, side by side,
We may, perhaps, be satisfied.

Since I am old, and strive to blow
Alive the embers of my youth
And early loves, I find, in sooth,
An old man's heart may burn so low,
'Tis better just to calmly sit
And rake the ashes over it.

—C. C.

At Rebeasal.

There as we stand, and when I say "my love,"
I'll to your side a trifle closer, so;
Good! Now I put my arm around your waist,
Your cue to whisper "Ernest, dear," you know.

That's right, I think. Ah, what is that you say?
The stage directions only say "a kiss?"
Let's see the book. Upon my word, you're right!
And I took two, which clearly was amiss.

I'm glad you called attention to the slip,
Wait till I con the book a moment, then;
For fear my treacherous memory play me false,
Suppose we just run through the scene again.—Puck.

Why Do I Kiss You?

Why do I kiss you?
Not this alone—prompted by friendship merely,
Nor as a lover, strictly speaking, cheerily;
But as a friend, true friend, sincere, confiding,
Whose love's both sympathetic and abiding:
That's why I kiss you!

Why do I kiss you?
I can not tell—yet strangely when I meet thee
(Nor can you tell), we glance, then something draws me;
I know 'tis mutual; your speaking bright eye tells it,
And then, the loving pressure of your sweet lips proves it:
That's why I kiss you!

Why do I kiss you?
Then let me tell: 'Tis but the heart revealing
Its inward feelings by the lips, thus sealing
Untold emotions—so yesterday, to-morrow,
Wishing you countless blessings, and but little sorrow:
That's why I kiss you!

Why do I kiss you?
May I still tell? Because the world is dreary;
So little true, that oft my heart grows weary.
If, then, our hearts be pure, 'tis "love excelling"
Sweet, foretaste of the heavenly, though on earth dwelling!
That's why I kiss you!
—A. L. W.

THE LETTER BOX.

A Word from Ada Ven.

On Tuesday evening General and Mrs. McDowell gave a dinner-party to Admiral Rodgers and the other officers of the *Pensacola*, at which twenty-two persons were present. The company adjourned at quite an early hour to the reception at Mrs. Crocker's, where most of our habitual party-goers were assembled. At the entertainments at this house, however, one is not dependent upon the company for their pleasure, as the inspection of the many works of art is alone sufficient enjoyment for any reasonable being. A profusion of flowers, arranged in novel and tasteful designs, added to the brilliancy of the house. A chain composed of camellias, with a large C formed of pansies in the back of it, I admired extremely. I have recently heard persons from the East assert that there was no comparison between our flowers and those of New York; and while observing this lavish display, found it impossible to realize that any could be more perfect or fragrant. Captain and Mrs. Floyd went East Tuesday last. Miss Gwinn has abandoned her proposed trip to New York. Miss McAllister is to be married to Lieutenant Wise the 27th of next month.

ADA VEN.

From Oakland.

During the past week society events have neither been numerous or prominent. The principal one was the entertainment held at Germania Hall for the benefit of the Homoeopathic Hospital. It was a complete success—financially and otherwise. Wednesday evening it is estimated that over twelve hundred people were present. Among those in costume were: Mrs. W. C. Ransome, "Bride of Lammemoor," long, flowing white satin dress, gauze veil, wreath of orange blossoms; Miss Nellie Mason, "Emilia," in *Ohello*, black velvet court dress, open in front, white satin petticoat slashed with silver; Miss Nettie Hayes, "Desdemona," rich court dress of white satin; Miss Edna Snell Poulsen, Egyptian costume of cardinal and black satin, richly embroidered with gold, necklace of massive gold coins, bracelets of Etruscan gold; Miss Wickliffe, Persian lady, short amber satin skirt, light-blue satin trousers, Persian sandals, dead gold jewelry; Miss May Pebbles, "Dora," Miss Linda Rutherford, "The Widow"; Emma Woelfel, "Little Boy," sailor suit of dark blue. There were very many elegant costumes besides those named, which made the spectacle a rarely brilliant one for Oakland. On Thursday evening the third act of *Ohello* was given, and *Round at Last* as an afterpiece, with D. R. Higgins as "Slasher" and M. O. Higgins as "Crasher," which was played in a very creditable manner. The principal topic of conversation, however, now in society circles, is the Loan and Art Exhibition, which is to be given on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of May, for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church. About one hundred prominent gentlemen and ladies are on the various committees, besides a large corps of assistants. The exhibition will be held in the Walker mansion, on Central Avenue, between Jackson and Alice Streets. It had been decided at one time to hold it in the Pavilion, but the disinclination expressed by persons owning paintings and statuary to permit them in that building, decided the committee in favor of the Walker mansion, which is admirably adapted to the purpose. There are two large parlors, one of which will be converted into a drawing-room of 1780, and the other of 1880. In the former will be people in the costumes of that day, and in the other those of this period. There will also be an Egyptian Booth, a Scottish Booth, a French Booth, and a Spanish Booth. When the exhibition is opened the public will be surprised at the numerous articles of virtue and bric-a-brac owned in Oakland. Mr. David Hewes's collection of marble statues is exceptionally fine, and his Egyptian curios are wonderful. Not only Oakland, but San Francisco will contribute works of art for this exhibition. Preparations have only been in progress one month. A secret marriage in high life took place some time ago, but was known only to a chosen few. It will be made public soon. It is an open secret that the daughter of a prominent lawyer and politician of Oakland is soon to be married to a Santa Clara Senator. A club of the elite of Oakland is about to be formed, for purposes of mutual enjoyment.

N. B.

Our unfriendly but valuable contemporary, the *Hebrew*, printed every Friday, contains the following important and thrilling editorial:

Kosher or Terefa was a question for the Israelite as for Hamlet: "To be or not to be." No part of the Talmudical tenets has been better scrutinized and ventilated than the laws codified in the Yoreh Deah. Most of our Shaloth and Teshuboth, a distinct literature in itself, treat mostly on the questions of Kosher or not. For the killing of the cattle accordingly, the *shochet* is paid who, as a pious man, will conscientiously have to watch that the meat offered in the market for Jewish households shall be kosher. What is the trouble? We will explain it. We have here some *shechit*, who are morally and religiously unfit to be entrusted with the care of the *shechita*, and as our Rabbis do not take, or can not take, any interest in these mixed-up affairs, each *shechit* does what he pleases, or to use the old phrase *Hakkol Shechattim*, any one, fit or unfit, skilled or unskilled, examined or not, kills cattle and declares kosher or terefa. They have no higher authority to appeal to, they don't recognize any; and so it comes that so often impostors are trifling with the religious feelings of so many to whom kosher or terefa is of great importance. Secondly, and the most aggravating trouble is caused by the selfishness of some unscrupulous butchers. With a nonchalance unsurpassed in any trade they offer poor meat at a higher price, and terefa at that, to their pious co-religionist for sale. Many an old grandmother, who would sooner die than eat terefa, is nevertheless imposed upon every day by mercenary butchers and careless *shechattim*.

There is another serious question disturbing our Hebrew contemporary, and it is thus explained:

We may add, for orthodox Israelites there is another question worthy of investigation, viz., the *matzos*. It is rumored, nay, accepted as a sad reality, that in the last two years *matzos* were baked, and sold to Israelites for the Passover festival, which were *chometz* and inferior in every respect to the common crackers, and the worst of all is that people who are otherwise considered *frum* have committed these dastardly wrongs.

The *Hebrew* has a quarrel with the *Argonaut*; but it is never a serious controversy where only one side loses its temper and calls names. As an evidence of our friendly disposition, we offer the columns of this journal to settle these serious questions. We will unite with our contemporary to compel the *shochet* to do his duty, and compel the *shechit* to do his, and have these questions of "kosher" or "terefa," "matzos" or "chometz," finally disposed of.

The nomination of Grant (says the New York *Tribune*) would be the humiliating acknowledgment that the once powerful Republican party had become so poverty-stricken in brains, intelligence, and statesmen, that it has but one man fit, or whom they can elect President. If this be true, the sooner it goes into political bankruptcy the better.

What's in a name? Shakspeare O'Hooligan is the name of a man out West.

CXXVII.—Sunday, May 2.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Tomato Soup.
Fried Oysters.

Broiled Lamb Chops, Saratoga Potatoes, Asparagus, Cauliflower.

Roast Ducks, Apple Sauce, Lettuce—Egg Dressing.

Pink Cream, Orange Cake, Bananas, Apples, and Oranges.

TO MAKE TOMATO SOUP.—Take one quart and a pint of beef-stock, half an onion, a small potato finely chopped, boil one hour, then add one and a half cupsful of stewed tomato, salt and pepper; boil half an hour and strain. Have two eggs well beaten and mixed with a few spoonfuls of cold soup, throw into the boiling mixture and serve.

TO MAKE PINK CREAM.—Whip one pint of thickest sweet cream with one cupful of currant jelly, sweeten, and serve with jelly. Currant, raspberry, or strawberry juice may be used in place of jelly.

COULD YOU DO WITHOUT THE LADIES.

Couplets from the Opera

THE ROYAL MIDDY.

By GENEÉ.

FANCHETTE.

Con. Moto.

Could you or would you sir! Do without the la - dies, Either when you're happy

Allegretto.

p

or when troubles vex, Man is apt to ask, who by the world be - trayed is "ou est la fem - me,"

f

mf

Where is the sex, "ou est la fem - me," Where is the sex.

p *f* *p* *f*

Fine.

Poco Moderato

Old Sol - o - mon a wise old king, he was a rul - er, "comme il faut," And all the songs that he did sing were praise of wo - man as we

know, How could he doubt it, He knew a - bout it, He had three thousand wives to himself.

S.

Dal Segno al

LOVE AND FINANCE.

A Conversation in a French Salon—The Cost of a Wife.

In France, marriages are made not in heaven, but in the notary's parlor. A man with a position worth so much can marry a wife with a dowry of so much. It is all reckoned according to a sliding scale. Theoretically the wife ought to have a dowry, the interest on the capital of which is equal in amount to the annual earning of the husband. This is the theory; the practice departs from it but very slightly. Marriages of love are rare, and marriages of reason are not on the increase. I do not propose in this letter to treat the question of marriage in France from the point of view of statistics, which would more than bear out my statement above; I will simply treat it from the point of view of a Frenchman, by reporting, as faithfully as I can remember, a conversation which I happened to overhear in a salon a few nights ago. The salon was in the Boulevard Malesherbes, in one of those luxurious abodes where the modern stock-brokers live like princes. Two men, still young—that is to say, on the right side of forty—were lounging in a corner of the room, with eye-glasses fixed and restless eyes, seeking rather to see than to be seen.

At the moment when the orchestra gave the signal for a fresh quadrille the elder said suddenly to the other:

"Look, my friend, there is the charming person whom I wished to show you."

"That little brunette with a white rose in her hair?"

"Yes."

"Very pretty, indeed. Large blue eyes and long lashes."

"Well, you have only to ask her hand, in the old style. You will obtain it."

"One question—permit me. What is the figure of her dowry?"

"Three hundred thousand francs."

"A mere nothing! I might as well at once buy a rope to hang myself with. *Merci, mon très cher.*"

"What! Three hundred thousand francs—do you call that nothing?"

"Certainly."

"Explain yourself, I pray."

"Three hundred thousand francs in 1880! The game is not worth the candle."

"Well?"

"For safety's sake, in order to avoid bankruptcy, a dowry of three hundred thousand francs would be placed in State securities at three per cent., or else in railway stock guaranteed by the State."

"Admitted."

"Consequently it does not bring in five per cent. Nevertheless, let us suppose that the dowry when invested does bring in five per cent.; that means an income of fifteen thousand francs. The little brunette with a white rose in her hair would cost more than that."

"Ah! you don't mean that?"

"You will see. My dear fellow, I go to the Bourse every day, and I must be allowed to know something about arithmetic. Now, let us consider and make our calculations. The little brunette is pretty; therefore she must be seen, and therefore she must be well dressed. She must have, at least, two dresses each season, which makes eight costumes a year. These costumes will cost the trifle of six thousand francs at the least, considering the present price of ribbons, silk, velvet, and dressmaker's work."

"Good—six thousand francs."

"Love, and by love I mean marriage, likes linen white as driven snow. Linen, lace, gloves, hair dressing, perfumery, jewelry, will cost, say two thousand francs, and that is a ridiculously small sum. Then I have not reckoned shoes. She has the feet of a fairy, and so she needs silk stockings, chamber *brodequins* like those of Cinderella, and what not. Put another thousand francs."

"Well, that will bring it up to nine thousand francs."

"Have I included hats and bonnets, artificial flowers, feathers, veils, muffs, false hair?—for the fairest use false hair. No! Well, let me be liberal for once, and not reckon on those items. Still, there are certain small expenses which are indispensable; there is the piano and the tuning of it, new music, new novels, an illustrated journal, *Vie Parisienne*, writing materials, postage stamps, wool work, knick-knacks to be bought, alms to be given. For all that let us say one thousand five hundred francs. Total, ten thousand five hundred francs. I beg you will remark that I have, out of pure magnanimity, not said a word about the necessary things of life—house rent, table, and servants. I have not done so because, in the actual state of society, it is admitted on all hands that a wife is no longer an object of utility, but an object of luxury. We must, therefore, continue our calculations on this hypothesis. Now, madame, having brought with her a dowry of three hundred thousand francs, thinks herself almost a princess. Besides the other servants, she must have a *femme de chambre*, specially devoted to her service. The wages, board, lodging, and presents of this chambermaid will cost at least two thousand francs."

"Very good. Twelve thousand five hundred francs."

"There is an item which I ought to have mentioned among the first—it is that of washing. Formerly washing was nothing. In Louis Philippe's time, when people nevertheless flattered themselves on being moderately clean, washing used to cost very little, because much less linen was shown than is now the case; and then, again, it was the custom for ladies, even if they were princesses, to look after their own linen. But all that has been changed. Nowadays there is not a *petite bourgeoisie* who does not spend fifteen hundred francs a year on washing. I therefore propose this figure, at the risk of making my contemporaries irradiate their countenances with a smile of pity."

"Fourteen thousand francs is our present total."

"Wait! During the winter madame will have been in society, at the theatre, at dinner parties, at races. Summer comes. Ah! summer is vacation-time for the women of Paris. Paris rivals Zanzibar in heat. It would be almost indecent for a pretty face to be seen there, and so we must go to watering places—to Switzerland, to Meudon, or to the seaside. Madame will throw her arms round her husband's neck, and remind him that it is the usage to leave Paris in the summer. To go to Vichy or Etretat, to stay simply a month with your inseparable chambermaid, will cost say two

thousand francs. I defy you to do it for less. We have now gone beyond our income of fifteen thousand francs, and I leave you to be the judge of my figures. Well, this is nothing."

"Sixteen thousand francs for having committed matrimony. Do you call that nothing?"

"No, my dear fellow, it is merely the beginning. Just think for a moment of the almost inevitable consequences of marriage. By keeping strictly to the programme that I have traced, by using the income of the dowry as I have supposed, by working, by spending nothing on superfluities on his side, by providing for the household expenses and so forth, a man might find no reason to repent of having married. But you are aware why society advocates marriage: it is in order to perpetuate the race. Let us suppose that you have only a son and a daughter, or what the *bourgeois* calls a king's desire. Gracious heavens! Have you reflected on the series of servitudes without name which this paternal felicity involves? The nurses, schooling, professional training, a dowry—no, I dare not enter into details. It would make your hair stand on end. No! no! Let others cull the white rose; I am not a marrying man."

The two young men retired to the buffet, and left me to think. Whose fault is it that my stock-broker friend is not a marrying man? Is it the fault of the girls or of modern society? Formerly a young girl of seventeen used to elope with a handsome musketeer, or escape from the convent school with the help of a silken ladder. So the novels of those days were full of convents, musketeers, ladders, and elopements. In those days the heart spoke at the age of sixteen; nowadays it waits before it becomes the home of tenderness. The young girl of to-day, ambitious and vain, marries at eighteen for position, and takes her revenge at the age of twenty-five by means of a combination known in France as a *ménage à trois*, or triple household. As the conversations of my stock-brokers would lead you to suppose, the dreams of the young girl of modern France are dreams of pride. She marries a young man only on the condition that he give her a position in society, a handsome fortune, and a fine house. A young man who has hopes is refused; an old man who has no longer anything to hope is preferred. *C'est triste, mais c'est comme ça.*

THEODORE CHILD.

A noble lord, as proud and fond as a man should be of his beautiful young wife, was just about rising to speak in a debate when a telegram was put in his hands. He read it, left the house, jumped into a cab, drove to Charing Cross, and took the train to Dover. Next day he returned home, rushed into his wife's room, and, finding her there, upbraided the astonished lady in no unmeasured terms. She protested her ignorance of having done anything to offend him. "Then what did you mean by your telegram?" he asked. "Mean? What I said, of course. What are you talking about?" "Read it for yourself," said he. She read: "I flee with Mr. — to Dover straight. Pray for me." For a moment words would not come; then, after a merry fit of laughter, the suspected wife quietly remarked: "Oh, those dreadful telegraph people! No wonder you are out of your mind, dear. I telegraphed simply: 'I tea with Mrs. — in Dover Street. Stay for me.'"

A curious description is that given of the staff of the Russian Nihilist paper, *The Will of the People*, and the manner in which that journal is published. The paper is probably the smallest in the world, being only six by three inches. The editors and reporters have not only the ordinary work of editors to do, but carry around the type, presses, and stock of this remarkable journal in their pockets. One carries the type, another the ink, and another the paper on which *The Will of the People* is published. The editors meet in some retired and secluded spot, strike off a dozen copies, which are secretly carried to some town and there distributed. And yet, such is the power of the press, that this insignificant little journal, three inches by six, with a circulation of only twelve, is able to terrify the autocratic ruler of eighty millions of people.

"There!" she cried, in an excited voice; "I should like to know what became of that ambril. I sot it up again the counter when I come in, and afore I could turn round it's gone—and it was only on a Monday that I gin four and six for't!" "What kind of an umbrella was it, ma'am?" asked the clerk, in his blandest tones. "A spick and span new gingham, young man," was the eager response, "with an iv'ry handle on't and a—" "Like the one in your hand, ma'am, for instance?" "Sakes alive!" she exclaimed. One might have thought she saw a serpent rather than her own "spick and span gingham," with its "iv'ry handle," clutched fast in her hand. She colored up like a druggist's window, and went off amidst unintelligible excuses. She never felt so flustered in all her born days, as she told Jemina Ann when she got home.

A Texas horse-thief went to grass the other day, and his ballad sings:

A ranchman's daughter,
She shot McWhorter;
McWhorter he fell
Close by an old well;
All praise to the gal,
Whose front name is Sal.

The *American Art Review* for April contains eight articles besides the departments. The initial illustration—a portrait of Sir Gilbert Scott—is an etching after George Richmond by Mrs. Anna Lee Merritt. There are four other full-page illustrations and some twenty minor ones in this number. The most interesting paper is, of course, Mr. Linton's second article on the "History of Wood Engraving in America;" but nearly all the other articles repay careful consideration.

Japanese fans are the foundation for all sorts of grotesque designs, but the latest fancy, sewing the bright feathers of the golden pheasant and gorgeous peacock on infantile sizes no larger than the palm of the hand, is the prettiest yet.

The coming preacher will have to give bonds for good behavior, and be confined to male society.

WIT, WISDOM, AND SENTIMENT.

Anon: It is to live without the vanished light that strength is needed.

Seneca: The eyes will not see when the heart wishes them to be blind—desire conceals truth as darkness does the earth.

Anon: For that which is buried and dead there can be no resurrection.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: Every wish is a prayer with God.

Anon: 'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: I'd like to see the man that was worth—down at the core of him—worth a woman getting jealous for.

Swinburne: Love, sleep, and death go to the sweet, same tune.

Swinburne: He who has loved often has loved never.

Anon: He that dies pays all debts.

J. G. Holland: He tossed me bitterness, and called it sweet.
L. E. H.

Byron: Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn!
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least heft who wear them most.

O. W. Holmes: There are a good many miseries in life that we can not help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.

Robert Hall: In matters of prudence, last thoughts are best; in morality, first thoughts are best.

Ouida: A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.

Colin d'Harleville: One is often the victim of his own artifice.

Young: Let not the cooling of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?

Delille: Every age has its pleasures, every situation its charms.

Valaincourt: Common sense is no common thing, although every one believes he has enough of it.

Massillon: The praises which we give have always in some way a relation to ourselves.

Malesherbes: He who reckons ten friends has not one.

La Bruyère: Man is placed free between vice and virtue.

La Fontaine: Many are caught while attempting to catch others.

H. M. Field: Mankind worships success, but thinks too little of the means by which it is obtained.
N. B. S.

Pope: All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolored through our passions shown.

Chateaubriand: We have plenty of personal sorrows, without adding to them griefs of strangers.

Matthieu de Montmorency: The finest faculties, the most brilliant fame, are but as dust if they receive no life from the moral sentiment.

Queen Hortense: Kindnesses show themselves in the smallest things, and are also felt by those who are the objects of them without their being equal to the expression of their feelings.

Keats: There never lived a mortal man who bent
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died.

George Eliot: The concentrated experience which, in great crises of emotion, reveals the bias of a nature, is prophetic of the ultimate act which will end an intermediate struggle.

Ouida: The imagined joy of angels over one who repents can never be one-thousandth part so sweet and strong as the actual joy of sinners over one purity that falls.

Bulwer: What tries the affection of people for each other so severely of a journey together? A post-chaise must have jolted many an intimacy to death.

Madame de Rémusat: There is a tendency in the human mind to bring to perfection anything with which it is exclusively occupied.

Alfieri: Self-love is the principal motive of all the great actions of man, when he unites to a knowledge of his own powers an enlightened enthusiasm for the sublime and beautiful, which are in fact only one and the same thing.

Carlyle: Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence the folly of that impossible precept, "Know thyself," till it be translated into the partially possible one, "Know what thou canst work at."

Herbert Spencer: We too often forget that not only is there "a soul of goodness in things evil," but very generally, also, a soul of truth in things erroneous.

Draper: An appeal to the imagination is much more alluring than the employment of reason.

Bulwer: What is death but the forgetfulness of some few hearts added to the general unconsciousness of our existence that pervades the universe? The bubble breaks in the vast desert of the air without a sound.

Huet: A man can not write much and well upon virtue without being virtuous, nor enter minutely and profoundly into the causes of vice without being vicious.

Landor: Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least.
FAC, M. P.

MORE ABOUT WINES.

In an article on wines in our last issue we ventured to ridicule the practice pursued by proprietors of vineyards in California—that of making a large wine-cellar and an expensive and cumbersome plant an essential part of their business; whereas, efficient labor-saving appliances for crushing the grapes, and thoroughly aerating the musts before fermentation, and sufficient vats to hold them, ought to cover all that the proprietor should contemplate. Yet in this State nearly, if not quite, every owner of a vineyard is his own wine-maker, treater, cellarer, and, often, merchant also. The produce of his vineyard begins, progresses, and ends under his own direction, and the end is not always satisfactory. As a matter of course he must, for a number of years, continue to lay out money on increasing his cellarage and apparatus as his stock in hand continues to increase, and consequently must employ more and more hands upon it, and those frequently worse than useless in cellar work—such as sulphuring, racking, fining, and bottling.

When fermentation is complete, and the wine has settled, the sooner it passes into the hands of the wholesale treater or merchant the better; and the sooner this rule, which everywhere applies to wheat, dairy produce, fat cattle, etc., is applied to the wine industry, so much the sooner will it create a market for itself, and command the attention of capitalists and banks as it does in all the wine countries of Europe. Once this simple matter becomes thoroughly believed in and acted upon, every one of the millions of acres of vine land in this State, now bearing nothing better than chaparral, poison-oak, and brambles, may with certainty of profit be reduced into vine cultivation. With equal certainty we can aver that, until such becomes established, uncertainty about price, risks of loss in the cellar, and frequent actual losses—through ignorance of the changes which musts undergo on their way to become either mature wines, or vinegar—will harass the proprietor, and impose on him both expense and trouble which he need not endure.

Yet it is not for a moment contended that the vineyardist should not, if he chooses, keep a few thousand gallons, and nurse them for his own amusement or information. What we contend for is the establishment—near the city, or at some point which can be easily reached from the interior—of cellars, on a diminutive scale, of course, like those at Bercy, near Paris, where a few thorough cellar-masters could direct all operations. From such an establishment the supplies for the city could be constantly drawn, and they would be of uniform qualities. Want of uniformity in color and taste has ever been a great hindrance to the consumption of home-grown wines in new countries; for as soon as a relish has been acquired for a particular brand, it can no longer be obtained; hence disappointment. Uniformity of quality can be obtained by one means only, *i. e.*, blending. This can never be done on a marketable scale unless by bringing together large quantities of different growths. It is thus that uniformity is established in the brands of the finest wines of Spain and Portugal. Duff, Gordon & Co.'s brands are the same the world over. Ask for their "white seal" or "golden sherry," for example, in any first-class hotel, and they are recognized at once. So with ports, and those known as "Lisbon sweet" and "Lisbon dry." All these are the results of judicious blending and treating; and here be it said that blended wine is pure wine so long as nothing else is added to it.

It will be, probably, matter of surprise to our readers who are not acquainted with the management of any of the great wine-cellars of Southern Europe, to be told that next after the proprietor himself the most important personage is he who forms and directs the processes of blending. This art cannot be taught to one man in every ten thousand, for it requires a sense, or rather several senses, each perfect in a high degree—an eye for the exact shade of the color required, an acute smell for bouquet, and a detective palate. But it requires yet more, and we hardly know how to describe it, unless we may call it an instinctive or intuitive apprehension of the favorable result of a blend, from mere observation of color and smell of two, three, or half-a-dozen kinds, even before mixing them together. There are men without any ear for music, to whom music is "the least disagreeable of sounds;" some men are color-blind, and we not infrequently meet with individuals who have only an imperfect sense of smell. With the absence of any one of these qualities in a *high degree*, no man can begin to learn wine-blending, any more than he who has no ear for music and no conception of harmony can ever become a great singer or composer. The value of an accomplished cellar-master lies in this—that whenever he hits off a brand that takes a market, he can continue to supply the same as long as fashion or taste calls for it; but he must have a large and varied stock to operate upon. This brings us back to our starting-point—large wine depots, where the produce of any number of vineyards can be disposed of at marketable rates, just as grain can be, and thence, for home consumption, supplied to the public, as the butcher and baker supply bread and flesh-meat.

In California, the same as in other new wine countries, we hear the wines blamed for what men are pleased to call an *earthy* taste. Why this term should have been applied to a certain peculiar flavor we know not, unless it be a translation of a French term sometimes used: *gout de terroir*. But what clear idea can be conveyed by a word like "earthy," since it must vary with every difference of soil?

But the underlying taste of many of our wines, far more commonly of our red wines, is very frequently of this character—so-called earthy. In endeavoring to discover the cause of it this writer has spent many years, and has studied hundreds of samples, and sought information from both wine-treaters and scientific chemists, and induced some of them to institute independent investigations, but hitherto without any certain and reliable results. He could find nothing by direct investigation to lead to the original cause. Regarded from a chemical point of view, we feel inclined to attribute it in a far higher degree to the present methods of crushing grapes, storing the musts, and conducting the fermentation, than to any effect of soil on the vines.

Now that the Legislature has made some provision for experimental investigation of wines, let us hope this matter will command early attention. It is quite certain that the present methods of crushing and treating the musts before fermentation sets in will not answer at all in the warmer por-

tions of the State, nor indeed in Sonoma or Napa, if the grapes be left on the vines till they are more than naturally ripe, as is the present practice, founded on French teaching.

The less the methods described in the very best French works are imitated here, the better. Best of all would be to cast them aside altogether; for, perfect as they are for the climate of France, they only mislead here. We are thirteen degrees of latitude nearer the equator than the average of France or the Rhine. Where the musts are rich in sugar they require to be thoroughly brought in contact with air. The musts of port wines are worked on the skins, and part, at least, of the stalks by the feet of men, for eighteen hours consecutively. The work is done in large stone chambers, one man being allowed for every pipe of must. After part of a day's rest, the men enter again for another six hours; and only then is fermentation allowed to proceed quietly. Of course the aeration can be effected by other processes than treading with the feet, but without it none of the full-bodied wines is ever likely to be made in California any more than in Portugal; to which these climates and soils approximate in so many interesting particulars.

Aunt Dinah Visits the Circus.

Now what's you doin', Cal'line, and whar's you bin to-day? You habn't seed the 'nagery nor heard de music play? Well, dis is all I's got to say, you sholy missed a sight! An' to tell you what I seed to-day 'twould take me haf de night. I seed de liun an' de tagger, an' de anacoody, too. 'Sides de awful-lookin' pottymouse and ugly kangaroo; But de smartis of de animiles I foun' in all de gang. Es I wolked amongst de cages, was de funny ranger-tang—He was sittin' on a bor' an' a chawin' on a cake. An' I heard de niggers sayin' how he 'sembled Parson Jake—'Cause he had a mighty schemey way o' 'squelchin' up his eye, An' hangin' down his under jaw, an' sightin' at de sky. Well, I 'lows he rudder got me wid his manish sort o' way. An' here's de sort o' talkin' dat I knows he meant to say: "Well, ole 'ooman, how-de-doo, marm, an' what you tinks o' me? I trabbles on de sleepin' car, an' gits my eatin' free; I habs de fines' vittles jes eb'rywhar I goes, An' nebbur has no trouble a-patchin' up my clogs; Now, wouldn't you like to shif yourself, jes like de tadpoles do? An' shuffle off de nigger skin, an' be a monkey, too?" Now, dat's what he was tinkin', 'case I seed it in his face. Dar's a heap o' schemin', Cal'line, in dis here monkey race! For I b'leabs dat he kin talk as well as me or you. An' I knows he's got a heap o' sense an' edication, too; An' I radder spec's he understands de shubble an' do hoe, But de little feller's heap too keen to let de people know; 'Cause he hab to git his libbin' in a mighty diffunt way. An' dey'd hab him in de cotton patch at fifty cents a day.

Mr. Peter B. Lay, of Lafayette, Indiana, is plaintiff in a divorce suit such as was never before commenced. Mr. Lay is a Democrat "of the most straightest sect." Mrs. Lay is not blessed with that indifference to politics which is the happy lot of many ladies. She is not only a Republican, but, what is more remarkable, she is a reader of editorial effusions. Lafayette boasts a Democratic journal of the true Western type, which was used to characterize Republicans in terms truly grateful to the Egyptian mind. To this virile sheet Mr. Lay had long been a subscriber, and, when he entered into the marriage contract, he did not, as he understood matters, covenant to give up the pleasure of reading vigorous assaults upon the corrupt and feeble faction which had so long controlled and so completely ruined his country. There is every probability that Mrs. Lay has a Republican father, or brothers or cousins or uncles or relatives of some kind, and when she read what the Democratic editor said about Republicans she waxed wroth. She did not at once render Mr. Lay prematurely bald, or require him, on pain of her eternal displeasure, to horsewhip the editor. On the contrary, she made a kind and Christian effort to convince him of the error of his ways. As he had frequently professed himself her slave, she had no doubt that he would yield at the first intimation of her desire for his reform, but, to her surprise, she found that he seemed to regard his protestations as merely figurative. In theory, of course, he was her humble servant, but he had been a born Democrat, and all theologians agree that nothing short of divine power can give a man a new birth. Mrs. Lay is not a theologian, and, having tried kindness in vain, she unwisely resorted to coercion, and declared that the vile paper should enter her house no more. At this point credit is due to Mr. Lay. He yielded, and, as a compromise, ordered the newsboy to leave his paper at the barn, where he proposed to read it clandestinely in the seclusion of a hay-mow. But Mrs. Lay was on the war path. She confiscated and destroyed the obnoxious journal, and though Mr. Lay retreated in succession to the smoke-house, the wood-pile, and the chicken-coop, she pursued him relentlessly from one hiding-place to another, till at last, in despair, he asks a court to set him free from her tyranny and persecution. The lesson of the Lay family is a terrible one. So long as women do not read editorial abuse of the party to which their fathers and brothers belong, there may be happy homes, but when they have secured the ballot and are required by duty to inform themselves on political affairs, the threatened result is too awful to contemplate.

Blithely remarks the genial Donn Piatt: "Grant has, since his return home, spoken the words of hope and promise," remarks George Gorham in the course of an arduous interview. This reassures us. We think we can now begin to comprehend what Grant was driving at when he spoke of government as a fertilizer for worn-out soils. We should say, however, that it would require a government unusually rich in phosphates to surpass, for manurial purposes, such cussed rot as our George gave us in that interview. What our George needs, apparently, is the application of Grant's patent guano government, or some other fertilizer, to his worn-out intellect.

Another result of the coming rush of British aristocracy is a bull movement in Burke's *Peage* and his *Landed Gentry*. Thackeray speaks somewhere of these books as the British Bible, and they are extensively called, in the country they illustrate, "The Snob's Dictionary." Unless some clever bookseller has provided for the increased demand, by a timely importation of these useful works, there may be a "corner" in them, and speculators will have as good a chance to operate in them as they have in opium and quinine.

Edison's song: "Life of my light, farewell."

THE HEROIC AGE OF CALIFORNIA.

A Defense of the Pioneer Days.

In responding for "The Old Forty-niners," Prentice Mulford said: "The Forty-niner is proud of many things. He was proud when whisky was fifty cents a drink, but when the price fell to twenty-five cents whisky lost its lustre, and when the price fell to fifteen cents its lustre was entirely gone. The Forty-niner was proud of his Vigilance Committee, who hung a man first and tried him afterward; and then, on reflection said it was a warning to the right one, who would be more careful in the future. He prided himself on salting claims. He was proud of the fires in San Francisco, and this added ciphers to the wealth of the country. Ciphers are nothing, you know. He was proud of his bull beef, taken from bulls that had engaged in every fight since the time of Cortez. He was proud of his shirt, which was inhabited by more beings than himself; and he was proud of his worn-out pants, patched with a salt-sack or flour-sack, and you could read, as he strode ahead of you, the sign: 'Genesee Flour,' which he carried."

It is with amusement, and at times disgust, that I read in these modern days the effusions of our younger Bohemians and those of foreign scribblers, whose wild and romantic imaginings of the past are as reckless and unprincipled as they would have one believe were the Pioneer days of California. According to some writers—as they now and then loom up, in banquet, press, or periodical—the Pioneers of California were the counterparts of brigands, a vagabondish set, devoid of education, social refinement, or any of the higher virtues, a class which never held sacred anything moral, religious, or manly. From some of these writers one would infer that, with the great mass of the population, dissipation, gambling, debauchery, and murder were then the pleasures and occupation of both days and nights. Among these scavengers of romance comes Prentice Mulford, who, to the toast of the "Forty-niners," before the Bullion Club of New York, could find no higher thoughts than appear in the lines which head this article.

The Forty-niners! What a flood of memories rises at the sentiment! And yet how low the ideas of such a man and writer as Prentice Mulford—a man possessed of a knowledge of the past, and of higher sensibilities—he, to wallow only in the gutters of thought in responding to such a toast, is surprising to one familiar with his writings, and ever an admirer. If such sentiments (better clothed as they would be) had emanated from "Mark Twain," one could "consider the source"—a fountain from which ever flows pure humor, and let it pass; but such a response from a more serious writer, aping wit, makes one think these universal slanders against the Pioneer days are given forth as petrified facts. It is time these romances were checked, and their authors branded as libelers of the heroes of the heroic age of California; and it is time that the survivors of those brilliant days should step forward in their defense, to save, in history the good name of the Pioneer—that our children and our children's children may not be considered the descendants of a debauched and abandoned race. To this end, it is the duty of every Pioneer to attack every romancer who endeavors to lower the status of the early days of California. It is not Prentice Mulford alone, but many, too many others. Almost countless vile romances and libels on the past have I seen published from time to time, not only in our own but in European journals and periodicals. A few more years, and all the Pioneers will have passed over the river. Many now lie among the golden sands that allured them hither. Let us hope that these low libels may cease, and that, instead, the brighter, higher, nobler history of a brilliant era may illuminate the literary brain to truthfully enlighten the present of the glittering past. For the future, let the writer of the present cast no unmerited blot upon the grand army of adventurers who covered these western shores with the best brain, nerve, and muscle of the civilized globe; and who brought with them—as a whole—vigor, refinement, education, morality, religion, charity, justice, and manhood; and who first laid the foundations of our Christian societies, public libraries, and homes for the destitute.

All phases of pioneer life passed before the writer's eyes. He saw it from the mountain to the sea; the saloon, the miner's camp, the giddy gambler's revel, the counting-room, the merchant's and the banker's home; saw mule-loads of gold, revealed in its abundance till gold lost its value; saw all the lavish splendor of wealth, business, and pleasure—and knows whereof he speaks. When you contrast then and now, you find that the pioneer days were days of thrift, honor, industry, charity, and brotherly love. The Pioneer days, the debased, dissipated, sinful, and "unchristian" ones of California! If *they* are to be derided, good God! what should we say of the present? The Pioneer days were those of honesty, self-reliance, manhood. *Then* laws were made that *were laws*—not moulded by gold—not laws to shield the rich and punish the poor; but laws to be obeyed by all alike. One line was the statute-book—"Beware of evil doing, for the punishment is sure, swift, and just." There were bad men in those days, but, compared with the masses, they were the exception. The marked evil of the Pioneer days was gambling—by gamblers, open, above board, independent gambling; not, as now, behind the wicket doors of secret chambers. This admitted, you have the worst of the Pioneer days, and yet tens of thousands never bet a dollar; their occupation was higher, and their education and thoughts forbade it. And here let me ask how compares the present, on the score of drinking and gambling, with the past? On the score of honesty, what would be the fate of a few men who would undertake to travel from the mountains to the valley with mules loaded with gold dust? Stop, ye scribblers of the present generation; ye who so love wild, blood-thirsty, and dissipated romances; drop the past, look into the present for your low humor and heroes of combat, murder, debauchery, fiery vengeance, ruin by gambling, and reckless suicides. Enjoy the fruits of the Pioneers' planting—the highways and byways of their clearing; regale yourselves under their vines and fig-trees; sniff the perfume of the orange grove and the rose they watered; but let rest unslandered, in peace and honor, the ashes of the dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

Send your spare kittens to Beecher. He says it is a crime which heaven will never forgive to drown them.

The seven-to-eight game is played in Ps churches and eight saloons.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1880.

Those of our readers interested in music will find on the fifth page of this issue a popular and breezy selection from the opera of the ROYAL MIDDY. Hereafter the ARGONAUT will publish each week a page of music, prepared by a competent musician, and made up of operatic selections, original compositions, and the best and brightest things to be had in the musical line. A page of new music every week for ten cents.

The city has had its wonder, and the press its sensation. A scandalous political quarrel has culminated in a tragedy. The feud between the Rev. Isaac S. Kallloch and Charles de Young has resulted in the death of the latter—murdered in his own business office, in cold deliberation, by the son of the former. Eight months ago the Rev. Isaac S. Kallloch had, from his pulpit, uttered the most terrible scandal against the mother of Charles de Young, and Mr. de Young endeavored to murder him. He did not quite succeed. The community divided in opinion somewhat as to the manner of the attempted assassination; there was here and there an expression of dissent. The Sand-lot element looked upon their leader as a martyr; but the general and better class of the community, except for its lawlessness, thought the act a natural one, and would not have much regretted that it had had a fatal termination. Mr. de Young had not been tried, and, had his trial come on, it is not probable that he would ever have been convicted. We do not express an opinion, we only state a fact, when we say that Kallloch the preacher had committed a crime for which the unwritten common law of the country justifies a son in demanding and taking life. It was low and brutal. It was inexcusable in the meanest politician; it was devilish as coming from one who pretends to be a minister of the gospel. Kallloch had recovered; been elected Mayor; had appointed his son—also a Baptist clergyman—to be his clerk; his negro servant had been placed upon the municipal pay-roll, and eight months passed by. It was supposed that the vendetta had been ended. Charles de Young had been about most of the time; his journal had not been especially severe upon the Mayor—not more severe or personal than Kallloch's conduct just fled; against any other member of the family (as we remember) nothing was said; against any lady of the family, nothing; against this son who committed the murder (as we remember) nothing; when, without cause, provocation, or justification, without notice, having no personal quarrel with Charles de Young, this son, aged some thirty years, steals suddenly upon him and deliberately murders him. Of the mystery of the house in Geary Street, the strange and secret interviews between father, son, and colored servant, and whether there was a conspiracy to murder, we know nothing and express no opinion. Of the guilt of the Rev. I. M. Kallloch, the son, we can not entertain a doubt. It was murder, by lying in wait with deliberate intent to commit a crime. There is no common law that he can invoke. He was not his father's avenger by the most generous interpretation of the most liberal code of retributive vengeance. He was not called upon to vindicate his father, for his father was capable of vindicating himself—in his pulpit, on the forum, and through the columns of a journal he controlled. Had his father been old, or absent, or ill, and had there been a fresh provocation—had there been cause for sudden passion—there might have been found some palliation or excuse for the killing. But, without such new provocation, and after eight months, to go fresh from the father's presence to this deliberate murder, presents a case for which we find no excuse. It was not this man's quarrel. There was no chivalry in it. It was a brutal, cowardly, and deliberate murder. The Sacramento *Record-Union*, usually deliberate and usually expressing opinions entitled to consideration, and presumably beyond the influence of business rivalry, says "it is quite impossible to regard this case as an ordinary murder would be regarded." We commend this journal to a review of its past writings, and ask it, as it values its reputation as one that lays down rules for the conduct of men in their relations in life, to answer upon what theory

it takes this case out of that of the most vulgar crime. There was no "blood feud" between these men—Charles de Young and I. M. Kallloch; the quarrel had passed; the elder Kallloch had triumphed in an election, and had recovered from his wounds; this I. M. Kallloch comes in from out the shadow of an event long passed, and, while Charles de Young is indicted and is awaiting his trial, goes and murders him. That Mr. Charles de Young had given fresh provocation, and added new fuel to the fire by causing the pamphlet to be distributed, there is, so far, no proof. The *Record-Union* assumes the fact, and builds an argument upon it that justifies the murder.

So much for the murderer; now for the murdered: Charles de Young was not a remarkable man, nor in any distinguishing sense did he differ from the ordinary business person who seeks to make money in the publication of a newspaper. He possessed the usual enterprise, industry, vigor, push, and persistence, some administrative talent, and very great energy, but not more than might have been expected in a young, healthy, and ambitious man, who had by his unaided exertions come from poverty to the control of a leading journal. That his newspaper was a success and leading, was attributable as much to the result of accident and the conditions surrounding it as to anything Mr. Charles de Young did for it. Charles de Young was not a journalist in any sense of the word. He never wrote a line for his paper, and he only controlled the policy of the paper to the end that it might reflect his personal feelings and make money. He was the business manager and brain of money-making machinery, and not even successful in that. Had he left the *Chronicle* to the control of his brother three years ago, the paper would have been more prosperous, respectable, and influential than it was at the time of his death. He was an opinionated, obstinate person, who could not be controlled by friends—one of those whose pride hinders them from ever seeming to take advice. He was courageous to the last degree, and always confident that his course and his opinions were correct. He had an ambition to make the *Chronicle* a powerful journal. He had no conception of such a thing as an able and honorable and—because able and honorable—an influential journal. He would trample down every consideration of right, he would violate every principle of honor, and he despised as weakness every such sentiment as personal friendship—if these things stood in the way of his newspaper. He was heartless, ungrateful, altogether unsympathetic in his malice, and in his pursuit of an enemy was as cold-blooded and unforgiving as an Indian. He was an uneducated but not an ignorant man. He was prospering, but it was that kind of prosperity that, with a powerful journal, would have made him a terror in the community. He lived for the accomplishment of one single object, and that was the *Chronicle*; to make it powerful and feared was his sole idea. Its success had turned his head; and when it seemed to him that the *Chronicle* had achieved a victory in the adoption of the new Constitution, he became drunk with his sense of power. In his vanity and his weakness he was intoxicated with the absurd conviction that he was great, and his journal was powerful to control political parties. The succeeding election demonstrated his error, and it sank deep into his heart. He became moody and embittered. The vile scandal of Kallloch came upon him at an unhappy moment, and wounded him where he was most tender—for while he respected or considered no other man's mother, he loved his own with a love that was worship. The election of Kallloch, the election of a Republican Governor, the realization that his dream of a great and powerful journal was not yet to be consummated, the serious blow struck at its business by the merchants, the wasting away of its financial resources—all tended to embitter him against the community in which he lived. He took the side of misrule and disorder; in the interest of his paper he would have crucified society. He made the wretched Kearney, and helped unmake him. He warmed into political life the very mob that hooted over his dead body. He sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind. He was the contriver of his own ruin. His was a brief, unhappy, quarrelsome life. At war with all the world save his own family circle, to which he was warmly attached, an unprofitable struggle has been his entire existence. His life was marred by an insane ambition to build up a journal that should become a power and a terror. He pigeon-holed men's frailties, catalogued their mistakes, their follies, and their crimes, that he might have power over them. He employed detectives and shadowed men, for his was the ambition to become a terror to his enemies, and he wished no friends. If he had lived, his would have been a lonely and unloved existence. If he had succeeded in making a great and powerful journal, it would have been a moral monster, a juggernaut; it would have flourished at the cost of all that is good, or kindly, or human in the community where it existed. It was fate that he should die like a rat in a hole, as he did. He was not a great man, nor a good man, nor a great journalist, and his death is not an irreparable loss.

What is a great journal? There are none in America, and there are scores of them in Europe. A great journal must, as its first requisite, possess thorough and absolute inde-

pendence. This implies large financial resources, and as all journals are published for money, it implies such a universal and general support that it may afford to disregard any particular interest. It must be under the direction of one comprehensive, generous-minded, and able man, who, by circumstances, is entirely independent of his surroundings, and who by his self-discipline has been brought to the performance of his duty, and who finds in the performance of that duty a higher reward than in any selfish ambition. There is no journal in San Francisco, nor in California, nor in America, that has attained this position. The New York *Herald* is growing toward it, and if, when the present James Gordon Bennett shall die, the proper man shall be found to direct the enterprise, it may be a great journal—and by great we mean not only in wealth and circulation, but in influence and power for good. We recall no journal in America—none in California, and certainly none in San Francisco—that at all approaches this idea. The curse of journalism lies in the personnel of the proprietary control. One is ambitious, wants office, place, or power; one is revengeful; one is a drunken idiot; one is an ignorant, self-opinionated, obstinate ass; one is a conceited, shallow-minded puppy, and tries to edit his own paper; another journal is owned by a capitalist, a Wall Street king, a railroad corporation, a bank, or a political ring; another is the slave of some political party, and is bound to some party leader, or compelled to do the bidding of some one in power—and all are mercenary. The editor of a journal who must consult its owner, or look into its till before he can venture to express an opinion upon any popular topic, is necessarily a coward and a slave. He is a chained galley-slave that must row with some real or invisible fiend at the helm. We only know of one journal in San Francisco that dares give honest expression to its opinions, and that is only a weekly. It must be a dreadful life, this trimming to suit the mob—bad enough for the politician, but there are times when the demagogue can hide himself and let the storm pass over. But the manager of a daily paper must stand up and face the tempest. He may oppose it like the stalwart oak, and break; or, like the willow, bend and drag himself in the mud. The managers of the *Call* and *Chronicle* have proved to us curious and instructive studies. Both have debased themselves to win the favor of the slums. Both have borne the banner of the Sand-lot—each in rivalry with the other to lick the brogans that have kicked both of them. The mob was the other day shouting for the *Chronicle*, cheering as it passed its doors, busy-ing itself to increase its circulation, and sending out committees to make domiciliary visits in its interests; and again the fickle monster purred its nasty breath upon the *Call*, and cursed the *Chronicle*, and howled at it, and would have torn its editor to pieces. And when poor Charles de Young was dead and cold, the cowardly and inhuman monster yelled and hooted as it followed the body to the Morgue. And if to-morrow the other editor should die, he would be borne out feet foremost through a crowd holding its nose in silence—the silence of utter contempt for the moral cowardice that dares not utter an honest opinion in fear of pecuniary loss. The quarrel between these two journals has been a disastrous one to the community in which they have been published. They have unloosed the evil genii they have no power to control; they have stirred evil passions they can not subdue. The personal feuds between Mr. Pickering and Mr. de Young have been utterly disgraceful, and the contest and rivalry have been utterly contemptible. The result has cost the community, in loss of business, depreciation of values, and destruction of confidence, many millions more than body, soul, type, and material of both concerns are worth. The *Chronicle* will survive the death of its senior proprietor. It will improve in character, and will increase in business. Charles de Young's mistakes and follies, and his crimes, will be forgotten, but surviving these memories will survive the recollection of his personal bravery, his fearless independence, his resolute self-will, and his energy of character. From this death we prophesy an improved and elevated tone to San Francisco journalism; and the *Chronicle*, chastened by the death of its proprietor, will lead in this direction. We presume the Kallochs, father and son, will no longer dare to blaspheme God by endeavoring to preach his word. From any one else than this cheek-hardened hypocrite we should expect a resignation of his office. The Irish agitators at work breaking stone; the Democracy taught a valuable lesson; public opinion, aroused to its rights and to an appreciation of the dangers of unchecked agitation, will now assert itself, and let us hope we have passed from out the darkness of a nasty night into the brightness and the peacefulness of a better day.

It will be remembered that when the "agitation" first began there were three prominent names connected with it—Knight, Wellock, and Kearney. Knight was the brains of the organization. At an early period of the movement we made his acquaintance, and were impressed with his honesty of purpose, and the sincerity of his desire to work out reforms within the law. He was compelled to withdraw from association with Kearney. Wellock subsequently subsided. Kearney drew around him other, and meaner, and more desperate men. Demagogues gathered around him, and the

result of his and their agitation has gone into history. The following résumé of the whole affair is from the pen of Mr. Knight:

THE TEMPEST ON THE SAND-LOT.

The San Francisco Sand-lot excitement was a perfect storm, a tempest, a whirlwind of ignorance and brutality. It has subsided as suddenly as it arose. The bubble did but need pricking to let the whole of it to the ground. It is now dead, and will soon be buried out of sight. At first it had some semblance of right. An impending crisis of hard times was upon us. Thousands of families were sinking into penury by reason of Chinese cheap labor. Our boys and girls were superseded. They were eating away the substance of their parents, and doing nothing, and had no chance to do anything. Wherever they went the ubiquitous Chinaman was there before them. Land monopoly and some other causes gave weight to many just complaints. The great procession of workmen in 1878 was a calm declaration of the people in favor of sterling reform. It embodied thousands of honest, intelligent, and patriotic workmen, who thus expressed their desire to have a better government—not to destroy all government. The demands of the new party, as published, were pronounced by most of the press to be moderate, reasonable, and just. But this calm breeze soon became a whirlwind of passion and ignorance. It picked up the loose stubble of idleness, crime, and revolution. At its apex was seen a coarse, brawling ruffian, without either education, manners, honesty, humanity, truth, or patriotism. Denis Kearney became the guiding star. Then indeed did it become a destructive simoon. It gathered nothing but dust, ashes, straw, mere noisy rabble, save here and there a discarded waif or stray, destitute of principle, and moved only by the most corrupt and scheming selfishness. Intelligence and patriotism fell away from it. Most of the first leaders, who were earnest, honest, decent, sensible, and manly, found it impossible to "boom" in the train of a false demagogue, who had not the wit to disguise his vulgar ambition or the manners to make it tolerable. They fell away, and they carried with them the balance-wheel; and then, indeed, did it become a column of fire and blood, threatening to engulf our city in one vast sea of fire, murder, and robbery. Two other characters now appeared on the scene, bowing down in abject submission to the hideous god of the Sand-lot, and giving him their aid to keep up the vast whirlwind of confusion and crime, for their own private ends. A journalist, on the ragged edge of the worst kind of sensational and meretricious editorship, lent his pen and his paper to magnify the buffoon who led the Sand-lot bosts, and glorify the vast column of trash and mischief calling themselves his followers. He was already an outlaw from all decent society; a utter disregard of truth and right had long characterized his career; and more than once had he essayed to do murder. Then the pulpit, also, sent its recruit. A soiled dove of the church, driven from place to place by his follies, if not his crimes; a stranger to us; pursued by rumors of lust, bankruptcy, and falsehood; another man on the ragged edge of doubt and suspicion, undertook to mend his falling fortunes by joining the rabble rout. They succeeded. They crammed down the people's throats the new Constitution—the journalist, because it would be a victory for his paper; the preacher, because, as he said himself, "it would knock things hellward." Then came the denouement. They quarreled over the spoils. The preacher and the editor got into deadly feud. They were both rather "high-strung villains." No vulgar methods would do them. Murder was the least crime they could soil their hands with; was the only medicine that could give them sweet sleep. The editor took the first shot. A miss; but well intended, and enough to put him to his defense for life. The preacher had a son—a duplicate. He laid down his missal and his white necktie, and played the mock hero, too. And now the end is most appropriate. The journalist died with his boots on—

"Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight."

The preacher's other self is in the prison cell—but for no vulgar crime; his honor is appeased, his courage is assured; his future will not be utterly ignoble. As for the preacher himself, he is our Mayor. "God save the mark!" But Beecher himself was never more near the ragged edge of dismal apprehension. As to the vulgar villain, Kearney, true to his ignoble instincts, he accepts the House of Correction and its striped robes. He could rise no higher. Picking was right when he said Kearney only meant "mud"—to wade knee-deep in mud—when he said blood. Yes, his blood is mud indeed. To buy a gun, to be a general, to arm the tigers, to boast of fifty thousand followers, to threaten death to "all midnight robbers and daylight thieves," to obey the order of no court, to defy the armies of the "Living God" Uncle Sam, and then accept a low, vulgar, pitiful six months at hard labor, is the "unkindest cut of all." It shows the cur, the low, mean, despicable dog, the coward, the fraud. It out-Herods Herod. It is Bombast FuriOSO below stairs. Had he the soul of a toad he would have done something to merit a noble fate. But the stream can not rise above the fountain.

Last week the spirit of prophecy was on the *Argonaut*. After giving a careful summary of the exact results in the States that had held Republican delegations up to date, we went further, and predicted that Grant would not get the solid South delegations, as claimed by the third-term advocates. We also stated that Maryland would be against Grant, and that Georgia and Louisiana would not instruct for Grant. The conventions of the past week have fulfilled these prophecies in every particular. Maryland carries a solid delegation for Blaine, so does West Virginia; while Georgia sends twelve delegates for Blaine, eight for Sherman, and two for Grant. The loss of so large a State as Georgia makes a big hole in Grant's "Solid South," and the breach is widened still more by the action of Maryland and West Virginia in declaring against Grant. In Louisiana, two sets of delegates have been elected: one white, the other black. The white delegation is for Sherman; the negro delegates for Grant. It is believed that the white delegation will be admitted to the Chicago Convention, as its credentials are the most regular. Since our last issue not a single Northern State has declared for Grant. Illinois is the great battle-field just now between Blaine and Grant; but so far Blaine is ahead nearly two to one, and we do not believe Grant can ever overtake the plumed Senator from Maine in the prairie State. Five Illinois County Conventions were held on Tuesday last, from which Blaine received twenty-nine votes to Grant's nineteen. The Ohio State Convention, held on Wednesday last, resulted in an almost solid delegation for John Sherman; Blaine will get a few votes out of the forty-four, probably six or eight; Grant none. His name was hissed in the Convention, but the demonstration was promptly suppressed. Thus the native State of the hero of the third term repudiates him. In New Hampshire W. E. Chandler telegraphs that "Grant has been driven from the field." The New York *Herald* recently placed New Jersey as in the list of Grant States, whereupon an indignant leading Republican from that State writes to the *Herald*—"Don't do that again. Grant couldn't carry a single county in New Jersey." Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ne-

braska, and Colorado are overwhelmingly for Blaine. State Conventions in all of these States will be held during the next two weeks. California spoke on Thursday, and unanimously against Grant and "Black and Tan," and in favor of Blaine, "first, last, and all the time." These straws show to a moral certainty that Grant is as good as defeated. The Chicago nominee will be either Blaine of Maine, Washburne, or a "dark horse."

The New York *Nation* draws a parallel in the politics of France, England, and the United States, as illustrated in the recent political events of the respective countries. The friends of "moral order," in France, appealed to the people for the election of Marshal MacMahon to be President of France because he was a man of "courage and loyalty," a "strong man," and a "soldier," upon whom the country might rely. He was not a man of any especial ideas, nor did he represent any particular policy of government. He was simply a hero and a strong man, and the embodiment of resistance to disorder, misrule, and Communism. In England, Lord Beaconsfield was put forth by the "Jingoes," or "Tories," as the "strong man," as the embodiment of an opposition to the Russian scare-crow, the Home-rule skeleton, and the Radical rat in the closet. It was not exactly explained how the new peer was to mould the constitution or warp the policy of England in any new direction; but he stood for conservatism, for government, for order, for the queen and royal family; he was the "strong man." So, in the United States, General Grant has become the figure-head of power, and is put forth as the "strong man" demanded by the exigency of the times—as though we had fallen upon such a crisis as in Rome used to demand a dictator or proconsul, clothed with extraordinary power. We hear of Grant as the "strong man" demanded for the public safety, necessary to save the republic from some imaginary peril—a sort of figure in the corn-field to keep off predatory crows—a stuffed image with swinging arms to drive away the blackbirds from the corn. If, in reply, it is suggested that we fear a man of power, a military man, "a strong man," it is at once explained that he is only a rag man, a stuffed figure, boneless, powerless, lifeless, and no one of us good, loyal Northern men need be frightened, as he is only intended to keep the Democratic crows and the Southern blackbirds from coming into the official field or picking up our kernels of corn. It looks very much as though farmers Conkling, Cameron, and Logan, with their hired men, would succeed in giving us this scare-crow candidate. Whether he will carry terror to the Democratic Richmonds remains to be seen. Marshal MacMahon was beaten in France; the Earl of Beaconsfield was beaten in England; and it is more than likely that this stuffed figure of a military "strong man" will not become a third time President of the United States.

There is too much freedom in the United States of America. Freedom that passes beyond the restraints of law becomes license, and is dangerous. Freedom of the elective franchise, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom to bear arms, are all abused in our country, and when unrestrained and abused become the worst of evils. Anarchy is worse than tyranny; license is more dangerous than oppression. Naturalization laws must be abolished; the elective privilege must be limited to the intelligent and the law-abiding. The freedom of the press must be restricted, the freedom of speech must be limited, and the right to bear arms controlled. Our country is hastening to an anarchy that imperils life, liberty, property, society, order, law, government. The only remedy is through the ballot-box, by an appeal to the intelligence, patriotism, and self-interest of the people. It must not be a party or a class appeal. It can not come by a union of any order or interest of society that does not embrace the good and wise of all nationalities, all religions, and all conditions. An American party based upon the accident of birth would be a failure; an organization that admitted race, color, or religious prejudice would only precipitate the dangers we fear and the evils we dread. To organize any party now is impossible. The Presidential issue is upon us. There can be no change till after the Presidential election, and it may not be expected that either the Republican or the Democratic party will have the courage to declare any new issues. This contest will be fought over old and unimportant ones. Such questions as involve Southern policy, finance, Chinese immigration, the tendency to military power and centralization, questions of tariff, corporations, etc., will be discussed. But the time is not distant when the questions we suggest will demand attention and receive it. Their importance will become so manifest, and the people will become so earnest in clamoring for their recognition, that the national parties will be compelled to give them attention. If the two great parties do not do so, there will come from the people another great national American party—composed as we have suggested—that will sweep the country with the power of a tornado. The non-extension of slavery was one of those vital issues that came from the people. Politicians tried and for a long time endeavored to repress it, and by temporizing to put off to a more distant day the decision whether freedom was sectional. The Whig party had not the courage of its con-

ditions, and it was destroyed. The Democratic party allied itself to the slave institution, and the dead carcass still drags it down. The Republican party had the courage, the nerve, the intelligence, to grapple with the question, and the result was the abolition of slavery, and the constitutional declaration that all men are free. The Republican party will not have the courage of its convictions. The Democratic party is allied to the ignorant and vicious of the foreign element, and will go on and down with this debauched and drunken old alien of across the seas upon its bent and aching back; and from the people, from the intelligent foreign-born, the patriotic native-born, the courageous of all classes, there will arise another party—a party of principle. Its leaders will be Garrisons and Greeleys—men who want no office—and its rank and file will be heroes who fight from patriotism and not for spoils. The stronghold of this party will be in the South. Northern statesmen will be the first to dare the declaration that the naturalization laws must be repealed; but Southern statesmen and politicians will be among the foremost to grasp the idea, and the Southern States will become the first battle-fields of this conflict. Let no man doubt that this contest is coming, and let no man doubt its issue. It is not coming as a war of races. It is not coming as an ecclesiastical war. It is not to proscribe any nationality or any religion, but it is to declare the broad principle that the jewel of the elective privilege is too precious to be cast to the swine of ignorance and crime, whether native-born or foreign-born. The privilege of voting to the native-born must be limited. The right of voting to foreigners must not be extended. The freedom of the press, the trial by jury, freedom of speech, the right to bear arms, the right to disobey the laws, must all be defined, and brought within the restrictions of intelligent legislation.

The sensibilities of the Christian world have been recently most sincerely shocked by the startling news from Burmah, that its king has sought to appease the wrath of the devil by sacrificing—that is, burying alive—seven hundred men, women, and children. Of this number, it is said, one-half were—and most appropriately—priests. It is probable that the whole story is a lie, started at Mandelay by some enterprising press reporter, given to Reuter, sent to the London *Telegraph*, dispatched thence to the New York *Herald*, and thence by the Associated News Company as a press dispatch to San Francisco. It will be illustrated in London, Paris, Vienna, and New York, and will go into history as evidence, proof, and illustration that burying priests, men, women, and children alive is not a good way to appease the wrath of the devil. And yet we are not quite convinced that King Theebau's manner of appeasing the devil's indignation and placating his satanic majesty's wrath is not as good as our Christian mode. Without reviving the orthodox way of "giving the devil his due," and recalling the deaths of martyrs; the horrors of the inquisition; the burnings and tortures of rack, and boot, and thumb-screw; the holy wars, with their hecatombs of dead; recalling the more recent American history of drowning witches; remembering those early doctrines, taught in boyhood days, of infant damnation, of paving hell with babies' skulls, of saving only the elect from eternal torture in actual fire, and of foreordination and predestination as the only chance of escaping the divine law that for our good would give us the hot sulphur bath of eternal flame—we are not quite certain that our Christian manner of dealing with the devil is any very great improvement on that of King Theebau. We are entirely reconciled to his burying alive as many priests as he pleases. The world is too full of priests, and the more the devil gets the better we are pleased. Of course, we refer to certain kinds of priests, for priests are like deacons—there are good deacons and bad deacons, there are good priests and bad priests; but a bad priest's is worse than any other kind of badness, because to ordinary crimes he adds the crime of hypocrisy, which is the meanest and most contemptible of all the human vices. King Theebau, undoubtedly, by diligent hunting through the temples of Burmah, could easily find three hundred and fifty priests whose early and prompt burial would be good for the country and its people. Even in Christian America it would be an easy task to gather up three hundred and fifty preachers as a holocaust to the devil, whose prompt dispatch to hell would keep the devil busy for a time; and if it did not bring him to terms and fully appease his infernal wrath, it would at least do the country great good. Besides, what are preachers for except to fight battles with the devil? They are like soldiers—they enlist expecting to fight, and calculating the chances that they may fall in battle; so if the priest in Burmah or Brooklyn, in Mandelay or the Metropolitan Temple, can do the world better service and better appease the devil's wrath by an early death, then why not cremate them or bury them alive? We reserve ourselves upon this question, and ask a suspension of public opinion until King Theebau can be heard from.

They are troubled with a ghost in Charlestown. This ghost must be the spirit of a very bad man who prefers to stay in Arizona rather than go to the jail to take its chances.

MARY SHEA.

[The following beautiful and true story is told by W. Steuart Trench, agent of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and manager of his estate of Kenmare. It was from this estate that in less than four years forty-six hundred pauper emigrants were sent to America after the potato famine. No good person can regret that such immigrants as Eugene and his bride Mary Shea were aided to our shores. If Eugene and his wife are now in California we may be sure that they are good citizens, and have not spent their Sabbath-days upon the Sand-lot blaspheming God that their homes were made in this land of liberty and plenty.]

The writer, after describing the anxious crowds that thronged about his office for permission to emigrate, and after relating how he was compelled to guard his grounds from intrusion upon his hours of relaxation and leisure, says:]

I was walking one evening in those private pleasure-grounds after a day of heavy labor in the office, when I thought I perceived a pair of bright eyes watching me through the leaves of some holly bushes with which the wood abounds. I stopped immediately, and asked who was there.

"Oh, indeed, your honor, it's only me; and I know it's against the rules of the office to come here. But sure wasn't I waiting at the office-door all day, and they wouldn't let me in, because they said I was well able to hold out still, and wasn't nigh so weak as many of the creatures that was there. And that was true enough; but then they didn't know that I had ten long miles to go home before night; and so, as some said your honor was a good man, though some said not, I thought I would just chance in for once, and maybe your honor would find time to speak to a poor desolate orphan like me, even though it is against the rules."

"The desolate orphan," who now came forward and exhibited not merely her bright eyes but her full form to my view, was somewhat singular in her appearance. She had but little of the original Celt in her features. Her beauty was purely Spanish, of which I have seen many perfect specimens in Tuosist and around Kenmare: large soft eyes, with beautiful dark downy eyelashes, the mouth well formed, and cheek of classic mould; while the figure, perfect in its symmetry, is erect and active, and exhibits a lightness of step and grace of motion which can rarely be attained but by constant practice in walking over the mountains. The form which now stood before me was a beautiful specimen of this perfect Spanish type. She was clean and neat in her person, though her clothes were of the coarsest kind. Her gown, made of light gray flannel or frieze, manufactured in the mountains where she lived, was crossed upon her bosom and extended up to her neck. Her hair, as black as jet, was neatly parted on her forehead, and hung in careless folds down her back. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and her dress did not come down to within seven or eight inches of her feet. She wore no shawl, which is common in the district, about her neck. She held her head as erect as a startled fawn. Her hands were clasped in an attitude of wild supplication, and the symmetry of her form was enhanced by the unusual addition of a leather strap buckled around her waist, which, though neither new nor ornamental in itself, had the effect of showing off her naturally beautiful figure to the best advantage.

The moment she appeared from behind the holly-bush, she commenced her oration. And, talking with a volubility and amount of action which it would be impossible to describe, her features became animated and the blood mounted to her cheeks. I have rarely seen so beautiful and natural a girl. I think she knew she was a beauty, and had "chanced" a little of the success of her visit upon that score, as well as upon my "goodness;" but there was no vanity or coquetry in her manner—she was perfectly natural and simple, and, as regards beauty, so intelligent a girl as she was could not possibly look at her reflection in one of her own dark mountain lakes, and not see that she was different from her neighbors.

She had watched my countenance with the quickness of an Irish peasant during the whole time she was speaking; and, in fact, I felt certain that she had prolonged her statement for that sole purpose, in order to form an estimate of her success, or vary her line of advance according as circumstances revealed themselves. I saw this perfectly at the time; but my interest in her vivacious courage was so great, and my admiration of her beauty so impossible to conceal, that she saw in a moment, though I had not spoken a word, that she had won her point.

"Ah! well I knew your honor had a good and kind heart within you," said she, coming forward with graceful animation, and under cover of her well-turned flattery. "And now, maybe I'd never have another opportunity, and oh! just listen to me till I tell you what I have to say, for mine is a sore, sore sorrow."

In a moment her whole countenance, almost her form, had changed. Her courage—some of which she had evidently derived from her beauty—seemed to have departed. Tears filled her eyes as she looked down upon the ground, and even her form seemed to lose many inches of its height. I could scarcely have thought that the same human being was before me, as she now stood, about to tell her tale of sorrow.

"What is your name?" I asked, "and where do you live?"

"Mary Shea is my name," said she, "that is my maiden name; and, indeed, for that matter I am not married yet."

"Married!" I exclaimed, "why you seem scarcely seventeen years of age."

"True for you," she replied, "you guessed it very nigh, as I am only seventeen next Shrove-tide."

"And what is your case? what do you want me to do?"

"I'll tell your honor that," replied she, resuming in a moment a portion of her previous animation. "What I want your honor to do is, to put down Eugene's name in the books, as tenant for the little place I have up in the mountain."

"And who is Eugene? and how came you to have a little place of your own, and you so young as you are?"

"I'll tell your honor all about it," she replied; "the way of it all was this; and again in a moment her countenance changed, her eyelids drooped, her form seemed to lose its height, and with a little hesitation as to where she should begin, she commenced her tale of woe."

"The way of it all was this: your honor was not here in the 'hungry year' (a term frequently used among the peasants to describe the famine), but them was terrible times. Only a little slip of a girl then—and sure for that matter not much more this minute. But my father had a

little place up in the mountains, the same as what I was now talking about. Well, you see, he was an old man, and my mother was sickly, and they had no other child but me, and the place was very small, and when the potatoes blackened, sure they had no one but God to look to. 'Father,' says I, 'I fear ye'll die, and mother, too, if ye don't get something to eat.' 'True for ye, child,' says father, 'but where are we to get it? The great God has rotted the potatoes in the ground, and what other support had we all? and sure the neighbors are as bad off as we are.' Mother said nothing; she looked at father and me, she kissed me once or twice, as if to wish me good-bye; and when I got up in the morning I found her sitting in her clothes beside the fire, quite dead and stiff—not a month after the potatoes had blackened."

"Well, ye see, we lived far up in the mountains, and no meal or anything could be got there, except what I brought myself—and it was ten long miles from Kenmare. 'But still,' says I, 'I won't let father die if I can help it.' So we had a few hives of honey which the gentlemen liked, because the bees made it all in the heather; and I used to slip over to Kenmare, now and then, with a hive, and bring back a little meal to father—we had no cow, as the place was too small to rear one. And I won't tell your honor a lie when I say that sorra ha'porth we had to live on, except just the few hives of honey; and I knew when they were out, and I had no money to buy meal, we might just lie down and die. However, I said nothing to father about this, for I was only a slip of a girl; but I thought of it for all that."

"Well, sure enough, after a time the honey was all sold, and I smothered the last bee I had—though in troth I was sorry to do so, as I had reared them myself, and I think they knew me, as they never once stung me, though I used to sit close to the hive watching them. However, I knew well it was better for them to die than father, so I had to smother them; and I went down to Kenmare with a sorrowful heart, and got 15s. for the hive. Well, with that I fed father and myself for another weary month; and when the meal was out, father says to me: 'Mary dear, it's no use striving any longer against the hunger. I can't stand it. I'm weak and faint, and not able to go out to the public works, and I might as well die in the house as on the roads; and now mind, Mary dear, when I die, bury me beside your mother in the garden, and don't be making any noise about it—calling a wake or a funeral, for all has enough to do these hard times for themselves.' 'Oh, father dear, don't talk that way,' says I; 'I'll just go out and see if I can't get something that will keep the life in ye yet.' So father said nothing, but just lay down on the bed, as if to wait till I came home. Well, I had some strength and spirit in me yet. And as Eugene and I had known each other since we were little children, I thought I would just go to him and see if he could help me. But when I went to his house he was far away on the public works. So I had no more heart nor strength to go any farther, and I had enough to do to get home. But, oh! sorrow came heavy on me then; for when I called on father as I came in to ask him if God had sent him any food he did not answer; and when I came to his bed, and put my hand upon his forehead, I found that he was dead and cold, and I was left alone in the world."

Here the poor girl's voice failed; and, commencing to weep bitterly, she turned her head away. I found the tears rising in my own eyes too, but, endeavoring to turn her thoughts from this sad scene, I said:

"You have mentioned Eugene once or twice. Who is Eugene?" She dried her eyes in a moment; and, resuming the natural vivacity of her manner, she called aloud to some one who was evidently near at hand:

"Eugene! where are you, Eugene? I wouldn't wonder if he was here this minute!"

And, truly enough, he was; for, slowly emerging from the same holly bush where I had observed the young damsel's eyes in the first instance, came a tall, good-looking youth, clean and fair, with a cheek as smooth and free from beard as a woman's. He was about nineteen or twenty years of age, and as bashful as a youth detected under such circumstances—though she had evidently hid him there herself—could be.

"Don't be afeared, Eugene," cried the damsel; "don't be afeared. The gentleman isn't angry. Come and spake to him this minute. He is shy, your honor," said she, turning to me, in a conciliatory voice, as if excusing and patronizing her lover, over whom she evidently considered she had a great advantage in facility of speech and general knowledge of the world; "he is shy, and doesn't know how to spake to a gentleman, and I hope you'll excuse him; but he is a good, kind boy for all that, and well able to become a tenant for the little place, if you will only put his name in the book."

"Well, but," I urged, "if I put his name down in the book, he will be the tenant and not you; and how would that answer your purpose?"

"Oh, sure, your honor, it would be all the same; we would get married at once, and we would have the little place between us, as I feel lonesome in it all by myself."

"How large is the place?" inquired I.

"Well, for that matter, it is big enough," she replied; "but indeed it is not good for much, as it's able to feed nothing but the bees. And, troth, I don't know where they find anything to gather except in autumn, when the blossom comes upon the hether."

"What is the value of the place?" asked I.

"Well, indeed, it is not much. The late agent said it was good value, little cabin and all, for 7s. 6d. a year, and the rent was never raised since, and we made a few perches of potato-garden near the house."

"And so you and Eugene really want to marry and set up house upon a place only worth 7s. 6d. a year, cabin, mountain land, garden, and all?"

"Well, indeed, your honor, I don't see what better we could do. You see, Eugene and I have known each other a long time now, and all the neighbors knows we loves each other very much—and why wouldn't I love him, poor boy, when it was himself that saved my life?"

"How did he save your life?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I was telling you all about it," she resumed, "when you asked for Eugene, and I had to present him to your honor. But, sure enough, it was Eugene, and no one else, that saved my life, that night I was telling you of, when father died. I found him cold and stiff in the bed when I came home; and I had nothing in the house myself—no meal, nor bread, nor potatoes, not a ha'porth; so I just

sat down on the bedside near him, and—God forgive me!—I prayed that He would take me, too; for I was helpless and sorrowful, and weak and down-hearted, with the hunger. And then I began to cry; and I thought of mother, how she had died, and how father was dead, and no one to bury him. 'And,' thinks I, 'if I die, too, the cabin will make a decent little grave over us all, and no one will know anything about it!' So I was crying on, thinking of all these things, and wondering how it all came about, when I heard a footstep at the door, and I guessed at once it was Eugene's. So he never said a word to me at first, but he sat himself down beside me. And after a little, he says: 'What is it, Mary dear?' 'Oh, Eugene,' says I, 'mother is dead, and now father is dead: there he is before you, and I'm going to die, too, for I'm broken-hearted, and have nothing to eat.' 'Eat this,' said Eugene, and he pulled an elegant loaf out of his pocket. 'I guessed ye came up to look for me to-day; and when I came home from the works, and mother gave me my supper, I just put it in my pocket, as I wasn't hungry myself, and came off with it to you. So eat it, Mary dear; for I couldn't eat it if a basketful of bread was before me!' Well, I knew the poor boy had stinted himself to give it to me; but I was well nigh gone, so I just gave him a loving look, and says I, 'Eugene, dear, I know well how it is; but I'll eat for all that for your sake, and for fear I'd die before your face.' And so I did. 'And now, Mary,' says he, 'come with me, and mother will take care of you for a bit; and in the morning I'll come out myself and bury father for you.' And so he did—the brave boy that he is, shy as he looks before your honor now. And we dug the grave between us, and put father into it, just as he was—for we had no coffin; where would we get one that year?—and laid him beside mother. And when the great day comes, sure they'll both rise together as well as if they were in a coffin of gold!"

Again she began to weep; but it was of short continuance this time.

"And now, won't you put Eugene's name in the book? and we'll go live there again, for it's hard to keep him away, and he is always pressing me to go with him to the priest. And we have put a new coat of thatch upon the little cabin, and maybe God would be good to us, and the bees would thrive, and the hungry year may never come on us again."

It was hard to resist such an appeal—especially when so easy an act would make a young and attached couple happy. But when I reflected upon the prospects in life upon which they were about to marry—nothing but a few acres of worthless heather, the cabin and all the land attached worth only 7s. 6d. a year, and fit for nothing but to feed bees—I felt that in granting her request I was only perpetuating the very system which had killed her father and mother; and, if extended now again, could not possibly lead to anything but the utmost want and misery. To think of this noble youth, and innocent and lovely maiden—such a handsome, loving couple as they were—squating on this miserable plot of irclaimable mountain side! I could not bear to think of it, so I resolved, if I could, to save them from so unworthy a fate.

"Well, Mary, I have heard all you have to say, and I would gladly do anything in my power to serve you and Eugene, but I can't bear the thought of a handsome girl like you, and a fine, manly boy like him, settling down for life on this miserable patch on the side of a barren mountain. I am thinking it would be far better to try your fortune in America together, and go out like the other immigrants, so many of whom were pressing to get their names down to-day."

Mary was silent for a little. At last she said:

"Well, your honor, I often thought it would be better, sure enough, to try our fortune in America than to try and settle on that small patch of barren land where my little place is; but I couldn't bear to think of going out on charity as a pauper. I never yet got poor relief from the work-house; and I wouldn't wish to go to America with the likes of the immigrants your honor is now sending out."

"I understand your scruples," I replied, "so I will propose another plan. What do you think if Eugene were to go out first—just for one year—and see whether the country would suit you and him? Let him return at the end of the year; and, if he does not like America, then I will put his name in the books as tenant for your own little place, or probably I shall be able to give you and him a better farm by that time."

"I would be loth to part with him for a whole long year," said Mary, looking lovingly upon the bashful Eugene; "but still, I think it might be the best way after all; for no doubt it is a poor place to settle on. But Eugene has no money to go with, and I have little or none to help him, and he could not go without that."

"He shall not fail for the want of funds; I will lend him the money for his voyage. If he return rich, he will repay me; if not, why it can't be helped."

"Your honor is very good," replied she, looking mournfully at Eugene; "but what will I do without him? and where will I go while he is away?"

"You can stay at mother's, dear, while I am away," broke in Eugene, who seemed suddenly to awake to an energy he had not before exhibited. "You well know she always loved you as a daughter, and she will care for you for my sake as well as for your own."

"I believe your honor is right," said Mary, turning to me; "let him go and try his fortune for one year; but mind," she added, as she looked toward the lad, "mind, Eugene, you must swear to me on the book you will come back—rich or poor, I don't care which—within the one year."

"I will swear it to you freely," replied Eugene, who seemed suddenly to find his tongue and all his other energies at the prospect of such an opening.

"And will your honor promise, on the word of a gentleman, to give us back the little place, or get us another better one when he returns, if he won't take me out with him again?" asked Mary, with an appealing look.

"Indeed I will; I faithfully promise it, if I am alive and here."

"Well, then, let it be so," said the weeping Mary; "and now the sooner the better. When will your honor give him the money that he may go at once?"

"To-morrow morning. He shall also have a new suit of clothes, as fast as the tailor can make them, and I have no doubt he will get into immediate employment."

Mary looked at her intended husband, and at once per-

ceived that a man's energy and courage had suddenly risen within him. He was no longer a sheepish boy, patronized and brought forward by her; and he took upon himself the unaccustomed task of comforting and patronizing her.

"Mary dear, don't fret; as sure as the sun is in the heaven, I'll come back; I know I will, and this will be the last parting we will ever have. The gentleman has advised us for our good. The barren lot on the mountain side is no place for the likes of you and me to settle. I'll go seek my fortune in America; and, please God, I'll surely succeed; and then I'll come back for my own darlin', and take her out along with me. For God's sake, master, let us be quick, for I dar'n't rest, or think of leaving Mary, or maybe I couldn't go at all."

Mary threw her arms about Eugene's neck, and, utterly regardless of my presence, sobbed and wept like a child. Her patronizing air was utterly gone, and she addressed him as a lover who had proved himself worthy of her affections.

"Eugene," said she, "I know well I need not fear for your love if you were ten thousand miles away. You have proved it too often for me to doubt it for a moment now. Go, and God be with you: but—mind you come back within the year, *whether ye be rich or whether ye be poor*—if rich, ye will be welcome, and if poor, ye will then be doubly welcome to your own darlin' Mary. *Never forget that!*"

She then turned to me, and, holding out her hand as a countess might have done, she continued:

"Thank your honor much for your kindness. I'll never forget it, either in this world or the next."

In a few days Eugene appeared before me, clad in a new and comfortable suit.

I gave him his passage-money, and a couple of pounds over, that he might be able to go up the country and look for employment at once. He thanked me in a manly, open way, and departed.

My time and attention were so much occupied with the onerous duties in which I was then engaged, that though I often thought of Mary and her lover, yet I never had an opportunity of making special inquiries about her; but one day she sought me again as I was walking in the same grounds; and, coming up to me with a countenance beaming with pleasure, she showed me a letter from Eugene. It was not long, nor what most people would call interesting; but he told her he was in full employment with a good and kind man, that he had already saved £7 out of his earnings, and he hoped, before very long, to come back and claim his prize, and carry his darling Mary off to a far home he was then preparing for her. This was about six or seven months after he left; and she had remained sometimes in her "own little place," as she called it, and sometimes with his mother, ever since.

About five months after the last interview I was walking alone along the sea-shore at Kenmare, when I was again waylaid by the handsome Spanish beauty; but this time she was accompanied by a young man. She looked grave, though happy, as she walked lovingly by his side, and her patronizing ways had altogether departed from her. I looked carefully at the young man. He was tall and strong; his beard was massive, and reached almost to his chest; his face was handsome, but sunburnt and weather-beaten; and his whole appearance was as little like her lover Eugene as it was possible for it to be.

I stood still as the pair approached me, looking intently from one to the other. Mary and the man came quite close up to me, and as neither of them addressed me, I was the first to speak.

"How is this, Mary?" said I, "and who is this man who accompanies you? You surely do not mean to say you have cast off Eugene, and taken up with another man?"

Mary leaped nearly a foot from the ground as I said so. "I knew your honor wouldn't know him!" cried she, in a sudden ecstasy of joy. "Why this is Eugene himself! Sure didn't he deceive me, when he first came into the cabin, and why would your honor know him! Look at him now, and tell me if he is not grown a real man in earnest. Turn round, Eugene, and show yourself;" and assuming her old patronizing way for a moment, she turned him round and round for me to look at and admire, while he submitted with a loving, tender look of admiration at his bride.

"And this is indeed Eugene come back," I exclaimed; "and such a fine, manly-looking fellow, too. I hope you have prospered, Eugene, and that you will now take out Mary to a new and happy home far better and richer than her little place on the barren mountain."

Eugene was about to reply, when Mary leaped up and caught him round the neck with her arms.

"Oh, Eugene," cried she, almost in hysterics between joy and anxiety, "take me away with you soon; oh, take me away. We can not go too soon to please me!"

Then, turning rapidly to me, she said, in a joyous and altered voice:

"He has got a fine place of his own now, and twenty acres of good land, and a grand wooden house, in which he says I can live as comfortable as any lady. Oh, Eugene, darling," cried she, turning to him again, "take me away, take me away, and let us go to our new home, and never know sorrow or hunger more!"

She burst into tears, and clinging to his neck, kissed him over and over again, till he gently took her in his arms and placed her sitting—still sobbing like a child—on a bank of grass close by.

"Sir," said he, "I have to thank you for your kindness. I have brought back with me the money you lent me, and I am now ready to repay you. I have a neat place to bring Mary to, and all reasonable comforts for her. I could have made it better had I waited another year; but I promised in your presence not to let more than one year pass without returning—whether I came rich or poor. I have come back according to my promise. If not rich, at least with enough to give her plenty to eat, and a warm, comfortable home; and I hope soon to make it better. To-morrow we go to Cork; we are to be married there. The next day we sail for the West. May God bless you, sir! I will never forget your kindness." And he gave me his passage-money.

Mary sat listening while he spoke, sobbing and crying all the while. He lifted her gently up. She seized my hand and kissed it, covering it with her tears. Then suddenly smiling, while the large drops trembled in her eyes, she gave me one grateful and happy look, and left the sea-shore with her lover.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

Antony in Arms.

Lo, we are side by side! One dark arm furls
Around me like a serpent, warm and bare;
The other, lifted mid a gleam of pearls,
Holds a full golden goblet in the air.
Her face is shining through her cloudy curls
With light that makes me drunken unaware,
And, with my chin upon my breast, I smile
Upon her beauty, darkening the while.

And through the chamber curtains, backward rolled
By spicy winds that fan my fevered head,
I see a sandy flat slope, yellow as pale gold,
To the brown banks of Nilus, wrinkling red
In the slow sunset; and my eyes behold
The west, low down beyond the river's bed,
Grow sullen, ribbed by many a brazen bar,
Under the white smile of the Cypran star.

A bitter Roman vision floated black
Before me, in my dizzy brain's despoise;
The Roman armor bristles on my back,
My swelling nostrils drink the flames of fight;
But then—she smiles upon me! And I lack
The warrior will that frowns on love's delight,
And, passionately proud and desolate,
I smile to answer to the joy I hate.

Joy coming uninvoked, asleep, awake,
Makes sunshine on the grave of buried powers;
Ofttimes I wholly loathe her for the sake
Of manhood slipped away in easeful hours;
But from her lips mild words and kisses break,
Till I am like a runn mock with flowers;
I think of Honor's face, then turn to hers—
Dark, like the splendid shame that she confers.

Lo, how her dark arms hold me! I am bound
By the soft touch of fingers light as leaves;
I drag my face aside, but at the sound
Of her low voice I turn—and she perceives
The cloud of Rome upon my face—and round
My neck she twines her odoriferous arms, and grives
Shedding upon a heart as soft as tears
Tears 'tis a hero's task to kiss away.

And then she loosens from me, trembling still
Like a bright, throbbing robe, and bids me go—
When pearly tears her drooping eyelids fill,
And her swart beauty whitens unto snow;
And, lost to use of life and hope and will,
I gaze upon her with a warrior's woe,
And turn, and watch her sidelong, in annoy—
Then snatch her to me, flushed with shame and joy.

Once more, O Rome, I would be son of thine!
This constant prayer my chained soul ever saith:
I thirst for honorable end; I pine
Not thus to kiss away my mortal breath;
But comfort such as this may not be mine—
I can not even die a Roman death:
I seek a Roman's grave, a Roman's rest—
But, dying, I would die upon her breast!—Robert Buchanan.

The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow;
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
And he sung every night as he went to bed:
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew;
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There's much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school;
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones.
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said,
"We should make life pleasant down here below;
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorne lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass.
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chucked and sipped and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles.
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I have lingered long while here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tender kisses there.
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:
"Twas a glorious world down here below!
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at the door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odoriferous night-whispered "Rest!"
Gently, gently he bowed his head.
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!—George Arnold.

CONCERNING ALASKA AND ITS INTERESTS.

When, through the instrumentality of Mr. Secretary Seward, our Government entered into and consummated negotiations for the purchase of the Territory of Alaska, it was undoubtedly with the intention of giving its people a government and its Indian tribes protection. It is odd, and to us an enigma, why there has been no organization of a territorial government for this our most recently acquired possession. It is an anomaly. We believe there is no other portion of our country where there is not some semblance of law and some appearance of authority. It would seem as though it was most desirable that a country so large in extent, so abounding in valuable property, and possessing so large a population as twenty-seven thousand souls, with forests, fisheries, mines, and fur stations, capable of further development, ought to be provided with some form of administration. In conversation, some time since, with Mr. John Muir—who has traveled so extensively through the Alaskan possessions, and who knows more than any other living man of its capacities and people, and whom we believe to be entirely disinterested and unselfish in his opinions—he expressed his surprise that a government had not been organized there. We asked Mr. Muir, at that time, to give us a memorandum of facts, that we might be better informed in reference to the Alaska purchase. He gave us in pencil memorandum the following data, which we hereby lay before our readers, reserving to ourselves the privilege of future comment:

Here are a few facts and suggestions relating to civil government in Alaska, promised you more than a month ago. The delay in furnishing them was caused by my absence from the city.

The inhabitants of Alaska, as nearly as I can guess, are:

Indians belonging to the Thinket family, in southeastern Alaska, about.....	5,000
Alutics, of the Aleutian and adjacent islands and shores.....	7,000
"Stick Indians" and Esquimaux, of the interior and Arctic Coast, about.....	13,000
Half-breeds.....	1,500
Whites, perhaps about.....	500

The whites are engaged in mining, fishing, trading, and raising vegetables; and, without exception, as far as I have observed, want and demand civil government. The Esquimaux and "Stick Indians" seldom make themselves heard or felt in any way among the whites. The Alutics and Thinkets live in villages substantially built, and subsist mainly on fish and seals. Many of them speak English and Russian, some have schools and churches, and all, in general terms, are willing to work for the whites at fair wages, and eager to learn and take on civilization. The Thinkets, in particular, in point of intelligence, conduct, and all that depends on moral development, are greatly superior to any other Indians I have seen. They compare favorably with the uneducated classes of any country in Europe. They would gladly submit to rigid law that, without reference to treaties, would place them on the same footing as the whites. They say: "You have broken up our government and extinguished it, therefore give us yours." In quarrels that arise among themselves, they in many cases go to Captain Beardslee, of the *James-town*, to the collector of customs or his deputies, or to the missionaries, to have them settled, and can hardly be made to understand that the whites in Alaska are themselves without law. The chiefs and head men of the Stikine tribe, at Fort Wrangel, waited upon Mr. Young, the Presbyterian missionary stationed there, and begged him to write out a code of laws, promising to abide by them and enforce them in their tribe. Their disappointment was great on being told that neither he nor any other man in the territory had the power to comply with their request.

A case, representative of many, occurred at Fort Wrangel last December, which came under my own observation. A drunken Indian killed his wife. The friends of the murdered woman applied to the deputy collector of customs, demanding that the criminal be punished. He told them that he had no power to act in the matter, but would report the case to Captain Beardslee at Sitka. Beardslee also declined having anything to do with it. After weeks of waiting the chiefs held a council over the affair, and requested Mr. Young, their missionary, to preside. But he, reminding them that he was only a missionary, advised them to take the law into their own hands. They finally decided to hang the criminal; but he, with five or six of his friends, entrenched himself in a strong block-house, and resisted arrest. When I left the village, in December, the two parties were shooting at each other, and the difficulty seemed to bid fair to grow into a general civil war, endangering the lives and property of the whites as well as their own. In a word, anarchy prevails, where firm government would maintain order at the cheapest rate imaginable. I never before saw Indians so easily made amenable to law, so easily controlled by whites, so eager to be taught; and I am confident that, with anything like fair play and the instruction they crave, they would make good, self-supporting citizens.

Since the withdrawal of the military the country has had no protection worthy of the name. Its management has been turned over to the Treasury Department. What the authority of the collector of customs and his deputies amounts to I do not know. They certainly do not know themselves.

The old wooden sail-ship the *James-town* lies at anchor before Sitka, and affords some protection to that one town only. She can not thread the narrow and intricate channels of the Alexander Archipelago, on the shores of which most of the Indian villages are located, and the commander can do nothing more in the way of punishing offenders than to send the few that come within his reach to Oregon to be tried. One good steam gunboat with suitable steam launches and well provided in every way, whose commander was a justice of the peace, with power to try minor cases, would be sufficient at present to ensure order throughout the whole of southeastern Alaska. Another should cruise about Conalaska.

There is no system of land records in the territory, and no law whereby complete titles to real estate may be acquired. Claims of pre-emption and settlement are not only without the sanction of law, but in direct violation of the provisions of the laws of Congress applicable to the public domain secured to the United States by any treaty with a foreign nation. A man dying in Alaska is unable to dispose of his property by will.

The natural wealth of the country has been greatly under-estimated, or rather under-guessed, for nothing like a serious and comprehensive effort has ever been made to learn the truth concerning it.

Were a civil government provided, and the whole country thrown open to settlement, and the ordinary inducements offered to immigrants, its real value would soon be made manifest. As it is, in spite of all discouragements, its mines and fisheries are being developed to a considerable extent, and the white population is constantly increasing.

The responsibilities assumed by the United States in the cession treaty are clearly defined as to the Russians. Quoting from article third: "The inhabitants of the ceded territory, according to their choice, reserving their natural allegiance, may return to Russia within three years, but if they should prefer to remain in the ceded territory, they, with the exception of the uncivilized native tribes, shall be admitted to all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States, and shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion."

I do not know a single State or Territory in all our country where workers may more easily gain a good, independent livelihood. Pity 'tis our entire Workingman's party could not be headed Alaska-ward.

Truly yours,

JOHN MUIR.

A loin of mutton was on the table, and the gentleman opposite took the carver in his hand. "Shall I cut it saddle-wise?" quoth he. "You had better cut it butch-wise," replied his neighbor, "for then we shall all have a bit in our mouths."



BALDWIN THEATRE.—Having had recent occasion to indicate the character of a play by its likeness to some work of Mr. Wilkie Collins, the inwardness of *New Men and Old Acres* will perhaps be apprehended if we say it is—Mr. Anthony Trollope. The people of the play are of the sort who tub and assume fresh underwear, read their *Times*, provide aged females with flannel petticoats, pray after the ritual in that case provided, are born in wedlock, marry temperately, and die in the odor of the Church of England. Acquaintanceship with them is a gentle exhilaration, rather than an excitement; it may stimulate, but will inebriate never. It leaves upon the palate no flavor as of acetous fermentation; in the mental digestive apparatus no qualms of goneness; in the moral sense, no katzenjammer. Drink as recklessly as we may of this British tap, we are safe from all deliriums that lurk in Gallic absinthes. The penalties attending on such excesses have been sufficiently preached and sung.

What are the joys that wine can give like those it takes away? When slight intoxication yields to drunkenness the sway? 'Tis not that youth's smooth cheek its blush surrenders to the nose—

for youth's smooth, frozen cheek of this, our period, has retained never a blush to surrender.

For my own part, I like the sort of fellow-creatures who figure in *New Men and Old Acres*. I like that "Lillian" girl, for example—awfully nice girl; and it must be no end jollier to have such a girl smuggling up to you than to *achever des succès* among Frenchwomen from here to the Ile de Bourbon. I like "Lady Matilda;" tremendous old humbug—regular brazen image of aggressive virtue; but militant virtue is the right thing when it's in the right place, and the right place is the maternal bosom wherein daughters yet shelter. I like—no, I'd like to be "Brown," of Liverpool, for "Brown" is wealthy and still young. Fanny one's self wealthy, young, English, and at home; a whole island-full of Lillians and Ethels, Constances and Mauds, just going for you; and you—you enacting the famous animal distracted betwixt rival bundles of hay. I like "Bunters"—after they are full blown. "Bunter" owning acres—going in for greenhouses, spinning his money for the sake of the spin; this, I take it, is an invigorating and delightful spectacle. Both extremes of worldly fortune are picturesque, but each must be at the actual extremity. Mere indigence and its threadbare garb are alike offensive; but the fluttering rags of a tatterdemalion are alluring. So, merely opulent vulgarity is a bore, and its air of gentility oppressive; but lavish vulgarity, pouring out pactolian streams, gushing and copious—its very font of auric irrigation—is an inspiring object. Its incarnation in the persons of a "Bunter" and spouse awaken an interest of no uncordial kind, that may easily quicken, in the case of a Miss Bunter, into disinterested affection. I like "Bertie Fitzurse"—decorative and duteous. The loveliness of humankind would be the poorer lacking "Fitzurses," even as that of the Quadrumania would be the poorer lacking its high-tinted genus, *Cynocephalus*. The species "Fitzurse" contributes to excite and avails to appease an aspiring spirit in "Fanny Bunter;" and after they twain are made one flesh, the Fitzurse place is a doocid pleasant, hospitable, delightful place to visit, and Fitz and Fanny are among the most charming people on any fellow's list of acquaintance.

In just glancing at the people who figure in this play, each is recognized as a type. We know in advance the relations they will bear to one another—the sort of love-making that will ensue between "Lillian" and a Mr. Brown who is so very well to do; and that between a Fitzurse who stands next to the title and "Fanny Bunter." We anticipate the part "Lady Matilda" will take in these manoeuvres—"wegar man-twaph," as Wilder hath it. We know the fascinating figure "Mrs. Bunter" will make—though we could scarcely have known in advance how pun-gently Mrs. Saunders would play it. We know that we are to see

Even beneath a "Bunter's" brim A simple Bishop shown in him, but we also know that that Bishop in the body is superlative as a "Bunter" of the mind. And, keeping before our mental vision those other types already mentioned, it is enough by way of criticism to add here, that the Baldwin people made an effort to realize them, and that Miss Stanhope, at least, succeeded. I fancy that many of us would like to see Miss Carey in "Lillian." Mr. Jennings played to admiration a German mineralogy-sharp.

One of the designs submitted for the proposed monument to Adam, at Elmira, had a deep indentation in the head. An explanation being demanded, the conscientious artist said that it was all right; it represented a wound Adam received when he fell.

END MEN AT LOGGERHEADS.

The Duel between Billy Emerson and Billy Rice.

Haverly's United Mastodon Minstrels, now performing at Niblo's Garden, numbers two-score performers, selected from every branch of the profession. Their astute manager, Mr. J. H. Haverly, organized the company for the purpose of affording harmless amusement to the public, and he has considered himself doubly repaid for his energy and enterprise when he nightly glances over his box-office sheet and the smiling faces of his audiences. But while he was endeavoring to furnish comedy to his patrons, two of his stars were rehearsing a scene that was intended to culminate in a realistic tragedy. In other words, Billy Rice and Billy Emerson, two of his best-known performers, had quarreled, and it was rumored that they had determined on a duel to settle the matter. There had been no tangible story told as to the date and origin of the trouble, but vague hints were thrown out that it culminated after the show on Wednesday night. Last evening a *Star* reporter was admitted to Mr. Billy Rice's dressing-room after the performance. The obese comedian was in dishabille; that is, he had nothing on except a pair of shoes. He was rubbing himself vigorously with a Turkish towel, and while he talked he punctuated his utterances by wiping corks of exclamation points out of his eyes and huge periods of the same substance from his ears. The reporter modestly explained his mission. "Certainly I wanted satisfaction," Rice vociferated. "Would you have me a toad, to feed upon the vapors of a duodecimo? Even a dog will bark when his dignity is trampled upon."

"But you haven't explained the origin of the trouble," mildly insinuated the reporter. "True, true, I had forgotten that; but time with all its—oh, sit down—I didn't want this printed—but your reporters have ears like an elephant. Recline yourself in yon easy chair," pointing to a tin bucket with an edge like a cross-cut saw.

"You and Mr. Emerson had a quarrel?" "Something of that kind, I believe, occurred between us, but we have clasped hands over the what-do-you-call-it, and we are now as loving brothers." "The reason of it was—"

"Now, if you want to tell the story, pitch in. But as I was there when it happened, probably you'll take my version of it."

Thus admonished the reporter subsided, and the fat disciple of Momus proceeded: "Since I've been connected with this party I have been on the tambourine end, and I wanted to stay there, because the summer's coming on and the work's easy, and—well, if you're clever you can guess the rest. I ain't bad if I am fat; and I ain't so fat after all, for I don't average more than two hundred and fifteen pounds when in actual eating condition. Outside of that you ought to see me beat a bass drum."

"But how about the duel, Mr. Rice?"

"No interruptions, please. As I was about to say, Billy Emerson was engaged, and he joined the party. He wanted to go on the tambourine end; and if he did, of course I would be compelled to go on the bone end. I thought it rather hard that a man of my build should be made the bony part of the first part, and I objected. Billy insisted, and showed his contract, which stipulated that he was to twirl a tambourine in the show. There was too much work in prospect for me, and I made up my mind, if Billy Emerson displaced me, that I would kind of ventilate my feelings, as it were. Well, Wednesday night I got up here [the dressing-room] ahead of Emerson. You must know that we both dress in the same room. I had read of the trouble of the prime donne at the Academy of Music, and, feeling that I had as much cause to 'kick' as they had, I concluded to follow their example. I struck the centre of the room, and stretched a piece of rope over it. Over this I slung a shawl, thus making two compartments of it; took the inside myself, and turned down the lights in Emerson's half, so that I could not witness his mortification when he made the discovery. When he came up stairs, if you'd been here, you'd thought you was in a cuss-factory in full operation. We exchanged compliments, and then Emerson demanded satisfaction."

"I was willing to accommodate him, but didn't want to take a mean advantage. If I fell on him I would have squashed him as flat as a pair of tights. If I hit him I would have divorced him from the world, and if I breathed on him he would have vanished like frost on a window-pane. His honor was wounded, and he demanded blood to heal his pain. We then agreed to fight with swords in some retired spot near the city."

"Are you an expert swordsman?"

"Well, I should expostulate! My brother-in-law was a sword-swallower, and I was raised in Brooklyn, on the same block with a man who manufactured any number of the original Sword of Bunker Hill."

"Did you really intend to fight him?"

"I am a man of peace, and I was only too anxious to administer consolation to my brother. The preliminaries were arranged, and Ed. Kayne, our preliminary, consented to draw my will and act as my second. Coaches were engaged, and it was arranged to leave town on Thursday night, after the show. Four of the boys were to go in Emerson's hack, and four in mine. I sized up the party, and calculated what it would cost to start them off. Forty cents would have been sufficient capital for eight beers on ordinary occasions, but the gang imagined that they were going to a funeral, and they had lost their appetite for everything except high-priced liquors. A two-dollar note wouldn't flutter a minute on a bar in front of that crowd. Well, when it came time to start, the funeral didn't move. Emerson and I were in the dressing-room, and the chief-mourners and pall-bearers were waiting outside of the theatre. Emerson was sharpening a sword on his side of the partition, and I was writing a farewell letter to my tailor on my side. Billy, you know, is a tall, slim fellow; and he peeked over the division between us, and he said, kind of gently: "Billy, have you said your ante-mortem devotions? If not, you had better; for I can't help filling you full of sword-holes. You're too fat, Billy, to keep out of my way. I am sorry for you, but you have brought this upon yourself."

"Mr. Emerson," said I, "your threats can not unnerve me. I will meet you on the field, which will be the cemetery of either one of us, with the firmness of a man fighting for his rights."

"Billy," said he, "let's take a parting drink together; it may be the last that we'll enjoy together in this life."

"Are you going to swear off?" said I.

"Mr. Rice," said he, "are you aware that in an hour from now you and I will be engaged in mortal combat?"

"I was about to ask forgiveness for my forgetful-

ness when all of a sudden the partition was broken down, and Emerson and I fell on each other's breasts and wept. We settled everything then and there; I tore up my will for shaving-paper, and Billy Emerson broke up his swords into toothpicks. We have been friends ever since, but it was awful rough on the boys. Poor fellows, they don't get much recreation, and it seemed rather hard that we deprived them of an opportunity of going to a respectable funeral."

Mr. Emerson's side of the story could not be learned, as he had departed previous to the reporter's visit.

Mr. E. M. Kayne was found in his dressing-room. He is six feet tall, and of superb physique. He was powdering his face and neck with camphorated chalk previous to robbing for the street. In a deep, musical bass voice, which has evoked the plaudits of the multitudes, he replied to the reporter's questions:

"Base menial of a mighty power," said he, "I am an offspring of chivalry and a champion of the oppressed. I was consulted in this affair of honor, and I was willing to act as the friend of either, but fate cast me as the second of Mr. Rice. Judgment has vanquished passion, and friendship rules supreme. Wouldst learn more? Then be seated." Previous experience in Mr. Rice's room had taught the reporter a lesson, and he spurned the cigar box which Mr. Kayne had offered him as a substitute for a divan. He bade the gentleman good-night, groped his way down the ill-lighted stairway, stumbled through heaps of diseased scenery, and made his way across the stage out into the murky night, satisfied that he had the origin and ending of the Rice-Emerson duel.—*N. Y. Star* 22d.

Father Ollivier, of the Dominican order in Paris, recently offered to wager a certain sum of money that the present government in France would not last until 1890. M. Sarcey, the Paris journalist, took him up; but Father Ollivier declined then to make the wager, giving three excuses for his refusal—first, that the so-called wager was a mere rhetorical flourish, such as is excusable in a preacher, and is never taken in earnest by his hearers; secondly, that he never intended to predict that the French Republic would not endure ten years longer, but merely that the government of M. de Freycinet would not last until 1890; thirdly, that the strict rules of the Dominican order prohibit him from betting. M. Sarcey is reported as saying that such a reply is all he wanted, as it suffices to show what degree of credit may be placed in the bragging rhetoric of political preachers.

Once in a while a cold-blooded critic, who doesn't know how to dance, looks into a ball-room and studies the salutary panorama in an unsympathetic spirit. Such a one has described how it struck him in the *Saturday Review*: "One man waltzes with his head in the air, and much the expression of a dog when he is howling at the sound of music. Another has a bend in the middle, which looks as uncomfortable as it is ungraceful. One genuflects at every turn, and slides out one of his feet as if to trip up rival dancers. An even more dangerous performer works his left hand up and down as if it were a pump-handle. A tall man, with a top-heavy kind of stoop, leans over his partner like a great hen taking a chicken under her wings. One man holds his partner as if he were afraid she would slip from his grasp, while another looks as he wished he were rid of his bargain."

Senator Hamstrung, of the Limekiln Club, arose to a question of privilege. He said he had been called a liar by Cod Liver Scott, another local member, and wanted a new by-law to the effect that any member calling another a liar should be fined one dollar for the first fifty times, and fifty cents for each subsequent repetition. "Spoke dat man who calls you a liar offers to come befo' de club an' prove it?" queried the president. "But he can't prove it, sah." "Why not?" "Kase he can't, sah. Does de president of dis club believe dat I would lie?" "De president only decides sich qeshuns when de vote am a tie," was the evasive answer. "Gem'len, dwell in peace. Spoke gently to each odcir. You may hev de house full of dollar-store jewelry an' silver-handled forks, but if harmony am not wid you your clothes won't fit an' your bacon won't relish. Let us now recherche to our homes."

A little fellow was out-riding with his father the other day, when, noting the name of a street, he asked if it was named after Mr. B—, a well-known politician.

"By no means," said the parent; "it was not named after him, but after his father, who was very popular, and very much esteemed."

The boy said nothing, so his father, who thought he saw a chance to preach a little sermon, continued: "It's very apt to be so. A boy has a father whom everybody loves and respects for his good qualities and abilities, but in too many cases the boy doesn't amount to anything."

Said the boy, after a pause: "Your father was very much esteemed, wasn't he?"

The Princess de Lusignan lives in a beautiful old house adjoining that occupied by Victor Hugo, both buildings belonging to the family of the ancient kings of Cyprus. The gardens are contiguous, and the poet often leaves his work to enjoy the sweet voice of his neighbor, who is a delightful amateur singer. Victor Hugo and the princess have long been acquainted. On the day of the centenary of *Hernani* he wrote her this picturesque letter: "Wednesday, 25th February. Between our two ages, madame, there is room for a *cinquantenaire* of *Hernani*. My eighty years present their compliments to your thirty years, and my old lips kiss your young hands. VICTOR HUGO."

Two Eastern boys recently gave their mother a terrible shock. They got her religious paper out of the mail, slipped it from the wrapper, and substituted a copy of the *Police Gazette*. When the poor mother first opened it, without her specs, she thought it was a Christmas number; and when in a better light the joke dawned upon her, she bared her long and strong right arm, and put the imprint of a shingle where it actually made Rome howl.

Victor Hugo's wife and two little children, George and Jeanne, were recently in a box of a theatre when his play, *Hernani*, was reproduced on the anniversary of his birthday. The master himself was too modest to be present. In the last act, at the death of "Hernani," the emotion of the children became uncontrollable. Little Jeanne sobbed, and was so disturbed, so pale, so trembling, that her mother thought it prudent to withdraw her to a retired corner of the box.

THE GATHERING OF THE FOOLS.

A Sermon by Robert the Good, alias Burdette.

DEARLY BELOVED FOOLS: One year has passed away, and according to appointment we meet once more to celebrate the natal day of our patron saint. I am glad that I am spared to be with you on this foolish and happy occasion, and it pleases my heart to see that you have improved the time, and are now greater fools than ever. For this, let us rejoice.

I, too, am more of a fool than I was a year ago. And I am therefore, as you also are, just so much happier. Dear, gentle fools, what care we, on this bright and smiling April day, who gets the nomination at Chicago or Cincinnati? What care we who will be President? And, in fact, nobody knows who will be President save myself alone. And I will not tell. Why should I destroy all the interest which wise men feel in the election and the canvass, by giving away the result?

I met a wise man on the highway. Haggard was his face and blood-shot his eyes, his hair was disheveled, and there was upon his face the expression of woe that fools never wear.

And he told me he had bought Northwestern at 110, and had just sold at 108½.

But I wot not what he meant, because I was a fool. And again I met in the assembly of the wise men two wise men, and their wisdom looked out of their faces. And they shouted at each other with an exceedingly great shout, in the assembly of the sages, and one of them smiled and said unto me privately:

"He is a lame duck, for I have just unloaded upon him a block of Iron Mountain at 65½, and lo! it will not be 37 before morning?"

But I wist not what it was that he had done, for I was a fool, and fools have no understanding concerning these things. Verily, we neither "unload," nor are we "unloaded" upon. Wherefore, dearly beloved, are we happy.

There came unto me in the train, brethren, a man of exceedingly grave countenance, and wise of aspect, and his lips dropped wisdom. And, as he spake, one said unto me: "Lo, and he knoweth it all." And I marvelled greatly at his wisdom; but I held my peace, as becometh fools in the presence of wise men. And the wise man held his hat before me and smiled, and said unto me:

"Vote, please."

And I understood him not, but hesitated in my speech, and said that of a verity I gave nothing to beggars who were able to travel.

And he was wroth, and said:

"Vote for President, please."

And I said: "President who?"

And the wise man spake hastily and with great wisdom, and said:

"Anybody; vote for your candidate for President."

And I asked him: "President of what?"

The wise man said: "Of the United States. How long have you lived in this country?"

Truly, I told him the years of my pilgrimage were rising thirty-six, by the measure of time, but by the fullness of the fun I had had, they were even one hundred and seventy scant.

"Well," the wise man said, "vote for President; Grant, Blaine, Sherman, Washburne, or Garfield, or Edmunds—whichever you prefer."

I asked him how often I should vote.

And he said: "Once only."

I answered him: "But would the first time count?"

And he waxed angry and said: "You are a fool."

And greatly I marvelled how he found it out, for it was even so.

Dearly beloved, I have seen the wise man rising early and sitting up late, and gathering unto himself wealth, that his children's lawyers might divide it among themselves. I have seen him marching down the street, with cheers upon his lips, a torch glaring above his head, and kerosene oil trickling down the back of his Sunday coat, that a man might be elected President who would give the foreign mission to the neighbor who marched not, neither lifted his voice, but sat on his porch and laughed to scorn they who marched by. I have seen the wise man bend his strength to the handle of the grindstone, and circulate it with the muscles of his arms and the strength of his back and the sweat of his brow, until that the axe was sharpened into the keenness of the razor's edge, and he that held it struck off with it the wise man's head. I have seen the wise man gather his friends in his house and feed them sumptuously, so that when they were gone away, they wondered one to another, "how they could afford it," and told unto each other gossip concerning the wise man and the wife of his wisdom. I have seen the wise man cast down because it rained, and refusing to be comforted because it rained not. I have heard him "say things" because it snowed too much, and worse things because it snowed never at all. I have heard him "confound" the heat, and "plague on" the cold. I have seen him refuse to play because he had work that he could do; I have seen him decline the picnic when there was nothing to keep him from it but a set of books a little behind; I have cried unto him, "Dance with me," and he hath said, "Nay, I must sell a bill of goods." I have seen that he would rather work than play, and all his days were labor, and his nights were dreams of scheming, and there was no pleasure in the world that he desired save a long bank account, that he could not eat, neither could it sing unto him and make merry for him when he was sad. And I beheld these things, but I could not understand them, for I was a fool.

Wherefore, dearly beloved, as we have been fools in the past, let us strive to continue in our happiness and increase our folly. We are the happy ones of the earth. Sun rise and set, and we can stand it as long as the suns can, to all intents and purposes. Let us laugh. There is no fool so useless as the solemn fool. The owl that looks wise and never laughs is poorer than any fool among birds; any boy can catch an owl, but who can catch the garrulous jay asleep after daybreak? What animal among animals looketh so wise and affecteth so much solemn and ponderous wisdom as the ass? And yet the ass is not used as a synonym for intellectual culture. Oh, my brethren, as we must be fools, let us be merry fools, that the world may be brighter around us, and smile at our foolish coming.

For fear of disturbing the congregation, no collection will be taken up. Services will be held in this column as usual on next "All Fools' Day," to which the wise men are cordially invited. And now may the lightness of folly fill your hearts, and teach you to bear with the follies of your neighbors, and to pity the poor fools who fall by the wayside, even with the foolish pity of the good Samaritan who was a fool even as you are—without the pride of birth or the dignity of rank, without the worldly wisdom of the Levite or the scholarly learning of the clerical priest.

TAILINGS.

A young man went to see his darling Emma and hung her to his heart before the cheerful grate. Enter six-foot father, a man of few words and prompt action, with a strong dislike for young men. Not seeing very well in the dim light of the room the father asks—"Who's here?" Thinking to be laconically witty, the young man responded, "Em-I-grate." With unmistakable meaning the old gentleman yelled—"I'll give you two minutes to emigrate and shut the gate," and history has it that the young man made the time with a minute to spare.

The other day a boy in Burlington yelled so loud that he loosened all his hair at the roots, and when the frightened neighbors rushed in to see what the murder was about, they found he was only calling to another boy, standing just on the other side of a marble ring about six inches wide.

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin!" replied the other. "Botherashen! I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, so I have."

Professor—"Which is the more delicate of the senses?" "Sight," "The touch." "P.—Prove it." "S.—When you sit on a tack. You can't hear it; you can't see it; you can't taste it; you can't smell it; but it's there."

It was at the battle of Ivry. A courier came rushing into the presence of the Duke of Mayenne. "He is victorious," he gasped, falling to the ground with exhaustion. "Who?" "Navarre!" "What, Navarre!" This was undoubtedly the real origin of the phrase. A great deal may be learned by the intelligent study of history.

Said Doctor Blanche, the famous French expert in cases of insanity, to the jurors in a case recently tried in Paris: "In the prisoner's drunken moods he would grow sad and remorseful, and blame himself for maltreating his wife, as drunkards often do, gentlemen, as without doubt you yourselves know."

A few days ago a man was going through a train of cars with his hat in his hand, taking a Presidential vote; and while he was in another car somebody stole his valise and spring overcoat, and threw them out of the window.

Young Nickelpinch has evolved a long-winded puzzle, and has rigged up an answer to it: Why is a woman's switch in flames like a certain ancient musical instrument? Because a woman's switch in flames is a falsifier, and a falsifier is a liar, and lyre is an ancient musical instrument. Give the young man six months twice a year.

Jones defended a wretch accused of having murdered his father and mother. In the midst of his most eloquent pleading, the assassin, terribly bored, confessed his crime. The judge naturally believed the affair closed. "The accused has confessed," he said. "Your honor," answered the advocate, "the accused confesses, but who will believe a wretch like that. I do not confess!" And he continued his eloquent plea.

The following appears in the Allahabad Pioneer: "Wanted, a situation as snake-charmer in a serious family. N. B.—No objection to look after a camel."

"I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at the meeting-house this morning a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of an exceedingly pale blue color; in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, my brethren, are getting a little too common."

The editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling, in a measure, received a postal card from an old subscriber in the country, which read as follows: "I hav tuk your paper for leven yerres, but if you kant spel enny better than you have been doin fur the las to munths you may jes stoppit."

Dancers are informed that the "Liverpool lurch" and the "Boston dip" have been replaced by the "Boston grip" and the "South-Sea cuddle." We have often wondered why the graceful "South-Sea cuddle" didn't replace the "Boston dip" before.

A melancholy case of suicide: A naughty little boy, having been threatened with a whipping, hung his head.

The secretary of a young ladies' literary society in Kansas keeps a "jurnal of proceedins."

Thernischeffsky is dead, but his name will remain a long spell yet.

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys, that Hop Bitters will not cure?

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

We used to flatter ourselves that nothing could exceed the purity of our drinking water. Professor Holden's report on the water at Newark ought to dispel this illusion. In his report published in the New York Herald of 17th March, 1880, he says: "The city wells, of which there are many, are often sources of poison to an extent that is not widely known." There are many Newarks in our country, and it is surprising and painful to see our people in many places drink water so full of impurities as to be opaque, and often quite muddy.

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The Montreal *Witness* speaks of a small worm caught in a filter as "a curious object in the water we drink." "The water we drink?" Oh, come now; you're joking. Folks who drink water don't "have em" that way.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirteenth (13th) day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the second (2d) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-eighth (28th) day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 11) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first day of June, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 21st day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.
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KRUMPLE KUDGE.

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On the — day of November, 1870, I received a telegram calling me to the city of Stockton. The nature of the business demanding my attention made it imperative for me to be there early on the following morning; and, being unable to arrange my affairs in time to leave on the regular passenger train at four P. M., I was compelled to take the night freight from Alameda, leaving at nine P. M. and reaching Stockton about five A. M. The accommodations on this train were far from luxurious, travelers being the exception, and the caboose attached for the use of the employees their only choice. On this occasion there was but one other passenger—a man, tall, and of a commanding figure, with black hair, piercing black eyes, and rosy cheeks. His face was one to attract more than a passing glance, and my attention was drawn to him in spite of my efforts to avoid it. The night was clear and cold, and as the brakemen or conductor passed in and out of the car cold gusts of air poured in, making our quarters still more uncomfortable. Noticing that my fellow-passenger was without overcoat or wraps, and having both myself, I offered him my blanket, which he accepted after some remonstrance, and thanked me for it in such a hearty, gentlemanly manner, that I was more than assured that my conclusions were correct. Finding him not averse to conversation, we were soon on the most friendly terms. He proved to be what his looks indicated—a man of intellectual attainments. He told me the history of his life, and in such an earnest, impressive manner that I will never forget it. I will tell it as well as I can.

"My name," said he, "is Krumple Kudge; a curious name, undoubtedly—so ugly, in fact, that I sometimes think all my misfortunes and ill-luck are due to it, and I blame my parents for bestowing it upon me. At school, I never could write it well, and my teachers would hold my studied efforts before my school-mates as a specimen of careless penmanship. Writing was the only study I was deficient in, and I often thought that Mr. Pedagogue should have been grateful to me for that failing, as it formed a constant subject for his lectures on carelessness, with which he inevitably favored us before beginning the duties of the day. My parents were comfortably situated, and, as I was their only son, they desired to see in me a professional man, and urged me to diligently pursue my studies to that end. I did so readily, for I loved my dear father and mother, and to please them was my greatest happiness. I passed a very creditable examination, and was sent to college. I had chosen a medical course, having always had a desire to know more of the wonders of the human body, of which my school studies told me so little; just enough, indeed, to awaken in my mind wonder and awe that was at times terrifying. I overcame this, however, studied hard, and attended lectures regularly. There never was one who went through college and studied with more enthusiasm than I, laboring day and night, until my teachers warned me that my health would give way unless I took more rest. I laughed at them, scouting the idea that I, having youth and strength, mentally and physically, should not use to the utmost all the powers given me. But I repented my disregard of their advice when I broke down under my self-imposed tasks, and was compelled to return to my home to recuperate.

"It was during this necessary holiday that the great idea that has filled my life first entered my mind. It has constantly haunted me since, and I have been wedded to it as only a man with one aim and one thought can be wedded. I will tell you what this idea is: I believe that man—as he exists—is a subtle combination, having within himself the power to keep all his parts and functions in constant repair and forever youthful. Not to re-create a member after dismemberment, but to continue in existence each and every member in health and vigor for an infinite period. This was the thought that took possession of my being. To carry out and to discover the means of accomplishing this has been my life labor.

"My belief is, that as our bodies are made of known materials, supplied to the system through the stomach, and dispensed throughout the body by its system of internal canals, the arteries—each particular part taking what is necessary for its support as the life-giving current passes, and throwing off the waste, which is carried away by the veins and other outlets of the system—that by feeding the body, through the stomach, with material in proportion to the wastage of each particular part, that the process will continue forever; for does not man reproduce himself in a given length of time?—do not all his particles change? And if they are returned in the proportion that they waste, why should he perish? Man grows old because the functions of his body are not carried out as perfectly as in youth; they cease to act because they lose their strength; they lose their strength because they are not supported with the necessary material. Return the wastage, and man retains his youth forever!

"I have labored many years, in all parts of the world, ascertaining the wastage of the human body, and what that wastage consisted of; and I have this subject classified and arranged so that I can now dictate to man whether he shall live fifty or five hundred years. Look at me. I am seventy-five years old, and as fresh and rosy, strong and healthy, as I was at twenty. This *proves* the theory. But what has my life study brought me? Nothing! In San Francisco I have been among men who have means, laboring to get them interested in my discovery. They are incredulous. They do not believe that I am seventy-five years old, and are not willing to test the discovery themselves; for, say they, it takes too long. Oh, how often, when rebuffed by these cruel answers, have I almost given up, disheartened.

"You see me traveling on this train to take advantage of cheap fare. I am free to confess that my purse is not by any means plentiful. You are possibly interested to know why I leave the great money centre for the little inland town of Stockton. I will explain this to you. I have one dear friend who believes in this great discovery of mine; but, unfortunately, he has not the means with which to assist me. We have labored to get a joint-stock company to assist us, but in vain. Oh, how many bright dreams I have had of this company. I had even named it 'The Krumple Kudge Incorporation for the Maintenance of Human Life Infinitely (Limited).' But this is not telling you why I am going to Stockton. Well, my friend tells me that there is one gentleman who has heard of my discovery, and is willing to assist me in introducing it. He is one of the resident physicians at the Stockton Asylum for the Insane. I have not his name, my friend not having time to ascertain it for me before I left, but has promised to send it to me at Stockton. I explained my theory at the city hall, before leaving, to a committee of physicians, and they all agreed that the proper course for me to pursue was to see the party at Stockton. To-morrow brings me success! I am yet a boy! I shall always be a boy, and to-morrow I will toss up my hat and hurrah for joy like a boy. I know this man will not disappoint me. I know he will assist me, and then my cup of happiness will be full, full. I imagine myself seated in my little shop by vials and earthen pots, containing the material necessary for the recuperation of each portion of the body, labeled according to my formulas; children coming to me as they now go to the grocery stores, asking for this, that, or the other, to strengthen and repair some dilapidated member of the family—ha! ha! ha! Oh, but it makes me feel as if I had something yet to live for!"

It was midnight. The gray shadows of the night seemed to cast a dismal chill on everything. I was shivering, either with cold or fear. The whistle sounded, and the train came to a halt. The spires of the City of Sloughs peeped through the gray dawn, and it lifted a great weight from my mind. I have never seen my strange friend since, nor have I entered his little shop. I have never heard of him since. Did that committee to whom he explained his discovery commend him to the resident director? Is he there now? SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880. J. T.

Two Small Advertisements.

Advertisement of a belle's stolen wardrobe in the year 1709 (from Leigh Hunt's *The Town*):

A black silk petticoat, with a red-and-white calico border; cherry-coloured stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red-and-dove-coloured damask gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian; muslin head-cloths, with crow-foot edging; double ruffles, with fine edging; a black furbelowed scarf, and a spotted hood.

Advertisement of the same in the year 1880, as handed in by a lady correspondent:

A pair of chamois tights; a pair of No. 15 corsets; a tea-gown of pale canary, embroidered with tea-caddies, kettledrums, and slices of lemon; a scarlet satin and black-bowed skirt of party dress (waist invisible to the naked eye); a yard of frizzes, red; three puffs, do; one braid, do; a black braid (latter of no intrinsic worth, but valuable as a memento); a dozen gold-headed hairpins; a black leather belt, twelve inches in width; a pair of French slippers, with three-inch silver heels; a piece of crêpe-de-lisse ruffling; a rainbow-colored and spangled chenille fichu; a large hat, very much up on one side, and on the other answering the double purpose of beauty (!) and an effectual protection from curious eyes in one direction, at least.

FAC, M. P.

Some wild, wailing idiot of the night, under the Napa postmark, sends in the following regarding the third term. There is an insane asylum at Napa, we believe. But that does not affect the sense of the contribution, especially as it is in verse:

The brattle bug father sits in the sun,
Smoking his pipe the live-long day.
One wonders how he can find any fun
In life untwisted in just that way.

The brattle bug's wife is tall and thin—
So thin that her shadow is well nigh nil,
And she keeps a satchel to carry it in,
Which is "toted" about by her big son Bill.

And the brattle bug's wife is brittle as well
As thin and shadowless—most—and tall;
And the brattle paternal says he "can't tell
How awfully awful it is—at all!"

For fancy a husband who dare not hug
The wife of his bosom, for fear she might fly
Into forty million fragments of bug,
And a bit of his spouse p'rhaps put out his eye!

A very sensible fellow is Carl Manke—a murderer under sentence of death in Buffalo. Injudicious friends interfered, and he was reprieved. When the news was brought to him he said:

"If I am to be hung, I want to be at the time set down by the court. What authority has Governor Cornell to interfere with my case, and what business is it to him, any way? I do not want any postponement, and I never asked for any."

Now, that is the sort of fellow we like; and if he'll come to San Francisco we'll make him a professor at the House of Correction.

An owl's head carved in ivory, a ball of iridescent glass, a horn of a deer or rhinoceros, are the latest devices for parol knobs. Some of the sticks are carved in relief, with garlands of ivory leaves, or tiny oak leaves and acorns. If you can imagine anything more fanciful or more thoroughly artistic in the parol line, the manufacturers would be bappy to hear from you.

Apropos of the budding picnic season, we should like to know that some one had invented a new and improved picnic hat. The sort most affected is almost fatal to the complexion of a pretty girl who happens to be at all fair. Saunders says no nice girls go to public picnics. I think he must except some of those under church auspices. No?

The mysteries of a baby's toilet were altogether new to a little four-year-old, and he carefully watched the bathing and dressing of his little cousin. When the little powder-box was open, and the fluffy brush was about to be used underneath the baby's chin, he exclaimed, "Oh, aunty, let me see you salt her."

The fur-lined dolman is the thing in street wear at this transition moment of the year. It is rather *not* the thing to be seen in the street with the seal-skin sacque of two months ago.

The biggest dam in the country is in Maine; and don't you forget it when you strike a clothes-line in the back-yard at night.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

In the lobby of the Variétés they talk of a certain graceful actress—gifted, beautiful, but whose mouth is so immense that everybody, in speaking of her, says:

"What a misfortune!"

"Not much," says one of her comrades. "That mouth of hers is very handy—a good scheme. She can whisper in her own ear."

At a very mixed assembly a gentleman who has had previous dealings with the police sits down and says: "Who's for a little game? Gentlemen, I'm waiting for you."

"Come, come," says severely the lady of the house, who has a little table of her own, "you mustn't think you are in the forest of Bondy" (a famous resort for highwaymen).

"True," replies her guest; "there are no trees here, to be sure."

A physician who had been called to attend Fontenelle found the great author sipping coffee.

"My dear sir, do you expect medicine can cure you while you persist in drinking the infusion of that pernicious berry? Coffee, sir, is a slow poison!"

"I should say slow," replied Fontenelle, sipping away at his beverage. "I have within my own remembrance been drinking it, daily and freely, for over sixty years."

He lived to be a hundred years old.

Bismarck has always been represented in *Kladderadatch*, the *Ulk*, and other comic papers, with a bald, awful head, surmounted by three hairs, which will explain the following conversation in a Viennese restaurant:

"Hi, waiter! ho, waiter! I asked for Julianne, and here you've brought me Bismarck soup."

"Bismarck soup, sir! There's no Bismarck soup, sir, on the bill, sir!"

"Of course it is. Don't you see these three hairs on the top of it?"

The young Maurice, in a place of amusement scarcely *comme il faut*, is astonished to meet his father evidently enjoying himself. "Maurice, you here?" exclaims the papa, severely.

"Why not, papa?" says the young man, "of course it is highly respectable, since *you* are here."

In court the ownership of a well was disputed.

One of the counsel delivered himself of a plea of burning eloquence.

"It is really not worth so much trouble," said the judge. "It is only a question of water."

"Pardon me," replied the lawyer; "it is of the highest importance: both our clients are wine merchants."

Mademoiselle — has given her "protector" proofs of her infidelity. He quits the house, and swears that he never shall return.

He goes back, however, the next day.

He says to mademoiselle with an air of great tenderness: "When a woman loves as you love me, how can one ever leave her?"

* * * "Do you know the dénouement, madame?"

"No."

"They thrust the two lovers into a cave, and they die there."

"Of exhaustion?"

And here are the particulars of a social scandal:

One scene strange which has musted to have the consequences the most grave, is itself unrolled yesterday in an appartement situated to the third story of a house of the Rue Saint Martin, and occupied by the epouses H. These last were gone to the theatre, and not one reentered only toward midnight. At the moment where Monsieur H. himself couched he heard as a light noise in the chamber, then he saw an armoire itself open sweetly and itself close immediately. He ran toward this place and wished to open the door, but impossible.

"Some one in this armoire," said he to his dame.

Finally the door finished by to yield under his efforts, and he himself found in presence of one named Alfred, whom he had known in some circumstances that we will relate more low.

The latter held to the hand one revolver. Monsieur H. — him seized lively by one arm. One struggle itself engaged, and the arm tumbled to earth.

While that Monsieur H. — putted Alfred in the impossibility of to faire any movements, some neighbors pushed by the noise went to inform some agents who would conduct to the post this singular visitor.

Interrogated by the Commissioner of the Police, he responded that he was the lover of Madame H. — and as she refused to have relations with him he had resolved of himself to kill in her chamber and in her presence. He added, however, that he believed Monsieur H. — en voyage and that he hoped to find his beloved alone. In effect the husband was re-entered the day same at Paris, after some days of absence.

Alfred had in him possession one key of the appartement where he had coulted thus himself introduced without to awaken the attention of some neighbor.

That which there is of singular it is that the husband knew perfectly that his wife was the love of this man, and he has made to the commissioner of police this response typical:

"I have been forced of to accept this situation, for my wife menaced of me to quit if I putted obstacles to these relations."

It itself agitation now of to know if really Alfred had simply the intention of himself to suicide. That is few probable. Would he not more soon himself to revenge of the abandonment of his mistress in her assassinating? In attending that the light be made around this affair, which has produced one grand scandal in the quarter, Alfred has been written in the book of the goaler.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING SEWING MACHINE.

It is PERFECT in every feature, and COMPLETE in all its details. It embodies all of the MODERN improvements that are of PROVED VALUE.

J. W. EVANS,

No. 29 POST STREET (MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING).

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BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 22) of seventy-five (75) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth (6th) day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of May, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the ninth (9th) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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GAS REGULATOR

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THE Automatic

THE ONLY LIGHT RUNNING AND NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE made. It has no Bobbins, no Shuttle, no Tension. It is sold wholly upon its merits.

We hereby offer to parties who have owned an Automatic for Six Months and are dissatisfied, a New Machine of any other make, on even exchange. No other Company dare make such an offer.

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We beg to inform our friends and all connoisseurs that we have received a fresh shipment of the celebrated

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CHAMPAGNE,

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3-Button, first quality.....1 40
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Lace-top Lisle and Silk Gloves, from 50 cents and upwards. Our Kid Gloves are the best fitting and most durable.

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Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

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W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

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The Argonaut.

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PRICE, TEN CENTS.

ANOTHER PHASE OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

By Nathan the Essenian.

[For cold-blooded, inexorable logic, we commend to our readers the following communication of "Nathan the Essenian." It is strong meat for strong-minded men, this kind of writing. The time is coming when thinking men must look facts in the face. The Chinese question is getting beyond the depth of the superficial thinker. We commend this article to those of our readers who reflect.]

The Chinese question naturally possesses for the people of California an intenser interest than for the people of other States, where it is not, and for years to come can not be, realized as one of any practical and pressing importance. Still it is true that, far east of the mountains, many men who have never written or spoken a word upon the subject, have watched its development with great interest, and have read, with avidity and care, at least the substance of all that the Californians have said concerning it.

The views of the *Argonaut* are generally set forth with such incisiveness and fearlessness that I have read its clear, biting utterances upon this Chinese question with a peculiar interest.

In the March number of the *Californian*, under the caption, "Certain Phases of the Chinese Question," Mr. John F. Miller presents an article which, I think, will go far toward moulding public opinion upon the subject, by a pattern acceptable to Californians.

There does not seem to be any great room for controversy about the facts that are properly involved in it, but when I come "to add up" all that I could learn as to the principles at issue, the sum was so radically different from any Californian estimate that has come under my observation that your readers might, perhaps, think it worth while to compare my conclusions with those reached by yourself, and by contributors more immediately interested in the salient and practical points involved in it.

The sum of California opinions seems to be about as follows:

The Chinese are confirmed and hopeless pagans, who refuse to abandon their own idolatries, or to adopt ours.

They are foreigners who stubbornly refuse to become Americanized.

They are the offspring of countless generations of work-people, whose normal condition from time immemorial has been one of scant wages and hard work, without any future before them, until they have learned to thrive upon the minimum of the means of subsistence, so that the slaves of European and American civilization can not compete with them in any field of toil to which they can gain access.

They are intelligent enough to acquire quickly an unusual efficiency in almost any kind of labor, so that, unless the immigration of them be checked by law, they will ultimately supplant all other laborers.

They look upon all other people as barbarians, and are invincibly fixed in the belief that Chinese government, institutions, laws, customs, literature, religion, morals, and sociology are the perfection of human wisdom, not possible to be improved upon by the Yankees, the Irish, or the Dutch.

These are about the facts; and from these facts the conclusion is drawn that Chinese immigration adds nothing to American population, wealth, or industry, but is simply planting a hostile nation upon our continent, and bringing it into competition with our resident population; draining off to China all the surpluses produced by them, and inaugurating a strife for existence in which all of the elements of success are in favor of the alien race. It is insisted that the remedy for these evils must be sought in laws which prohibit immigration; to which end existing treaties must be abrogated, an American "policy of exclusion" inaugurated—all based upon a rather shadowy use of the words, "the right of self-preservation."

If the facts be admitted, the advocates of the anti-Chinese policy seem to take it for granted that there can be no division of sentiment upon the course which ought to be pursued, and seem to be impatient of any suggestion that Chinese immigration is not an unmixed evil.

Let us quote Mr. Miller:

In the long warfare of his race for the means of existence the physical character of the Chinaman has become adapted to the very smallest needs of human life, and with a capacity for the largest labor. He is a man of iron, whom neither heat nor cold seems to affect; of obtuse nerve, and of that machine-like quality which never tires. His range of food is the widest of all known animals—embracing as it does the whole vegetable kingdom, and including every beast of the earth and creeping thing, and all creatures of the sea, from the tiny shrimp to the giant leviathan of the deep. He can subsist on anything, and almost upon nothing. He has brought with him the Chinese science of sustaining human life, and he shows no disposition to lose it. The white man can not acquire it and does not want it. He could only get it by an experience such as the Chinese have gathered in the long ages of their history. This represents in some degree the advantages which the Chinese have over our race in the battle for the "survival of the fittest." When we reflect upon the time it has taken the Chinese to train their bodies down to their present state, in which they possess the capacity for labor and the power of endurance equal to that of the most stalwart races, at the same time possessing such a marvelous vital organism and digestive machinery that they are enabled to subsist on less than half the food necessary to sustain life in other men, we begin to see the impossibility of the American Caucasian ever coming to the Chinese standard in these respects; and when we think of what that training has cost—of the pinching hunger, ceaseless, grinding toil, the human misery, the unspeakable horrors of that long, doleful agony of the ages which has made the Chinese what they are—the mind shrinks from the contemplation of the possibility of such a fate for the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent.

If the facts alleged in this extract are correctly stated, it seems to me to be very clear that, instead of being an unmixed evil, Chinese immigration is really a social bonanza for every American who is in a position to buy labor without the necessity of laboring himself. Sharper competition between toilers for the means of subsistence means lower wages and larger advantages for the employer. The reduction of workingmen to slavery (no matter by what name it is called) is the aggrandizement of capital. Plato and Aristotle were, beyond all question, right when they taught that in a perfect government the slaves (laborers) ought to be purposely kept in ignorance, so as to prevent them from knowing or using their power, and be trained to love pleasures of the lowest, cheapest, and most beastly kinds, so that they might be incapable of self-respect, and of consequent self-reliance. For if government over the people is to be a permanent thing, "the education of the masses" and "manhood suffrage" will in the end prove to have been a national insanity. Kitchen "ladies," barn-yard "gentlemen," and "elegant and respectable" mechanics are a vast mistake. Certainly, the acquisition of cheap, skilful, patient, uncomplaining servants is a blessing to the rich and to the comparatively rich, and no one has any right to complain of Chinese immigration except those who labor, and who may suffer from the competition of such laborers. To those who are inclined to become eloquent about "the rights of labor," "the dignity of labor," and all that sort of utopianism, I have simply to suggest the merciless but undeniable truth that labor never had any rights, under any system of government, that legalized private property-rights except what its comparative scarcity enabled it to extort from capital. Labor is as much a commodity as a horse, or a mule, or a bushel of wheat, and it is worth just what it will bring—no more, no less. When labor is scarce and the demand for it great, the laborer is comparatively independent. When laborers become too plentiful, all talk of an increase of wages is merest bosh; the only remedy known to civilization is for the laborer to reduce his wants, as the Chinese have learned to do; and "the Chinaman buys his wife," not because the Chinese are naturally more devoid of chastity than we are, but because the "necessity that knows no law" can make sexualism itself a commodity. Labor has no "rights," no "dignity" about it. Labor is God's curse put upon mankind for sin; and Jesus is the only statesman that ever pointed out any means by which the masses of mankind can escape that curse.

Labor is worth what it will bring, and the value of it depends upon circumstances, like that of any other commodity. The interest of those who wish to buy it is to get the best and most reliable article at the cheapest rate; and hence the question of Chinese immigration is, in the very essence, of it, part and parcel of the great question of this age: the question of capital and labor. When, therefore, this Chinese question comes up for actual, final settlement, the money-power of the land will be found upon one side of it, and the laboring classes upon the other. Not only will Chinese immigration enable the railroad and factory bosses to mock the "strikes" of workingmen, but it will place labor, in every department of human life, in the hands of capital, gagged and bound. If capitalists are not yet fully awake to the importance of the agency placed in their hands for the utter subjugation of labor, the discussion of the question will open their eyes; and it does not require a prophet to foresee that they will have the cheapest slaves in the market. Upon this question Mr. Miller observes that "charity should begin at home," meaning (if it means anything) that capital ought to have charity enough to deny itself the great advantages of Chinese immigration out of regard for our home-workers; but Mr. Miller must be a very young and enthusiastic gentleman if he believes that Mammon ever was a god that had the weakness of compassion. Has he forgotten that the same godless power in 1869 withdrew from circulation a thousand millions of the people's money, demonetized silver, and went on with the "contraction of the currency," although it knew, before this crime was perpetrated, and while it was being done, that it meant the starvation of labor, and the ruin of all who were not "heeled" to meet the assassins of our national prosperity? The plea for these and all other infamies of the same kind was "honest money," a plea baptized by a hired ecclesiasticism; but the crime was done to enhance the relative value, the purchasing power, of gold. Why, then, should Mr. Miller doubt that some equally specious plea will be urged in favor of Chinese immigration, or that Yankee parsons will sanctify the pretense, as soon as the employers see that it is to their interest to use Chinese labor—as, for instance, when they discover that cheap lands worked by the Chinese are a better investment than Government bonds?

Chinese immigration, therefore, is not an evil thing to all of our people, even if it should degrade American labor and laborers. In answer to all the brilliant declamation I have seen concerning "the right of self-preservation," it may be sufficient to remark that there is no statute, constitution, or treaty which secures any such right. It is "the first law of nature," perhaps, and antedates all civilization and government. It means only that an individual or a nation possesses a natural right to do whatever is necessary, or whatever is believed to be necessary, for its own preservation; it is as true of one man or nation as of another. The Chinaman, therefore, is as fully endowed of this right as is the Yankee or the Dutchman; and war originates out of the fact that nations, tribes, states, communities are not always

agreed upon the facts which are involved in the assertion of this right. If any unpleasantness should arise between the United States and China, it would be a war between four hundred millions of Chinese and forty or fifty millions of us; a war that would ultimately draw all Europe to our aid, and all Asia to the other side, until the Mississippi Valley would become the battle-ground of the human race, as (I think) John, on Patmos, prophesied, when he saw a vision of "a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." The result of such a contest would, perhaps, depend upon the facility with which the Asiatics could reach our coasts.

I know a man who is now at work upon a little invention that (if it succeeds) would reduce the cost of transportation to nothing, and would multiply the capacities for it beyond any practical limitation; so that it would be easier to land Asia in the Bay of San Francisco than it would be if a half-dozen double-track railroads spanned the ocean.

The Chinese learn everything—war, perhaps, as quickly as anything else. The first duty of a soldier is obedience, and military genius is without doubt the very lowest possible development of which genius is capable.

These considerations lead me to wait for what China may have to say about the abrogation of the treaty, with a good deal of interest.

Upon "the policy of exclusion" it may be sufficient to remark that no argument can be made in favor of its application to the Chinese that can not be used in its favor against all immigration from densely populated countries. So far as such exclusion is a matter of principle rather than of expediency, it applies with equal force to Irish, English, French, German, and Chinese immigration; to prove which it is only necessary to refer to the "Native American literature" of a few years ago. (Did Brother Pixley ever make any "Know Nothing speeches"?) And further let it be observed that this is not a new policy at all. It was the settled law of the Chinese empire for centuries, and was not departed from until the "outside barbarians" left the Celestial kingdom no choice except between reciprocity treaties and open war. So that the advocates of the policy of exclusion are simply following in the footsteps of those illustrious patriots who built "the great wall." They are preaching a Chinese political economy, and in order to be thoroughly consistent, they should adopt the "pig-tail," and deny that Rev. xvi, 12, ever contained any prophecy.

Let us again quote from Mr. Miller, in reference to the fact of Chinese immigration:

Speaking of this event in the United States Senate, session of 1852, William H. Seward characterized it as "the reunion of the two civilizations, which, parting on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and traveling in opposite directions around the world, now meet again on the coasts and islands of the Pacific Ocean." He then adds: "Certainly no mere human event of equal dignity and importance has ever occurred on the earth." In this connection he made the prediction that this great event would be "followed by the equalization of the condition of society, and the restoration of the unity of the human family."

Mr. Seward spoke grandly; but if his heart and brain had been thoroughly imbued with profound reverence for Jesus Christ, not only as the Saviour of mankind in a spiritual sense, but also as their Saviour in a social and political sense, he could not have failed to behold a grander significance than he saw in Chinese immigration—a meaning which the few Essenians that are left in the world, although infinitely smaller officially and intellectually than he was, fully understand.

Let us see what is in it.

"The two civilizations which," according to Mr. Seward, "parted on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and traveled in opposite directions around the world" until they met at the Bay of San Francisco, were as different in the essential characteristics and nature of them then as they are now. The discussion of these differences presents a field for some magnificent writing if it were now necessary to enter upon it; but it may be sufficient upon this occasion to say that the differences were radical, not accidental, and existed in the very warp and woof of their whole moral and intellectual constitutions. Change, trial, experiment, a disposition to despise what is attained and press on toward "manifest destiny," was always the characteristic of one, while the other, in the language of Mr. Miller, "have remained changeless and unchangeable; as immutable in form, feature, and character as if they had been moulded like iron statues when made, and never 'of woman born'; as fixed in habit, method, and manner as if in their daily lives they were but executing some monstrous decree of fate.... Their modes of life are the same that they and their ancestors have for fifty centuries pursued, in their fierce struggle with nature for subsistence."

But in spite of the radical differences between these civilizations in language, literature, laws, customs, religion, and character—in all that constitutes civilization—they possessed one controlling idea in common, and the whole history of both has been only an interminable struggle to work out that idea into some legitimate, just, and enduring end; both, under all the vicissitudes of ages, have held unflinchingly to the truth of the dogma that government over the people as the conservator and guardian of private property-rights is the prime necessity of our civilization. It is safe to assert, in view of the history and character of the Chinese, and especially in view of their national permanency, that the civilization of China presents for the admiration and emulation of the perfectest possible development of the

ernment and private property. Certainly it would be a difficult matter even to conceive of a nation so situated that the idea of government over the people as the guardian of private property-rights could work out its logical results under more favorable conditions than have actually existed in the Chinese empire. Obedience to the law, and swift, unerring punishment for the violation of it, is a thing as well established by long centuries of experience as is the course of nature in the physical world—a thing that they rely on just as they do upon the succession of the seasons or the flowing of the tides. Insurrections, rebellions, opposition to the law on the part of the people, is, and for countless centuries has been, unknown. If the times are hard, the Chinese endure—they do not rebel; if times become too hard, they lie down and quietly die. Notwithstanding occasional disagreements and even "wars" between their rulers, so far as the people are concerned, their gray and venerable law-and-order system has had "free course to run and be glorified" century after century. Throughout Christendom the perfect development of the idea of government over the people as the guardian of private rights has been prevented (or retarded) solely by the influence of Christianity; for Christianity was originally the emphatic and uncompromising denial of government over the people and of private property-rights involved in the doctrine of personal liberty, and responsibility, and of community of property, taught by Jesus as the essential basis of religion; and, although these truths were vastly modified by the influence of Constantine, enough of their pristine vigor remained, even after Christianity was subverted and ecclesiasticism substituted for it, to account for existing differences between the civilizations of Christendom and those of the Pagan world; and there is no other factor in human life that can account for them: for even in Greece and Rome the word "liberty" had no meaning for the masses of men, but only for their rulers. Slavery was the normal condition of the masses, and Jesus was the first who ever advocated liberty for all men. But no pagan nation ever had equal opportunity with China to reach a happy result from the basis of government over the people as the guardian of property-rights. It is, therefore, undeniably true that while modern European civilization presents the highest development of the science of government as modified by the influence of Christianity, China affords us the result of its very highest development unmodified by that influence. The Chinese themselves regard all Western nations as "barbarians;" they consider our "progress" and our boasted civilization as merely the effervescent joy of an adolescent nationality that has happened on amazing good luck; they think they know that our system and theories would not stand the strain that China has resisted for ages for even a summer's day; and they believe that by the time we "become of age," we will either reach a condition something like their own, or else one so much worse that we will sigh for the celestial blessings of Chinadom; hence, to them the idea of becoming "Americanized" is as repulsive as it would be to a Christian to consider the propriety of forsaking Christ and go to burning joss-sticks; and, beyond all doubt, the Chinese are right, if the idea of government over the people as the guardian of private property is to be a permanent thing on this continent.

Mr. Seward supposed that Chinese immigration "would be followed by the equalization of the condition of society, and the restoration of the unity of the human family." Why? Was he, also, an Essenian socially? Certainly, no such "equalization," or "unity," was ever visible through the inverted and begrimed telescope of political economy—the most shameless of all pretentious and cheeky pseudo-sciences. For both reason and experience demonstrate that "equalization" and "unity" are forever impossible so long as the law ordains the sacredness of private property-rights, and makes Mammon the only god whom men really worship. In the year 8 B. C. the census of Rome (then nearly eight hundred years old) showed a population of more than four millions, but the inequalities of social life were not less than they are in China now—nearly all of these four millions were slaves. In modern Europe there is no acknowledged tendency toward any such equalization except what may be traced directly to the influence of the teachings of Jesus in opposition to the claims of government. In our own new nationality are we not going with a frightful and unparalleled rapidity in the direction of establishing a normal condition of hopeless inequality based upon money only—undignified by any such vain but still attractive, shams as rank, or birth, or personal excellence?

Mr. Miller says:

The first fruits of this process of "the equalization of the condition of society" are now visible in California, and the public judgment is, that this equalization of condition and the "restoration of the unity of the human family," so far as it relates to the antipodean peoples who have here met, will be effected—if at all—at the expense of the life of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The two civilizations which have here met are of diverse elements and characteristics; each the result of evolution under contrarian conditions—the outgrowth of the centuries—and so radically antagonistic that any merging together or unity of them now seems impossible. Experience thus far indicates pretty clearly that the attempt will result in the displacement or extinction of one or the other. They can no more mix than oil and water—neither can absorb the other. They may exist side by side for a time, as they have endured here for nearly thirty years; for let it be understood that there is a small but growing province of China on the Pacific Coast; and that in the very heart of our metropolis there is the City of Canton in miniature, with its hideous gods, its opium dens, its slimy dungeons, and its concentrated nastiness.

But is it not true that all of the antagonisms and incompatibility, which undoubtedly exists between the races, grow mediately or immediately out of the idea of private property? Is it not true that if the only immigrants were wealthy Mongolians, out of whom much money could be made, the Californians would not object to the importation of millions of them? Does not the real difficulty consist in the fact that, having been reared up for ages under the perfectest human government that ever existed on earth, having carried "civilization" to its highest point, having exhausted all that there is in government over the people as the guardian of private property-rights, they know how to make money out of us, know how to drive our self-conceited, half-trained, high-priced workers out of every field of labor in which they can come into competition with each other; simply because viewed from every stand-point (except that of Jesus and the Essenians) they are infinitely our superiors—the foremost race upon

They are the shearers; our working-classes are the sheep; and it is a question of wool.

But if the idolatry of Mammon could be overthrown—if the idea of private property-rights and the curse of government over the people, which subsists only upon that idea, could be eradicated—if the communal title to all property (which Jesus ordained to be the basis of Christianity) could be instituted—the only effect of "cheap" Chinese labor would be to increase the common stock, to add to the general prosperity, to help to save the people—a system that would make pauperism impossible, unless the continent should become so crowded that no man could produce more than a subsistence for himself—a thing that is inconceivable.

If, therefore, Chinese immigration shall continue (and it will continue in spite of any legislation, State or national, that may temporarily impede it), the only salvation from a condition of absolute slavery to the money sharks possible for the masses of our people will be found in the absolute negation and subversion of all private property-rights, and the ordaining of a communal title to all property. For, if our present law-and-order system remains as a permanent thing, capital will utilize cheap Chinese labor just as certainly as experience proves anything. Every railroad and factory in the United States will be operated with that labor; the bulk of all agricultural products will be raised, garnered, and shipped by the same labor. For no consideration of patriotism, or of humanity, or of compassion for our own workmen, will ever restrain capital from aggrandizing itself by the employment of the best and cheapest labor that money can procure. The farmer, the mechanic, the railroad employee, or factory hand who believes anything to the contrary, is little better than an idiot. Capital would work you—all of you, Irish, Yankees, and Dutch—at Chinese wages, if it could, today. The only refuge left to labor in the United States is in the abrogation of laws sanctioning the private ownership of property, and in the ordination of the communal system, thus "to equalize the condition of society and restore the unity of the human family," by the agency of a democracy pure and simple, social and political, based upon the only possible foundation for a genuine democracy—community of property.

So taught Jesus Christ, and "there is no other name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved"—socially, politically, or eternally.

The *Argonaut* is manifestly very far at sea as to all of these questions which the providence of God is pushing upon us for solution. For months and months past it has connected together the words "respectability and property," "worth and property," "tax-payers and good citizens," and the whole catalogue of incantations contained in the cruel and lying vocabulary of Mammon, until a reader would really believe that the *Argonaut* teaches that virtue and respectability can not exist except upon the basis of cash, and that the only holy thing on earth is private property; and that it is, therefore, always ready to sneer at "the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," because it is clear-sighted enough to perceive that, in the long run, the idea of justice to and liberty for all men is utterly and hopelessly antagonistic to the laws which recognize private property-rights. And yet, while the *Argonaut* flounders, hopeless and befogged, in a wilderness of doubt in which every human soul that attempts to reconcile impossibilities must of necessity lose itself, the truth is very plain, simple, and old. The truth is, that "ye can not worship God and Mammon," and ye need not try to do it. In other words, the truth is that liberty for the masses of mankind is impossible on the basis of private property-rights, which is Mammon-worship, and is possible only from the basis of an absolute democracy pure and simple, social and political, founded upon communism and faith. The social wars of the Roman Empire, the peasants' wars of Germany, the French Revolution, the civil war in America, and every other war waged in Christendom in which the people took an active part voluntarily, were simply—in the very essence of them—mere expressions of the necessary and irrepressible conflict between liberty for all men on the one hand and Mammon-worship on the other.

"The unity of the human race will be restored." If Asia should devote ten years to the acquisition of Western science, and then shake her skirts for conquest, Europe and America would simply be submerged. There would remain but one race upon earth. There are not less than a thousand names on the roster of the armies which recently decided the question whether a negro is a man, any one of whom is competent to carry out a contract with China and Hindostan to conquer Europe and America; and if Christendom shall maintain the idolatry of Mammon a half-century longer, some enterprising Yankee will doubtless undertake the job. *Hoc erit in futu.*

The following true story is also a pointed fable: "Crossing the Straits of Carquinez, as I returned from the State Convention, I witnessed a bloody and fatal encounter between a seal and a sturgeon. For several seconds I observed the churning of the waters, indicating the commotion below; then there came to the surface, his eyes all aglow with the passion of his contest, a seal, holding in his embrace an immense sturgeon—the sturgeon struggling, squirming, and lashing his tail for dear life. Again and again they came to the surface, still engaged in the deadly contest. At length, with a superlative effort, the seal threw himself above the water, tossing the sturgeon above him, and then caught the fish by the middle between his open jaws and bit him in two. Then, as I take it, the seal went down to the quiet enjoyment of his breakfast. To my mind this settles the question, 'Do seals eat fish?' and it illustrates the fact that big fish eat big fish as well as little ones. The same trait holds good in human nature. When big men and rich men and big corporations and politicians, strong in power, find no little men to eat, they feed upon each other, even if they have to fight for it."

The Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* states that Lucy Hooper and her book, *Under the Tricolor*, have been fiercely attacked by the *Parisian*, the American journal there. The article was very violent, and so spicy, that twenty-four hours after its appearance not a copy was to be had for love or money. It so enraged Mr. Hooper that he started out on the war-path, intending to horsewhip the *Parisian* man, but was prevented by his friends. In short, between the book and the article, the tempest in the American teapot is something terrible.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

In the absence of the head of the household, the nurse furnishes the census-taker with the information he desires.

"My master," she says, "is an idiot."

"Completely?"

"Completely. Not of the violent kind, but harmless. His wife is eighty-two years old. Only one child, a son aged thirty-five. No, he can neither read nor write."

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"Do not mention it, sir."

"Catherine," says the butler, when the official has departed, "where do you expect to go to when you die? You know master belongs to the Academy, and missus is only thirty, and their boy is at the infant-school."

"I know it; but I'll teach them to sack a lady for having a few habitual discrepancies in the marketing account. Avenged! Ha! ha!"

Thief before the severe judge:

"What a disgrace! Are you not ashamed, an old man like you, to be brought here accused of theft?"

"Pardon me, your honor; do not upbraid me undeservedly. I began stealing when I was very young."

At a club one of the habitués, a widower of one day's standing, is dealing at baccarat, when some of the players, who have been chatting with each other, burst out laughing.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," cries the bereaved man, sternly, "you forget yourselves. Respect my sorrow."

Madame A—, discovering that her new cook's marketing accounts are not like Cæsar's wife, delivers a powerful allocation to the domestic.

"Have pity upon me, madame," cries the servant, "and have patience. I have not been long in Paris, madame, but give me another chance and you'll see if I don't improve—see if you can detect me!"

A mother tried to console her child, who cried bitterly.

"Why, John, what is the matter?"

"Mamma" (crying still louder), "yesterday I fell down and hurt myself."

"But that was yesterday; why do you cry to-day?"

"Why, don't you remember?—you wasn't home yesterday."

Lillie had the toothache, and cried. Her mother wished to pacify her.

"I am ashamed of you; I wouldn't be such a baby before everybody."

"Oh, yes; it's all very well for you."

"Why?"

"Because if your teeth ache you can take them out."

A poor woman called on a gentleman. "You remember me," she said; "I am the wife of the blind man to whom you have been so kind."

"What has happened?"

"A great misfortune has overtaken us."

"I am very sorry. What is it?"

"My husband has recovered his sight."

At the recent sensational trial at Paris of the actress, Mademoiselle Bière, accused of shooting her lover when he deserted her, Daubray, the actor, was asked his opinion.

"I think," he said, with due solemnity, "that if I were one of the jurors I would acquit her, and if I were her lover I would quit her, too."

La jolie parfumeuse offers a bottle of her 'fume to a customer.

"No, thanks," replied the customer, "perfumes or odors of any kind give me a headache."

"But this perfume is warranted not to have any smell about it at all, at all; if it has your money will be returned!"

"Beastly weather, this! If there is anything I hate it is cold and rainy weather."

"Oh, I'm more philosophical than you. I'm easily satisfied—I can put up with any sort of weather so long as it's fine."

Some of the new clocks on the Place de l'Opera instead of one face only, have three.

"Why three?" Madame Guibollard asked her husband.

Responded Guibollard: "It is in case three people should be passing at the same moment, each could see what time it was."

Local item from *Le Temps*:

"How many of times have we not protested with all our confrères against the pace excessive, insensate, given to their horses by the butchers and the milkers! At all instant we must enregister the accidents, by times mortals, caused on the way public by the rapidity of the course of these vehiclers."

"Yesterday one terrible lesson had been inflicted to a butcher who, in descending the Boulevard Ornano with his wife and his child, had launched his horse at the great gallop."

"Wishing to avoid a carriage in station near the sidewalk, the named A— drew brusquely upon the rein left, which broke himself."

"The horse as soon carried away swooped right on the tramway of the Bastille to Saint-Ouen. A—, losing the head, precipitated himself from the vehicle and broke himself the right leg. His vehicle at the same instant was shattering himself against the tramway, at the grand terror of the voyagers."

"Strong happily, Madame A— and her child, whom we hastened ourselves to reaise, have not had but the contusions without any gravity."

(NOTE.—Next time the named A— will know enough to do what his confrère American would have done under similar circumstances, and when he sees a hack drawn up by the sidewalk drive to take off a wheel instead of drawing brusquely on the rein off.)

OUR OWN POETS.

Hilda.

I.

A drooping line, with linen laden,
Suspended 'tween the apple-trees,
The early work of rustic maiden.
Hung swaying in the morning breeze.
The leaves from fragile blossoms, flying
Like downy snow-flakes through the air,
Settled upon her bosom, lying,
And quivered on her raven hair.
They sprinkled all the green lawn over;
They blushed on garments white and fine;
They flitted o'er the bed of clover,
Breathing sweet incense 'neath the line.

II.

Plump as a Hebe, graceful, sprightly,
Was Hilda—ever blithesome, gay,
Her wondrous beauty shone more brightly
Costumed in simple garb of gray.
Her soft brown eyes were coyly glancing
Beneath their silken fringes deep—
In fitful play, her charms enhancing,
As if awaking Love from sleep.
'Twas thus she stood, that summer morning,
With dimpled arms all white and bare;
Her needle-work the line adorning—
Those mystic garments, wrought with care.

III.

"These are my treasures," she was saying,
"They are not many, to be sure"—
Her little store the while displaying—
"Not many, for I'm very poor;
And we must work both late and early,
Edgar and I—that is, if we—"
From cheek to brow of lustre pearly
The rosy blush played warm and free.
She paused, her raven tresses shaking,
And all their fragrant leaflets shed;
Her song the echoes sweet awaking,
As o'er the homeward path she sped.

IV.

Edgar was there. He, too, was blushing;
They had been childish lovers long.
While she her beating heart was hushing,
He nursed a deep and bitter wrong.
"Hilda!" he cried—his voice would tremble
In spite of all his manly skill—
"Hilda, 'tis useless to dissemble,
For I have come to know you well.
They tell me you have sold your beauty
To that unprincipled Roy Dean.
Hilda, be mine the sacred duty
Your life from his false vows to screen.

V.

"A country lad, with not much learning,
But I've a heart that's good and true.
Hilda, for you 'tis ever yearning—
Yearning for love and life with you.
Tell me, oh, tell me! can you sever
The bonds our infancy entwined—
Our plighted childhood's vows forever?
Speak, Hilda! have you changed your mind?"
Beside the maiden he was sitting,
And she was splashing in the spray
Of foam, her fingers idly flitting;
Her brown eyes gazing far away.

VI.

Roy Dean has lands and high position;
His wife a social queen will be.
Wed him, and better your condition,
And from this life of toil be free."
Whispered the tempter; Edgar, waiting,
Observed the conflict going on;
He cried: "Love should not be debating—
Farewell, Miss Hilda!" and was gone.
Ah, then her heart grew sad and dreary—
Gone were the rainbows from the foam;
She left her work—her heart was weary—
Among the apple-trees to roam.

VII.

She propped the line up—higher, higher—
To where the wayward west wind blew,
Then paused, her vestments to admire—
Those snowy shapes—in better view.
The cotton cord, home-spun and slender,
Removed from shelter 'neath the trees,
Alas! soon proved by far too tender,
And broke beneath the stronger breeze.
Then Hilda saw Roy Dean advancing
On his fine horse, whose flying feet
With reckless speed were proudly prancing,
Brushing the dew from grasses sweet.

VIII.

He checked his steed, the careless rider;
Surprise was pictured on his face.
Then he dismounted close beside her,
And greeted her with haughty grace:
"Ah, upon honor, dear Miss Hilda,
You surely don't pretend to say
That you were washing? You bewilder
All the nice things I came to say.
Leave menial work—I come to offer
A life of pleasure, free from toil,
Rich jewels, dresses, wealth, I proffer,
Where your young hands may never soil.

IX.

"'Tis far away—a mansion splendid;
We will in secret bliss abide.
These vulgar scenes forgotten, ended,
With me, your lover, by your side."
Trembling she stood, that rustic maiden,
And virgin blushes veiled her face;
Her arms with dragged linen laden—
She knew not why, but felt disgrace.
Then her pure lips began to quiver,
And blinding tears suffused her eyes;
From him she shrank back with a shiver,
He gazed at her in mute surprise.

X.

While he was nearer still advancing,
Her loveliness had quelled his pride;
Her coy reserve made her entrancing—
"Hilda! my love, my own!" he cried,
His words her maiden fear arousing,

She fled—as flies the hunted deer
Startled while on the mountain browsing
By cunning sportsman creeping near.
Hilda ran on, she knew not whither—
O'er brook and meadow, lawn and dale;
Like lily bruised and left to wither,
Her heart grew cold, her face turned pale.

XI.

Edgar she met when running madly,
With hair disheveled—wild with shame.
"Hilda," he said, quite coldly, sadly,
As if by force he spoke her name—
"Hilda, what means this agitation?
What means your frightened, pallid face?"
She answered him in explanation:
"O Edgar, I am in disgrace!"
"Disgrace! Oh, no—explain your meaning,
While my poor heart can bear the blow—
While I with struggle deep am weaning
My thoughts from love I may not know."

XII.

Then, her warm blushes all returning,
She quickly to his bosom flew,
And whispered, "I, too, am yearning,
Yearning for love and life with you."
Clasped in his arms, she felt no danger.
"And why this fright?" she, laughing, said;
"I thought Roy Dean a wicked stranger,
And from his side in haste I fled."
Roy Dean had raced the broad fields over,
When lo! this picture met his view:
Hilda beside her rustic lover,
Who won where he would vainly sue.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1880.

M. B. M. TOLAND.

To Fate.

Foolish Fate, you've come too late;
I've emptied every cup of bliss!
Every pleasure has been mine—
Wealth-bought music, wit, and wine,
Flattering friends and lover's kiss.

Long before you reached my door,
I was tired of song and glee,
Of the sparkling wines I quaffed,
Of the lips that always laughed,
Long before you came to me.

House and lands were goblin hands
That clothed my soul with bitterness.
Wealth perplexed me night and day.
Ah, foolish Fate! you sought to slay,
And saved my soul with storm and stress.

Do your worst! My life was cursed
With too much prosperity.
Sweet it seems to stand alone,
Where all the sands with wrecks are strewn,
Defying Fate to punish me.

The breakers roar upon the shore,
And gulls fly in before the gale;
The sun and storm to me are one.
I have no need of storm nor sun—
No lands to plow, no fruits to fail.

SANTA BARBARA, May, 1880.

MARY C. F. WOOD.

In Blossom Time.

We never thought that such a flower
Was meant for earth,
And when she came we hailed it as
An angel's birth.
An angel, from our arms she slipped
To stardward climb,
'Twas long ago, this sad farewell,
In blossom time.

Now through some star she downward looks,
We upward gaze,
With her the spring of heaven, with us
The autumn haze;
She prays for us, we try to catch
The song she sings,
Perhaps, amid the night, we hear
Her rustling wings.

But hope dies not, 'tis heaven's own flower,
Secure from blight.
The sun hides not away his face,
Soon comes the light.
Each year when spring-bells, pure and sweet,
Ring out their chime,
We feel that we shall meet her in
God's blossom time.

APRIL, 1880.

CLARENCE T. URM.

Disguised.

When I looked first on sorrow, in affright
I backward shrank, the figure seemed so dread,
Slow-stepping toward me, with low-banded head,
And sable garments, like embodied Night.
I saw no line of beauty, and no grace
In shrouded form, or bowed and veiled face.
One terrified, unwilling look sufficed.
With lifted hands I screened my troubled sight,
And cried "Begone!"
But sorrow came more near,
Wiped my wet eyes, and whispered "Do not fear,
Together we must journey to the end.
I came disguised—but drop my mantle here—
Behold me, and believe me, now, thy friend."
Again I looked, and lo! I saw 'twas Christ.

WINDSOR, Wis., April, 1880.

ELLA WHEELER.

Life's Triumph.

Each life has one grand day—the clouds may lie
Along the hills, and storm-winds fiercely blow;
The great red sun shine like a thing of woe,
And death's sad skeleton stalk grimly by;
Yet none of these, no matter how they try,
Can shroud the perfect triumph we shall know,
Or dim the glory that some star will show,
Set far away in depths of purple sky.
Sweet love may bring to us this day supreme,
Or it may thrill our souls through art or song,
Or meet us where red battle surges foam;
Hope's stranded wrecks the barren coasts may gleam,
And weeks and months rush past, a sombre throng,
But some time, somewhere, it will surely come.

NORFOLK, April 20, 1880.

THOS. S. COLLIER.

A GREAT PUBLIC NEED.

The energetic and public-spirited Mr. Alden—in the pages of the New York *Times*—voices the popular demand as follows: The other day a young man committed suicide in a way that reflected the utmost credit upon his ingenuity. He constructed a guillotine with the help of an axe and a pair of joists, and set it up in his father's barn. The axe was suspended by a rope, at the end of which was hung a watering-pot full of water, and the escape of the water through the spout was so arranged as to release the axe at the end of five minutes. When the machine was in readiness, the young man placed his head under the axe and held a handkerchief saturated with ether to his mouth. At the end of five minutes the axe promptly fell, and neatly cut off his head while he was in a state of total insensibility from the effects of the ether. It will readily be conceded that this able young man invented by far the best method of suicide that has ever been used. To kill one's self while under the influence of an anæsthetic has been the ideal of the inventive suicide, but hitherto it has been thought to be impossible. We now know how to die at pleasure while in the dreamless sleep of ether, and the inventor of the self-acting guillotine deserves to be regarded as a great public benefactor. There is, however, one serious difficulty in the way of the general use of the new guillotine. It will be very difficult to set up the machine without discovery. Of course, no gentleman would use it in the house, where the carpet and the floor would be stained with blood, and very few persons have access to convenient barns. The guillotine is also a rather expensive affair, and will be beyond the reach of penniless men. Its use will, therefore, be confined to men of means and leisure, who can set it up in the barn or the cellar without attracting the observation of impertinent people. We may fairly hope that the merit of this new invention and the difficulties which will inevitably prevent it from being brought into general use will call the attention of the charitable and scientific public to a great public want. At present there are virtually no facilities for pleasant suicide. Of course, a man can shoot, hang, drown, or poison himself, but these crude processes are unworthy of a scientific age. Besides, society has a right to demand that our streams shall not be contaminated with corpses, and boarding-house-keepers feel justly indignant when rude persons blow out their brains, to the detriment of the furniture, or take poison, and thereby require unwarrantable, even if temporary, attention, for which they do not pay. It is not too much to say that a man who is not a householder can not at present commit suicide without putting both himself and many other people to pain and annoyance. We have a large quantity of charitable societies of more or less merit, but they all owe their origin to the influence of Christianity. Now that Christianity has been definitely exploded, we require new societies to meet the changed conditions of life. We need particularly a society for the Assistance of Suicides. Such a society would build a commodious asylum—or rather station-house—from which persons could take their departure from life. We can fancy such a house fitted up with a score of self-acting guillotines, ready for the use of all applicants. The suicide, on entering the house, would be supplied with pen, ink, and paper, with which to write his farewell letter. He would be required to register his name, birthplace, age, and, if he so desired, the cause of his weariness of life, and he would then be shown to the operating room, where he would be supplied with ether and assigned to a comfortable guillotine. His body would be regarded as a perquisite of the society, and would be disposed of in the medical market for the benefit of the society's fund. With such a society in prosperous operation there would be an end of coarse and painful suicides, and the means of quietly, comfortably, and decently quitting life would be at the disposal of the poorest member of the community. Dead bodies would no longer be found floating in rivers, and the thrifty landlord would no longer be subjected to the outrage of having his carpet spoiled by a rude and impertinent suicide. The painlessness of the self-acting guillotine, with its accompanying ether bottle, would tempt hundreds of timid persons to take their own lives, and would thus place a valuable check upon the overgrowth of population. Why should we not have such a society? Life is to many persons a painful and wearisome affair, and now that we have been taught that there is neither God nor immortality, why should we not encourage the unhappy to escape from life? Agnosticism is incomplete as a system of immorals unless it inculcates the right of suicide. When we have become convinced that death is the end, that there is no future life, and no God to punish self-murder, what can we do that is wiser and better than to cut short our stay in an uncomfortable world? There are thousands of men and women who find existence a curse, and who are of no possible benefit to their fellow-men. Let us give them the means of painless death, and so benefit both them and ourselves.

I could not, writes a lady, love a man a little, just a little, my superior. I should detest my equal—I should despise my inferior; although I conceive an assemblage of qualities in a man of no great strength of mind that could win my regard; and, perhaps, if I were called upon to cherish and protect him, I might cultivate a certain degree for him—a kind of motherly sentiment. I have thought it all over a hundred times. But the man for me to love is vastly my superior, not so much in accomplishment, nor even in intellect, but in irresistible force of character; a man who will compel my spirit to bend its knee to his; who will command my soul to stand still, and shine on him, as Joshua commanded the sun; who can trample my will to the dust beneath the tread of his irresistible and indomitable energy, and fixity, and courage. I require he should make me worship and fear him; and that, instead of guiding and protecting me, he should master me. I want that he should conquer the domain of my soul, add it to his own, and then generously divide the sovereignty between us.

An Englishman of an inquiring mind writes to ask why it is that Americans always wear tall hats when going on or off ocean steamers, and rarely wear them on shore, either at home or in Europe? He offers as a probable solution of the problem the suggestion that the hat-box has no room in these shores, and that an American's only mode of wearing a tall hat is to wear it on his head.

OPEN LETTER TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

It is a strangely curious fact, gentlemen, that now for these many years the impression has prevailed in this community that the Board of Education was the seat of ignorance. Its history has seemed to demonstrate, also, that ignorance and crime go hand in hand. The impression has prevailed that the members of the Board of Education have been a bad lot; that they lacked learning and integrity, and were indifferent to the rules of honorable conduct usually supposed to govern gentlemen and officials in their intercourse with society. Somehow—and that appears altogether strange—it has been generally believed that the personnel of the Educational Department was exceedingly low, and to this fact was largely attributed the social and business scandals that have invaded the School Department. The Department of Free Public Schools is either a very contemptible and criminal thing, or else it has been very unfortunate. The impression has gone abroad that it has been corrupt—we say has been—from top to bottom; ignorance, scheming and dishonest selfishness in its legislative body; demoralization among teachers; idleness among carpenters; careless indifference among janitors; dishonest speculation in contracts for purchasing school lots, for erecting buildings, for furnishing supplies, and for providing school-books. In a word, it has been believed that School Directors have plotted for their elections in order that they might have an opportunity to steal; and that education has always been a secondary consideration.

The fact is, and you know, and we all know, that the presence of an honest, educated, and cultured gentleman in the Board of Education of the City and County of San Francisco has been a rare and noticeable exception. Great extravagance has characterized every expenditure, while the kind of education that has been provided is as ridiculous and absurd as it is extravagant and useless. This kind of Board has drawn around it a corrupt and characterless lobby, and the impression has prevailed that a school-book syndicate have bought and sold State and county Superintendents and county and city School Directors. We need not recall to mind the Payot-Fitzgerald scandal; the sale of questions, the fraud of school-lot purchases, the scandalous intrigues, the long book war, the nasty practices and exposures in the Sacramento lobby, for to write the history of what is bad, extravagant, profligate, and mean concerning the School Department is to write its history with a few honorable names, and a precious few clean pages left out.

All this time, remember, we have been speaking of past boards, past history, past transactions. Now let us come down to your board, and, without reflecting in the least degree upon the fitness of the individuals composing it, without questioning your integrity, your learning, your respectability, let us see to what extent you have contributed to the elevation or reformation of what was confessedly a very contemptible department of our city government. We believe that Mr. President Stone, Mr. Director Ewing, Mr. Director Thompson, and Mr. Director Galloway are honest, honorable, competent men. There may be another, but our lamp went out, leaving us in doubt as to the eight individuals who compose the majority of this board, and it is to these eight persons, and to Mr. John W. Taylor, Superintendent of the City and County of San Francisco, and to Mr. Frederick M. Campbell, Superintendent of the State, that we direct this article of earnest investigation. We demand, in the interest of 35,000 pupils in this city, and of ever so many thousand more in the State, and of all the tax-payers of city, county, and State, whether you belong to us who have elected you, or whether you belong to a Cincinnati book firm because they have bought and paid for you? We do not say that you have been bought, or that you have sold yourselves. We do not hint at any such suggestion. We do not know that such a thing as a school-book syndicate exists in the United States, but we do know that our scholars are not getting the best and cheapest books, and that we tax-payers are being bled for all sorts of extravagances, and all sorts of profligate expenditures in educational matters. We believe you are building school-houses at extravagant rates. We think your conduct at your last meeting, in closing a contract for school-books without examination, and at extravagant prices, and by a compact vote of eight to three (Galloway being absent), indicates either that there is carelessness and indifference in the administration of your office, or rank and open corruption. Your conduct on Monday night was a simple outrage upon all the proprieties and decencies of official life. You violated all the ethics of business. You stamped yourselves with the brand of suspicion, and it is burned in upon you. You awarded the control for supplying our San Francisco schools with McGuffey's Readers, printed by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., of Cincinnati, at the regular retail price of \$2.50 per set for all supplies from date, including the supply for first introduction.

This means a change of readers. The readers now in use resemble the new ones only in title. The change is as complete and entire as though you had adopted Appleton's or Bancroft's, and you knew it; and to assume that they are the same readers is a bold, transparent, audacious fraud. The publishers of the readers advertise them in the *Pacific School and Home Journal* for \$1.52 per set for first supply, and yet you awarded a contract for 66 2/3 per cent. above their advertised and regular price. Other and equally desirable books were offered at less prices, and you did not even examine the bids. You did not even go through the form of reference to a committee to find out the character of the readers or the prices. Whence this open defiance of even the proprieties of business decency?

How about the Monteith Geographies? This contract was awarded to the publishers of Monteith's series for first and subsequent supplies at \$2.25. The resolution received the usual vote, and yet the publishers openly advertise to furnish a first supply at \$1.35, and at much lower rates when an old geography is to be given up. Was it not a dead give-away for you to award a contract for first supplies at 66 2/3 per cent. above the publishers' advertised rates of the same books? Why were 5,000 school children, who annually purchase a new geography in consequence of promotions, required to pay 90 cents more for the series than the publishers ask elsewhere for the same books? Who profits by the \$3,000 of paid out in the year 1880 in excess of advertised rates? Perhaps Mr. Van Schaick can answer; perhaps he and his seven associates can satisfactorily

explain why, when equally good geographies were offered at lower prices, that the proposition was not even considered.

And how about the grammars? This award was also made to the publishers of McGuffey's Readers—involving, as it did, an entire change of books—the contract being at the regular retail prices of the publishers. Why, in the interest of parents, did you not demand and secure the well-known and advertised prices for a first supply? If you must persist in changing grammars—discarding one, and a most excellent and popular book, adopted within two years—why did you not at least bargain for as favorable terms as is conceded to smaller cities and country districts? Why was it necessary for you to make a complete change of text-books, as you did—with the exception of arithmetics, copy-books, music, readers, and spellers—unless you have some sinister and dishonest purpose, by means whereof you or somebody else expect to make money? Why was no exchange or introduction price given on readers and geographies to the City and County of San Francisco when the publishers of these books notoriously advertise such reduction of prices?

This difference, as we are informed, amounts to not less than \$100,000 for four years' supply. Times are hard, money is scarce, and it is not desirable to impose any additional burdens upon parents; it seems to us—and will so seem until you explain your conduct—that these parents are being audaciously robbed by you in the interest of a foreign book-ring through unscrupulous agents in this city. It looks to us as though this whole nasty bargain was being pushed through for coin. We think we know that a syndicate or book-ring exists, and we believe that every book you have adopted belongs to this syndicate. We believe every dollar paid by parents in this city pays an extravagant and unnecessary profit to these foreign booksellers, and what we demand to know is how it happens—whether you are working in this interest for love, or whether you are working for coin, and if for coin, how much? Let us talk business together. Perhaps we can compromise by giving you a salary. It might be cheaper in the long run. Perhaps we had better increase your advantages or extend your term of office. Perhaps we might make some favorable arrangement with Mr. Fred. Campbell, so as to relieve him from such constant attendance on the Oakland Board of Education. Perhaps we can break up this Eastern book-ring, and relieve ourselves from paying tribute forever to this voracious book-fiend, and from the exactions of say 25 to 40 per cent. more than is paid in any other city in the United States for the same books. We are curious to know by what singular and capricious accident it happened that the readers, geographies, arithmetics, grammars, spellers, United States history, and physiology adopted on Monday night, all come from this particular brotherhood of Eastern publishers? How does it happen that this business was all cut and dried and ready to be rushed through your board with such unanimity, and that you refused even to postpone, or refer, or examine, or allow anybody else to inquire into the cost or character of the books you imposed upon our schools for four years? To us it seems as though this whole thing covered up a cold, premeditated robbery, by means of which the parents and guardians of our school pupils have been swindled out of more than a hundred thousand dollars. Why is it that members of your board openly stated that they were opposed to the change of text-books, on the ground of expense, and yet they changed everything except arithmetic, copy-books, music readers, and spellers? The following changes were made: McGuffey's Readers, Monteith's Geographies, Smith's Drawing, Swinton's Grammar, and Hutchinson's Physiology.

In this discussion we have not considered the interest of Bancroft & Co., nor the home authors who have been ignored in this recent contract. We have not recalled the fact that the grammar teachers have not been consulted; nor written what we know about book-politics in this State, and especially in this city; about the book-vendors that have figured in nominating conventions; and we have not undertaken to disclose the half we know about the bribery, intrigue, and secret conspiracy that has been going on in and about this book war. That may come when the fight gets interesting. In the meantime, here are a few interesting facts and figures. Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. have an advertisement of prices in the *Pacific Home and School Journal*, and it reads as follows:

	Exchange.	Introduction.
McGuffey's Revised First Eclectic Reader....	10	12
McGuffey's Revised Second Eclectic Reader....	15	20
McGuffey's Revised Third Eclectic Reader....	20	30
McGuffey's Revised Fourth Eclectic Reader....	25	35
McGuffey's Revised Fifth Eclectic Reader....	40	55

"McGuffey's New Eclectic Readers," as heretofore published, will be continued in publication.

Parties ordering will please specify if they wish McGuffey's Revised Readers.

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO., Publishers,
Cincinnati and New York.

The contract entered into was for these full retail prices:

9,744 Pupils First Readers, at 20 cents.....	\$1,948 80
3,943 " Second " " 35 "	1,380 05
3,686 " Third " " 50 "	1,843 00
6,242 " Fourth " " 60 "	4,345 20
3,956 " Fifth " " 85 "	3,202 60

Total cost.....\$12,719 65

In view of the fact that the publishers of these readers publicly advertise that their prices for introduction are very different from the prices which these books were adopted at, we give the advertised figures and reckon cost of change—supposing there were no books in use good enough to go on with. The following are the rates and cost as advertised:

9,744 Pupils First Readers, at 12 cents.....	\$1,169 28
3,943 " Second " " 20 "	788 60
3,686 " Third " " 30 "	1,105 80
6,242 " Fourth " " 35 "	2,184 70
3,956 " Fifth " " 55 "	2,175 80

Total cost in this business.....\$7,424 18

But as there is a full set of readers now in use, the exchange price publicly advertised should be taken:

9,744 Pupils First Readers, at 10 cents.....	\$ 974 40
3,943 " Second " " 15 "	591 48
3,686 " Third " " 20 "	737 20
6,242 " Fourth " " 25 "	1,560 50
3,956 " Fifth " " 40 "	1,582 40

\$5,445 95

Why did the board accept a proposal that cost \$12,719.65, when the very highest advertised price is \$7,424.18, and the lowest \$5,445.95? The difference is trifling—only \$7,273.70.

Some books that were submitted for consideration were never opened, never examined, and never read by any member of the board. We name "Our World" Geography, a new and excellent publication, Dalton's Physiology, and Hotter's Arithmetic. Books were adopted and contracts entered into for publications that were never examined or inquired into in any particular. But the following table shows the utter infamy of this entire proceeding. By its perusal every parent or guardian who is compelled to purchase one of these books can estimate the exact amount he has been swindled, and at the next election he can come in and help the *Argonaut* work a reform in reference to our whole common-school system. The table shows some of the books adopted and those rejected, the * marking the books accepted and their prices:

	First Supply.	Future Supplies.
FOR READERS.		
*McGuffey's Revised, per set.....	\$2 50	\$2 50
Appleton's, per set.....	1 57	2 55
Pacific Coast, per set.....	0 00	1 85
FOR GEOGRAPHIES.		
*Monteith's Independent, per set.....	\$2 25	\$2 25
Cornell's, per set.....	2 25	2 80
Harper's, per set.....	1 39	1 85
FOR GRAMMARS.		
*Harvey's Grammars, per set.....	\$1 45	\$1 45
Reed & Kellogg's, per set.....	0 80	1 15
Swinton's (already in use), per set.....	1 00	1 00
FOR HISTORIES.		
*Barnes's Brief.....	\$0 80	\$1 25
Anderson's.....	0 80	1 25
Higginson's.....	0 90	1 25
Ridpath's.....	0 80	0 80
FOR ARITHMETICS.		
*Robinson's (now in use).....	\$1 85	\$1 85
Milne's.....	0 60	0 85

These are a few—a very few—of the questions we have to propound; but they are sufficient for the present. Will any first class in deliberate villainy please step forward and answer?

INQUIRER.

The Workingman's party that so woefully miscarried in this city and State had—and perhaps we ought to say *has*—in it the elements of usefulness and national strength. America is a nation of workmen, and only here and there is the man of fortune who is not still in the harness. We have in reality no leisure class; no retired, estated gentlemen living upon their inheritance. Very few men who have acquired a fortune by their own exertions can retire. Such business habits are formed as makes leisure or idleness impossible. A Workingman's party, properly organized, would embrace the greater share of the best people of the community, and would very sharply define the line between good and bad citizens. A Workingman's party that endeavors to drive from it all who do not work with their hands will be an utter failure. This will exclude both brains and property. Brains, moderate wealth, and labor are natural allies. Retired millionaires and tramps represent the two extremes of society against which the great middle class must always guard itself. An American party would necessarily be a Workingman's party.

General Loris Melikoff took a novel, ingenious, and diverting method of conveying to the Czar the intelligence of Mladetzky's attack on his—Melikoff's—life. As soon as the would-be assassin had been arrested and conveyed to prison the dictator drove to the Winter Palace and craved an audience of his sovereign, whom he had quitted but two hours earlier. As he entered the reception-chamber his majesty, surprised at his request for a second interview, greeted him with, "Well, Melikoff, what fresh tidings do you bring?" "I come, sire, to accuse myself of a misdeed, and at the same time to solicit your majesty's pardon." "What has happened?" "I have committed a highly blamable action. In a word, I have boxed a man's ears in the public street." "Is that, then, so grave an offense?" "That depends, sire, to a certain extent, upon how your majesty may please to take it. The only excuse I have to offer is, that the man had fired at me, which circumstance it is also my duty to report to your majesty."

The May number of the *North American* contains six papers, three political, two critical, and one moral—the last being the most interesting paper in the number, and entitled "The Religion of all Sensible Men," by Leslie Stephens. Judge J. S. Black hits the "third term" another hard blow; George Ticknor Curtis continues his interesting article on "McClellan's Last Service to the Republic"; and the other papers—which we have not read *carefully*—are, superficially considered, good.

The political outlook indicates a close and severely contested struggle at Chicago, between the friends of General Grant and Senator Blaine, with enough delegates who want neither of them to make it possible that both may be defeated. It seems unprofitable to speculate upon or to prophesy the result. Within the next week we may be able to forecast the outcome with some certainty. The indications as between Grant and Blaine seem to favor the nomination of Blaine.

The extraordinary naturalness of the French artificial flowers and plants lately imported for house-decorating purposes completely reconciles one to the idea of their not "really growing." A branch of nasturtiums drooping from a corner bracket, and pots of variegated tulips placed in a window where it would be impossible to keep real flowers alive, is a happy thought that need not conflict with a love of fragrance or of nature's perishing bloom.

There is a conflict between Republicans in the formation of a club in the Twelfth District. We judge from the following names alone that the organization they represent is not a genuine one: John Finnigan, chairman; T. F. Dorgan, temporary secretary; Owen Thorn, P. McGovern, M. Sullivan, Thomas McCanby, and A. Kronberg, committee on permanent organization. Are there no Americans in that ward?

THE INNER MAN.

"A good dinner lubricates business."—BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

The following is a libel upon the cookery of "home," and a true bill against "eating places":

At first the chicken stuffed and roasted brown,
With apple-sauce and fixings all complete.
And then the fricassée, all covered o'er
With thickened butter, poured with lavish hand
To hide the bones. And then what may be left
Is done up into pies, with pasty tops
Just fitted to the dish. Last course of all
Of this eventful bird is chicken soup—
The general leavings and the scrapings-up
Of wings, legs, tails, necks, bones, and everything.

M. Gaëtan Delaunay (says a writer in the *Hour*) has addressed to the French Academy a most wise and curious memoir, and of this memoir the most remarkable chapter is on gluttony. The author says many sensible things, but, to my mind, he has forgotten the most important fact, and that is, that in our day gluttony no longer exists. It is a buried vice. At the commencement of the century gluttony ruled the world. In France, up to 1830, everything was arranged and disarranged by dinners. Now, as there is no carnival because there is no Lent, there are no jolly feasters because we dine every day. We make no fuss over game and truffles, because there are game and truffles everywhere and all the time. It is the railroads which have killed the amiable vice of gluttony. The whole world places its products on the stalls of the Paris markets, and easy possession is death to desire. Besides, it is difficult, in our active life, to practice gluttony. They used to dine at noon, had three hours for dinner, seven hours for digestion, and then they went to bed. But you would have to be very rich to do that sort of thing to-day. And the rich are never hungry; or, if they are, they haven't any teeth. Nobody in our time cares about eating, except those who can not satisfy their desires. There is, of course, a class of people who know how to eat, but they are neither gluttons nor connoisseurs; they are simply people with a refined respect for their stomachs. M. Gaëtan Delaunay tells us that, among artists, "musicians, who are the least intelligent, are the greatest gluttons." This will probably please Ambroise Thomas, Verdi, Massé, Delibes, and Offenbach. But this is still funnier: "Tenors are greater gluttons than baritones." O Nicolini, Villaret, Salomon, Bertini! Will you not answer? On the dramatic stage, the gentlemen who play the lovers eat the most; and painters eat more than sculptors. Among women, dressmakers have immense appetites. He classifies gluttons in this way:

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Prelates and curés. | 5. Government officials generally. |
| 2. Diplomates. | 6. Bankers. |
| 3. Judges. | 7. Idlers, landlords. |
| 4. Aldermen. | 8. Artists and literary people. |

Why has our author omitted lawyers? Is it through fear or prudence?

The German drink "bowle" is prepared in several ways, according to the season. In principle it is a simple mixture of wine and some aromatic herb of seasonable fruit, and sweetened to taste, which is sometimes further improved by a slice of orange. Some people add champagne, others, more economically, some effervescing water, additions which are not always improvements. It is best to dissolve the sugar in a little water, and pour it upon the herb or fruit in a suitable receptacle, and then add a light (still) Rhenish or Moselle wine; the latter is preferable. An agreeable variation may be made by using some red wine, perhaps one bottle in four or five. This mixture should stand covered until the taste has become pleasantly noticeable, and then in some cases the substance used should be removed to avoid the bitter flavor which comes later. The quantities required can only be learned by experience. The favorite German bowle is the Maibowle, made of Maikraut or Waldmeister. Strawberries, apricots, peaches, pineapples, crushed or sliced, make delicious drinks. Celery is also used, but the writer has never tried it. There are also numerous "essences" and "extracts" in common use, which make one independent of the seasons, but they only indifferently take the place of fresh fruit, with perhaps the exception of the essence of pineapple, which is not bad.

There's not in the wide world so tempting a sweet
As that Trifle where custard and macaroons meet;
Oh! the last long sweet-tooth from its file must depart
Ere the love of that Trifle shall fly from my heart.

The *Hotel Mail* prints the following communication from a hotel-keeper in Boston: A gentleman ordered a room here for his sick sister, who would require on her arrival a little lunch, and the following is what she ordered and ate: Tomato soup, fried fillet of sole, boiled beef tongue, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, escalloped oysters, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, plain lettuce salad, chicken salad, mince pie, cranberry pie, ice-cream, eggs, and milk. The "sick sister" is still alive.

Mince pie, like masonry, arouses curiosity from the mystery attaching to it. Its popularity shall never wane until faith is lost in sight.

CXXVII.—Sunday, May 9.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

- Calf's-Head Soup.
Fried Trout.
Broiled Beefsteak. Potato Croquettes.
Green Peas. Celery, White Sauce.
Roast Beef.
French Artichoke Salad.
Orange Ice, Fancy Cakes, Apples, Pears, and Bananas.

TO MAKE CALF'S-HEAD SOUP.—One calf's head, properly cleaned, one lemon, one tablespoonful butter, two tablespoonfuls of browned flour. Season with salt, pepper, marjoram, thyme, and a very little cloves, one glass of wine, and force-meat balls. Boil the head until tender (the feet may be used with the head), take out the bones, cut the meat into small pieces. Boil the brains in a cloth, and when cold chop them and add to the soup; also the lemon cut into small pieces, and the seasoning. Boil one hour, and just before serving put in the force-meat balls, butter, flour, and wine.

To make Orange Ice, see No. LXXIX.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The Children's Hospital.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ARGONAUT: On March 24th, 1875, a charitable institution, known as the "Pacific Dispensary and Hospital for Women and Children," was incorporated in this city by a board of lady managers, and was to be conducted by women physicians. A free dispensary was then opened, where over two hundred women and children were treated monthly, and a few women and children were received as patients. As an outgrowth of this came the necessity for opening a hospital where sick and crippled children could have good nursing and surgical and medical treatment; there being no place whatever in the city for this unfortunate class. The hospital was opened on Oak and Franklin Streets, February 1, 1879. As the institution was free to children, and its support from the public precarious, it was decided to take a limited number of women as paying patients.

On January 1st of this year the hospital was removed to Mission and Twenty-second Streets. The building and locality are admirably adapted to the work; the former being sunny and airy, and the latter very accessible. The corps of women physicians are thoroughly educated in their profession, and are assisted by a consulting board of able male physicians. We have now fully established the only Children's Hospital on the Pacific Coast, incorporated and wisely managed in every detail, medical and financial. As we have no State or city appropriation, and as our dependence upon monthly donations is precarious, the time has now come when the lady managers are compelled to ask assistance of those who are able, and who we believe are willing, to aid this highly deserving charity.

Will not some one or number of persons come to our immediate aid, in large or small contributions, or permanently endow our institution and place it where we can be sure of a certain income? If not, then the time has come when we must close our doors for want of means, and send these poor little sick and crippled children to their homes, where they must suffer for the care which we can give them. It is impossible in this short article to go into the details of the work accomplished during the past year. The medical reports of the attending physicians show many successful surgical operations and cures effected, especially upon the many children who have been cared for at the hospital and sent away well and happy. The past month no new patients have been received, as our low state of funds has prevented our assuming any new responsibilities; and unless we can be assisted before June 1st, we feel that we must close the hospital. Very respectfully,

MRS. A. L. STONE, President Children's Hospital.

[We commend the above communication to our charitably disposed. The appeal is an urgent one, and the following names of the lady directors is an ample guarantee of an honest disposition of funds entrusted to their dispensation: Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. S. A. Raymond, Mrs. Thomas Brown, Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Mrs. Henry Stanwood, Mrs. H. M. Gray, Mrs. O. W. Easton, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Miss Kate R. Stone, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. C. B. Williams, Mrs. Judge Burke.—ED.]

Miss Modesty Asserts Herself.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—For so all who wish to gain favor or notice from you address you. Having been an in-"constant reader" ever since you first passed through my hands to be distributed gratis by messenger boys throughout the city, I have felt a growing desire to write something, too. But conceit foiled by timidity, the desire to see if I could say anything that would sound well in print, and the fear that anything I might write would only contribute to your waste-basket, are the feelings which, succeeding each other, impel me at one time to grasp the pencil hopefully and then to lay it down doubtfully. Always having had so profound a respect for writers and writings, it seemed to me that nothing short of perfection could ever "pass muster;" but of late, seeing so much nonsense and so many trashy-sounding articles accepted by you from my more fortunate sisters, my vanity has returned with redoubled force, whispering: "Surely, in so commonplace a strain as they write, you, too, may win recognition." The trouble is, that, unlike these ladies, I belong to a class of women (if one exists) that must style itself "self-made," or "self-educated," which fact is enough to stagger one's confidence in her own abilities even if she were fortunate enough to be possessed of any—ability or confidence. Still, when I notice the off-hand, easy way your society and dramatic critics have of "slinging" their opinions around—speaking of rainy weather as "beastly," and so forth—I think I could do nearly as well as that if I tried; and when I hear them running down each other's appearance in sarcastic and vindictive tones, I think I could do a great deal better than that and not half try. This "pot-calling-kettle-black" style of one young lady, who begins by defending a good cause, and ends by telling the person who presumed to "sit upon" her bed of "rose-buds" that she "guesses her hair must be getting thin," is rather unadvisable to my thinking. I would defend "Buttercup's" cause, also, did I not think her fully capable of taking care of her own argument. I once tried running down the brie-a-brac and fancy-needle-work craze, but was snubbed in the outset "because why"; I did not like to tell who I was. Well, is it not bad enough to be scolded and told to keep quiet—as I expect to be the *Argonaut*—without having you call me by name right "afore folks"?
SAN FRANCISCO, April 27, 1880. MISS TWADDLE.

"J. C." writes as follows:

Mr. Ben. C. Truman, in the *Argonaut* of May 1st, is of the impression that "fired out" is a Californianism. He is respectfully referred to Shakespeare's Sonnet 144. The concluding line is: "Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

Everything that money can do (and what can it not accomplish?), supplemented by enterprise and intelligence, is being brought to bear to make Monterey the first watering-place of the world. Not the first alone of America; but the determination is to make it as attractive as any pleasure-resort either in Europe or America. There is no place upon the Atlantic coast that is at all comparable in natural beauty and attractiveness with the Crescent of Monterey. We have seen most of the pleasure-resorts of Europe—Biarritz, in France; San Sebastian, in Spain; together with the more popular and thronged resorts upon the French and English coasts, and we know of none so really attractive in point of climate, and in the temperature of the waters, and the romantic surroundings of the country, as Monterey. We have never seen the place on any ocean shore where the shadow of the pine is thrown upon the sea; where, beneath the shade of evergreen trees, one can sit on a grassy bank and dangle his feet over sea-blue ocean pools. The Central and Southern Railroad people, with unlimited money resources, have determined to make this the place that every tourist to this side of the continent must visit, and that every resident upon the coast will find it a pleasure to frequent.

The Empress Eugenie's famous pearl necklace is now the property of one of the richest women in Europe—Countess Henckel. The empress had the pearls sold in London. One of her ladies, accompanied by two friends of the imperial widow, carried them to an English jeweler, who bought them and disposed of them to the Countess Henckel for 300,000 francs. This lady had some of the pearls, less beautiful than the others, removed, and added two other rows—one, which came from the jewels sold by the Queen of Naples; the other from the necklace of the Virgin of Atocha, sold by a great Spanish personage. At present the set of pearls belonging to the countess, earrings and brooch included, is worth 800,000 or 900,000 francs. It is said to be the finest set of pearls in the world.

FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

Washington (D. C.) has a banjo club of young ladies.

Mary Walker calls the place where she hangs her clothes, not a closet, but a pantry.

"You must never leave me in this cold world alone," said the loving bride—"I always did so hate the word relic!"

When the Boston nurse-maid tells the story about the man who jumped into another bush, she always adds: "*Similia similibus curantur*."

A lady, for the first time listening to the "still small voice" of a telephone, remarked: "Good gracious, it sounds just like one's conscience!"

"I send my soul to the wash every week, like soiled linen," candidly confessed Madame de Q., one of the most famous beauties of the Second Empire. A good scheme.

Sarah Bernhardt can't get so much noise out of one osculation as Emma Abbott can, but when it comes to getting in work on the number of times she can beat her three to one.

Mrs. Mary Ann Simmons, who is the happy mother of "twelve old-maid daughters," gives concerts, with the assistance of her remarkable family, in Topeka, Kansas.

There is a man in Wisconsin who has been engaged three different times, and every girl died. Some men are offering him inducements to make love to their mothers-in-law.

A man gets into trouble by marrying two wives. If he marries only one he may have trouble; and some men have come to sure tribulation by simply promising to marry one. Trouble anyhow.

Miss Gabriella T. Stickney, who was for a number of years a compositor in the Chicago *Legal News* office, has, in addition to the office of postmistress, secured the appointment of notary public, and now does most of the swearing for the village of Collyer, Kansas.

She had a pretty diploma, tied with a pink ribbon, from one of our best young ladies' colleges. In conversation with a daring and courageous young man, after he had detailed the dangers and delights of riding on a locomotive, she completely upset his opinion of independent education of the sexes by inquiring, "How do they steer locomotives, anyhow?"

Patti is a good-natured, motherly sort of a person. When she goes out to dinner parties with Nicolini, as happened the other day in Paris, she takes his sons along, too. If the diva accepts an invitation, it is always with the understanding that the Nicolini family are included, which must be very embarrassing to the hostess, unless she believes in the love me, love my dog, principles of society.

Roman society is indebted to the Misses Jordan—two ladies from New York—for the introduction of what is a novelty, viz., afternoon dances. These ladies issued cards for a reception from four till seven. After an hour or so of pleasant converse the guests were all surprised by the notes of a waltz. It required but a moment to realize the situation, and then the crowded company of English, Americans, and Italians went whirling around in the dance.

The *Tribune* advises women to learn house-painting, among other light employments, and says it is not as hard work as that done exclusively by women who scrub and clean after the painting is over. There are two insurmountable objections, however, which the writer, being a man, has overlooked. One is getting up on a ladder, and the other the smell of the paint. If a woman can be found who isn't afraid of both, why, she isn't a woman, that's all.

A young bachelor sheriff was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her, and said: "Madame, I have an attachment for you." The widow blushed, and said his attachment was reciprocated. "You don't understand me; you must proceed to court." "I know it is leap-year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting." "Mrs. P., this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting." "The justice is? Why, I prefer a parson."

The highest circles of the Viennese nobility were much distressed some years ago by the marriage of a young countess with her own footman. Under the storm of virtuous indignation the noble lady retired, with her plebeian husband, to the shades of private life, and lived with remarkable happiness at one of her country seats. This lady has recently died, and the English papers, in referring to her death, comment upon the horribly vulgar name of the coachman husband, the plebeian Kammel, without a word of remark upon the fact that the very aristocratic name which she so ignominiously disgraced was—Hardegg, of Grussbach!

The new Parisian beauty is Madame Gautherot, a perfect constellation of loveliness, according to gushing correspondents. She is twenty-four—beauties are always twenty-four—and a "statue by Canova transmitted into flesh and blood and bone and muscle, dressed by Felix, and coiffed by his assistant, Emile." The splendor of her beauty knocks over the English idols, and throws the Paris painters into ecstasies of rapture; one of them calls her a "Pauline Bonaparte resuscitated," with the exception of having perfect ears, a feature which the fair sister of Napoleon did not possess. Of course, as Madame Gautherot is an acknowledged beauty, the critical people declare she is a waxen image, without soul or animation, and try to throw cold water on the *furor* she inspires wherever she appears. Mrs. Gautherot is to poison her, but the English channel inter-

AT A DIZZY HEIGHT.

Translated for the Argonaut from the German.

CHAPTER I.

"Reflect upon it, Gustave, there remains for you just one hour and a half till time to return," said Mr. Wachlitz to me. "Do you believe it can be done?"

"I am quite sure," I answered, confidently. "In that time I could make the distance comfortably on foot, and all the easier on horseback. I will not let you wait, you may be convinced."

Saying this, I crossed the threshold of a glass door standing wide open, and approached a pair who promenaded in the pleasure-grounds of the villa. One person of the pair was a young, charming, and—in my eyes at least—beautiful woman. She was the oldest child and the only daughter of the already-mentioned Mr. Wachlitz, a manufacturer, who, through active industry, had risen to great wealth, and in three days she was to be married to me.

I, for my part, was a young man of good family, in my twenty-second year, with property in my own right, and entirely devoted to my bride. That this affection was mutual I knew, and therefore, on this summer afternoon, life to come showed itself to me on its most promising and radiant side. Indeed, I felt myself so extraordinarily fortunate that I wanted to break out in loud exultation, and had to constrain myself to a measured gait along the broad graveled way, instead of running, or in my rapture, without further ceremony, flying away over the green sward.

While I approached, my beloved bride came swiftly toward me, and after some words about other subjects, she advised the greatest caution in regard to an adventure in which I was about to take part, and of which I will at once give the details. I assured her in return that there was no peril whatever connected with it, and we parted after a tender farewell.

At the glass-door the coachman already waited with my saddled horse. When I mounted, and threw back a glance at my bride, I saw her again near her companion, who at my approach had stayed back a little. This companion was Mr. Robert Hasselmann, some thirty-five years old, of good appearance and pleasant manners, a nephew of Mr. Wachlitz, and but recently returned from America.

That this gentleman fostered not exactly friendly feelings toward my modest self I knew too well, although he had not addressed an uncivil word to me, and I could divine the cause of his aversion. He also loved Clara Wachlitz, I was persuaded of it, though he had not declared himself to her; and though Clara, when I disclosed to her my convictions, laughed at them and characterized them as fancies, her raillery could not, however, weaken my convictions, and I felt a certain pity for the poor man since I was his more fortunate rival, and even then entertained no vestige of jealousy when I knew him to be alone in the society of my bride.

At the moment when I was about to ride away I heard my name called, and turning I saw Clara's brother, a handsome boy of some twelve years, hurrying breathless from the house to me.

"Mr. Horst," he called, hastily, as he reached me, "mamma wishes you to bring her a bottle of chloroform from the apothecary; and please don't forget my twine, will you? Just as strong as you can get, because my kite is so large, you know. You bring me three balls alike. You will please not forget?"

"Surely I will not forget it, Charlie," I answered, laughing; "twine and chloroform, two important commissions, I will not forget them. Adieu, my boy."

Upon that I turned my horse into the road, and rode in a lively trot to the town. The chief motive for this ride was a visit to the clergyman who was to perform the sacred ceremony of our marriage, to arrange with him about a change in the wedding hour. On my way back I should, by appointment, meet Mr. Wachlitz and his nephew, at a great new manufactory which the former had undertaken. One portion of this new building was already finished, namely, a colossal chimney—the largest in the country far and wide. Of this chimney, a real master-piece of his art, Mr. Wachlitz was excessively proud, and withal he had given the inducement for the concerting of an indeed somewhat singular adventure. The upper part of the chimney was built by means of balance-work, by which the material was, with a running crane, carried up outside; but the masons were hoisted up the inside, and those two workmen who had finished the upper part could not tell enough of the wonderful prospect which the top of the chimney allowed. They asserted that this view afforded not only the beautiful panorama of the town and its environs, but one could see from above—what seemed almost impossible—the ten-hours-distant mountain chain, and quite plainly recognize the farm-houses on the terraces. Through this Mr. Wachlitz was made so interested that he was going to let himself be hoisted up, and I also, like Mr. Hasselmann, had a lively longing to take part in this bold ascension. The mounting was made on a small board seat, like those used in mining-shafts, brought to the top of the chimney by means of a pulley which was set in motion by a strong windlass below.

After I had attended to my business in town, and bought chloroform and twine, I set out on my return, and came yet some minutes before the time appointed to the place of our rendezvous. Here I gave my horse to one of Mr. Wachlitz's men present, and stepped toward the underground entrance of the chimney, in whose neighborhood I remarked Mr. Hasselmann. It seemed to me that he looked very pale as he politely came toward me, and informed me that Mr. Wachlitz had shortly before been called by a telegram to the bedside of his brother, who was professor in the nine-hours-distant university-town. Probably this gentleman was dangerously ill, and, full of apprehension, Mr. and Mrs. Wachlitz departed at once. Yet, before he left, Mr. Wachlitz had expressed the wish that we might not, on that account, give up our project of mounting to the top of the chimney, and Mr. Hasselmann expressed the hope that I, even without my future father-in-law, would accompany him, as he would very gladly enjoy the wonderful prospect, and later would have no opportunity to do so, on account of his—as I knew—impending departure from the villa.

Young and adventurous as I was, I had already rejoiced at the execution of our project; and, although somewhat set back that I could not do this in the society of my future

father-in-law, I saw no real grounds for refusing Mr. Hasselmann's proposal. Accordingly, I gave my consent, and we both went down in the wide chimney-space. Here a half-dozen men waited, ready to set in motion the crooked handle of the windlass, and some minutes later we were free in the air, poising and vibrating, hoisted up the narrowing chimney. Reaching the top, I was the first to leave the seat, yet Mr. Hasselmann was quickly again by my side. The chimney-top was fully two feet thick, had a small parapet half as high, and furnished a safe footing. I had a strong head and did not expect to feel dizzy, but, as I now looked down from the fearful height, a peculiar feeling of insecurity seized me.

"Will you not go round here?" said my companion, after we had stood some moments near each other where we had stepped up.

"Oh, certainly," I replied, with an inward shudder under an assumed mask of boldness; and, with Mr. Hasselmann at my heels, I began the round. The short distance was half-way traveled over, when my companion laid his hand on my arm and hindered my steps.

"We have an excellent prospect—have we not?" said he, while at his touch a feeling of dread thrilled through my nerves. "Yonder, to the right, you see the Wachlitz villa—don't you see it?"

"Of course I see it, quite plainly," I returned, clearing my throat to hide the nervous unrest which I felt.

"Very glad to have persuaded you to the enjoyment of this view," Hasselmann went on in a most singular tone, while he at the same time seized my arm more firmly. "But is it not a terrible height—is it not? I hope it does not make you dizzy?"

"Not at all," I answered, with constrained countenance, but with a decided feeling that I perceptibly trembled as I looked down the deep-sinking wall of smooth stone.

"And yet there is but a step between us and death," he continued, with a derisive smile. "Ah, see there—I believe that I there quote a poet! You did not expect that of me—eh?"

"Oh, any one can quote a poet, you know," I answered, with a faint attempt to give myself consequence. "But you let go my arm, Hasselmann—you hurt me."

"I hurt you—really? Ha! ha! Then I must certainly beg your pardon." He laughed; and upon that he strengthened the convulsive pressure of his fingers instead of lessening it. "I would not hurt you for the world—oh, no! But now, Mr. Gustave Horst, when you have looked enough at the scenery, I must claim your attention a moment. I have a notion to ask you a question which you will perhaps find exceedingly strange and out of place. I am no vain man, that I know, and yet it would be pleasant to me to know your opinion in regard to my personal appearance. Would you, for example, feel justified if you described me as a well-grown, powerful man?"

While I reflected that he was nearly six feet high, broad-shouldered, thick-set, and very muscular, I could but recognize this description as correct, and said so to him.

"Should you be yet in doubt about it," he went on, in the same peculiar tone, "oblige me by a test of these muscles." Upon that he stretched out for my inspection an arm that could have felled an ox—strong and firm as an iron bar.

"I am convinced of your muscular power and strong physical development, Mr. Hasselmann," said I, with an appearance of calmness and cheerfulness that was to me a decided failure. "And now," I continued, "I think, with your permission, it is better to go down again."

"But not now, my nice little bantam-cock," was the terrible answer. "I regret to detain you, believe me, but I must still trouble you with one other question. Suppose that I and you, dear friend, had a combat on the top of this chimney, and that either of us tried to throw the other, which of us would, in your opinion, have the best chance of succeeding with this intention?"

I gathered together all my manhood and undertook to avoid an answer to this question, while I affected to think that the fall was not to be considered because we both entertained so little hostile feeling toward each other that he could not have a desire to injure me.

"Look at me," said he, with strong emphasis, and quite different from his mode of speaking hitherto, "look at me, Mr. Gustave Horst, and see if I entertain no hostile feeling toward you."

I looked at him, and my heart stopped. I perceived in the face of this man who still always held my arm clasped with an iron grip, such an expression of hate and malignity as I had thought possible for no human being, until now. When my eyes sank before the awful look of his, he laughed.

"You have read your answer, as I see," said he. "And now you obey! Sit on the edge just there where you stand, observe what I do as closely as you please, but you dare take one single step to hinder it, then, true as I live, I will throw you down under there!"

This threat was, I felt and saw, no idle one; the man who made it towered above me for more than a head, and had at least double as much power as I. Resistance would thus be fruitless, and therefore I obeyed his orders, and every joint trembled as I sat down. He approached the machinery on which was fastened the wooden seat with which we had mounted, bent himself over the edge of the chimney, removed first of all the chain from two tall, strong standards with hooks, and hurled it clattering in the deep. A cry of horror from the men standing below followed this deed, and rose hoarse and discordant up to us, and I even, myself bending over, answered this cry with one heart-rending shriek for help, but the men of course could not help, and with faintness and despair I saw them vanish in the vaulted over-entrance to the chimney, to preserve themselves from danger, for Robert Hasselmann now removed the wooden seat even from the hooks and flung it over the precipice.

CHAPTER II.

After Hasselmann had performed this murderous and suicidal deed, he straightened himself up again and sat opposite me on the parapet, so that the chimney-opening was between us. A long while we stared silently at each other, then he broke out in wild laughter.

"You appear moved, dear sir," said he, "and yet I can scarcely believe that you have already seized the full meaning of what you have seen. Your power of comprehension is, if I do not wrong you, somewhat limited. I will there-

fore make our position completely clear to you. You and I, we are alone on this chimney-top, and this is, according to human judgment, exactly the same as if we were already in our graves. Neither of us will again tread the earth there with his feet, for since, as you perhaps observed, all connection with them which they comprehend is cut off, we could only reach them through a spring from this pinnacle, and for that I believe neither of us has any desire. Without doubt, efforts for our rescue will be made; they can, however, be only of such a nature that one can easily make them impossible, and I will make them impossible. My own life is, as I assure you, for me completely worthless. I have brought you here to die, and indeed of a slow death aggravated through mental torments. This luck I have long yearned for, and surely it would not be allowed now that I should be deprived of it!"

"O man, man!" I screamed, in pangs of death, "are you really a human being, or but a devil in man's form?"

"A most melodramatic question, upon my word," he sneered. "Nevertheless, I will, with my customary good breeding, try to answer it. I am, as I believe, precious boy, a man, and yet, to tell the truth, I am brought to my present behavior through feelings which one usually ascribes to the devil—through craft, hate, jealousy, and despair. Yes, Mr. Gustave Horst, I hate you, and have hated you since the first hour of our acquaintance. Your death was determined on by me, with a certain piquant spice of pleasure, long before this plan to secure it arose to me. You have, as I have already observed, no especially lively understanding, but possibly it has been so far moved through a sudden shock as to make it intelligible to you that it was I who sent the telegram, or had it sent, which hindered Mr. Wachlitz from accompanying us to this elevated spot and matchless view, and my knowledge reaches so far I can give you the consolation that he will find Professor Wachlitz in perfectly good health."

"Oh, can such wickedness be suffered?" I groaned, my hands uplifted in ardent entreaty to heaven. "Shall this monster really be allowed to reach his devilish aim?"

"Is not the selfishness of the human heart singular?" my tormentor continued, contemplating me while he sought to give himself an appearance of spiritual superiority. "This individual believes, dares to suppose, that my behavior is the worst in the world. This individual in question has, of course, read of the painful death of thousands of his fellow-men through famine, pestilence, and war, of the slow languishing of the famished Indian, or the underground weaver, or the Christian martyr in Turkey, and of other rude evils of mankind; but the worst rudeness and evil is that which takes pains to free the world of his presence, to quench the weak little spark of his life, when he has also the consolation of seeing his foe go down at the same time with him! Truly, a singular proof of selfishness. Fie, fie, young man! I am ashamed of you!"

With these words, and with scorn on his lips, Hasselmann turned his face from me and sunk into silence.

Meanwhile, at the foot of the chimney there was assembled a crowd, which, in great excitement and with lively gestures, shouted confusedly. I could not understand their words, but I could gather from their movements that they wanted to encourage me, and that they thought Mr. Hasselmann the cause of our melancholy plight, and without doubt crazy. And persuaded that, judging thus of the state of affairs, they would try everything possible for my rescue, hope again moved in my breast. It is impossible, I thought, that I can be torn in so terrible a way from life, from the happiness of youth; I who loved and was beloved—that only a few hours before, full of rapture, had thought myself the luckiest of mortals. No, it would be too unnatural. This conviction came more and more before me as I observed with closest attention the proceedings at the foot of the chimney, and remarked that some of those present started for town, while others hastened by a foot-path in the direction of the Wachlitz villa.

I tried to imagine what expedient could be resorted to which could be employed in my rescue, when my cruel foe again addressed me:

"I hope, dear friend, that you do not yield to childish hopes," said he. "The fools down there, who probably take me to be mad, imagine possible ways in which they can succeed in bringing you with whole skin on terra firma. But you yourself, and I, we know better. By the way, it surprises me that you have not yet been eager to learn how you have incurred my enmity—a further proof, I fear, of imperfect brain development. But you shall learn, if you will please to give me your attention. I will relate to you in a few words the story of my life: Having become an orphan at a very early age, I was brought up by an unmarried aunt, who, as I think, was not especially prepossessed in favor of children. Anyway, she did not show her affection to me so that she awoke love in me; and in my twenty-eighth year I knew not yet what it was to love any human being and be passionately beloved. At this age I made my relative, Mr. Wachlitz, my first visit, and saw his daughter, who at that time was some fifteen years old. This maiden I learned to love, as they say—to cherish, so ardently that I spent on her the whole affection of a wild, passionate nature. But I was poor, and her father was rich. I would not destroy all my hopes with one blow then. Therefore I started without delay for the new world, with the iron purpose of acquiring wealth. Of my American life I say nothing to you—I fear to remove your ideas of virtue and sensibility with one rough shock. It is enough for you to know that during the seven years of my American life I was sometimes gold-digger, sometimes backwoodsman, sometimes trader. During this whole time I learned, through Clara's maid, to whom I regularly made presents, everything that concerned her young lady; gained, also, at times a lock of her hair and her picture. And through this maid—false jade!—I was continually assured that Clara had no love-affair yet. So, full of hope, I collected treasure, and prayed night and day no other prayer than that my darling might be saved for me. At last I came back, with the wealth of a million, to lay myself and all that was mine at her feet. I loved her with a love of which you, beardless boy, have no conception, and that, in comparison to yours, is like a tossing ocean beside a milk-bowl, or a burning forest by a lucifer-match."

"And what did I find when, with anticipations of bliss, I again reached Clara's family mansion? I found her for whose sake I had conquered incredible toil and privation,

betrothed to and on the point of marrying a wooden-headed, aristocratic callow-bird, six months younger than she even; and what was yet worse, I found that she loved the simpleton beyond everything!

"Do you wonder now, Mr. Gustave Horst, that I resolved to hinder your marriage? Do you wonder that I felt for you a deadly hatred? Do you wonder that my life having become fruitless is of no more worth to me than an autumn withered leaf?"

"Oh, Hasselmann, you do me great, great wrong!" I cried, when he ceased to speak, for his story, and the painful expression of his face while he told it, had caused me deep emotion. "But you err when you hold your love superior to mine. On the contrary, it is inferior, for I tell you, man, that if Clara had loved you I would not have moved a finger to injure you, and that before I had so torn her heart as it must be torn by a knowledge of what has happened, I would rather have freely suffered the awful death that you would decree me, but I hope to God will be spared me!"

"Do you really hope it? Well, we will wait for it. I imagine your confidence will soon abate. Meanwhile, keep your whining pity for yourself. Do not speak a word more to me so long as I do not address you!"

"I will not do it," I declared, as my pity again gave place to the horror with which I had before regarded him, and while I turned my face from this detestable companion, I awaited in my menacing plight further developments.

In certainly a very short time, but one that seemed to me an eternity, a great crowd of men had collected down round the chimney, from whose midst I suddenly saw a kite mount. It slowly uplifted itself in the air, higher and higher, through a fortunate wind in the right direction, and a skillful guiding hand, floating along to the chimney. The aim of this object I very soon defined, but Hasselmann seemed, to my most extreme wonder, not at all to mind this experiment. He had, by means of a hunter's match, lighted a cigar, and, smoking, looked with calmness into the distance.

At last the kite reached the same height with us, and, through a dexterous movement of the man who steered it, flew at my feet. I stretched out my hand and seized it. A thrill of joy ran through my breast when I held the twine which hung on the kite, for now, if only hanging by a thread, a connection was established between us and those who stood ready for our rescue. Yet my pleasure could be only of short duration. By stealth looking toward Hasselmann, I drew hastily on the string, to which in any case a rescue-rope was fastened, eager, if it was really possible, that he should not see what happened.

He quietly smoked for some moments more, without noticing or wanting to notice anything; then knocked the ashes from his cigar, placed it again in his mouth, slowly opened a pen-knife, and with satirical politeness, "Allow me," he grasped after the string. In the greatest danger of slipping from my seat, I sought to hinder his evident malice, but in vain. He cut through the thread, and with a devilish smile drew back in his previous position. From below resounded a clamor of curses so loud and violent that I believed my foe must tremble. But no, his assumed or real countenance did not change for a moment.

With what longing, with what deep entreaties to God in my soul, with what mad impatience, I waited now further, and observed the increasing crowd as they confusedly ran, guessed, gesticulated, shouted up, called, and yet could do nothing! With what unspeakable pain I remarked then, in the least crowded neighborhood of the tangle of men, a figure which, by the instinct of love, I would have known among a larger gathering, and at a greater distance. Clara stood with upstretched arms upon a ruined house, as if she would thus diminish the gulf that separated us, and from her actions I could infer the grief of her soul.

Hasselmann also remarked her, for I heard him groaning, and saw the pained expression of his face as he furtively looked toward me. I could also perceive in him that her aspect in no wise weakened his heartless resolve.

After long torture the evening twilight fell, yet I saw how a man went up to Clara and locked her in his arms, from which I supposed that it was her father returned from the journey he was deceived into taking; then they were withdrawn from my eyes by the veil of darkness.

Of the awful night that now followed I will not wait to tell. During its interminably long hours I and my dreadful comrade, each sleepless, sat opposite, and by the gleam of the torches which glaringly lighted the foot of the chimney we could distinguish the forms of many people, who also stayed on the spot during the night. In the gray morning the throng of men became larger than the day before, and again efforts were made through mounting kites to play into my hands a rope of deliverance, but each of these efforts was frustrated by my strong adversary. Then attempts at rescue of another kind were undertaken and were just as useless, because cooperation on our side was wanting. All hope of being saved died, once for all, in my breast. There remained nothing left to me but the resolve to bear my fate with manly firmness, and I only entreated of God that he would alleviate Clara's sorrow. How much she suffered could not escape me, as I saw her nearly the whole day long standing in one place by the side of her parent.

Finally, as the day already began to decline, I turned my gaze from her, and while I observed the crowd I perceived there a new agitation, the cause of which was unknown to me. It did not escape me that Hasselmann likewise remarked it, for he laid away his cigar after he had smoked almost the whole day without cessation since day-break, and I heard him murmur:

"What will they undertake now?"

These were the first words which he had spoken on this day, and they were scarcely over his lips when he jumped up, because a gun-shot whizzed past him, and even grazed his ear. The shot was fired behind him by a workman in the new factory-building.

"Ah! so that is what is meant," said he, quickly resuming his calm countenance again. "That we can prevent. Dear comrade, I see it is necessary for me to seek shelter under your wing. They will now shoot no more from down there."

Sitting by me he began again to smoke, and even offered me a cigar.

"You had better take one," he said, surlily, as I with disgust refused the weed. "Smoke is a good preservative against hunger, and I dare say that you feel devilish hungry."

I was, indeed, not in the least hungry, but for many hours a fearful thirst had tormented me, and, since the thought came to me that a strong secretion of saliva would give relief if I chewed the point of my handkerchief, I groped in my pocket. But instead of seizing the handkerchief my hand felt another object, cold and round, and in a moment my heart mounted into my throat. Yet I took pains to seem unmoved, although the blood in sudden tumult shot through my veins, and I had to turn my face from my enemy that some of the expression of new hope in it should not be visible to him. But he fell back in his gloomy, brooding reserve, which he had maintained the whole day, and did not once look toward me.

So slowly for us the hours moved on, and the second night spread itself over our terrible situation. Now Robert Hasselmann spoke again.

"Horst," said he, in the same resolute tone that he had hitherto maintained, but without the expression of hate and scorn, "Horst, I am tired of the story, and think you have now suffered enough. Your hair has, as I have seen, become completely gray; I will, therefore, sooner than I intended, put an end to your torture and mine. Early in the morning, as soon as the gaping crowd has gathered in sufficient numbers to give the exhibition of our airy flight the necessary flavor, we will, with each other, make a spring into their arms. The last night of my existence I think I will pass in sleep, and for this purpose will draw back to the other side of our pleasure-castle. Yet do not deceive yourself with the hope that is disclosed to me in your quickened breathing. I am a light sleeper, that has been accustomed, from fear of murderous Indians, or yet worse evil, to sleep with one eye open; and at the slightest touch—yes, even motion—of yours, I shall surely awake."

If I ever in my life most fervently have prayed, it was on this frightful night, when I saw Robert Hasselmann prepare himself to slumber in a crooked position on the small parapet, with one arm under his head.

Far below flickered the burning torches and lanterns, and from the distance the clang of voices was audible; but more precious to me than all music sounded the mighty snoring of Hasselmann. And now with the utmost caution I crept toward my enemy's head, at each movement halting to listen if he was yet fast asleep.

At last I was quite near, and he was not awake. I drew from my pocket the bottle of chloroform which I had brought with me from town for Mrs. Wachlitz, moistened my handkerchief well with the fluid, and held it before Hasselmann's mouth. His breath came quicker. I held the handkerchief closer, and his breathing became imperceptible. I touched him, and he did not move. I grew bolder, and shook him without his awaking.

By means of the three balls of twine which I bought for Charlie Wachlitz, and of whose real use I had had so little idea, I bound him now, hand and foot, as fast as possible. When this was done, and my foe was still always motionless, I went back to my first place, and, with impatience, awaited the gray of day. Then I stood up high, so that those standing under could plainly perceive my figure without the company of Hasselmann's. I had the satisfaction of seeing that they recognized me; and yet once more I saw in the early summer morning a white-winged safety-boat floating up to me.

Still my dreadful foe always slept; he slept while I seized the kite, and, with feverish haste, drew to me the cord hanging to it; he slept as I, with growing excitement, drew up first a slight, and afterward a stronger, rope fastened to it, and let it down the interior of the chimney; he slept while I drew up the stout chain that now followed, at the end of which was secured a horizontal bar of iron; and he also slept yet when I put my feet over the iron bar for a seat, and, feeling that the chain was firmly held below, grasped it with both hands and let myself slip over the edge of the chimney. If he then still remained sleeping, troubled me no more as I, with closed eyes and thankful heart, felt myself slowly let down the smooth side of the chimney, deeper, deeper, till I at last touched the earth with my feet, saw round me a sea of faces, heard a confusion of cheers and congratulations—upon which I sank in a faint.

When, from the severe fever which followed the swoon and lasted many weeks, I came again to consciousness, I found myself nursed in the sleeping-room which I was accustomed to use at the Wachlitz villa, and Clara, pale and haggard, anxiously watching by my side. My nervous system was so shaken by that frightful occurrence that for a long time every one was strictly forbidden to mention it in my presence. But by and by, when I insisted on learning more of Hasselmann's fate, it was told me that on the morning of my rescue, after they had vainly waited some hours for a movement from Hasselmann, a courageous mason was drawn to the top of the chimney in the same way through which I was let down, and Hasselmann, bound hand and foot, was found dead! Thus was he, through me, by means of the chloroform, unwittingly killed. They had the machinery with pulleys again secured, and so brought down the corpse of the unfortunate man.

Six months later saw my wedding with Clara, only I was no more the cheerful, fresh youth of before that fearful adventure, but a gray-headed, prematurely aged man. Yet Clara loves me, spite of the color of my hair, and the healing hand of time has removed the consequences of that mental shock, so that I again rejoice in ruddy health.

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

At a London private fancy ball even the servants and the band were in costume. "Mrs. Brasseys' three little girls were dressed as kittens, with dead kittens on their heads, and two boys as Cupids, with nothing on but blue scarfs and wreaths of pink roses. It was the correct thing for the married ladies to wear their petticoats quite up to the knees. One went as Gold—a mass of coins, and gold shoes with about three inches of heel. Her husband appeared as a butcher; another man as a monkey, and very horrible he looked with a tail that flew about as he danced."

"Oh, mister!" said an old lady, after a bicycle had passed her, "just now I seed a wagon-wheel runnin' away with a man. You kin believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seed it myself."

INTAGLIOS.

IF.

If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet,
Then who would care to borrow
A moral from to-morrow—
If Thames would always glitter,
And joy would ne'er retreat—
If life were never bitter,
And love were always sweet.

If care were not the waiter
Behind a fellow's chair,
When easy-going sinners
Sit down to Richmond dinners,
And life's sweet stream flows straighter—
By Jove! it would be rare,
If care were not the waiter
Behind a fellow's chair.

If wit were always radiant,
And wine were always iced,
And bores were kicked out straightway
Through a convenient gateway;
Then down the year's long gradient
'Twere sad to be enticed,
If wit were always radiant,
And wine were always iced.—*Mortimer Collins.*

Never Again.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balm for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are wiser and are better
Under nanhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again. —*R. H. Stoddard.*

Verses in my Old Age.

Come, from the ends of the world,
Winds of the air or sky,
Wherever the thunder is hurl'd,
Wherever the lightnings fly!
Come with the bird in your bosom,
Linnet and lark that soars;
Come with the sweet spring blossom,
And the sun from southern shores.

I hate the snake winter that creepeth,
And poisons the buds of May;
I shout to the sun who sleepeth,
And pray him awake to-day.
For the world is in want of his power
To vanquish the rebel storm.
All wait for his golden hour—
Man, and beast, and worm.

Not only the seasons falling
Forsake their natural tone,
But age drops onward, sailing,
And is lost in the seas unknown.
No wisdom redeemeth his sorrow,
For thought and strength are fled;
No hope enlightens to-morrow,
And the past, so loved, is dead.
—*Bryan Waller Proctor.*

Carpe Diem.

To-day I can not choose but share
The indolence of earth and air;
In listless languor lying,
I see, like thistle-flowers that sail
Adown some bazed autumnal vale,
The bours to Lethe flying.

The sand-glass twinkles in the sun;
Unchanged its ceaseless course is run
Through ever changeable weathers.
"Time flies," its motto. 'Tis no crime,
I think, to pluck the wings of Time,
And sleep upon his feathers!

The Brave at Home.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword
Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hate,
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her heart her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but the secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.
—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

The White Rose.

White Rose, are you tired of staying in one place?
Do you ever wish to see the wild-flowers face to face?
Do you know the woodbines, and the big, brown-crested reeds?
Do you wonder how they live so friendly with the weeds?
Have you any work to do when you've finished growing?
Shall you teach your little buds pretty ways of blowing?

Do you ever go to sleep? Once I woke by night,
And looked out of the window, and there you stood, moon-white:
Moon-white in a mist of darkness, with never a word to say,
But you seemed to move a little, and then I ran away.
I should have felt no wonder, after I hid my head,
If I had found you standing, moon-white, beside my bed.

White Rose, do you love me? I only wish you'd say:
I would work hard to please you, if I but knew the way.
It seems hard to be loving, and not a sign to see
But the silence and the sweetness for all as well as me.
I think you nearly perfect, in spite of all your scorns;
But, White Rose, if I were you, I wouldn't be those thorns!
—*Whittier* Child.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

The proceedings of the recent State Convention were, in the main, characterized by dignity. Its president was Senator Baker, of Santa Clara. Its personnel was, in large majority, composed of intelligent, earnest, and enthusiastic Republicans. Its result—the delegation to Chicago—undoubtedly reflects the sentiments of the party in this State. It was clearly apparent among delegates, and in the general atmosphere that surrounded the Convention, that Mr. Blaine was its first choice. It was equally clear, but not expressed by resolution, that Mr. Washburne was the second choice of the Convention. It was also apparent that the party would be thoroughly loyal to any candidate nominated—except to General Grant; and, if the party allegiance falters here, it is not out of disrespect for him personally, not because the Republican party does not admire him. Republicans are grateful to him; they appreciate his services to the nation; but they are restive under the lash of the tyrants of the party; they are indignant that men of intelligence and patriotism are compelled to submit to the insolent dictation of self-imposed party leaders. We, here in California, have drained to the dregs this bitter cup, and we know what it is to be trampled under the feet of ignoble and vulgar party thieves. We know that in this State the Republican leadership has rested with low-born and ignorant men. We know that unscrupulous men, wanting honors, have struck hands with mercenary wretches, wanting coin; that senators and members of Congress have thrown the mantle of their official protection over mint and Mare Island stealings, and that political copartnerships have been formed between business men, furnishing brains and money, and Republican party rascals, furnishing cheek and opportunity and protection. We resent the fact that Conkling runs New York, Cameron Pennsylvania, and Logan Illinois. We are not unmindful that carpet-bag thieves invaded the South land, stealing from blacks and whites alike, and that all this rascality found a greater indulgence—we will not say countenance—under General Grant than under any previous administration. The four years of President Hayes have been a step upward, away from this carpet-bag and Federal ring demoralization, and we would not return to it. As we, in California, want no more Sargent, Gorham, Carr & Co., in ours, so we sympathize with Republicans in other States, and feel like aiding them to get rid of this hydra-headed monster that may only be killed by striking off the central head that hides itself in the Lernean bog at Washington. For ten years, honest, independent, and able men have been discountenanced in the politics of this State; not an honor to be given to the best gentleman in the party, if he did not go fawning, hat in hand, to Bill Carr; not an office to be disposed of, that the best and most deserving worker must not ask for as a suppliant to Bill Carr; not a pound of merchandise for public use, that must not pay tribute to some bandit upon the political highway. We are tired of it; we chafe under it. And because this class of party freebooters have, all over the land, concentrated upon General Grant for their chief, and because General Grant is so anxious and so willing to lead these political knaves, we distrust him. The recent State Convention has given emphasis in this direction by casting its vote and giving its instructions for Mr. Blaine. It was an able and representative assemblage of the best class of the rank and file of the Republican party of a Republican State. It was composed, in a majority, of men who want no office, and who are Republicans because they are patriotic, and because they think the Republican party represents the intelligence, the property, the progress, and the moral sentiment of the nation.

We have begun to cleanse the Augean stables in this State by turning through them the rivers of political reform; and only one nasty corner yet remaining, and that is the

City and County of San Francisco. The delegation from San Francisco grows worse and more contemptible each succeeding year; gentlemen dropping out one by one; old Republicans wearied of the dirty work, tired of the unending labor of fighting the slums, losing heart and losing hope; county committees and ward organizations steadily growing down like the tail of a dog, and steadily gaining in power to wag the dog, till now the great, ponderous, unwieldy San Francisco delegation, composed of about one-third gentlemen to two-thirds loafers, makes its pilgrimage to Sacramento when a convention is called, sits through its deliberations without power or influence, regarded with suspicion by country delegates—who are always looking to it for some mean and dirty work, and are never disappointed—a delegation having no recognized leader, no honest purpose, and whose highest pleasure it is to have its ponderous roll called upon every question, that each of its obscure members may enjoy the poor privilege of hearing how his name sounds. The state of San Francisco politics is very low when it is caucused in the house of Dan Bigley, and when a gentleman desirous of attending a State Convention is compelled to "see Jimmy Dyer."

Another evil of increasing magnitude is that local prejudices and local interests are growing and strengthening. It was indicated in the debate and vote that prevented the election of delegates at large, in order that each district might gain a member. It was a failure—all departures from honest business are failures. It is a small and narrow jealousy that will not recognize party talent or party service because they are not found within the limits of Plumas County, or within the political jurisdiction that can send Senator Cheney to Congress. If Gladstone, living in England, can go into the heart of Midlothian to fight the "Bold Buccleugh" upon his ancestral acres, and thus represent a Scottish constituency in Parliament; or if Gambetta may be President of the Chamber of Deputies of France from Bordeaux, where he does not live—why may not a broader and more generous policy be introduced into California politics than one which will condemn to private life every gentleman of San Francisco unless he is fortunate enough to be the friend of Dan Bigley, or can secure an early opportunity to "see Jimmy Dyer"? Thanks to the gentlemen of the Fourth Congressional District, that they were generous enough to relieve the writer of this article from the mortification of being defeated by a species of (San Francisco) politics that he admits himself unable to cope with. It is an act worthy of imitation, and if the generous politics of such men as Charles Felton, of San Mateo, and J. P. Stearns, of Santa Barbara, could be introduced into California, it would give hundreds of the best men of the State encouragement to fight the political loafers and ward bummers that have obtained such complete mastery in the city of San Francisco, and bring them back to an active participation in party affairs. Let us make the effort when in the next State Convention we come to choose a State Central Committee. There is a nasty intrigue on foot which we are watching, by aid of the country delegates in the next convention, which we will defeat—that is, if we get a proxy from Calaveras.

The Convention was a success in its broader purpose. It was composed, as we have said—in a large majority—of honest men. In the endorsement of Senator Blaine and the Hon. Newton Booth—in declaring by special resolution that "Black and Tan" should be whistled home from the National Committee, that he may no longer bark and show his teeth in snarling spite at better men; in the declaration of principles, and in the passage of instructions to its delegates; in refusing to carry out a conspiracy against the present State Central Committee—it did well. The instructions may seem, to the non-reflecting, over strong, "iron-clad and copper-fastened," but it will be remembered that four years ago, under similar conditions, twelve delegates were sent to Cincinnati for Blaine, and that six of them fell down under the whispering seductions of a cluster of party snakes that can no longer charm, but only hiss—a little gang whose venom enables them to rattle their tails, but prevents them from striking their fangs, because their fangs are drawn. Four years ago these blackguards had the power to strut and steal; at State conventions they rode in open barouches; had headquarters, and outside strikers; they declared their determination to rule the party or ruin it, and arrogantly proclaimed that if the party was not strong enough to bear them it must sink; they made convention officers, drafted resolutions, appointed State central committees; they divided the Federal patronage; they robbed the government and plundered the treasury; they furnished supplies to Mare Island, and made purchases for army, navy, and civil service; they stole and divided; they plundered and grew rich. But the jaws of the penitentiary opened so wide, and the warden stalked so near, that they have skulked out of sight. They are not all dead yet. Tom Shannon shelters some of them in the custom house, cunning Mr. Coey keeps his protecting wing over some, and Mr. Dodge allows a few to hide in the cellars of the mint. Mr. Blanchard pops up in Convention from El Dorado, and Mr. McKenna from Solano, and Mr. McFarland from Sacramento, and "Charley" still comes

from Yuba. Still they plot and wriggle like angle-worms cut in two by a farmer's spade. They must be cut in pieces again and again, wherever found, and as often as found, till Blaine or some honest man is elected President, whose highest virtue does not consist in the fact that he is staunch and loyal to his friends when his friends are thieves.

This Convention was conspicuous for the absence of Federal officials. Sargent was not there, did not preside, and did not dare to offer himself to preside—as was the programme that did not carry. Mr. William B. Carr was not sitting at the head of the San Francisco delegation, and was not on the Committee on Resolutions. The Convention was respectable, and Blanchard of El Dorado did not preside. Let us keep it so, and, while it may be impossible to utterly suppress that kind of lower political animal that will live after being cut in two, and will wriggle its tail after its head is crushed, we are still making progress. Let us hope that we may reform even the politics of San Francisco, and, in time, be able to secure delegates to a State convention outside a caucus at the house of Dan Bigley, or without being compelled to "see Jimmy Dyer." And let us hope that the gentlemen of the interior will keep at home their poor, fat-witted, unconscious country cats, who allow themselves—through ignorance—to handle the hot chestnuts for the thieving political monkeys of San Francisco. The following persons were elected delegates to the National Convention: J. C. Wilmerding, Alexander Sharon, and Samuel Mosgrove, San Francisco; Socrates Huff, Alameda; J. K. Doak, Stockton; Creed Haymond, Sacramento; E. A. Davis, Marysville; Joseph Russ, Eureka; H. T. Fairbanks, Petaluma; John Mansfield, Los Angeles; D. S. Payne, San Jose; Frank M. Pixley, San Francisco. The following were named as alternates: From the First District (San Francisco)—G. A. Fisher, C. Mason Kinne, and F. J. French; Second District—J. A. Benson, James Foster, and J. R. Johns; Third District—John G. Scott, F. A. Leach, and S. G. Hilborn; Fourth District—William Smith, Charles Shannon, and J. P. Stearns.

It looks a little as though the grip of the political octopus that holds in its folds the Republican rank and file of Pennsylvania was relaxing; that the coil was loosening and so unwinding that a few Blaine delegates might get out from its embrace. It seems to be a most shameful thing that in the two great States of New York and Pennsylvania there should be invoked the iron rule of a bare majority, and that by these States, in conspiracy with Southern States that will cast no Republican electoral vote, the wishes of an intelligent majority should be ignored. This is machine politics with a vengeance. It may win in convention, but it can not win before the people. Mr. Senator Conkling was sent as a delegate from Utica to the New York State Convention by one majority. He carried the State for Grant by twelve majority. Cameron carried the State of Pennsylvania by personal appeals, promises of office, and trick. This kind of politics is disgraceful; and, so long as it rules, so long as there is no honor on the part of leaders, there is nothing to bind the rank and file in loyalty to the party. If General Grant becomes the Republican candidate for President by open and honest work, clearly indicating that he is the choice of the Republicans, and this choice is fairly expressed in National Convention, after free discussion and opportunity for deliberation by delegates who have been honestly chosen, then it will become the duty—perhaps—of all Republicans to support him. Then party leaders may appeal to rules of party discipline with great propriety. Then the argument would be, and we feel its force: "Your judgment has been overruled; your opinions have been weighed, and the better opinion rests with the majority; you owe it to the party, and to patriotism, to give up your personal feelings, your personal opinions, and your convictions—even of duty—in the presence of opinions honestly entertained and fairly expressed by a party majority in national council." But if this National Convention be packed; if delegations are bullied by men having patronage to dispense, honors to award, and emoluments to distribute; if the machine becomes a juggernaut, to ride over and crush out all individual opinion—then the individual will be not only not bound by its decrees, but will be, in self respect, compelled to resent it—to bolt the party, to refuse to support General Grant, and at liberty to vote for a third candidate or for the Democratic nominee. This rule will govern us; and we invoke the principle in politics that governs in equity: "Fraud vitiates all contracts." There is no code of honor governing social or business life that ought not to prevail in politics. The man who will intrigue, or lie, or cheat, or overreach, or suppress a fact, or suggest a falsehood in politics, will do the same thing in his social, or business, or religious associations. We sincerely hope General Grant will not be nominated by the Republican Convention at Chicago. Our personal preference is for E. B. Washburne. But if it is true that Mr. Washburne's personal devotion to General Grant is greater than to the country; and if it is true, as reported by the Associated Press, that "he is out of patience with zealous friends," we shall not further annoy him with the persecution of zealous admiration. In fact, we are not hero-worshippers. We do not believe in indispensa-

ble men. We do not think the world moves, or was created, or that the nation lives for any one man; nor that the universe will collapse, or the nation die, or the Union be dissolved, if General Grant should settle down permanently at Galena, and Mr. Washburne should not become President.

As the Chinese question is one of peculiar interest to this coast, and will necessarily become a matter of prominent discussion in the coming Presidential campaign, we hope some of our people will formulate resolutions upon the subject for the Chicago Convention. We shall be glad to receive suggestions in this matter, which we shall have an opportunity to lay before the Committee on Resolutions of the Republican Convention, and to follow them there for discussion. This committee will be composed of the ablest men of the Republican party, and as it is so clearly apparent that our three Pacific States will give their electoral votes to the party that takes the strongest ground and offers the most speedy and practical remedy for the evil of Chinese immigration, we may hope to pledge both the great parties to a policy of restriction. These resolutions should be moderate, should be strongly expressed, should be within the law, and should be pushed with all the nerve and all the eloquence of our three delegations before the convention.

California has another important question that may be properly, by resolution or otherwise, be brought to the notice of both National Conventions. Our wine and raisin interests, the industries embraced in the word "viticulture," are, by reason of our climate and the breadth of our vine lands, destined to become most important; more important, we believe, than the gold or grain products of our State, and in time more vast and profitable than the cereal or cotton crops of the United States. We commend to the gentlemen who compose the commission recently appointed by the Governor, to give this question their attention, and let us secure such a recognition of our wine interests as to make hostile legislation in the wine interests of France impossible.

We know who is to be the next Governor of California. The present incumbent holds for three years. He will not desire a reelection. He will prefer to retire to private life, as he finds that business affairs are more congenial than political, and that he is better fitted to adorn the private than the public station. This new candidate for official position is an American, and will stand upon the new platform, that would restrain foreign immigration and abolish all naturalization laws. He is from one of the interior counties. He is a gentleman, under the best definition of that comprehensive term. He is both educated and intelligent. He is a thoroughbred. He is a wealthy, clear-headed, honest-minded, resolute, brave man. He is in sympathy with labor and laborers, and it is an honest, manly sentiment, without hypocrisy or affectation. He has had a large experience in public affairs. His political, social, and business reputation is unstained. He will be nominated by country delegates, in spite of the intrigues of our city politicians, whom he will not stoop to conciliate. He will be elected by the votes of that class of citizens—native and foreign-born—who are intelligent, patriotic, law-abiding, and order-loving, and who think that this country can be better governed by this class of men—born upon the soil—than by ignorant and vicious aliens, led by selfish, intriguing, and unprincipled native-born demagogues. We are not at liberty to announce the name of this gentleman in print, as the subject has never been mentioned to him; but we shall feel entirely free to disclose his name in confidence to any inquiring and respectable citizen who may feel interested in knowing who is to be the next Governor of California.

The world moves. Let us see! Three years ago San Francisco was the prosperous city of the nation. California had not experienced the hard times that came to the East as a reaction from the flush times of war. We had hoped to have passed along without feeling the pressure. But stock speculations, a dry season, and Chinese immigration made our poorest laborers feel the pressure of pinching times. The great majority of our laboring class had savings-bank deposits, and could have survived one hard winter. The *Chronicle*, the *Call*, Kearney, and Kallach undertook, for personal and pecuniary and ambitious reasons, to incite an agitation, that upon its wave they might be advanced. Kallach could talk, and would be Mayor. Kearney could talk, and would make money. The *Chronicle* was enterprising, and would increase its circulation. The *Call* was mercenary, and wanted small advertisements. The agitation was had, and for two years our city has been kept upon the brink of insurrection. Kearney has blasphemed God upon the Sand-lot. Kallach has howled from his pulpit like a mad and drunken dervish. The *Chronicle* and *Call* have quarreled and struggled in rival sensations, and contended each with the other to give false importance to the insane ravings of a worthless Irish cartman and an hypocritical Baptist preacher. Now let us look around us and observe the present attitude of the parties to this agitation. Kearney is in stripes, breaking stones. Charles de Young has been murdered. I. M. Kal-

loch is in prison, awaiting trial; deserving to be hung, and looking to imprisonment for life as an undeserved favor. I. S. Kallach, dishonored and disgraced, is under trial for impeachment, preferred by twelve Supervisors, with an almost unanimous public sentiment favoring his removal from an office in which he has most criminally conducted himself. The poor have been made poorer. Labor that was scarce has become more scarce. Industries have been arrested, and property depreciated in value.

The impeachment of the Mayor presents the question to our people as a practical one. The chief magistrate of a city is held to another and a stricter responsibility than a private citizen. Words that from the mouth of Kearney or any of his ignorant and unprincipled Irish might be endured, have another significance when uttered by the Mayor. Kallach the Baptist, like him who proclaimed the coming of the Messiah, might have come bare-headed and bare-footed, in camel's-hair raiment, with a girdle about his loins, and howled his mad and crazy indictment against this community, and none would have heeded his incendiary utterances. But as Mayor, as one clothed with authority, he became dangerous; he is dangerous, and he must be suppressed. In self-defense, in defense of life and property, in security of the present and protection for the future, we must defend ourselves against the two Isaacs—father and son. They are dangerous. One kills, and the other endeavors, we think, to incite riot; both have revenge and hatred in their hearts, and we are afraid of them. If such a man as Isaac S. Kallach can become Mayor, and remain Mayor, and if there is no law to punish murder, and to restrain incendiary utterances by a magistrate, then, indeed, have we fallen upon evil times. We sincerely hope that the Reverend Isaac may be deprived of his official position and returned to private life.

The treatment of the colored cadet at West Point has drawn the attention of the nation to that somewhat exclusive and expensive national establishment of military instruction. The colored man and the colored boy seem to be great stumbling blocks in the way of our social and political advancement. There can be no doubt of the fact that the "superior" white boys have treated poor Whittaker with great contempt. They have tabooed him, placed him in Coventry, refused to have social intercourse with him, and, in the thousand and one mysterious ways so well known to boys, have made the young dark gentleman feel that he belongs to a proscribed and inferior race. There was only one way that he could have overcome the difficulties of his position, and perhaps he did not have the physical strength and moral nerve to make the attempt. If he could have selected from his enemies the bully of the opposition, and thrashed him, he could have commanded the respect of his fellows. There is only one thing school-boys thoroughly admire, and that is the pluck that can thrash its way through all opposition. Among the democracy of boys the best pugilist is the best gentleman. Boys are, as a rule, tyrants, bullies, and cowards in school. They are not unlike coyotes; they fight in packs. Their color prejudices they take from home, and we fancy that the West Point cadet of to-day is not the cadet of twenty-five years ago. The institution used to be an aristocratic one. Gentlemen's sons used to frequent it. But now we fancy that most of the young heroes come from the primary-election and corner-grocery influence. There was a time when to have been a graduate of West Point was—and properly so—presumptive evidence that the graduate was a gentleman. There was a time when to be an officer in the army opened him an entrance to the best society. There was culture and good breeding, high honor and untarnished reputation, among the "gentlemen of the army." There was refinement, elegance, charming deportment among the "ladies of the army." From West Point came many of our best men in civil life, bearing the obligation to return when the nation demanded their services. Now it seems as though there was a pressure of politicians bearing upon the military college that gives it cadets who are socially a good deal off color, and turns out graduates that are just a shade outside of gentlemen. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that, in all this school, there was no pupil so well bred, and so well born, and so well assured of his own social position that he dared to become the champion and protector of this friendless, lone colored boy. In chivalry times it would not have been so. When this academy fails to produce gentlemen as well as soldiers, it will be time that it was abolished, and the money expended to teach this kind of young Americans how to carry a hod and mix mortar with a hoe.

After several months' trial, without really valuable results that might not be obtained otherwise, the social experiment of shooting people who sing *Pinafore* airs ought to be abandoned. It is not, of course, a question involving anybody's ideas of right and wrong, but one of public expediency. One of its disadvantages is that the aim is commonly bad—probably from the excitement of sudden wrath and impatience—and unless by chance the bullet penetrates that part of the singer which the musical critics of the press would loosely call his organ, no permanent good is accomplished, for habit

is strong, and a man who sings *Pinafore* airs will continue to sing them through as much of this life as remains to him, and may possibly interrupt the choir at his funeral. It is hoped, therefore, that the instance which occurred the other day in the parlor of a respectable family at Richmond, Virginia, may be the last that we shall have to record. We shall all die soon enough, and the shooting of a *Pinafore* singer is, anyhow, not fair to the gallows foreshadowed in his horoscope.

Mr. James O'Meara, of the *Evening Examiner*, at some obscure Democratic club meeting, indulged himself in a eulogistic, or at least exculpatory, harangue in the interest of the elder Kallach, and thinks he ought not to be impeached. Now this is, of course, blarney for the Democracy, as it is not at all natural for a person of Mr. O'Meara's name to feel bad over the impeachment of a Republican. If the Democracy desires to swallow the Kallachs—father and son—we hope it will be allowed to do so, and we further hope that the act of deglutition will choke the Democracy. So we advise Mr. O'Meara to pin the ears of the Kallachs nicely back, and gulp them down. For every Kallach the Democracy can digest, the Republican party will secure an hundred Democratic gentlemen.

In the *Berkeley Quarterly* for April we find an excellent article from Mr. Samuel Williams, one of the editors of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, entitled "The Government of Large Cities," from which we print the following table showing the relative proportion of the native and foreign-born citizens, together with an extract illustrating the evils of this foreign element. When Mr. Williams comes to summarize his remedies for the evils he so graphically describes, he strangely omits to suggest the only practicable one—viz., to repeal our naturalization laws, and by affirmative enactments to prevent paupers and criminals from being exiled from other lands to the United States. The following figures are from the census of 1870:

Cities.	Aggregate Pop. 1870.	Born in U. S.	Foreign Born.
New York.....	942,292	523,198	419,094
Philadelphia.....	674,022	490,398	183,624
Brooklyn.....	396,099	251,381	144,718
St. Louis.....	310,864	100,615	112,249
Chicago.....	298,977	154,420	144,557
Boston.....	250,526	162,540	87,986
Cincinnati.....	216,329	136,637	79,612
New Orleans.....	191,418	142,943	48,475
Washington.....	109,199	95,442	13,757
San Francisco.....	149,473	75,734	73,719
Jersey City.....	82,546	50,711	35,884
Milwaukee.....	71,440	37,667	33,773
Richmond.....	51,038	47,260	3,778
New Haven.....	50,840	36,482	14,358
Indianapolis.....	48,244	37,587	10,657
Portland (Me.).....	31,143	24,401	7,012
Savannah.....	28,235	24,564	3,671

"This foreign element represents not the best, but, in a large measure, the worst element of the population of European cities. Ignorant of our language, ignorant of our social usages, ignorant of the spirit of our laws, ignorant of the very alphabet of freedom; brutalized by centuries, nay, by eras of oppression; to whom liberty is the synonym of license; tainted with the vicious heresies of agrarianism; accepting as gospel the infamous dogma of Proudhon that 'property is robbery,' they are a source of imminent and perpetual danger. Led on by reckless adventurers of their own nationality, their lowest passions appealed to, they are often sufficiently powerful numerically, not only to control elections, but to dictate the policy and patronage of the local government. With such materials to work upon, the political spoilsman is not slow to seize his opportunity. The large city becomes the paradise of the demagogue and the public robber. The facilities for stealing are almost boundless. Municipal government becomes but another name for spoliation. The ward politician becomes the mouth-piece of the slums; the favorite candidate is the express image and embodiment of the will of the mob. The taint of corruption spreads like a hideous leprosy over every department of municipal legislation. The fountains of public life become poisoned at their source. The election is a cruel mockery of decency. Fraud is king, and Perjury presides at the polls. Illegal naturalization, false registration, false certificates, ballot-box stuffing, doctoring of returns, corrupting of inspectors, are not infrequent practices. The injunction to 'vote early and vote often' is religiously obeyed. There is nothing sacred, nothing really final in the proclamation of a canvassing board. The fact of one having received the largest number of votes is no sure evidence of his being entitled to the office!" Good sentiment and bold utterance, Mr. Williams. We enlist you for the fight.

We have heard of a very curious circumstance, occurring at the last regular meeting of the Board of Education, in the adoption by the board of the McGuffey school-books. If the incident is true as we heard it, then this board contains more than the usual proportion of rascals incident to such bodies. We are impressed with the conviction that the board contains three honest men—President Stone, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Thompson. If there is another we will be obliged if some disinterested and reliable person will give us his name, in order that we may do him justice. We give our own feelings by putting his name in print.

PHILOPENA.

There was a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following device: To every prince who sought her hand she presented the half of a double almond, while she ate the other half, and said: "If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take anything from your hands before I say the words, 'I remember,' then I am ready to become your bride. But if, on the contrary, you receive anything from me without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have your hair shaven entirely off your head, and leave the kingdom."

This, however, was an artful stratagem, for, according to the court custom, no one dared to hand anything directly to the princess, but first to the court lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or to take anything, who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court lady always stepped between and spoiled the best-laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident—"Take this as a remembrance of me!" and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him from it perhaps a frog, or a hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for some years, and in all the palaces of the other kingdoms the princes wore wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.

Finally, it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business, and by accident saw the almond princess. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gray man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came into his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. So with the scent from it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circumstances must thou either give or take anything."

So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which his marshal took and placed in his mouth.

The princess inquired what this meant, and, moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at hers, and he dare not give or take anything with his hands—at the most with only his head or feet.

Then the princess laughed and said: "In this case we will never be able to have our little game together."

He sighed and answered:

"Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots."

"That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court.

"Why have you come hither," exclaimed the princess, angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?"

"Because you are so beautiful!" replied the prince. "And if I can not win you, I may, at least, have the pleasure of seeing you."

"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she.

So the prince remained at the palace, and he pleased her more and more. But when the humor seized her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from his girdle and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bon-bons, and trinkets, and finally her bracelets, but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand to take them, for the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he received them, saying:

"We remember."

Then the princess would become impatient, and exclaim: "My handkerchief has fallen! Can your lordship pick it up for me?"

Whereupon the prince would fasten his slipper into it and wave it carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying:

"I remember."

Thus a year passed away, and the princess said to herself: "This can not remain so. It must be settled in one way or the other."

She said to the prince:

"I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it to-day."

The prince smelt of his apple, and, as they entered the garden, said:

"It is very beautiful here, and, in order that we may walk near each other in peace, and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, we beg you, my lady, that for this one hour you will take upon you the custom of my court, and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's art, and there will be nothing to annoy us."

So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles. The birds sang, the sun shone warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed.

The princess saw them, and exclaimed: "What a pity!" "Necessity knows no law," said the prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch and offered it to the princess from his mouth.

The princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and her face was brought close to his. So, when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say that instant, "I remember."

Then he cried, joyfully, "Good morning, much-beloved one!" and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her.

And they spent the rest of their lives together in perfect peace and quietness.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Rainy Day.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days are dark and dreary.

—Longfellow.

The Portrait.

Midnight past! Not a trace of sound
Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers,
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman up-stairs.

A night of tears, for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon looked forth as though in pain,
With her face all white and wet.

Nobody with me my watch to keep
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love;
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young priest with the Raphael face,
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control,
For his lips grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone;
I thought of the pleasant days of yore;
I said, "The staff of my life is gone,
The woman I loved is no more."

"On her cold, dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear—
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there."

"It is set all around with rubies-red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept;
For each ruby there my heart hath bled,
For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said, "The thing is precious to me;
They will bury her soon in the church-yard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet;
There stark she lay on her carved bed;
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart;
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first as my touch fell there
It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side—
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" The man
Looked first at me and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began—
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours no doubt
The portrait was till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me.
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
He answered, "Let us see."

"Enough!" I said, "let the dead decide;
And whosoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried—
Where death is arraigned by love."

We found the portrait there, in its place,
We opened it by the tapers' shine,
The gems were all unchanged; the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another at last!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's the Raphael-faced young priest,
Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept;
For each ruby there my heart hath bled,
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

—Owen Meredith.

THE CARPET AND THE STAIR-ROD.

"And now how do you feel?" said the Carpet to the Stair-rod, one morning after a large ball.

"I am completely overcome," answered that luminary. "When I think over last night, with its crush and crash, its costly dresses and its dress coats, its supper and sorrows, I am lost in shame to think of all the sin and waste that passed."

"Oh!" said the Carpet, "that was nothing; when I was at Mrs. Alfred's—my first owner, who failed recently—we used to have twice as expensive entertainments as that last night—larger crowd, bigger supper, more music—everything on a grander scale. You soon get used to it."

"Oh, yes," said the Stair-rod; "get used to it; so we may to anything—in time; but what can clean from our souls the memory of riotous hours spent in drinking and ribald laughter? What Jordan can wash us clean? What Lethe bring forgetfulness of vicious hours?"

"By Jove! you're getting poetical," cried the Carpet, laughing; "what have hours-or vice to do with a ball given by Mrs. Oliphant?"

"Just this," answered the Stair-rod: "Last night, as, flushed by wine and excitement, four young men passed over me, I heard them making arrangements to meet at the club, and places still worse, when the ball was over."

"Well, they would go there anyhow," said the Carpet.

"No! from what I gathered, two were innocent of anything of the kind, but, half intoxicated, they consented, on the solicitations of their seniors in vice."

"We can not stop it?" said the Stair-rod.

"It seems not," said the Carpet.

"But what a crash there was here," said the Stair-rod; "how beautiful the ladies looked in their brilliant ball-dresses, and how like waiters the men. There were the Misses Shortledge. Did you notice the richness of the lace about them? I heard a lady say that their father was financially embarrassed. It will be hard for the poor girls if they have to go to work, after having been brought up to a life of luxury."

"So it will," replied the Carpet. "Did you notice how thin Mr. Gimson is getting?—how the lines show on his face? I am afraid he is dissipating a great deal. He staggered last night as he came through the hall, on leaving."

"You know," said the Stair-rod, "how particular our mistress is about temperance matters?—what an enthusiast in regard to her sons refraining from drink? Well, the other day, when the pastor called, she stopped him near me, and entered into a discussion with him as to the merits and demerits of alcoholic stimulants. When Francis Murphy was here she went to hear him regularly every week, yet notwithstanding her advocacy of temperance, and because last night was the marriage of her daughter, she gave free license in regard to wine and intoxicating liquors, and the consequence was she had a grand debauch in her own house. Five or six of her guests were as drunk as lords last night. Where is the use of blaming men for getting drunk, when ladies who profess to be strict temperance advocates allow such things beneath their own roofs?"

"Yes," said the Carpet, "there were some pretty drunken ones here last night. You know the pretty Mrs. Barto, who has been married only six months? Well, last night, Mr. Brownwell succeeded in getting quite under the influence of liquor, and then by some means brought her out here. He was just drunk enough to make a perfect fool of himself. After spooning in a drunken way for some time, he at last said: 'Of course I love (hic) you (hic). I love you like anything (hic), my love. Wh-why didn't we mee' fore—we—I mean 'fore you marri', eh (hic), my love?' Some one heard it, and it was soon all around among the men. It will be the talk of the town, I expect."

"Well," said the Stair-rod, "one bad spill of ice cream occurred near me. That clumsy Mr. Heart was handing Miss Juvin an ice, when some one knocked against him, and it was spilt on her ball-dress. Of course she said it was of no consequence; but I heard her say to her sister afterward, in an almost heart-broken voice, that it ruined the only decent ball-dress she had, and she would not be able to get another this season. So it was all the evening—some jealousy or angry feeling everywhere."

"It seems to me," said the Carpet, "that you are looking at things in a rather gloomy light."

"Ah!" answered the Stair-rod, "we are teaching a moral."

—Jean Pierre.

A young lady went to a drug store, recently, and had a prescription made up.

"How much?" inquired the lady.

"Fifty cents," said the clerk.

"But I have only forty-five cents with me," replied the customer; "can't you let me have it for that?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, "but you can pay me the five cents when you come in again."

"But suppose I were to die?" said the lady, jocularly.

"Well, it wouldn't be a very great loss," was the smiling response.

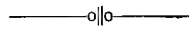
And immediately the innocent clerk gathered from the indignant flash on the lady's face that he had been misunderstood; and, before he could assure her that it was the little balance and not her that would be no great loss, she had bounced out at a go-as-you-please gait, and was beyond the sound of his voice.

Some one writing from Rome says of the Italian *trous-seaux*: "They excel in beauty of embroidery anything of the kind to be seen in Paris. I have seen chemisettes which it took four years to embroider." The same writer observes that the betrothed in Italy are never left alone for one moment. They must not even sit side by side in company, and a third person must always take part in their conversation. When out for a walk, they must not go arm in arm. As for a kiss, not even the tips of the nails may be touched until after the Church and State have firmly bound together the poor lovers. This severity is no compliment to Italy. On the contrary, it is mistrust carried to excess, and the young people rebel against it. Still, when they become fathers and mothers they perpetuate the custom. It may be that this extreme reserve before marriage engenders that after-marriage liberty which, in its turn, becomes a matter of wonder to more prosaic nations.

THE EVENING SHADES WERE FALLING.

BALLADE.

WORDS FROM THE RUSSIAN.



MUSIC BY FRED. LYSTER.

Andante con Expressione.

Introduction.



1. The eve-ning shades were fall - - ing
 2. Ma - ri - na, watch is keep - - ing

A - cross the cot - tage floor . . .
 And still with tear - ful eyes . . .

And Phil - o - mel was call - - ing
 From out the lat - tice peep - - - ing,

From thicket near the door . . .
 'Why stays my love' she cries . . .

The sun's last rays de - clin - - ing, Fade be - hind the hill;
 A - las: the old, old sto - - - ry, Wo - man's heart must prove,

And twinkling stars are
 While mar has work and

shi - ning, But I - - van ling - ers still.
 glo - ry, For her there's naught but love.

. Dal Segno.





"Have you seen Bandmann as 'Narcisse'?" "Have you seen Freeman as 'Dom Januario'?" Yes, to be sure. It is one's duty to keep up with the dramatic times; to have seen Fechter as "Hamlet" or "Ruy Blas," Ristori as "Elizabeth" or "Judith," Janauschek as "Lady Dedlock" or "Medea," Modjeska as "Adrienne" or "Ophelia," Von Stammwitz, or Cotelley, or any of the others in anything you like.

How fast the little swells! What a liking they have taken to our strong, sonorous English, these foreigners of the stage. I had almost said Germans, for do you not observe that they are almost all of them from "Vaterland"? True, Ristori's native tongue is "the soft, bastard Latin," and Modjeska has abandoned the thick and guttural Polish. But for the rest, they are all Germans, widely speaking. Not a Frenchman among them, for your true Frenchman is more conservative than the sturdiest John Bull that ever obstinately planted his British legs to sustain one of the old customs. I wonder even that the people of the Comédie Française ever consented to cross the awful Channel and play to the foggy, benighted English. But "The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels," and we have fallen upon times when it is necessary to get a great many guineas together to make anything like a respectable jingle.

Talk of the luxury of the times of Louis Quinze! The very name of Pompadour is suggestive of everything that is rich and luxurious—pink and blue and gold, high-heeled and powdered; in short, of everything that is elegantly impracticable. No one revels in splendor like these queens of the gutter come to power, for they are living out their dreams. Dreaming, you know, is like kissing—

"If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it."

And while they are about it they may as well dream a big one. It is the only staple that is cheap. We have all heard calico-clad ragamuffins speak, with shining, dilated eyes, of the gorgeousness of royal purple velvet, and diamond buttons, and rich, creamy white satin; and who knows that the little beggar may not realize her dream one day? The little Jeannette sitting upon her father's threshold, with a pleasing background of calves' liver, beef suet, saddles of lamb, and sides of beef, may have imagined all the wondrous richness which came to her as "La Pompadour." Of its attendant infamy her innocent soul could then know nothing; for, alas! we all realize our dreams some time, somehow, but they never come out just right. The occasion, or the manner, or the time of the fulfillment is sure to be wrong. There is always a "15" hlock in the puzzle that will not fit into the right place.

Do you not think that the Marquise de Pompadour herself would open her great eyes at the toilets of today? When the red curtain swung aside, the other night at Baldwin's, to reveal a brilliant court scene, I thought how luxurious has the stage become when nothing will satisfy but such rich settings. And yet something of the sheen was gone from the gold; something of the glitter from the stage; much, indeed, of the prettiness from the Pompadour combination—a daring combination in those days, too—of pink and blue; for the tide of taste has set toward oriental luxury, and I was fresh from the sight of a glittering array of fashionable women in full calling paraphernalia. What stuffs, and patterns, and styles! An Indian "begum" herself surely never flashed before her bowing attendants with a greater wealth of silver and gold threads, and palm leaves, and oriental scrolls. The reproaches of Du Barri and the general animadversions upon the extravagance of Pompadour had a half-ironical sound.

As for "Narcisse" himself—ab, "Narcisse," to return to the foreigners. They are all welcome to the stage ranks, for they bring not only a better training, but there is always a *bizarrie* about them which makes them attractive to the commonplace, self-contained mortal of Anglo-Saxon lineage. It is a trite saying that all their passions and emotions are nearer the surface than ours. They burn in sheets of flame rather than smoulder in living coils. As their expression does not come from the inner depths of a nature, it has not far to go. It is always there, ready at any moment to fling off any accumulation of any amount of sentiment of any kind—joy, hope, despair, love, hate, grief, or mirth—with an *abandon* as impossible to imitate as it would be absurd to cultivate. Can you imagine an Englishman or American playing "Narcisse" like Bandmann, or "Dom Januario" like Max Freeman? In two vastly different ways they would be taken for a pair of howling lunatics, and promptly put out of harm's way.

Bandmann is almost a great actor. He has a commanding presence, which is much, and one with a good grace to the fact that his fine

physique harmonizes not well with the rags and precarious dining facilities of the vagabond "Narcisse." A lean and hungry vagabond is not interesting, and if the court favorite and pretty "Dorine Quinault" are to go about fainting at sight of him, and falling absurdly deep in love with him, it is just as well he should be presentable looking. Judged by all the canons of modern art, Mr. Bandmann over-acts. He is stormy, impetuous, and has a high-pitched style of declamation. It is something to which we are quite unused since they have made us acquainted with the realistic, in which a man bites his lips, utters two or three cold, cutting sentences in a voice of unnatural calm, and quietly leaves you to guess the rest. This is very high art, and it is very natural, and all that sort of thing, but perhaps it is just as well to come in contact with one of these whirlwind natures now and then. They lift you off your feet, and stir your blood. There are so many things we all want to do that we do not dare to do, and when we find some one who does do that which our own shamefacedness prevents our doing, we all take a silent inward satisfaction. That is the trouble. Our satisfactions are all too inward. These foreign actors, whom we admire and wonder at a little, bring it all out.

Bandmann flashes from one mood into another with a suddenness which startles you, and he understands the moods, for his hate is vivid, his love tender, and his scorn for the powerful Pompadour something almost majestic. True, he has an equal scorn for all the rules of punctuation, and will not even commit himself to a rhetorical pause. But what is a comma or a period here and there, in a hurst of passion-freighted words? He calls up memories of Fechter repeatedly, though it is impossible to place a likeness; but Bandmann, though he is not so thorough an artist, is an actor who will be more pleasing to the multitude. Indeed, this is but mild criticism of his art, for Fechter, peculiar and disagreeable as he was, was the master of it.

Bandmann's is just a trifle too evident, for he never so loses himself but that he can give a stage direction. It appeared almost unnecessary, too, for the pretty play was so beautifully mounted, and apparently so thoroughly rehearsed, that it moved as smoothly as on a fifth night. As for Bandmann, he stirred a cold and sluggish audience to call him repeatedly before the curtain. This is something of a conquest in these times, when theatre-goers wear such a blasé expression that it makes one tired to look at them.

But then Bandmann speaks good English, and that seems to be the main idea when people go to see a foreign actor. True, he still struggles with the unconquerable "z" sound of "s"; but in the main it is pure and fluent, until he gets into one of his tempests. Then how the "r's" roll and the "s's" splutter and the vowels grow long! But I like it—do not you? What English-speaking actor could rattle off "Sacramento," "San Francisco," etc., quite as Max Freeman does it in the *Royal Middy*? In point of fact, I can hardly imagine an English actor giving full force to "Dom Januario" at all. Did you ever see anything quite so—well, so Brazilian? We do not find that sort of people this side of the Tropic of Cancer. Freeman overacts it, do you say? Of course he does, most absurdly; and yet what nonsense it would be to play to the life. As for the *Royal Middy*, when people ask you how you like it, picture it to yourself without Max Freeman and Emelie Melville. Put whom you like in their places, and I fancy the *Royal Middy* would not run six weeks in San Francisco. True, it has been a success in New York; but Catherine Lewis is the only woman ever born outside of France who understood the genius of opera bouffe, and she has made a bouffe part of "Fanchette."

The *Royal Middy* is in its sixth week, and it is a musical extravaganza, yet no one has been known to pick up any of its music. Indeed, last week, when the *Argonaut* published one of its gems, people who had seen the *Middy* repeatedly went about asking each other what part of the opera it came in. As a bit of pageantry, the *Royal Middy* is something fine. What with its court dresses, its odd game of chess—though the average duration of human life does not warrant a game of chess as stage entertainment—and its waving silken banners (with the duties on silks sixty per cent. too) it was a sight to fill the eye.

That's a nice-looking lot of middies, too, though a Brazilian middy seems rather quiet. But the life and the fun and the melody (save the mark, "Dom Januario") all lie with Max Freeman and Miss Emelie Melville. Ah! I had forgotten "Mungo." No one ever saw this actor take a part that he did not try to do something with it, but who ever saw him make a bit before? Really I believe it would have detracted something from "Dom Januario" had he been left without such a "Mungo."

People tell you that the *Royal Middy* grows on you with frequent seeing, and so many have tried the experiment that it must be true. It has rather a nice little plot, too, of the orthodox opera kind, and these German writers like to give their heroines "breaches parter." We do not often see Emelie Melville in such parts, but the abundance of material in a Portuguese middy's uniform is not only eminently becoming, but eminently decorous. Hence possibly the exception. Emelie Melville is singularly pleasing on the stage, and as "Fanchette" has a trifle more spice than the willful "Josephine" she is by just that much a more delightful young woman on the stage.

And we are to have the *Pirates of Penzance* next

week. Truly we are not far behind the age. And we shall all go to see it, and ask each other "do you like it as well as *Pinafore*?" till that, too, will become a question which will involve the same direful consequences as a quotation from *Pinafore*. Heaven forbid that the *Pirates* become too popular, for with Mr. Gilbert's peculiar facility for dropping on conversational weaknesses, he will have found a new set of phrases for the *Pirates* which we must not quote. It is rather hard, is it not, that our ordinary talk should become slang simply from frequent quoting from a libretto, and that our conversation should thus be headed off by guide-posts of warning. This is the beginning of the end, as Wilkie Collins would say. If Gilbert continues to write librettos he will consume the entire vocabulary, and a nation will perforce be stricken dumb. BETSY B.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 7, 1880.

Chicago Fashion and Theatrical Gossip.

Knowing the many friends Chicago has among the readers of the ARGONAUT, the temptation to send a letter is too vigorous to be overcome. Shopping has reached its highest pinnacle. "Opening day" brought hundreds of people from the country and small towns to both see and purchase the beautiful goods so artistically arranged in the different stores. Field & Leightner, and Gossage, the principal retail dry goods houses here, are filled with costly and elegant goods, both made and unmade. I was shown some exquisite dresses—a bridal trousseau—at Field & Leightner's; one for evening, made in light blue and flesh tints, with a white lace scarf round the hips with chenille and silk embroidery; the waist the Peronese Cuirass, so fashionable now. There were lovely morning dresses in soft tints and white, with a bewilderment of fine lace and bows of ribbon. A visit to some of the leading millinery stores soon satisfied me that Chicago held the front rank in this line. Balenburger has the finest assortment of flowers and feathers to be found in any city, and his bonnets are simply marvels of art and loveliness. Purple and yellow flowers are in great demand this spring—marigolds, sunflowers, and roses; but, as usual, there is a preference for soft crushed roses without foliage. Lace is much used, both in black and white, for trimming of bonnets, and a Spanish lace scarf long enough to tie under the chin is all the ornament to be found upon some of the most stylish hats. Parasols are rather large, and in the most fanciful cashmere colors and designs, and have borderings of lace, both black and white, with flowers in all colors on the lower part of the lace. I can not say I admire them. Most too loud for my taste.

Theatricals are flourishing mightily, and all the houses have been doing good business for the past few weeks. At Haverly's, this week, we have *The Tourist in a Pullman Palace Car*—an altogether absurd and jolly performance. The play makes no pretensions to a plot. It is simply a succession of funny incidents, repartee, songs, and dances, together with new and original "catches," which keep the audience in roars of laughter. Among the tourists are Mestayer and Long, of the California, and it seems quite like old times to be listening to Mestayer's awfully awful slang, as well as Long's personation of the "Frenchman."

At McVicker's, they are having *Fun on the Bristol*. The entertainment embraces a little of everything, from the inspiring strains of "Flewey-Flewey," (by Billy Courtwright, of course), and "The Babies in our Block," to selections from operas. There are eleven people in the company, and during a portion of the performance these people personate some forty characters, all clever in their way.

At Hooley's, Kate Claxton is doing the new and startling play of *The Two Orphans*. The Palmer House is fire-proof, and Kate is stopping at the Tremont, so myself and baggage are safe for the time. I dare not trust myself to write of the weather we have had for the past month. It tires me to think of the many times it has rained, and the thunder and lightning and wind-storms we have had. More of this, perhaps, when the sun shines. M.

The Princess Metternich is a clever actress. The Sunday night that the news of the Crown Prince's betrothal came to Vienna, she was just about to go on the stage erected in her own palace for private theatricals, to sing a ballad adapted to her part, and ending with the refrain: "To that we'll all say burrah." On she went, according to Octavia Hensel, but not a word of the original song did she sing. With her charming talent for improvisation she made up some pretty verses announcing the engagement of Prince Rudolf to the lovely young Princess Stephanie of Belgium; and when the refrain came more than one voice joined in the "burrah!"

"Died in Europe; "died in Denver;" and so on is the news received by friends at home daily, when in most cases an early use of Hop Bitters would have saved the occasion for such sad news.

Mrs. Pearson, late President of Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has opened a temperance restaurant at 63 1/2 Clay Street, where she will be pleased to see her friends and all those wishing a good lunch for five cents. A large variety of articles not found at other temperance restaurants will be supplied to patrons at above prices. Business men will find no place more convenient or pleasant. Ladies out shopping will be cordially received. Be sure to call.

From hundreds of reported cases where patients have increased in weight from five to forty pounds while using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, no doubts remain of its powerful action on the organs of nutrition.

FOUR ENGLISH WEDDINGS.

At the marriage of Miss Beatrice Quain, daughter of the well-known Dr. Quain, to Mr. George Rose (says London *Truth*) the eight bridesmaids were all dressed alike, in white Indian muslin, trimmed with lace, and sashes of yellow silk tied behind, and had large bunches of real daffodils on the one side of the bodice and in the bats, which were of the same material as the dresses, and each carried a very large bouquet of the same flowers. The bride's dress was white satin, with a long, square train, and had no trimming but a large bunch of orange-blossoms on the front of the skirt and another on the side of the bodice. The plain tulle veil, which fell to the ground on all sides, was fastened with diamond pins, which form part of the set given by her mother. At the marriage of Miss Helen Houldsworth, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Houldsworth, of Coltness, with Sir Robert Lighton, Bart., of Brockhampton, Herefordshire, St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, was most profusely and beautifully decorated with white flowers, all of which was sent up from Coltness. The bride's dress was of white duchesse satin, trimmed with old lace. Her veil was of tulle, fastened on with diamond stars. The orange-blossoms which formed her wreath were very tastefully arranged among the diamonds. The eight bridesmaids wore pink silk broché dresses, the skirts being trimmed with soft muslin and lace of a creamy tint, and their hats were of cream lace with pink azaleas. They carried beautiful bouquets of white and pink flowers, and as has been frequently the case lately, real flowers were given to the guests instead of the artificial acorns and orange-blossoms of which the wedding favors have so long consisted. On the occasion of this pretty, flower-decked wedding, the flowers were all white—lilies of the valley, gardenias, and camellias. On the same day, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, Miss Evelyn Hay, eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hay, was married to Sir Robert Drummond Moncreiffe, Bart. (Scots Guards). The bride wore ivory duchesse satin, with veil and flounces of Brussels lace, the former being fastened on with diamond stars, the gift of the Earl of Dudley, the bridegroom's brother-in-law. Four of the bridesmaids were grown-up, and four were children, among them Lady Edith Ward, who has inherited much of her mother's loveliness. The dresses were pale blue silk and cashmere, with Louis Treize jackets or broché, in which gray was the predominant color. The elder bridesmaids wore blue velvet toques, the children blue Rubens hats with feathers. Each carried a bunch of lilies of the valley and mignonette. The Countess of Dudley wore an exquisite dress of silver-gray satin, with small, close bonnet of the same, and a cape of silvery network with deep, hanging fringe, and tied on with a large knot of white satin ribbon. The Marchioness of Abergavenny wore dark olive velvet. The bride's mother wore pale mauve satin with heliotrope velvet and Brussels lace. At the marriage of Miss Hugban to Major Houghton, late of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the bride, whose mother was a daughter of the late Duke of St. Albans, and whose elder sisters are Lady John Manners and Lady Brydges Henniker, wore a dress of cream-colored satin richly trimmed with Brussels lace. The six bridesmaids were all children and were very prettily dressed in Pompadour style, with mob-caps and muslin fichus. The skirts of the dresses were sky-blue and the paniers flowered cream-colored sateen. They each carried a basket of spring flowers. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Lord John Manners. Lady John Manners wore a dress of a deep rich shade of violet silk-trimmed with Brussels lace. Among the prettiest of the dresses was that of Lady Riddell, dark-blue velvet with cream-colored satin gathered down the front, with fine lace fastened on with gold braid; and that of Mrs. Graham Hutchinson, of ruby velvet with sleeves puffed on the shoulders. Cascades of old lace were arranged on the shoulders. The hat was also of ruby velvet.

Notice had been posted in all the public places (says a Spanish paper) that on a certain day the bull called "El Moro" would be introduced into the arena, and that, when he should have been goaded to the utmost fury, a young girl would appear and reduce the animal to quiet subjection. The people of Cadiz had heard of El Moro as the most magnificent bull ever brought to the city; and it soon became known that the girl thus advertised was a peasant girl of Espara, who had petted the bull and fed and cared for it during the years of its growth. On the appointed day the vast amphitheatre was filled with an anxious, eager crowd. The bulls had been killed and dragged away, and then the flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the hero of the day. With a deep, terrific roar, El Moro entered upon the scene. He was truly magnificent—a bovine monarch; black and glossy, with eyes of fire, dilating nostrils, and wicked-looking horns.

The picadores attacked him warily; hurled their *banderillos* (small, dart-like javelins, ornamented with ribbons, and intended to goad and infuriate). The bull had killed three horses off-hand, and had received eight *banderillos* in his neck and shoulders, when, upon a given signal, the *picadores* and *matadores* suddenly withdrew, leaving the infuriated beast alone in his wild paroxysms of wrath. Presently a soft musical note, like the piping of a lark, was heard, and directly afterward a girl, not more than fifteen years of age, with the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, and with a pretty face, sprang lightly into the arena, approaching the bull fearlessly, at the same time calling out his name: "Moro! Moro! Ya voy!" At the first sound of the sweet voice the animal ceased his fury and turned toward the place whence it came; and when she saw the girl he plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head and put forth her hand, which he licked with his tongue. Then she sang a low sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal on the forehead; and while she sang, the suffering monarch knelt at her feet. Then she stooped and gently removed the cruel *banderillos*; after which, with her arms around El Moro's neck, she led him toward the gate of the *toril*.

They say Agnes Herndon's kiss isn't to be compared with Emma Abbott's kiss. It isn't the genuine ring about it. It lacks the divine afflatus. Abbott's kiss reminds one of the gurgle of maple sap out of the nozzle of a five-gallon demijohn. Herndon's kiss sounds like the explosion of a paper peanut bag.

A man met the actor Garrick, whom he called "my dear fellow." "But I do not know you, my dear sir," said Garrick. "Nevertheless, we have played in the same piece together." "I do not remember. What part did you play?" "Not remember! Why I played the cock in *Hamlet*."

A POET OF PHANTASY.

The presence in this city of the distinguished German poet, Frederick Von Bodenstedt, is an event in the literary growth of San Francisco. Although Mr. Bodenstedt's verse has been written chiefly in German—and his poetry and lectures are therefore of more immediate interest to his fellow-countrymen—yet he has been for so long a time a considerable figure in the world of letters, that we have a right, as Americans, to welcome him, as a poet. Many readers of the *Argonaut* will remember that Mr. Bodenstedt made the first complete German translation of Shakespeare's Sonnets. We reproduce the following bits of his verse, translated by a Mr. d'Esterre, of New York:

Sayings in Rhyme.

Who would of all admired be,
Will find she pleases none;
Who would of all desired be,
Will ne'er be sought by one.

When with metaphors sweet our poets' strains
Are so very redundant,
We must be pardoned who say that their brains
Are not superabundant.

Who ne'er o'er caution's narrow bounds did rise,
And, even when his youth is passed away,
Knows nothing he would fain undo, unsay,
He ne'er was foolish—neither ever wise.

As the harvests of the year but thrive
When changing sun and rain they've had,
So human beings here but thrive
When changing loss and gain they've had.

Woman's will bears contradiction—
If a man ye lie and ware—
But she will not take conviction,
Logic women can not hear;
For them only three conclusions:
Kisses, tears, and love-effusions.

Thine own heart study thou, and then
Thou'lt understand thy fellow-men;
But if thou wouldst thine own self see,
Thou must remove thyself from thee.

Who by himself himself would judge,
Let him remember this:
He doth as little know himself,
As he himself can kiss.

Love Songs.

Not with the angels in azure skies,
Not with the roses on earth that rise,
Nay, not with the light of suns o'erhead
Compare I Zuleikha, mine own sweet maid.
For the hosoms of angels are void of love,
And roses but rear their thorns above,
Whilst the sun at night succumbs to shade;
Not one of them equals mine own sweet maid.
Far as the universe doth lie,
Naught like Zuleikha meets mine eye—
Fair, thornless, surrounded by love's sweet breath,
Only herself she likeneth.

Down in the vast, deep ocean
The sun his beams doth throw,
Till every wavelet trembles
Beneath their ruddy glow.
How likeliest thou those sunbeams
Upon my song's wild sea!
They glitter all and tremble,
Reflecting only thee!

A life devoid of love is like a spring
Buried in sand, of life bereft and motion,
For that it, wandering, never found the ocean
Wherein all founts their waters seek to fling.

Hackett & Dean, Dentists, No. 126 Kearny Street,
Thurlow Block.

MORSE'S PALACE OF ART, 417 Montgomery St.

America Ahead Once More.

The Australian International Exhibition.

[Extract from Private Correspondence per Steamer
City of New York.]

SYDNEY, March 24, 1880.

MARK SHELDON, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—
Dear Sir: Your letter of February 10 came duly to hand. I was glad to hear that your business in San Francisco was so much improved. I think you should consider that I have been reasonably successful, considering the surrounding circumstances. I have been here nine months and sold over 1,500 Davis machines since I landed, and have obtained the first prize and only first, and have a retail trade started here in Sydney of over 100 machines per month. The country is not the richest, and has a small population, and the competition in sewing machines is very sharp.

The "Davis" gets 1st prize.
The "Singer" gets 2d prize.
The "Wanzer" gets 3d prize.
The "Wheeler & Wilson" No. 8 gets 4th prize.

There are about twenty other kinds from Germany and Great Britain that the judges did not consider worthy of mention. The Singer sent out their crack operator from London, who had been with them there and in New York for years. The Wheeler & Wilson sent their best, who has been with them fifteen years. Last week I secured a customer for New Zealand, and sold him 175 machines in first order, and have the cash in bank now for them. The fair closes April 20, and then I leave here for Switzerland and Russia. Yours truly, F. J. NEWTON,
Traveling for the Davis Sewing Machine Company.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street,
corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco.
Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Go to Bradley & Rulofson's, 429 Montgomery St.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

THIS WEEK

THE FIFTH AND LAST OF THE

ROYAL MIDDY
ROYAL MIDDY
ROYAL MIDDY
ROYAL MIDDY

Which will have achieved the longest run of any production
in San Francisco during the past three years.

Last Middy Matinee, - - - - - To-day
Farewell Performance, this Sat. ev'g, May 8

MONDAY, MAY TENTH, first production in San
Francisco of the last and greatest success of the Author and
Composer of Pinafore, THE

PIRATES OF PENZANCE
PIRATES OF PENZANCE

By W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

Seats for any performance during the first two weeks may
now be secured at the box office.

THE BALDWIN THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, MANAGER,
R. M. EBERLE, STAGE MANAGER.

Last week of the eminent tragedian,

MR. DANIEL E. BANDMANN.

Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 10 and 11,

HAMLET.

Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 12 and 13,

OTHELLO.

Friday evening, May 14,

MERCHANT OF VENICE,

AND

DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

Saturday matinee, May 15,

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Saturday evening, May 15,

RICHARD III.

Secure your seats.

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Pictures, Carpets, etc., stored and taken care of (not
necessary to pack them), Parlor Sets, Carpets and Blankets
dusted and aired to keep out moths. Trunks stored for 25
cents per month. We have the best facilities for storage,
having been in the business 16 years, and built our ware-
houses expressly for it. Don't pay rent or interest, and can
afford to store goods low. Advances made, insurance ef-
fected, and reference given. Please send postal card, and
we will call and give estimate for storage, etc.

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Principal storeroom, 310 Stockton Street, between Post
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Enchings and Rare Engravings.

W. K. VICKERY INVITES ATTEN-
tion to his large collection of the above, which
includes fine original Engravings from the great Paintings
of Europe. Rare Portraits, either in collection or procured.
A large number of fine Enchings in stock. Hours 1 to 5
o'clock.
126 KEARNY ST. Thurlow Block San Francisco.

Intending purchasers of ARCHERY
GOODS should not fail to see the
new stock of the popular HORSMAN
THREE-PIECE BOWS, best Back
Bows, Self Snakewood Bows, and
Maurice Thompson Arrows, just re-
ceived by EDWARD T. MARTIN,
No. 5 Montgomery Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San
Francisco, Cal., May 1, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board
of Directors of the above named company, held this day,
Dividend No. 15, of Seventy-five (75) cents per share, was
declared, payable on WEDNESDAY, May 12, 1880, at the office
in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San
Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING
Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia
Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees, held on the thirtieth (30th) day of April, 1880, an
assessment (No. 53) of One Dollar per share was levied
upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immedi-
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the
office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309
Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the fourth (4th) day of June, 1880, will be de-
linquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless
payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twen-
ty-first (21st) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.
E. L. PARKER, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

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County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of April, 1880, an
assessment (No. 35) of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50)
per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corpora-
tion, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the
Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush
Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the thirteenth (13th) day of May, 1880, will be de-
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY,
the second (2d) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

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California.

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Mining Company.—Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,
Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the twenty-eighth (28th) day of April,
1880, an assessment (No. 11) of One Dollar per share was
levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable
immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary,
at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room
No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the first day of June, 1880, will be delinquent, and
advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is
made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 21st day of
June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together
with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

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In Butler's "Hudibras" may be found "wrong sow by the ear," "two strings to his bow," "smell a rat," "main chance," "moon is made of green cheese," "he knew what's what," "gray mare will prove the better horse," "devil take the hindmost." "By hook or crook" is from Beaumont and Fletcher; "golden mean," Horace; "facts are stubborn things," Smollett; "enough is as good as a feast," Bickerstaff; "every tub must stand on its own bottom," Bunyan; "let the world slide," Shakespeare; "bail, fellow, well met!" Tom Brown; "love me little, love me long," Marlowe; "watered stock," Daniel Drew; "more the merrier," Beaumont and Fletcher; "no love lost between us," Goldsmith; "through thick and thin," Spenser; "tell the truth and shame the devil," Shakespeare; "but me no buts," Fielding; "my two papers, both daily," Forney; "turn over a new leaf," Middleton; "in the twinkling of an eye," New Testament; "absent in body, but present in spirit," same; "lay dead in his harness," Old Testament; "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," same; "there is death in the pot," same; "man of blood" (meaning David), same; "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," General Grant; "let us have peace," same; "I'll be your Moses," Andy Johnson; "the man at the other end of the avenue" (meaning President Johnson), Thad. Stevens; "Cadmean victory," Herod; "He's a lame duck" (alluding to Colonel Forney), Andy Johnson; "head-quarters in the saddle," General Pope; "leave no stone unturned," Euripides; "Shoo fly!" (to Cox), Ben Butler; "where the shoe pinches," Plutarch; "let no guilty man escape," Grant; "the sinews of war," Æschines; "die in the last ditch," William, Prince of Orange (a saying used a great deal by prominent Confederates during the late war, and especially by those whose valor was in words, not deeds); "the eye of Delaware is upon you," Senator Saulsbury; "let the Union slide," N. P. Banks; "let our erring sisters (the seceding States) depart in peace," Greeley; "put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry," Oliver Cromwell; "the guard dies, but never surrenders," Cambronne; "nest-biding," Beecher; "on the ragged edge," same; "gone where the woodbine twineth," Jim Fisk; "forty, winks," Christopher North; "a bemusing himself with beer," G. A. Sala's "Gaslight and Daylight"; "the almighty dollar," Washington Irving; "if any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot" (or words to that effect), General John A. Dix; "We'll send them (the enemy) to hell across lots," Brigham Young.

"Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high" is a Philadelphia expression, and came out during the war. "How we apples swim," and you "can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail" are "as old as the hills." Two of our daily papers, in their editorials on Friday last, made use of the term "true inwardness." In London and New York a bank president is known as "old money-bags"; the nabobs of the Massachusetts capital are recognized as "the solid men of Boston." Thirty-five years ago the restaurants of New York advertised oyster-stews on "the Canal-Street plan." The insufferable "hass" of a life-insurance solicitor is eclipsed by the "monumental cheek" of the lightning-rod agent. "Awfully good" luck is sometimes slanged "nigger luck," and "4-11-44" is the "washwoman's gig," or lucky combination in "policy-playing." "Getting skunked" is fully understood by all whist-players, as are the terms "blind" and "straddle," in that most fascinating of all games (especially if one "holds good hands" and is frequently "seen"), draw poker. "Grass widow" is derived from "grace widow," or a widow by grace of the law. "Bellman's New Dictionary of London Slang" says: "Grass widow—an unmarried mother, or a deserted mistress. In the United States during the years 1849-50 the term was applied to those wives in the States whose husbands went to California."

Our "late unpleasantness" was the source of a large number of smart, cant, and slang expressions, many of which are too good to be lost. Mr. Lincoln characterized the first shot fired upon Fort Sumpter as the "opening of the ball"; Ben Butler designated the slaves that came within the Federal lines, or who were captured, as "contraband of war"; during the first year of the Rebellion, the newspaper correspondents obtained a good deal of information from either the "reliable gentleman" or the "intelligent contraband"; the darkey was often alluded to as an "unbleached American"; after the Emancipation Proclamation our sable brother was spoken of as an "American citizen of African descent"; exciting news of battles not fought and victories not won was received by "grapevine telegraph"; the New York *Tribune* for nearly a year had an article every few days entitled "on to Richmond"; "we'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple-tree," and "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave" were chanted nightly round many a Union camp-fire for four long years. "All quiet on the Potomac" met the dissatisfied eye day after day until the national heart grew sad. What a magnificent panorama that struggle was to be sure—the "stars and stripes" on the one side, and the "bonnie blue flag" on the other; the "blue and the gray" raining shot and shell upon each other, until "the bottom fell out of the Southern Confederacy." What grand characters there were in that "irrepressible conflict" on both sides!—"old Pap Thomas," who never lost a battle, and who opened the record of Western victories at Mill Spring, in the fall of '61, and annihilated the intrepid Hood at Nashville three years afterward; "Unconditional Surrender Grant" and his incomparable achievements; "Phil Sheridan's Ride" and "Crazy Sherman" "Marching through Georgia"; "Old Rosey" distinguishing himself at Corinth, Iuka, and Stone River, and "Fighting Joe Hooker" pounding away before Richmond. Lee and his gallant battalions "holding the gates of the rebel capital," and that long, lean, old Union hag, "Barbara Freitchie," flaunting the star-spangled banner in the very teeth of one of the most illustrious soldiers of modern times, "Stonewall Jackson." How the "Johnny Rebs" "skedaddled" upon some occasions, and how they succeeded in "gobbling" vast stores of our "hard tack" and "commisary whisky," and in "bagging" whole brigades of "Yankees"; and how their "guerrillas" "raided" upon our "lines of transportation," and how we fed the "Union refugees," and got swindled by "bounty jumpers," and laughed at by "copperheads," who were afterward taken "out of the home guards."

Any and many a time the "butternuts" came down upon "Lincoln hirelings" with a "rebel yell" to the music of

"Dixie"; but the "Northern mudsills" "pitched in red hot," and "the colored troops fought nobly." Who will forget the exploits of Orpheus C. Kerr's "Mackerelville brigade"? or Petroleum V. Nasby's felicitous descriptions of Little Mac's "masterly inactivity"? or that matchless display of patriotism of Artemus Ward, who was perfectly "willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations"? And although we now "shake hands across the bloody chasm," it is difficult to forget the "dead line" at Andersonville, or the "tobacco warehouse" at Richmond. And we smile, occasionally, as we think of "Big Bethel Butler" and his "Dutch Gap canal," Bob Toombs's "Bunker Hill slave roll-call," the remnant of the expiring Confederacy "in petticoats," Isham G. Harris "escaping from Nashville astride a bucking donkey," and "Bull Run Russell" in a lively go-as-you-please scamper from Manassas to Washington. While all of this was going on, Oakes Ames was cunningly placing his "Credit Mobilier" stock "where it would do the most good," "shoddy contractors" became rich, and their wives, or their "brevet wives," "did Yurup," "quartermasters" "feathered their nests," and "pa struck ile" in Pennsylvania. In those days, "When the cruel war is over," and "Who will care for mother now?" were favorite songs.

The war closed, Lincoln was assassinated, and Andrew Johnson, the "Andrew Jackson of the war" (so called by Colonel Forney at the commencement of hostilities), and as true a patriot as ever drew the breath of life, became President. Inspired by the words of Abraham Lincoln at Richmond, "with malice toward none, and with charity for all," Andrew Johnson inaugurated a policy of peace and conciliation. But the "Radicals" made war upon "my policy," and came near impeaching "His Accidency," as Andy was derisively called, and his trip to Chicago for the purpose of participating in the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone of a monument to Stephen A. Douglas was termed the "swing around the circle." At this juncture the "carpet-baggers" and "scalawags" got possession of the South, and "whooped it up lively for the old flag and appropriations." Andy's term expired in 1869, and the "Sphinx" succeeded him. For eight years there was a carnival of "ku-klux-klan-ism," "illicit distilleries," and "moonshiners' raids" throughout the South, and "Tweedism" ("what are you going to do about it?"), "whisky rings," and "cadetship" and "trading-post sales" in the North. Then came the "back-pay," or "salary grab," and then the "Centennial fever" and "third term" discussion, and the talk about "Cæsarism." And, although the "bloody shirt" was manipulated with consummate skill by the "stalwarts," thanks to the "shot-gun policy" of the "solid South," there came a "Democratic tidal wave," bearing upon its crest "Hamburg Butler" and the "nineteen rebel brigadiers," with here and there an occasional skeleton from a "Bourbon graveyard" in the North.

The Americanisms which grew out of the Presidential campaign of 1876 were numerous and significant. It was Tilden, with his "barl o' money," on one side, and Rutherford B. Hayes, the "dark horse" of the Cincinnati Convention, on the other. Owing to a system of "bulldozing" in several of the Southern States "Uncle Sammy" was undoubtedly elected, but he was "counted out" by the "returning boards," and the pilgrimage of the "visiting statesmen," and the efforts of the "nephew of his uncle" (Pelton) to "steal a vote from Oregon," made no inroads in favor of the "sage of Grammercy Park." Not all the machinations and shekels of "CIPHER ALLEY" could keep the case from an "electoral tribunal," which decided in favor of Mr. Hayes by a vote of "eight to seven." There are four men who will never forget that "fraudulent" decision so long as they live—Rutherford B. Hayes, Samuel J. Tilden, Charles A. Dana, and Charles Francis Adams.

There are some Americanisms—chiefly political cant terms—that have had their day. Among these are "Hindoos," a name given to the Native American party in 1856, on account of Daniel Ullman—a candidate for the Presidency—having been charged with having been a native of Calcutta; and "Know Nothings," a name given to the same party in 1853; "Hunkers," a nickname applied to a portion of the New York Democracy some forty years ago, and intended to indicate that those to whom it was given had an appetite for a *hunk* of the spoils; "Abolitionists," a name given to anti-slavery men; "Fire-eaters," applied to extreme Southern proslavery men; "Doughfaces," applied to Northern men of extreme Southern proclivities; "Locofocos," a nickname of a wing of the New York Democracy, originating in 1834 from an incident at a meeting in Tammany Hall, New York, during which one faction turned out the gaslight and the other faction continued the meeting by the light of locofoco matches; "Barnburners," a term once given to a progressive section of the Democratic party; "Black Republicans," applied to the Republican party; "nigger worshippers," also applied to the anti-slavery party; "Underground Railroad," upon which no trains have run since Abraham Lincoln proclaimed freedom to the American slave. This proclamation also left no vestige of "Mason and Dixon's Line," or of the "Missouri Compromise," and little is ever heard of the "Border States." "Kitchen Cabinet," a name sportively given to Amos Kendall and Francis P. Blair by the opponents of Jackson's administration; "Dark and Bloody Ground," a term applied to Kentucky in the early history of that State. "Brother Jonathan" and "Uncle Sam" are popular collective names given to the people of the United States; "Expunging Resolution," a resolution introduced in the Senate by Thomas H. Benton, on the 26th of December, 1836 (see *Congressional Globe*); "Salt River," an imaginary stream up which defeated parties are supposed to take passage; "Young America," a popular collective name for "our boys." J. G. Holland says: "What we call Young America is made up of about equal parts of irreverence, conceit, and that popular moral quality familiarly known as 'brass.'" "Omnibus Bill" was a term given to an act introduced in the Senate by Henry Clay on the 29th of January, 1850, the most important stipulations of which were those providing for the admission of California into the Union with its anti-slavery Constitution, the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, etc.

In conclusion, the statement may be made that all professions and all trades, as well as all times and all places, have had, still have, and will continue to have, their slang, and cant terms and expressions. Even the minister in the pulpit is denominated a "white-choker" or a "Bible-pounder"; indeed, a minister is credited with first making use of language called "gammy"—Andrew Cant, a fanatical Scotch

preacher; although the word *cant* was probably derived from *chant*, the whine of the north of England Gypsies, or *tramps*, as they were generally called in early days. Two-thirds of the cant or slang in use originated with English tramps and thieves, and English writers; one-sixth has its source in *Lingua Franca*, or Bastard Italian, with modern Greek, German, French, Turkish, and Spanish ingredients (nearly all of the seaport towns on the Mediterranean have complete slang or cant languages, as do the thieves and Gypsies of London); the remaining sixth part of slang in use has originated in America and other parts of the world not enumerated above. I am aware that the word *cant* is generally applied to the *fixed lingos* used antecedent to the introduction of the word "slang," which, in contradistinction to the word "cant," is more modern and *evanescent*. Beside, real cant was at first a language invented for purposes of secrecy, while slang is the jolly offspring of circumstance, situation, or felicitous thought. For instance, among the London tramps three hundred years ago the *cant* term for money was "lowe," and the English Gypsies of to-day use the same term; but the *slang* terms for money number over three hundred, such as "tin," "ready," "wherewith," "brads," "vagrant shekels," etc.; a horse is a "prad" in cant, and in slang a "rag," a "plug," a "rattler," a "two-forty," etc.; a handkerchief is always a "billy" or a "fogle" in cant, but it is a "wipe," a "rag," a "bandanna," etc., to-day in slang, and it may be called a "table-cloth" to-morrow, just as we sometimes term a very small napkin a "postage-stamp." In the old Gypsy tongue a "rig" serves for what we slang "frolie" or "spree." At the present time, however, all of the different kinds of cant and slang have become huddled together, and, as I have shown above (and cited authorities in many instances that are accessible, and may be consulted), the greater portion of the slang in use to-day in America may be traced to the thieves and tramps and university students of Great Britain, or to poetical and canting works of hundreds of years ago. Therefore I have used the two words as synonyms, and claim that I do so properly.

I have heretofore stated that the dispenser of pulpit doctrines is called a "Bible-pounder," the lawyer is called a "land-shark," a "limb of the law," etc.; a physician, a "pill-box," the surgeon, a "saw-bones;" an editor, a "scribbler;" the mechanics and tradesmen all have their slang; so also have the army and the navy, and the universities all over the world. The newspapers daily use more or less literary or journalistic slang. There are some two hundred slang theatrical words, such as "sal" for salary, "ben" for benefit, and the like. Next to money, drunkenness has the most slang terms, appropriate—or at least applied—to all stages, from the "eye-opener" in the morning until the midnight episode of "taking him home on a shutter"—nearly three hundred in all. Next comes the storekeeper, with his two hundred terms; and then follow the sailors, the base-ball players, the bankers, and the "bulls" and "bears," *et hoc genus omne*. Only a few days ago I heard a conductor of a Market Street car say to the driver: "I got burned with a Sacramento"—meaning that he had taken a Sacramento street-car ticket, which, of course, was a loss.

The most delightful slang expression of the past two years has been the "Hardly ever" from "Pinafore." For fear the reader has not heard it, I will present it: The captain (one Corcoran) declares, in a song, that he is "never, never sick at sea;" and the crew jeeringly inquire: "What, never?" and Corcoran, thinking that he had better stick to the lie he had just uttered—with perceptible embarrassment, however—ejaculates, with unmistakable emphasis: "No, never!" Determined to shame their superior officer into telling the truth, the crew again interrogate him with "What, never?" When the "right good captain" equivocally replies, "Hard—" [It is the physician's opinion that the discharge that killed the author of the above description of the stale and stereotyped "Pinafore" joke must have been projected from a large, old-fashioned, double-barreled shot-gun, and that any one of the thirteen buck-shot that entered his body must have produced wounds that would have proved fatal. The funeral takes place from the morgue, and friends of the deceased are invited to attend.] BEN C. TRUMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

At last Zola and his naturalistic followers have an organ. It is called *La Revue Moderne et Naturaliste*, and aims to represent "the most advanced ideas in art and literature." The principal contributors are announced in the following order: Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Gustave Flaubert, Edmond de Goncourt, Nadar, Huysmans, and a number of nobodies. Zola, of course, every one has heard of. He is a comet upon the literary sky at which the world is still gazing. It is difficult to understand Daudet's appearance in the list. His books have not seemed to incline toward realism. However, he is a Persian in politics as well as literature, and sets his face always toward the rising sun. But Flaubert's name need excite no surprise. He was a naturalist when Zola was a boy. His famous romance, *Madame Bovary*, published in 1857, was so strong that its author was proceeded against by the State under the statute against obscene literature. The trial, however, resulted in an acquittal. The book, which is very powerfully written, describes the gradual fall of a village physician's wife—from a chaste and happy matron to the lowest depths of female degradation. Flaubert lingers lovingly over this creature, scalpel in hand like an enthusiastic surgeon over a cadaver. The book is one which the average French mother takes great care to keep out of her daughter's way, and equally good care to read herself. It would be unkind to say that the average daughter invariably reads it, too, when she gets a chance—it shall therefore remain unsaid. Edmond de Goncourt is the only surviving brother of the two famous literary partners—"Les Frères Goncourt." Their books were always written in conjunction, until the death of Jules, which took place in 1870. Of late years Edmond has gone over formally to the Zola camp. The remaining writers are for the most part obscure. Huysmans has acquired some little notoriety through his books being prohibited in Belgium as obscene. There are now three reviews in Paris, and the ancient and conservative *Revue des Deux Mondes* will be obliged to stir its literary stumps.

Tennyson smokes American navy plug tobacco. And we suppose—we haven't seen it in print, but we just infer—that Mrs. Tennyson sleeps with a clothes-pin on her nose.

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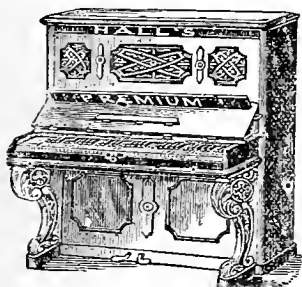
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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 22) of seventy-five (75) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth (6th) day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of May, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the ninth (9th) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 15, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

A TRIP TO THE GREAT GEYSERS.



Two weeks ago, while listlessly lounging at the club, there was put into my hands a letter which reminded me of a promise long since made, but by no manner of means forgotten. It was from the young bachelor proprietor of the Geyser Springs Hotel, and read as follows:

DEAR —: Shall expect you boys next Saturday without fail. The country is green and gorgeous. The hotel is empty, but the larder is full. There is game on the hills, fish in the streams, and sunshine over all. Shake business and the city for a few days. Come up and be my guests. FORSYTH.

Responsive to this cheerful and breezy summons, six of us made preparations to "shake business and the city," and be this rash man's "guests." Six small but beautifully battered satchels were hurriedly packed, and one Friday afternoon the whole half-dozen of us sauntered on to the forward deck of the Donahue boat, like a select section of Boston tourists. The trip up the bay was delightful. It was an afternoon of inspiration. The atmosphere was like wine. The hills that encompassed the water about had clear-cut outlines and green ridges running down to dance with their own reflections in the shore ripples. Angel Island was a mound of velvet. Red Rock, and the twin islands just above San Rafael, radiated the gentle heat. Around San Pablo Point, a half-dozen square-proved freight schooners lay becalmed, and beyond the white houses of the town stood at the edge of what seemed a lifeless lagoon. When the boat swung from the broad bay into the mouth of Petaluma Creek the beauty of the surroundings increased. The hills came closer; the grades of green were better defined. The dark color of the clustering oaks, the lighter shade of the sedge-grass, the delicate tint of the waving wheat, were wonderfully contrasted as the *Donahue* wound her tortuous way to the landing. By five o'clock we were comfortably seated in the cars for a fifty-six-mile ride up the Santa Rosa and Russian River valleys, the garden spots of California, and in this, the spring-time, presenting a series of landscapes not to be duplicated in the world. Trim little valleys, level as lawns, spattered with shapely oaks, like English parks; on either side rounded hills plush-upholstered by their curving crests, and over all a sky as blue as the Neapolitan bay. A few miles from the landing a stop is made at Petaluma, thence a swift rush to thriving

little Santa Rosa—the city of the roses. Here we leave most of our passengers; but the glory of the ride, it seems, has just begun. The graded green of the lower valley gradually begins to be interspersed with patches of red and white as the orchards flash by; the apple, and pear, and peach trees actually seeming to curtsy to us in their brand-new calico gowns. Beside the track the golden poppies were folding for the sunset hour, and the other wild flowers, blending their colors in the swiftness of our flight, trailed out behind like great strips of carpet on either side the glistening rails. On the right, Mount St. Helena and the Geyser Peak stood straight and tall; on the left, long lines of grape-vines in nicely laid out vineyards were hurrying by. Then came Healdsburg, with a crowd of chattering girls at the depot to meet and greet expected friends; then twilight, followed by a rapidly narrowing pathway between the shadow hills; then darkness and Cloverdale, the terminus of the North Coast road. In a long "bus," with seats on either side, we are whirled away from the depot through the one broad and quiet street to the cosy little brick hotel, with eucalyptus trees round about, an enclosed piazza, and a log fireplace in the office. Here, after a chat through the telephone with the Geysers, twenty miles away, we sit down to a dinner that has real hunger for its sauce, and if the hot biscuits did breed a night-mare or two, it was the eater's own fault. A good night's rest in clean and comfortable beds, in commodious rooms, and then the early morning and a glimpse of Cloverdale. A village of roses embowered in the lap of the hills—for here the valley ends and the mountains begin to rise. Eight o'clock, and Kennedy, the proprietor of the stage line, with a four-in-hand, reins up in front of the hotel, and we are off for the Geysers. It is a special conveyance, all our own; the rest of the passengers—two city chaps, and a snub-nosed girl and her chaperon, from Michigan—having been bundled off in a wagon an hour earlier. Only a half mile from the hotel we get a splendid view of the natural park in which Cloverdale is located—a regular amphitheatre of hills about a perfect garden. While admiring this sweetly bucolic scene, the grand perspective, and the overhanging cumulus clouds, there is a sharp crack from Kennedy's whip, and from the rise of a hill we drop from above Cloverdale to the bottom of another garden-spot—Oak Valley—and swing across it to the bridge that spans the Russian River. Beyond the river a mill; and by the mill a cottage; and on the cottage porch a couple of girls, who flirt their handkerchiefs desperately, and throw kisses in exchange till the stage is out of sight. Beside the road, beyond the cottage and the mill and the flirting girls, a band of Gypsies camped beside the road, on their way to Clear Lake. Of course we stop, but not to have our fortunes told, for the palm of the boss seeress has been crossed with the party's gold before; but to get one long look at a nineteen-year-old girl, standing beside one of the wagons, with eyes deeper than a mountain pool, a foot and ankle that asserted themselves even in the homely brown stocking, and a form that swelled out from the shabby dress with never a corset-bone to break its faultless symmetry. Then straight in our pathway stood "Profile Rock"—the old man of the mountain—and where is the mountain that has not its old man?—keeping guard and looking down on the narrow path that admits to Sulphur Cañon. Here the roadway is blown from the solid rock, and far below the water roars through a boulder-choked channel. Beyond, the valley widens a bit, the slopes on either side are beautifully wooded, and the creek gurgles quietly and peacefully along. Every inch of the road is interesting. An old deserted saw-mill beside the stream; precipitous but grassy slopes, with sheep following one behind the other in long lines on the winding trails, moving like toys pulled by an invisible string; here and there mountain lilacs tossing their purple plumage high; a ford at the junction of Squaw with Sulphur Creek; deserted quicksilver mines, with their smelting furnaces and tramways and gaping drift-holes in the hill-side. We take it very leisurely, stopping every now and then to make a sketch, or have Ken-

brace—the trunks grown together as one, with the light and dark green and wholly different foliage lovingly interlaced above; a marriage, not of convenience, but of necessity, of



DISTANT VIEW OF THE HOTEL.

these two trees; no chance for a quarrel or a divorce—a clear case of clinging together till Death or the woodman's axe do them part. From here there was a lively rattle down grade of the coach, a sweep of the leaders about the sharp curves, a breathless look down the steep embankment; a clinging to the seat with the grip of desperation; and then, when the hill-sides began to brown, and the smell of sulphur became more and more apparent, and the driver and his horses and the stage and everything seemed possessed with the very devil, we suddenly—after three short and delightful hours on the road—broke out of the bushes on a dead run and dropped right down on the hotel at an angle of say forty-five degrees, and there, sweet and smiling and suave, stood our host to receive us. Greetings, liquid and verbal, passed; and then, having been shown to our cool and comfortable quarters, Forsyth had a proposition to make: "Now, boys, the correct thing after your ride is a steam bath and a plunge; lunch to follow." As guests, of course, we were agreeable. If it was "the correct thing" to be cooked at the beginning of the visit, we had nothing to say, but meekly followed the leader, who, loaded with towels, struck down into the cañon directly across from the house; and by a beautiful little foliage-covered trail, and a rustic bridge across the stream, conducted us into the natural steam bath-house. It is natural—that is, the steam is. The house itself is a wooden structure, built upon a foundation of logs, at the very edge of the creek. Back of it, and underneath, and all around, there is the atmosphere of a hundred Chinese laundries, and the smell of at least three thousand ripe eggs. Inside, the house is partitioned off into male and female departments, with similar accommodations for each. Under the bath-house is a jet of steam, that bursts out of the ground just reeking with sulphur and iron and all the sweet-smelling minerals in the bowels of the earth. Over this jet a half-hogshead has been placed, and, by means of a wooden spout, the steam is conveyed to what may be called the "perspiration parlor." Shedding our clothes, we investigated this apartment. It was a sulphur-stained room, with a



THE SWIMMING POOL ON SULPHUR CREEK.

nedy explain a point. At Eagle Rock we stopped to bask in the sun; and a short distance further on we stood beneath the shade of an oak and a fir tree locked in each other's em-

brace—little room looked, and felt, and smelt, like a miniature hell, with Forsyth in the box office. Having become accustomed to this temperature, he smiled at the

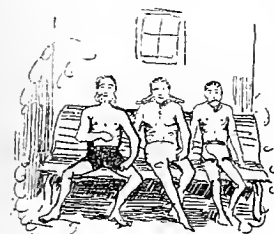
settee against the wall and a few chairs with raw-hide bottoms. Forsyth showed us the steam spout, and the adjustable valve, and how when the valve was pushed in the steam would crawl under the floor, and climb over the back of the innocent-looking settee, and flay you alive. Then, having explained things, and invited us to take seats without cushions or anything, he proceeded to give us a practical illustration. He pushed the valve, and while the conversation went on the steam began to transact business. It came up the spout, and crawled in under the floor, and came out under and over the back of the settee just as had been described, and it made things very tropical. In less than five minutes that

while the six of us smothered in the sulphur. The skin rolled off in flakes as we frantically caressed our ribs. Every pore was open and howling with the heat. Finally, when



THE NATURAL STEAM BATHS.

the perspiration was pouring beautifully, and we were yelling for forks to try ourselves and see if we were not done. Stoddard broke up the séance by fainting. We dragged him under the tepid shower in the next room, and he recovered. Then, red as lobsters, we went through the rest of the performance—with a slight suspicion, however, that we were getting more than the regulation dose. The tepid showers were delightful. The water came direct from the warm springs in the bank, and, tempered with minerals, was as soft and soothing as oil. From the warm showers we filed down a steep flight

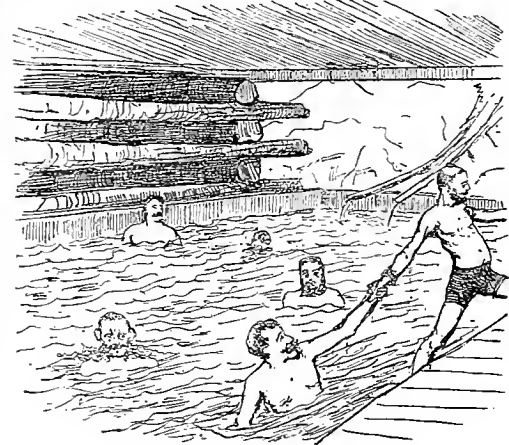


"PERSPIRATION PARLOR."

of stairs and took a plunge into a large tank of sulphur water as clear as crystal, and also toned by the hot springs to a degree suited to the steaming body of the plunger. Here we lay off to cool, as it were, and then, passing under the cool showers, were ready for the divans, or lounges, arranged after the manner of the Turkish baths. Amid the curling smoke of cigarettes we pronounced this natural bath very good. Fresh from God's Hammam, we felt like boiled angels. The skin was as soft as silk; the liver fluttered with joy; there was a tingling sensation along the spine; and, finally, there succeeded a sleep that tangled up the whole splendid sensation. An hour afterward we lunched in a tastefully arranged little dining-room, with square tables like those at the Palace Hotel, and all the comforts and conveniences, including ebony cherubs in claw-hammer coat-tails to pass around the provender. In the late afternoon, the sky being somewhat overcast, "Koch," the guide, thought it a good time to see the "Great Geysers." From the hotel piazza they did not look "great" in any sense of the word. In fact, all we could see was a constant steam-cloud, drifting up and away from a rusty brown streak on the hill-side. But the place turned out to be infernally interesting. The approach is very deceptive. A winding trail from the hotel leads down



COLD SHOWER.



THE PLUNGE BENEATH THE BATH-HOUSE.

Sulphur Creek—cool and clear; and over a rustic bridge a series of steps on the opposite bank you come to the

mouth of Geyser Cañon, where Pluton Creek tumbles along its hot and sulphur blue-green water, as the first intimation of the toil and trouble and cauldron bubble further up the narrow and smoking way. Across and back again, in and out, over and around rocks and under laurel bushes the narrow trail leads into the great laundry. First, we step up to the "Devil's Office"—but not to settle, as many of us will have to do some day; but pass through "Proserpine's Grotto" to sit in the "Devil's Kitchen." The "Devil's Kitchen" is more than or although the old fel be principally hell is a cross between range and a steam and there in the shelv springs and basins, blubbering, and only rot-haired Eastern



PRICE

in order to transform the whole ravine into a savory soup-house. Just outside the "Devil's Kitchen" is the "Devil's Inkstand," and the "Devil's Punch-bowl," and "Geyser Smoke-stack," and "Witches' Cauldron," and "Devil's Canopy," and the "Safety Valve," and the "Steamboat Spring," and the "Devil's Pulpit," and the devil knows what else. These things have been so often described that it is a crime to do it again. Suffice it to say, that there is a cañon filled with fretting steam, and boiling water, and spongy, mineral-streaked ground, that smokes like the ruins of a recently-burned city. Commotion everywhere. Water hot enough to boil eggs harder than Pharaoh's heart. Steam that puffs and blows and shrieks and wheezes and climbs up your trousers-legs, and takes all the starch out of the Boston school-ma'am's underskirts, and brings the bandoline out of the New York girl's hair, and turns the bismuth powder on the San Francisco belle blacker than her bang. It is as though the devil had upset here his entire apothecary shop and then turned on the hydrant. Leaving the cañon, we come suddenly on the "Post-office," and the "Lovers' Retreat," and the "Lovers' Leap," and the "Lava Beds"—where they probably laid the lover out after his leap—and the "Indian Sweat-bath," where the natives in early days used to parboil their old rheumatic bucks, fricassee the wrinkled squaws, and beautify the complexion of their dusky maidens. While pitching pebbles into the nozzle of the Devil's Teakettle, "Koch" told us of all sorts of wonderful springs—the iron spring, the hot acid spring, the eye-water spring, the lemonade spring, and a dozen other springs—but none of them half as interesting or nimble as the "Rix spring," when he saw what he took for "a bear reaching for a leaf." This was a practical joke played on the boys by Forsyth and Kennedy, and it came very near breaking up the party entirely. A bear skin had been stuffed and placed on the hill-side, and by strings



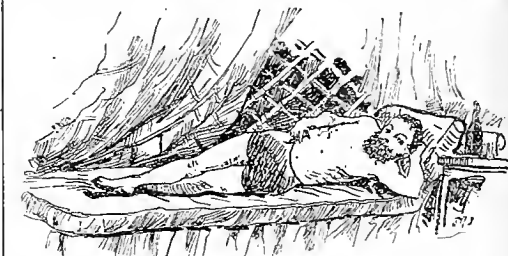
WARM SHOWER.

cleverly contrived and worked from behind a tree the fraud was made to go through bear motions to the life. One look was enough for everybody, the guide included, and the boys beat the lovers' retreat all to pieces in their frantic endeavors to shake the dust of that hillside from off their flying feet. The bear adventure wound up the first day to everybody's satisfaction. The next morning we succeeded in getting "Teddy" and the hunter, and a chap who cried "wolf" the day before, out on a hunting expedition; and before they returned a "property" deer, beautifully stuffed and artistically placed, was located near their trail, and we had the exquisite and uproarious pleasure from our ambush of seeing them pump their Winchester empty on the dummy before our yells betrayed the nature of the game. And so the days went by, and the jokes multiplied, and everybody was unbending and having a royal good time. There were excursions up the Foss road; fishing and hunting trips; looking-glass séances with the monkey in the snug little terraced yard at the back of the house; steam baths every day; early morning strolls on the back piazza—when all the guests were gone—in all the freedom of a cigarette, a pair of Chinese slippers, a night-shirt, and the sunshine; and one morning, after an exciting game of whist the night before around the old fire-place, the good housekeeper found five able-bodied men in Harry Brady's bed with their boots on. Then there were attempts made to paint the barn red and black, to Eastlake the hen-house, and embellish the wagon-shed. Price, the photographer, was also responsible for considerable mischief done with his camera, in one way and another; and there was an exciting time generally. But this, it must be remembered, was in honor of the beginning of the season, and such outrageous doings have ceased. For the Geysers Hotel is really getting to be a place of popular resort, and has a season of its own, and all that sort of thing. And Mr. Forsyth has been doing a deal to make it popular. He has utterly transformed the place. From a miserable roadside inn he has evolved, by energy, taste, and the outlay of considerable money, a summer resort that in many of its features can not be approached on this coast. For instance, the natural steam-sulphur baths, and the showers and plunge, for the beautifying of the complexion, and the



"KOCH," THE GUIDE.

clearing of the system and the skin, can not be too strongly dwelt upon. Nowhere else in the world, probably, is there a better blood-purifier for the bilious, or a more effectual



THE DIVAN.

rival of cosmetics. The touch of these waters is a renewal of youth. Besides these steam baths, direct from nature's laboratory, and tempered to a nicety—beyond the cunning hand of man to imitate—there has been built on the creek, a few hundred yards below the steam baths, a dam, that forms a swimming pool of gradually-deepening water, and where, on summer afternoons, men and women and children, under the shade of the oaks and the madronas, can literally soak their souls away. The water is deep enough for the expert swimmer, shallow enough for a four-year-old child, and safe for all. Last summer this feature of the Geysers was a great attraction, and the hotel was so full during July and August that people were sleeping in the bath-bouses and on the billiard-tables. The hotel building is not at all modern in its structure, but is roomy and airy. There are broad piazzas on which the room doors all open; and Mrs. Sberwood, the jewel of a housekeeper, sees that everything is as neat and clean and sweet as a daisy. The table is as good as the market can make it; and, in their season, there is fish, and bear meat, and venison. So, for a country retreat, away out of sight and out of mind of everybody, where one can lounge about in comfortable clothes, and swing in a hammock 'neath the sheltered piazzas' shade, and listen to the



THE COTTAGES.

soothing evening song of the water from the bank of the ever-murmuring stream, and be steamed into health and happiness and a clear complexion, and float about on a sultry afternoon in a pool as healthful and refreshing as that of Si-loam's, with an equally "shady rill," I could recommend no better place for reasonable recreation, absolute re-creation, and perfect rest, than the Geysers. Instead of fashion, there is freedom; instead of expense, economy; instead of watering-place luxury, country comfort. During the day you can drone and dream, and at night sit in an easy-chair and gossip, or watch on the great silhouette of the mountains across the cañon the wind weaving steam embroidery from out the "Witches' Cauldron," and even see the old girls themselves shaking their skirts in the sky as the trees on the sharply-outlined crest show for an instant through the fleecy, drifting, ghostly white. These steam jets and clouds are a fascinating study. They are as capricious as the material of which they are composed. In the early morning they roll and tumble and hand-spring all over the neighboring gulches, and in solid columns shoot up high from the sputtering and



PLUTON CREEK—GEYSER CANON.

fretful ravine. As the sun comes up they gradually writhe and retreat within themselves, as the warm atmosphere dries the vapor into nothingness. Moonlight nights there are

regular revels on the steep hill-side—which, by the way, stands almost straight up like a picture on the wall, or a flat of painted scenery. Over this troop through the white lunar light all the big and the little witches; and the large and small imps, and, in fact, the whole devilish population of this Plutonian paradise. The white-capped cooks from the "Devil's Kitchen" waltz with the invisible but gay young girls from "Prosperine's Grotto," near the "Steamboat Springs," to the music of the "Safety Valve," the clerks from the "Devil's Office" are holding "high jinks" around the "Devil's Punch-bowl," and rolling loose rock into the "Devil's Inkstand;" there is a grand walk round of mythical mothers-in-law, and spirituelle old maids about the "cauldron;" the hoodlums from the "lava beds" have knocked the lid off of the "Devil's Teakettle;" there is a ghostly row in front of the "Devil's Post-office;" goblins damned are punching each other's heads under the "Devil's Canopy," in a dispute over the possession of the "Devil's Armchair;" and in the "Devil's Pulpit" stands the old man himself,



THE GREAT BEAR SCARE.

wrapped in his sulphurous cloak, calmly contemplative of the scene, and asking himself that oft-recurring question: "When will the rest of this world be mine?" Peace, patience, old man, it is simply a question of time. But from imaginative to serious talk once more. Snugly situated for the summer months at the Geysers, you are, though completely isolated from the city, still within its call. Telephone lines run from the hotel to both Cloverdale and Calistoga. From here the tick of the telegraph is at your disposal, or a letter dictated through the telephone will be mailed in the early morning, reaching the city long before noon. When the season fairly commences—by the time this letter is published—trains will run *via* Donahue and Cloverdale, so that the Geysers can be reached the same afternoon, the cañon visited, and a departure taken the next morning if need be. This, however, is tourist time. When you go, let it be in this the most gorgeous spring-time that California has ever known, and stay long enough to leisurely take everything in. You will find that it will not cost you half so much as it is worth. You will find in the green and growing landscape a scene that will delight beyond any possible description; in the atmosphere an exhilaration that your sluggish blood has not known for many a day; in Kennedy a careful whip, and an entertaining fellow on the stage-



THE DECOY OR "PROPERTY" DEER.

ride; in William Forsyth a royal host; and in the whole experience something to stow away in a sunny and pleasant corner of your memory. So say we all—the six of us. We were splendidly entertained and courteously treated from the beginning to the end of the delightful trip. We were wine, and dined, and driven about, and cared for, as guests in the country seldom are. And when we sat in the coach, and waved our adieux, and swore by the "Devil's Punch-bowl," and his "Pulpit," and his royal robe of steam, that we would all drop down on him again (provided he continued our friend Forsyth's lease), and that, in our four days' stay, we had literally had in his dominion a monkey and a parrot time, and that we were ever so much obliged to him, we could almost hear the hoarse voice of the old chap howl across the smoking gulch: "Boys, don't mention it." And but for extenuating circumstances we would be parboiled if we ever did.

FRED. M. SOMERS.

It hardens the heart of the shop-keeper when the blind beggar finds the out-of-the-way knob of his store-door the first reach he makes.

OUR OWN POETS.

To Ianthé.

Alone I stand; on either hand
A straying pathway lies,
And one doth lead, by dewy mead
And branching fern, to Paradise.
The other drear, by ghastly mere
And tangled tairn and rocky lea,
Seeks shores unknown, where oceans moan
An exile's saddest dirge for me.
Though wild and drear the forest near,
And deep and dolorous the night,
No beacon gleams, no planet beams,
To guide my faltering feet aright.
Yet she is there, in Eden fair,
And round her soft winds hover;
Ah, will she hate—or will she wait
For me, her wandering lover?

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1880.

B.

Looking Back.

When on Life's ocean borne away
From dreaming Childhood's peaceful shore,
We care not then to longer stay,
Nor grieve that we'll return no more.
But swells the heart with gay delight,
And Hope's frail pinions mount on high
When Manhood's clime, at length in sight,
Looms up to greet Youth's longing eye.

Too soon sweet Fancy's dreams dispelled,
And Hope, poor flutterer, drooping low,
The heart that once so gaily swelled
In tears has quenched its ardent glow;
And yearning Memory turns to where,
Far, far behind that peaceful shore,
In beauty shines—so calm, so fair—
Blest Childhood! lost forever more.

MARYSVILLE, May, 1880.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Baby and I.

Under the trees in the bloom of the clover,
Under the mellowing light of the sky,
Under the songs of the birds singing over,
Merrily playing are Baby and I.

Baby and I, in the gleams of the sunlight
Dancing adown through the leaves of the trees,
Gilding the butterfly's wing in his noon flight,
Warming the perfumes that float in the breeze.

Romping at will in the odoriferous verdure,
Catching at bright-winged insects that pass,
Clapping in glee at the antics of Rover,
Crushing the daisies that hide in the grass.

Gayest of all in the revels of Nature,
Wildly abandoned to frolic and fun,
Joyous as larks when they soar in the morning,
Peaceful as sleep when the labors are done.

Lovers, in truth—let the smile not come o'er thee—
Not such an ill-mated couple are we:
Though I am forty, and crow's-feet have tracked me,
Scarcely the dimples of twenty months shew.

Still in the youth of the heart that she gives me,
Drawing me close to her innocent side,
I am her lover, and she is my sweetheart—
Ruthie, my darling, my baby, my pride!

ST. HELENA, May, 1880.

CHARLES A. GARDNER.

Chémise Joe.

Above our heads the noonday sun was standing,
Blasting the tule with its scorching heat;
Before us was the little town, Knight's Landing,
The Sacramento rippling at its feet.

A something seemed to hide at our approaching—
The driver slackened his speed, and, pointing low,
Said: "Yonder, mid the underbrush, is crouching
The wild man of Colusa, Chémise Joe."

"And who is he?" quoth I. Dale Houx made answer:
"You must be strange in these parts not to know—
Why, all the State has heard about that man, sir;
They call him 'Chaparral' or 'Chémise Joe.'"

"His only roof is the broad arch of heaven;
He never wears of his solitude,
And only when by pangs of hunger driven
He seeks some shepherd's hut, and begs for food."

I asked: "Why shuns he thus man's happy dwelling
To live in misery and care alone?"
Dale Houx replied: "Indeed, there is no telling—
Perhaps he has some reason of his own."

Said I: "Perhaps he seeks, by prayer and fasting,
The expiation of unshriven sins."
The driver spoke, on me a keen eye casting:
"It may have been, sir, that his wife had twins."

Then I: "Perhaps in rage he struck a brother,
Or missed a fortune by some legal flaw,
Or in his early childhood lost a mother."
Said Houx: "Perhaps he found a mother-in-law."

"Perhaps his heart, with some sweet face delighted,
Its tendrils tangled amid golden locks,
To find at last its love was not requited,"
Said Houx: "Perhaps he busted up in stocks."

Said I: "Perhaps the friendship that he trusted
When came misfortune's hour was found to fail."
Said Houx: "It may have been he up and dusted,
Leaving behind his bondsmen for his bail."

"Perhaps," said I, "unto the god Apollo
He tunes his lyre—one of the poet craft."
Said Houx: "It somehow seems to me to follow
A poet always is a little daft."

Perceiving that the driver only needed
A word of mine to give his fancy play,
I did not make reply, so we proceeded
In silence on our long and sultry way.

And when we reached the town, our journey's ending,
Said I: "You must be thirsty—let us drink."
The driver, from his seat with speed descending,
Grasping my hand, and with a merry wink

Made answer thus: "Why, you are talking reason.
I do not drink; but, seeing it is you,
And irrigation's right in this dry season,
Well, stranger, now I don't mind if I do."

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1880.

TISWELL ALLRIGHT.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

In the church of St. Germain d'Auxerrois, opposite the Louvre, near the basin of holy water may be seen this printed notice to worshippers:

"Remember that this is the house of God. Do not spit here; spit in your handkerchief."

Judge—"How comes it that you dared break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night?"

Prisoner—"Why, judge, the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad day. Am I not to be allowed to work at all?"

Landlady—"I fear, Brigitte, that these two herrings are scarcely sufficient for the whole seven of us."

Brigitte—"Oui, madame. I thought so, too, and so I added the heads of those we had yesterday."

"My learned brother," says the court kindly but significantly to a young lawyer who is about to sum up his first case, "my learned brother will observe that it is near dinner-time, and that brevity is the soul of summing up."

"May it please your honor, I will not long detain you. I am right; my learned friend opposite is wrong; you are a good judge."

Judgment in his client's favor, with costs.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried an enthusiastic mother, "I am so fond of children that if I had never had any of my own I would hire out as wet nurse to somebody else's!"

Madame B.'s husband finds Madame C. extremely charming. Therefore Madame B. detests her dear friend with all her heart.

"She has arms like matches and feet like gunboats," she said yesterday.

"Possibly," said the husband, "but such eyes! And besides, she has teeth that would delight—"

"A dentist!" said Madame B., finishing the sentence.

"Your concierge is very impertinent," said a visitor to a celebrated actress, "you ought to discharge him."

"I have often wished to do so," said the beauty, "but I dare not. I have a suspicion that he is my father."

Radical eloquence from the pen of M. de Cormenin in the *Almanach Populaire* of forty years ago:

"What is a budget? A book which crystalizes the tears and sweat of the people into gold, a book which fringes with silk and gold the mantles of the ministers, which feeds their champing steeds, which strews their boudoirs with luxurious cushions, and spangles the costumes of ambassadors!"

Local item from *Le Temps*:

"Some malefactors are introduced themselves during the before-last night in the Market Saint-Honoré, in escalading the grating; and have, to give themselves passage, practiced an opening above this grating in breaking fine panes in glass which close this space. After having endowed themselves of a knife deposited on the stall of a butcher, they are gone, in serving themselves of this knife as of a pincer, to force the drawers of several negotiators of the market. In outside of the money which they have found, the malefactors have taken a few everywhere of the comestibles of all species."

The following conversation, taken down on the spot in short-hand, gives powerful proof of the logical force of the feminine intelligence.

"Cecile, what has your husband done to you that you hate him so? Is he miserly?"

"Not in the least. He loads me with gifts."

"Do you think him ugly?"

"You know that he is a handsome fellow."

"Is he not sufficiently intelligent?"

"He is even intellectual."

"Is he unfaithful?"

"Oh! as to that, I can swear he never thought of deceiving me."

"Then he beats you?"

"He beat me! Why, he is a lamb!"

"Then why?"

"Then why? (With energy) why, because I hate him!"

A contribution was taken up at the Académie Française. The result was found to fall short a twenty-franc gold piece. One of the members, on account of his well-known stinginess, was suspected of not having contributed, but he declared to have done so. The one who took up the contribution said:

"I did not see him put in the box, but I believe that he did do so."

M. de Fontenelle finished the discussion by saying:

"I saw him contribute, but I do not believe it."

The *marchands de vins* never omit to put in their windows a huge placard bearing in large letters:

"Natural wine."

But a merchant of Batignolles has done better than his fellow dealers. Thinking, probably, that the epithet "Natural" might injure the character of his stock, he has put upon his placard:

"Legitimate wines."

An inebriate is conducted to the station.

"Who are you?"

"Don't know."

"Answer properly, or you will be punished."

"*Eh bien!* Go to the corner of the Rue des Martyrs and see if there is a chestnut-seller there. If there is one, the devil only knows who I am."

Madame, who is of great embonpoint, asks her husband in what character she shall attend the masque de. "As a captive balloon," he said. "How must I dress?" "Simply by tying a string to your and the brute."

MORE OF THE TEXT-BOOK CONTROVERSY.

Whoever informed the *Chronicle* that McGuffey's Revised Readers were advertised at \$1.52 for a continuous supply at retail, such as the city has contracted for, was misinformed.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13, 1880.

The moral of these brief lines is plain :
 'Tis better to die than live on in sin ;
 And the man who revels in words profane
 Weaves him a zebra suit for his skin.

It is our opinion that the Supreme Court will find some hole through which Kearney may crawl out to liberty. I will prove itself a very ungrateful tribunal if it does not.

P. S.—We got out our Diogenes lamp, and after looking through the Board of Education for honest men, found three or four more, to whom we give the benefit of the doubt.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, Superintendent of Schools.
SAN FRANCISCO, May 13, 1880.

THE BULLETIN AND SPRING VALLEY.

There is one thing about the *Evening Bulletin* that commands our admiration. Whenever it gets wrong, it stays wrong with a pertinacity and an obstinate consistency that is altogether wonderful. Nothing changes it. Argument has no influence upon it; new facts, new developments, and new lights are never permitted to drive it from the position once deliberately taken. It never backs out, or crawls out, or explains, or qualifies any statement that it makes. If it calls the horse sixteen feet high through a typographical error, it maintains the fact; and the horse grows from hands to feet, and feet to yards, and yards to miles, and miles to leagues, so long as anybody undertakes to question its statement or challenge the truth of its assertion. The *Bulletin* has a war with the Spring Valley Water Company. It is, of course, a naval engagement. Its prowess is as unquestioned as that of any ship at Trafalgar, or at the battle of Lake Erie. Its editor has chained himself to the mainmast, like Farragut, when he passed the thundering forts in Mobile Bay, and if some great crushing broadside of indisputable facts should blow out the brains of its editor, the man would not die, and the *Bulletin* would sail triumphantly on. The best illustration of this most admirable trait of the *Bulletin* is this same war with the Spring Valley Water Works Company. It began years ago—ever so many long years ago. Combatants on the Spring Valley side have died, been buried, and long forgotten. Old stockholders have gone to glory up the golden ladder. Old engineers have passed in their chips. Presidents, directors, secretaries, and clerks have joined the innumerable caravan, and passed on to the unseen country that lies beyond the grave. Tunnels have been run, mountains bored, the Calaveras cow pasture purchased, new square miles of catchment added, new machinery procured, new reservoirs built, new bonds issued, millions expended in improvements, millions and hundreds of millions of gallons of water added to the supply; and still the *Evening Bulletin* fires at the company its same old blunderbuss, wadded with the same old arguments, charged with the same chain-shot of exploded facts, makes the same noisy explosion, hits nobody with its scattering fire of illogical conclusions, and is really impressed that the war is still going on, because it hears the sound of its own artillery, and feels the recoil of its own guns.

The *Bulletin* has maintained all through this long warfare, and properly, that the company was, by the terms of its contract, "compelled to furnish, to the extent of its means, free of charge, all water necessary for watering streets, public squares and parks, for flushing sewers, and for all like purposes beneficial to the public, and in aid of the health and good government of the people of the city and county." This was the law under the old Constitution; this was the decision of the Supreme Court, and the decision has not been reversed. But the Constitution has been changed by the adoption of a new one; and the opinion of the court—which was in effect but an *obiter dictum* of its judges—is not the law which now governs this case. But the *Bulletin* has said it was the law, and what the *Bulletin* says stands—in its own columns—as irrepealable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The horse is sixteen leagues high, and the *Bulletin* will never take off a hair. That the newly-adopted Constitution has changed the law governing the water supply between the company and its consumers the *Bulletin* well knows—because it discussed the matter when the proposition was under consideration in the Convention. It declared then, as it has always declared, that the influence of the company was at work in the Convention. After the organic law was submitted, and while pending before the people, the *Bulletin*, and the small hind-wheel of its bicycle—the *Call*—continuously wrote about and warned the people not to vote for it, because it abrogated the contract of free water. We quote from an article of May 3, 1879:

It—the new Constitution—deprives the city of the free water which she now enjoys, under the decision of the Supreme Court, for the extinguishment of fires, flushing the sewers, and watering the parks, for which at least \$200,000 per annum would be charged—if there were no bar in the way, as the law now is under the old Constitution.

And the little ever-faithful echo, edited from another chair in the same room, wrote and printed as follows:

Now, we have free water for flushing sewers, supplying public institutions, for sprinkling the parks and squares, and for the use of the fire department in suppressing conflagration. The adoption of the new Constitution will change all this, and the city will have to pay not less than \$200,000 per annum for what they now receive without cost. On this point there can be no dispute.

The italics are the *Call's*—"On this point there can be no dispute." One would think there could be no dispute; and there is none among lawyers, or courts, or men of intelligence. It is settled—settled by the new Constitution; the highest law, the organic law; to which all courts must bend, and all citizens, except editors, heed and obey. It is settled by the attorney of the Board of Supervisors, in an official opinion furnished the board, and upon its request: "That the city is liable, under the new Constitution, to pay for the use of water furnished by the company for all municipal purposes." This is not only the law as settled by the Constitution, and interpreted by honest and intelligent officials, but it is right. It takes the burden of water supply—in part—from off the people, and places it—in part—where it belongs—upon property. It protects the eighteen thousand consumers—in part—from paying for the insurance of property they do not own, for sprinkling streets and parks upon which they do not drive, for flushing sewers they do not use, and the consumption of water that gives them no benefit. It places the burden in part where it does most properly belong, by taxing the great stores and warehouses, where millions of property find protection from fires. It taxes the unimproved property held for speculative purposes by the unenterprising and the absentee. It equalizes the burden of an indispensable commodity, demanded for the health, comfort, and protection of all property and all residents, by equalizing the tax between individual consumers and property. The whole condition of the law has changed by the adoption of the new Constitution, and the *Bulletin* knows it; but it does not seem to realize that in the war between it and the water company the company has had as new recruits to its side of the fight the eighteen thousand persons who have heretofore borne all this expense of water supply; but who now, under the new law, and a new interpretation, and a new contract of water

rates by the Board of Supervisors, will get rid of just half their water tax. The company will get no greater revenue, because the Board of Supervisors is charged with the duty of so fixing water-rates that the amount received by the company will only pay a fair interest, repairs and operating expenses upon the real value of the property. But the *Bulletin* will still fight on. The water company is the only great monopoly that it has not made terms with. It is bound to blow its melodious horn if it never catches another fish. Like Brown, the night-horn worker, it continues because it has a taste for the business.

It was a bad and vicious system that left all these water burdens upon private consumers. The contract, in its workings, discriminated in favor of property against persons, and of the rich and absent against those living and toiling in the city. Had the *Bulletin* regarded the interest of the people, and not been blinded by a prejudice against the Spring Valley corporation, it would have advocated the repeal of the law and the modification of the contract; and now that the law has been changed, it should accept, so that consumers may be relieved of a part of this unjust burden. The *Bulletin* gives itself away when it says "there has been no legal opinion that it is aware of that declares that the new Constitution repeals the contract," because the *Bulletin* printed in *extenso* the full legal opinion of City Attorney Murphy, declaring that the new Constitution did repeal the contract, and did compel the municipal government to pay for water used by it.

The reason sensible people take their daily newspaper as they would their daily ipecac—viz., with loathing—is not due to the materials composing the dose, but to the manner of its compounding. News is, in itself, a thing of life and color—enjoyable as a butterfly or a humming-bird. The fearless news monger pursues and captures, crushes and mangles it, and serves up a mutilated, unsightly carcass. There is no need of these barbarities. The comment is dull and ungainly. The items can be caught lightly as they fly, and offered in all their native grace. For example, let us pick up one of the daily papers lying at our feet and distill it. One page—nine solid columns of small type—yields essential drops as follows:

"SPORTING.—Some cricket ill cricketed; view it not with a cricket eye.—Some she-walkers walking a walk; some spectators, mostly beasts.—Some base-ball basely balled; but then they've nothing else to do, poor things.—On Sunday blows the sinful wind, and some yacht-racing is the deplorable result.

"SCIENCE.—Meeting of the California Academy of Fossils; Professor Byle Owl described two new bugs, and Mr. Kempfernickel an epigastric worm. Meeting of the California Microscopical Society; the treasurer exhibited the balance in his hands under a powerful binocular, and several members thought it was resolved, others contended it was only dissolved.—Meeting of the California Medical Society; the language used was like an old-time "glasses round"—viz., hot and strong and sweet and plenty. Physician, heel thyself.

"TELEGRAPHIC.—Mexican war veterans give Grant a ball. *Ave Cesar—Morituri saltant!*"

There! Now there are seven entire daily columns. Two more completed the page under the head "Commercial," and the remaining three pages of the sheet could be put into a single paragraph of this department, viz:

"MARKETS.—Suicides show more animation, while divorces appear to languish; burglaries are quiet; forgery of all grades is extremely dull, though rather more is doing in robberies from the person.—Births continue steady; deaths quiet; marriages favor the buyer.—Picnics are coming forward in bad condition; church socials remain dear.—Homicides are momentarily neglected; perjuries find less favor; libels are dull, but not quotably lower.—In statutory brands of staple iniquity a seasonable activity prevails, and full lines of assorted cheats have changed hands on a slightly lower basis."

There you are—terse, comprehensive, veracious, and complete. The only item omitted is one by cable giving some scandal about the Czar, which would be calculated to embitter social intercourse in circles where the *Argonaut* is read.

The *Californian* is no longer a baby in arms. It has attained the dignity of six numbers, and is wearing the short clothes of a completed volume. Typographically the June number—just out—maintains the excellence of the numbers preceding it. The table of contents before us is full of promise, which a hasty, haphazard reading seems to confirm. The initial paper, Ferdinand de Lesseps on "The Inter-oceanic Canal and Geographical Congress," has been interestingly translated by Miss Sallie R. Heath. Joaquin Miller has a long, good, dialect poem, in which the good lines—the "deucedly good" lines—are not choked to death by commonplaces. "Pourquoi" concludes his "Notable Autographs" by treating us to some dainty notes from a great many of the best modern writers. Josiah Royce discusses "Shelly and the Revolution" in a way that students will think delightful—though, to the average reader, the paper will be considered the mental equivalent of pig-lead. Miss Sadie E. Anderson and Miss Milcent W. Shinn contribute very pretty poems. "Sand" is finished, ending well. "Art and Artists" and "Books Received" have been added to the departments.

There are two classes of people for whom we have an unlimited contempt. The cheeky adventurer, who lives upon politics, and who is a politician by profession; who makes small politics his business; who lives and labors, sleeps and dreams, to accomplish political results, the ends and aims of which are to secure for himself an office, a place to live upon the earnings of other people; the ward politician, the municipal and county place-seeker, the hanger-on and expectant of Federal positions, the ring thieves and contractors at Washington, and all over the land. Then there is another class, more dangerous and more criminal, and that is composed of men of wealth, of large occupations, business men, and others, who give no attention to public affairs, never vote, affect to despise politicians, go to the Cliff House on election day, and whose only idea of the duty and responsibility of American citizenship is to grumble when things go wrong and swear at high taxation. Every American citizen should be a politician in the sense that he should never shrink from the performance of his political duties.

THE INNER MAN.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney is not only a clever writer, but an excellent practical housekeeper. She is quoted as relating that late one night, feeling a little troubled for fear the proportions in an Indian pudding in her cook-book were not exactly right, she came down stairs, built a fire, and made and baked an experimental pudding while the rest of the family were asleep.

Of all ye toothsome Vittells and Drinke
In ye goode Newe England states,
Ye Beste of ym all is ye Husewife's Pye
Yt Shee of ye Pumpkynne makes;
All yellow as Golde
Yt has grown Olde,
And of Flavor, so Riche and Rayre,
None other Meate
Yt Manne doth Eate
Wyth ye Pumpkynne can Compare,

Ye flakee Crustee, welle Scalloped rounde—
Ye Worke of ye Fayre Mayd's hand—
Doth show Itself about ye Edge;
A Cryse and Luscious Band;
When Itt I see
I laugheth mee
And I am lyke to Crye:
"Hurrah for ye Fruit!
Hurrah for ye Cooke!
And Hurrah for ye Pumpkynne Pye!"

Of course, when a young wife makes her first mince-pie the husband eats it and tries to look pleased, and says: "It's delicious, my own darling," and thinks he's being kind to the dear girl, when she'd a heap rather he'd not touch it than to see him writhe and roll on the floor all night, and have him mistake her for animals, and have him cry: "Oh, call off that dog with six tails! Take away those hogs with fiery eyes! Let me get away from that bear with four mouths! Oh!!!" A girl doesn't like to be mistaken for such things.

"Do you know how to make a salad?" said the celebrated Dr. Dash, to the not less noted Baron Blank. "No, sir," replied the latter. "Then you are a fool," said the former. The writer does not go quite so far as the vigorous writer and thinker and *bon vivant* above quoted; but this charming late spring weather—"charming" is used advisedly—makes the subject of salad appeal with almost irresistible winsomeness to the healthy adult mind. One remembers Pierre Blot's rather free translation of this paragraph from Voltaire:

A warmer temperature exacts more refreshing nourishment, and there is something horrible in philosophizing over the disgusting habit of stuffing ourselves with beef, while the robins are flirting on the lawn, and the lettuce is crisping by the hedge-rows.

Some one who evidently knows what he is writing about has this to say on the salad subject:

To many of us, who have passed through the winter regimen, the coming of the salad is the great event. Your hot-house salad, even your Southern salad, both quite edible, are wanting in that pleasant crispness, that delicate savor, which a natural salad—one grown in the open air—possesses. There are ignorant people—to be pitied—who, fortunate in the possession of the first salad of the season, absolutely destroy its tender delicacy by putting mustard on it. A taste must be singularly depraved that would dare to do a thing of this kind. It is an English abomination, and should be decried. You will find mustard regularly prescribed in many English books which are in vogue. There is no right method of dressing lettuce save with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper; even the spring onion, the *ciboule*, is to be discarded; and not an egg, either hard-boiled or soft, should be used. The true French method, in its manner of progression, is as follows: The lettuce leaves should be dry. You will see, at certain hours in Paris streets, salads placed in wired baskets, to which a gentle centrifugal motion is imparted by hand by some careful *menagers*. Another way is to use a napkin, and, after shaking out the salad carefully, to dry it leaf by leaf. But both these processes require rapidity of motion, for a wilted salad is a miserable thing. For dressing, the salad should be pulled, leaf by leaf, from its central core, leaving, however, the centre. First, in a wooden spoon, mix salt and pepper, which scatter over the salad. The oil is next in order, with a careful turning over of the salad; and, lastly, comes the vinegar. There is a philosophical progression in all this. The leaves being first imbued with the oil, in a measure protects the green, tender tissues from the corrosive effects of the acetic acid. Salad should not be penetrated with the dressing; it is only the outside which should receive a varnish of the oil and vinegar. As to the final process, what the French call to *fatiguer* the salad—the exact translation of this verb, which means to "tire out" the salad, leads to many sad errors. If the green leaves are tossed about, and the tender white vessels containing the juices of the salad are broken, you have a flat and insipid thing—you taste the dressing and not the salad. It requires a light hand with a thoughtful mind to do it. "A lettuce, when it is *panachee*," says Brillat-Savarin, "is truly a salad of distinction." There is in a lettuce-salad a subtle juice, slightly soporific, the gentlest of anodynes, well known to chemists, which, as a leading authority says, "brings repose of temper and philosophic thought."

French dishes are not essential to happiness, and a certain education is necessary to appreciate works of art in that line. Bulwer Lytton gives in *Pelham* a lesson which ought to come home to a great many people. He tells how Pelham carries about with him a little case containing a knife, a fork, and a spoon, of peculiar construction—the knife blunted and the spoon very shallow, in order to prevent gobbling. "It is a most unhappy failing, for one often hurries over in one minute what ought to afford the fullest delight for five. It is indeed a vice which deadens enjoyment as well as abbreviates it."

CXXVIII.—Sunday, May 16.—Bill of Fare for Eight Persons.

Eastern Oysters.
Vermicelli Soup.
Boiled Salmon, Argonaut Sauce.
Beef Steak, with Truffles and Mushrooms.
Calf's Head à la Tortue.
Boiled Hominy. Green Peas. Stewed Tomatoes.
Roman Punch.
Roast Chickens, Ham and Oyster Dressing. Marble Potatoes.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Cheese.
Strawberries and Cream.
Charlotte Russe.
Fancy Cakes. Candied Fruits.
Claret, White Wine, Sherry, and Champagne.
Coffee.

TO COOK MARBLE POTATOES.—Have a nice-sized round vegetable cutter. Cut as many potatoes as are necessary. Toss these into boiling hard until sufficiently brown, then throw into the chicken or meat gravy until sufficiently cooked. Serve around the chicken with a garnish of parsley on the outside. Salt and pepper as you dish them up.

"DOGWOOD BITTERS."

It must be conceded by any fair mind that the negroes after the abolition of slavery conducted themselves with wonderful moderation; for it was natural to expect that a people liberated suddenly as they were, elevated without preparation as they were to a position of comparative power, would abuse their novel privileges and seek expression for the feelings of resentment sought to be inculcated by the low and vicious class of politicians who now came down to deceive and defraud them. But, as a rule, this was not the case. Despite party differences and the struggle for political power, there was very little personal bad feeling or individual hostility between the blacks and Southern whites, and instances of impertinent or offensive conduct on the part of the former were very unusual. In the exceptional cases it is worthy of note that the actors or instigators were almost always females—generally girls or young women. Of this class were those who brushed rudely against white persons, affecting ignorance of their whereabouts; who defiantly took possession of the inner portion of the sidewalk, right or left; who strapped lace veils across their dusky noses and twirled their parasols against ladies' hats; who grazed people's toes with their baby-carriages and entangled ladies' skirts in their wheels; who were the perpetrators of almost all the annoyances and impertinences to which weaker parties, such as ladies and very old persons, were subject.

One day, about two years after "the surrender," there stood on the sidewalk of a large town in Virginia a negro school-girl, swinging her satchel, twirling on her heel, and tossing her head, coqueting airily with a mulatto boy about her own age. Running parallel with the sidewalk was a fence, on the opposite side of which, unobserved by (or, as she would more significantly have expressed it, "onbeknownst to") the girl, and not ten feet from her, were her father and brother at work in a gentleman's garden. The spaces between the boards composing the fence were quite broad enough for ordinary purposes of observation, and the old man, her father, was evidently aware of the sidewalk flirtation, but had so far said nothing, digging savagely away with eloquent vigor; but her brother had suspended operations, and was leaning on his spade, wriggling in convulsions of silent laughter. An outburst would have attracted his sister's attention and put an end to his fun; besides, it was a question how the old man would view interference when he did not himself interfere; and to any one who had to deal with the old man—or rather with whom that old man had to deal—this question was one to be considered.

Presently there came walking slowly and feebly down the street an old lady whose countenance bore the traces of sorrow as well as of years. The hair was parted plainly on her forehead, and the pale face was framed in crape. The grave dignity of her manner was toned down and softened by a smile. Ah, no, it was only the suggestion of a smile, the reflection of a sun that had shone, the soft light that sometimes lingers though the sun be gone down.

The windows of the house she had just left were now always closed, and the ivy that had used to creep against the wall trailed its tendrils undisturbed across the shutters. In that house two beds remained from day to day neatly made, as they had been three years before; towels hung on the rack, and all things remained in readiness for "the boys." But only a mother's foot ever crossed the threshold of that dark and silent chamber—only a mother's sobs ever broke the stillness of that cold and desolate room; for the lady who had marched away to the sound of life and drum that bright May morning had never come home again.

As Mrs. Darring approached the rest of our *dramatis personæ*, the girl, with a loud laugh and an elaborate air of not seeing her, swung her satchel round and struck the old lady a sharp blow on the breast.

The dead hands of her boys must have been lifted in the grave at this affront to their mother; but they were powerless, and she powerless as they.

"Didn't go to h't' you," said the girl, carelessly, to Mrs. Darring.—"An' so, Mr. Simpkins, you excuse me of bein' a flirt? Which I'm sho' I isn't any mo' of a flirt 'an you is."

The boy was embarrassed, and made no response.

Mrs. Darring had stopped, and a deep flush was on her cheek, but she only asked, gravely and quietly: "Isn't this Adam Darring's daughter?"

"We sco'ns to be Darrin's. Mr. Addum Lefridge is my pa, if dat's what you mean," replied the girl, saucily.

"Caroline, I—"

"My name's Carrie."

"I do not think your father," continued Mrs. Darring, ignoring the interruption—"whether he calls himself Leftwich now, or Darring—would allow one of his children to insult his old mistress. I am sorry for his sake as well as my own."

Mrs. Darring passed on, and the girl, tossing her head, said scornfully to her companion: "She don't 'peer to ha' had a good meal o' vittles sence pa stopped wu'kin' for her. Friday is my birfday: I think I'll ax her up to dinner."

They walked off together.

Old Adam had ceased to dig, and was glaring after them in a quiver of rage. The son had ceased to laugh, and stood in dismay, looking at his father. Suddenly the old man grasped his spade with both hands and shook it in the face of the boy: "Did you hear dat nigger?"

Dave retreated, without attempt at valor: "Lemme 'lone, daddy: I ain't toch ole mis'."

Again advancing on him, spade in hand, the old man reiterated: "I ax you ef you heerd dat nigger?"

"Course I heerd her: I ain't deaf, is I?"

Dave put out his hand, warding off the offensive weapon; but for the third time it was shaken in his face and planted against his unparticipating nose: "I ax you ef you seed what dat nigger gal done?"

"Course I seed her: I ain't blin', is I?"

The old man let fall his spade and drew forth a huge pocket-knife, which induced Dave to display a still greater expanse of white feather, for he retreated precipitately into a newly-made-hot-bed, and there floundered in the obscurity which it sometimes comes even to honest men to covet.

The old man sought a hedge of osage-orange trees, and his perturbed spirit seemed to find repose as he regarded the branches in their beauty of stoutness and supple strength.

Dave's head and hands, like those of a terrapin from its shell presently protruded slowly and cautiously above the

frame of the hot-bed, but disappeared with abnormal celerity as his ear was saluted by the whizz of one of those beautiful branches, which his father had cut and trimmed and was now trying on the empty air. Feeling that he was not the right man, nor, if he read the signs of the times correctly, in the right place, Dave concluded to let his father and the air have it out together; so, emulating the Arab, he "silently stole away," without even waiting "to fold his tent"—i. e., to put on his coat. In other words, he embraced the first opportunity to go home to dinner, without soliciting the pleasure of his father's society.

He found "Carrie" already there. As soon as he saw her, "Oh, my po' back!" he exclaimed, with a wriggle and grimace. "What motter wid yo' back?" asked his mother, placing before him a plate of smoking-hot pork and beans.

He balanced it on his knees, and, breaking in halves a huge pone of corn bread, remarked, solemnly: "Up at de house ole mis' use to giv' thanks for what dey wuz 'bout to 'ceive; an' I feels miteley like it on settin' down to dinner to-day—for what I *ain't* gwine to 'ceive. Oh, my po' back!" he repeated, with a second wriggle which almost upset the plate on his knee, and, shaking his head solemnly, he fixed his eyes on his sister: "Lor! Lor! Knowin' what I does, if I was in dat gal's shoes, dem shoes would be de yudder side o' Candler's Mountain, or movin' dat way miteley lively."

"Carline," said her mother, uneasily, "what dat fool nigger talkin' 'bout?"

"Her name ain't Carline," said Dave: "it's Carrie (oh, my po' back!), an' Mr. Addum Lefridge is her pa."

The girl gave a startled glance, but he fixed his eyes on his plate, and, wagging his head from side to side, continued like one in a reverie: "I nuvvur would ha' 'greed to bein' a gal o' no kin', under no sukumstances, white nor black; but de way I wouldn't 'gree to bein' a cert'n black gal to-day ain't nothin' to nobody but me and Mr. Addum Lefridge."

"What you talkin' 'bout, Dave?" asked his mother, planting herself before him with her knuckles on her hips.

Dave got up, drew his yellow cotton shirt-sleeve across his mouth, and hitched up his "galluses." "I use to hear Mas' Jim," said he, "laffin' 'bout—

'Tickleback Tickmouse is my name,
Lunnun is my nation,
Inghun' is my dwellin'-place—

an' sump'n else, I forgot what; but ef I was Kyarline, gwine to prepar' a piece o' po'try for digzaminashun uv de fus' class in joggerfy—ef daddy was gwine to be dar, an' I knowed what was good for me—I would holler out:

Kyarline Darrin' is my name,
Nigger is my station;
Lynchbug' is my dwellin'-place—

And ef I dar' to talk 'bout Lefridge, an' hit ole mis' on de bres', an' be gen'ly impident, wid daddy lookin' out o' a hole in de fence, I'd ketch *dammashun*, 'stid o' Lunnun nation. Dar come daddy now. Tell him I gwine back to Mr. Pollard's, whar we was at wu'k dis mornin'—me an' Mr. Addum Lefridge, Carrie's pa. Oh, my po' back!" And, with the Parthian arrow of a grimace at his sister, Dave disappeared over the back fence.

"Gre't Jimminy, Carline! Sho'ly you ain't been fool 'nuf to a-toch Mis' Darrin', so yo' pa could find it out?" said her mother, in a hurried undertone, as she saw the old man coming down street with an armful of osage-orange switches.

"I ain't toch her to h't' her," said the girl, sullenly.

"My Lor! Don't you know yo' pa better'n dat? It's time you *wuz* a-knowin' him. You jes' git him on one o' his rampages, an' you won't want to know him no better."

Apparently indifferent to the cultivation of her father's acquaintance, Caroline caught up her hat, and was about vanishing through the front door when the old man entered: "Stop dar! Whar you gwine?"

"I'm goin' back to school, pa," endeavoring to pass him.

He caught her by the shoulder and spun her like a teetotum half-way across the room. "Shet up, now, 'bout pa! Which you kin call that sassy little nigger barber 'Mister'—'cos he ain't no sassier, an' ain't half as much of a nigger as you is—but don't try to cum yo' joggerfy an' rifumtik over me! I'll par de skin offen yo' from yo' head to yo' heels."

"Lor, Addum," remonstrated his wife, "what makes you ac' so to'ds de chile?"

"Marriar," said he—"Marriar, not a hour ago I seed dat imp o' Satan hit we all's ole mis' on de bres' wid her dog-gone—"

"I was jes' swingin' my satchel, an' she walked up 'g'inst it herself, pa."

Old Adam caught and shook her violently. "I clar, 'fo' Gord, if you says 'pa' to me ag'in, I'll maul de brains clean outen you!"

"I know she ain't meant no harm by what she done," said the wife.

"She hit my ole mis' on de bres', I tell you!—a ole lady which, ef she warn't my ole mis', is still a ole lady knee-deep in de grave, an' nobody to look arter her or keer whedder she's in de grave or outen it. I can't forget—an' I ain't gwine to 'peer to forget—how dat ole lady took keer o' me an' mine for forty year. We warn't nuvvur col', an' we warn't nuvvur hongry, an' we warn't nuvvur wantin' for a kin' word. I knows it, an' you knows it. Some niggers might ha' been 'bused 'yarnt what dey 'zarved, but 'twarn't me, an' 'twarn't you, an' 'twarn't none o' we all's chillun; an' when it 'peered like I was dead, an' dey was 'bout to shroud me for de cool-in'-bo'd, ole mis' she cried like one uv de chillun."

"Cos you was as goods an' chattered," said his wife.

"Dat's so!" deposed Carrie, briskly.

He gave her a box on the ear that came very near taking the head off her shoulders. Then he turned to his wife, and, shaking his knobby cane in her face, said sternly: "Don't you *dar* to say dat ag'in! Ole mis' could ha' loss twenty niggers like me an' nuvvur missed 'em. Don't you *dar* to say it ag'in! You *heer*?"

Old Adam had always maintained his exclusive right to sport a certain article of apparel supposed to indicate supremacy in the domestic circle (and spoken of in the plural); so, after a gaze so prolonged and stern that it must have tried Maria's nerves exceedingly, he slowly lowered his cane and resumed, his chin trembling and his voice growing husky: "No, I goes a squar' out o' my way rudder'n look at dat house an' think 'bout ole mis' an' dem boys, which I done a heap o' de bringin' uv 'em up mysef. De house—which it use to 'peer like it would fairly bus' open wid good times—how it

look now? All shet up an' dark an' col'. Look in dem parlors, which ole mis' use to have 'em full o' comp'ny—to keep de boys at home, she say. Whar de comp'ny? whar de boys? whar de laffin' an' talkin' an' de singin', an' de niggers comin' in an' out wid 'freshments, an' ole mis' givin' me sump'n to drink out in de pantry, 'cas she say, 'Addum musn' be no better'n his young marsters'? Open dem do's, I say! What you see? what you heer? De flutes is shet up in deir cases, an' de fiddle-strings is some on 'em rusty an' some on 'em broke; an' black shadders is all 'roun' de rooms, an' it's so quiet dat a rat runnin' 'cross de flo' would skeer you wid his fuss. Whar de comp'ny wid deir bar' nakes an' white shoes, catin' up ole mis's supshun? Dancin' somewhar else, forgittin' all 'bout ole mis'. Whar de boys? Out in de graveyard. Whar de mis'? Dyin'—dyin' uv a broke heart—dyin' wid a kin' word for eberybody, an' glad to go—dyin' 'cos she sick an' po' an' lonesome, an' dunno how to live 'dout sumbody to take keer on her an' stan' 'tween her an' miz'ry. Whar de niggers? Dar's one o' de black houn's," said he, his voice vibrating with anger—"dar's one uv 'em; an' sho' as Gord A'mighty spar's me she's got to pay for what she's done to-day."

"Carline ain't nothin' but a chile, Addum; she don't know no better."

Adam looked fixedly at her for a moment or two, or, as it appeared to her, for the next half hour. "Gimme my dinner," said he, at length.

This was an unlooked-for development of humor, and his wife hastened to gratify it.

"Carline," said she, presently, "you better go on to school, honey."

"Ef Kyarline know what's good for her, she better set whar she is."

Caroline appeared to know what was good for her.

With great deliberation and no further notice of Caroline he proceeded to dispatch the pork and beans set before him, then turned to his wife: "Marriar, is you gwine to uphol' dat gal in 'havior sech as dis'?"

"I said she warn't nothin' but a chile, Addum."

"She warn't nothin' but a chile, an' warn't no use to nobody, when ole mis' had her to take keer on; but she ain't no chile now."

"She didn't mean no harm; she didn't know no better."

"Hukkum you ain't larnt her no better?"

"Why ain't you done it yo'self?" retorted his wife.

Adam's smile was grim, and so suggestive of the tuition to be expected of him, that his wife hastened to say: "I don't see no gre't harm in what de chile done; she didn't go to hit Mis' Darrin'."

"She done it a-pu'pose," said he, doggedly; "I seed it mysef."

"An' 'twarn't no harm sayin' her name was Lefridge. It jes' shows de ambitions dar's in her to take anudder name. Dat what make her de gal she is."

"Is dat correc'?" He turned and looked curiously at his daughter, discomposing her greatly. "I nuvvur knowed befo' how she come to be de gal she wuz. I'se wondered miteley how a gal o' mine should ha' come to be *dat* kin' o' a gal. So it's de ambitions? Dat's a fac'. What would a nigger be ef 'twarn't for ambitions? He wouldn't *nuvvur* git 'bu'v' hissef, he wouldn't *nuvvur* be no better'n de white folks—which de sword is done leveled 'em down to him—ef 'twarn't for ambitions!"

The negro, as we have had frequent occasion to remark, is surpassingly superficial, and, though intensely emotional, supremely unreliable in his emotions.

Old Uncle Adam was evidently very much impressed by what his wife had said. He took a short pipe from his pantaloons pocket and commenced smoking, leaning forward with one elbow on his knee and his chin in the palm of his hand, his eyes on the kettle of pot-liquor from which he had fared sumptuously. At length, after a pause which seemed interminable to his companions, he raised his eyebrows, and with a slight drooping of the corners of his mouth, which gave him quite a depressed and pitiful air, he turned to his wife. "Marriar," said he, "de ole man is miteley sot in his ways, an' it's miteley hard gittin' outen 'em, but he ain't 'bu'v' tryin'. He nuvvur knowed befo' what 'twas dat make his chile, his onliest gal-chile, de gal she wuz. De ole man called it to hissef sassiness an' impidence; he didn't know 'twas ambitions. Dar comes in de ole man's ign'unce; he ain't been to school, you know. An' he didn't know you had de ambitions, too, Marriar. Ef he had, he would ha' acted diff'unt, 'cos de ole man cert'n'y do want to do right far ez he knows how. But sence he been settin' here, gwine roun' in his min' what you an' de chile ez said, he sees, like de writin' on de wall, dat he ain't done his duty to'ds na'y one of you. An' he feels de ambitions wu'kin' in him like hops in a keg o' beer. He feels he ain't done what he orter, an' he gwine take de back track an' make up for it, ef he kin, an' fur as he kin."

"Yes," responded his wife, briskly; "which I ortiz said you would come roun' some day an' show dem white folks dey ain't no better'n we is."

He made no reply, but, turning with a benign smile to Caroline, held out his hand. "Come here, darter—come to pa."

With hesitation born of experience she reluctantly drew near, and he placed her on his knee, with an arm over her shoulder, the pipe immediately under her nose, to the imminent danger and disgust of that classic organ.

This feat of tenderness, being abnormal and unusual, was somewhat awkwardly accomplished by the old man, and greatly embarrassed his daughter, who was also physically disquieted by being sentimentally trotted on his rather angular knee.

"So you wants to have a little birfday, my dear?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said she, with unaccustomed diffidence.

"An' you would like to ax yo' little nig—yo' little kully-headed barber—wouldn't you?" he further inquired, executing here a trot of such vigor that it was necessarily and providentially brief. "An', my dear, you is no doubt correc' 'bout dat ole white lady; I don't 'spect she's had a good meal o' vittles for two year. She's done fell off to skin an' bone, an' she don't look like she's got de strenk to walk a squar'. I makes no manner o' doubt you could git her to yo' birfday dinner. 'Peers to me de ambitions of a young cullud lady would like dat miteley; so ef you would keer 'bout doin' of it I ingages to git her."

"Addum," exclaimed his wife, standing before him (as Vol-

taire said of himself and a young lady) like a point of admiration—"Addum, you cert'n'y is combin' out de kinks!"

"Yes, Marriar," said he; and his eyebrows rose higher, and the corners of his mouth fell lower, and he looked more pitiful than ever. "I was a ole man when I married you, and I didn't know 'bout ambitions, but I ain't too old to larn. I larn't a heap jes' now by yo' and Kyarli—yo' an' Carrie's talk. An' I'll do you bofe de justice to say I b'leeve you is made our little darter the gal she is. So, ez I was sayin', ef you all wants de ole white lady to de birfday dinner—"

"I, for one, cert'n'y does," said his wife, thinking how fine a tale it would be to tell.

"Den I ingages to git her. An', my darter," he continued, rising from his chair without the slightest intimation of any such intention on his part, at the imminent risk of landing Caroline (submerging her, we should say) in the kettle of pot-liquor—"an', my darter, don't get up no po' white dinner. I feels de ambitions crawlin' all 'bout me. Ef you wants ennything, jes' come an' ax pa."

The next day Caroline called upon him for money, and met with the encouraging response: "Cert'n'y, my darter, cert'n'y. Whatever you needs, jes' come an' ax pa."

Thus emboldened, she and her mother added considerably to the intended luxuries of the table, but met no rebuff. The old wallet was always forthcoming, and, slowly fumbling through it, the old man always "ponied up" the required amount.

The only thing they dared not ask was whether Mrs. Darring was coming.

"Ax him," whispered Mrs. "Lefridge," nudging her daughter with her elbow as old Adam was about leaving for work the day before that proposed for the dinner—"ax him."

"I'm 'fred to ax him," said Caroline.

"What's de matter, my dear?" and he looked so benevolent that his wife ventured to reply:

"Jes' sump'n de chile wants to know."

"All she got to do is to come and ax pa," said the old man, pausing on the threshold.

Then—first discreetly placing between them the distance and the barrier of the table—Caroline put her query, and her parent made reply: "Yes, my darter—ef she's well 'nuf. An' ef you wants enny mo' white folks invited, jes' come an' ax pa."

The day came; the table was spread. Dinner was to be at two; at one Adam and Dave came home.

"Now," said the old man to his wife—"now, you git off dem cloze an' git in dat bed in de yudder room. An', Dave, you go up to my ole mis', and tell her de cramp is takin' de excedence wid Marriar, an' ef she'll come down here an' see ef she ken he'p de nigger, ole Addum will be eberlassin' thankful."

Dave thrust his tongue in his cheek, and with a wink at his sister, disappeared.

"Git in dat bed an' draw up wid de cramp till I signerfies to you to draw out ag'in."

"Lor, Addum! I ain't gwine—"

But for some reason she immediately changed her mind, and when Dave returned was in bed, looking so very foolish and uncomfortable that that youth could not restrain his mirth, and felt constrained to retreat to the pig-sty in the back-yard.

As soon as her slender stock of strength would allow, Mrs. Darring came: "How do you do, Adam?"

"Po' an' piert, Mis' 'Lizar—po' an' piert, marm, like a shad in shaller water."

"What seems to be the matter with Maria?" asked his old mistress as she went in.

"Marriar 'peers to be mo' easier jes' now, thankey, Mis' 'Lizar; but seems to me some good strong mustard wouldn't do her no harm; she's sho' to draw up ag'in pres'n'y."

"We will make the plaster, then," said Mrs. Darring, kindly, "but perhaps she will not need it. I hope not, for I think it a very severe remedy."

"Marriar do cert'n'y need sewere o' some kin', Mis' 'Lizar," said he; "it's mos' time to draw up now. Git de mustard, Kyarline, to make dat plaster, which she is made a many a one befo' for me, an' Marriar, too, when we was sick."

Obedient the instinct of self-preservation, Caroline produced the mustard with an alacrity secretly resented by her mother, and Mrs. Darring spread the plaster; but Maria evincing no intention whatever to "draw up," old Adam placed his hand beneath the patchwork quilt with the tender inquiry: "Is yo' feets col', Marriar?"

"Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" yelled his wife.

"You see it's takin' her ag'in, Mis' 'Lizar," said he. His hand was still beneath the patchwork quilt, and his face was full of benevolent anxiety. "Mis' 'Lizar, it do 'peer to me, marm, dat de plaster better go on."

Mrs. Darring assented, for Maria was writhing with pain, and (the "first law of nature" still asserting itself) with Caroline's unqualified approbation the plaster was placed in position.

At this moment Dave's head appeared in the doorway. "Mr. Simpkins an' a variety of frien's has arrove," said he sotto voce to his sister. "Comp'ny come," he translated to his father.

"Marriar better be quiet now, Mis' 'Lizar, which I'm sho' we dunno how to thank you for comin', marm. Keep on dat ar plaster, Marriar, till I sez take it off," added the old man as Mrs. Darring prepared to leave.

"She need not keep it on long, Adam; it will blister her. I think you were unnecessarily alarmed this time; you see she is in no pain now."

"No, marm," said he with an air which needed no translation for Maria; "but she will be ef she take dat plaster offen her till I sez so."

On the way out they passed through the "dining-room," where several of Caroline's friends were assembled, prominent among them Mr. Simpkins.

"Dis is we all's ole mis'," said Adam, with a wave of the hand not to be misunderstood. They rose respectfully, every one. "Mis' 'Lizar," he continued, "ef you ain't too proud to eat a mouffin in yo' ol' servant's house, me an' Kyarline would be mighty proud to stan' 'hin' yo' cheer an' sarve you ez we use to."

Unwilling to mortify the old man, and too long accustomed to having negroes around her table to attach a thought to it now, she sat down and took a cup of coffee, eulogizing the appearance of the table as she did so.

Caroline, with the inspiration of one who does not desire

again to be detected in the indulgence of untimely slumber (in other words, to be a second time "caught napping"), took up a waiter, and obediently planted herself behind the old lady's chair.

Whether this graceful acquiescence at all softened her father's heart must remain an open question. If it had this effect, that sensitive organ was immediately re-ossified when he detected her in the act of amusing her guests by making a contemptuous grimace over his old mistress's head.

Without apparent notice of this by-play, he escorted Mrs. Darring to the street, and returned to the dining-room. "Ladies an' gemmen," said he, "de occasion uv dis festive dinner will have to be got off to-night. 'Skusin' sickness in de famly, I 'spec'fully axes you all to git 'roun ag'in 'bout eight o'clock dis ebening—which it's a mo' festusser time anyhow—an' we hopes to hab de contribilation of furdur comp'ny."

Having promised to return and spend the evening, the guests departed, and the old man took his daughter into the next room.

"Addum," cried his wife, "I mos' done bu'nt up. Kin I take it off?"

"Pen's 'pon whedder de ambitions is bu'nt outen you. Does you still want de white lady, my ole mis', to set down an' feed wid a passel o' niggers? An' does you still want Kyarline to be de gal she is—sassin' ole mis' an' knockin' her 'bout?"

Evidently amenable to instruction, Maria responded comprehensively, "I don't want nothin' I ortenter."

"Take off de plaster," said Adam, solemnly. "Ez for you," turning to his daughter, "I was hopin' dat de lesson uv makin' you stan' 'hin' ole mis's cheer an' wait on her wid yo' waiter in yo' han', 'fo' de res' uv de niggers, would ha' took the ambitions out o' you too; but"—with great deliberation he selected an osage-orange branch and thoughtfully drew it between his stiff old fingers—"but dar ain't nuffin' so instructive to a nigger ez a good larrupin'. A nigger, 'specially a young nigger, will take larnin' on his back dat you nuvvur could ha' got it in his head. De back way is de nachul way for niggers, sho'."

With a laugh at his own witticism which seemed simply demonic to his audience, he proceeded deliberately to select another switch, which he laid beside his first choice.

"Fac' is," pursued this moral philosopher—"fac' is, dar ain't nuffin' dat 'grees wid a nigger, 'specially a young nigger, like dogwood bitters. Dey orter hev' a dose uv it 'fo' 'brek-fus' fus' thing, ebry mornin'. When de Lord said, 'Let der be light an' let der be dark,' I makes no doubt He said, 'Let der be dogwood,' an' dat showed He knowed what He was 'bout, 'cos He fo'seen dat niggers was gwine to multiply 'pon de yuth, 'specially young niggers."

With these introductory remarks, and after some skirmishing around the room which did not amount to anything, succeeded by a very pronounced "scuffle" resulting in Caroline's defeat, the old man grasped the skirt of her dress, and, gathering it above her head, held it together with one hand, enclosing her in a bag from which there was no escape. Now, the yellow cotton garment thus brought to view being conspicuously deficient in latitude and longitude, disclosed two very knobby knees, and each time those osage-orange branches came whizzing through the air those knobby knees bent like the clasp of a jack-knife, the girl's heels saluted the small of her back, and there issued from the bag every variation of sound from the shriek of a locomotive to the groan of an ox-cart.

"What's yo' name?"

"Kyarline."

"Who's c'rec'in' you?"

"Daddy."

"Who's yo' pa?"

"Ain't got none."

"What white lady was dat you hit on de bres' o' pu'pose?"

"Ole mis'."

"What white pussun does you want to de birfday?"

"Don't want none."

"What dat little nappy-headed fool name?"

"Jim Simpkins."

Having graduated, she was released.

"Now, my darter—" He sat down and took out his pipe. His brow was placid and his smile benign. His eyebrows were raised and the corners of his mouth were down, and he looked very pitiful indeed (to those who had only a bowing acquaintance)—"Now, my darter, I ez tried to do my duty by you and Marriar, but ef you needs ennything mo', 'specially dogwood bitters, all you got to do is jes' to—come an' ax pa."

—*Jennie Woodville, in Lippincott's for May.*

A Texas minister arose before a large audience, took his text, and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church.

"Brother Deacon," said the minister, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me. In fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued, as a piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think, parson, that it refers to some one else," replied the deacon.

The minister raised a tumbler of water, and was in the act of applying his lips when the glass fell, shattered by a shot.

"This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest. "This is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate this matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes," said a man, throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field.

"Got on an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlimber."

The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and drawing one from his belt, started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more lifelike, inasmuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, saying, as he took his place in the pulpit, "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.

ON SELECTING SUITABLE WINE LANDS.

There is good reason to believe that the plantation of new vineyards and the extension of existing ones will be renewed, next autumn and spring, with a vigor greater than at any former time since European vines were introduced into the State by the late Mr. Haraszthy. After passing through the ordeal of most new industries in a new country, wine-making in California is now entering on the high road to lasting success; which it will surely achieve unless the stupidity, ignorance, and self-sufficiency of the viniculturists hinder or destroy the chance. Already the comparatively imperfect article has gained a footing in several great centres of the United States, such as Chicago, St. Louis, and New York; while recent shipments of young wines to France and Germany attest the appreciation in which it is held by professional wine traders and merchants. Evidence of this truth is before us in the fact of Gundlach & Co. having, within a few weeks, shipped fifty thousand gallons of Sonoma white to Germany, and other houses by the same vessel to the extent of two hundred thousand gallons of red and white wines to either France or Germany.

Now it is to the important matter of selecting lands and forming new vineyards that we would at present invite the attention of intending planters. It is generally known that all cultivated lands, taken indiscriminately, are not equally suited for vineyards, whether we consider the quantity or the quality of the produce. There will be at least two distinct classes of intending viticulturists—capitalists and companies, and men of moderate means, with resources enough to make a beginning, and the prospect of enlarging the area from year to year.

With regard to capitalists and companies, they can select and buy where they like, and a word or two is all that now need be said to them. Go to the foot-hills and take up an area of flat or gently sloping land, and as much of the hill-sides as you like, the more the better; the obvious reason being that on the rich alluvial or diluvial land the crop will be abundant and comparatively coarse in quality, while the uplands and higher slopes will yield less indeed, but of the highest quality. "Bacchus amat Colles"—the wine-god loves the hills. Yet whether the choice should fall on plains or hills ought to be mainly decided by the class and character of the contemplated yield, and the same may be said of the variety of vines selected. On rich, fat, loamy land such vines as Grenache, Miller's Burgundy, and Mataro would yield over one thousand gallons to the acre, while Zinfandel, the best red grape at present in the State, would hardly yield five hundred, and none of them would prove very prolific on high and dry hill-sides. Moreover, the State contains large tracts of country where the counterpart may be found for every wine region of Europe, from the north of France and Switzerland, to the Douro, Lisbon, and Jerez. But each and all of them requires study and attention to the varieties of vine to be planted, because every vine claims a special kind of climate in order to yield its best, both in quality and kind.

Now, thanks to the late Legislature, facilities are afforded not only for scientific investigation of soils and wines by the professor of agriculture at the State University and his assistant, but by enabling the Board of Viticulturists to open an office in San Francisco, with a secretary, to collect all sorts of useful information, and distribute it throughout the entire State; and also by making provision for lectures on viticulture and the management of cellars, to be delivered by competent persons in each of the principal wine regions of the State during the next twelve months.

But in many respects the most important consideration is, how to advise the intending cultivator, who, up to the present, has little or no knowledge of vineyard work. Let us suppose that his first aim is to make a living. In that case, secure either new rich lands, with fall enough to prevent accumulation of stagnant water, and, where possible, with a gravelly subsoil; or, what is better, land that has been exhausted by long-continued, injudicious cropping, remembering that though it will no longer yield wheat, it is not the less available for wines. The next thing is preparing such land for planting. The best of all is to trench it to the depth of two and a half feet, and form drains every twenty feet by burying twigs and light branches of trees, worthless scrub, and the like. But this is far too expensive for the means within the reach of the class of cultivators we are contemplating. The next best plan is to tear up the land from as deep as any subsoil cultivator can be made to reach, and leave the gables open to sun and wind for as many months as possible, and then work it down in the usual way. Avoid adobe land. Where the land is a light loam, with gravelly subsoil, and no *hard-pan* between it and the gravel, then ordinary deep plowing will suffice, as we have seen it at Fresno and some other localities. In the beginning, however, quantity, not quality, of grapes or wines is the primary consideration with the man of limited resources who means to live by viticulture.

It is the fashion in Russia that whenever two people meet on Easter-day they kiss each other on the mouth, and while one says "Christ is risen!" the other replies "He is risen, indeed!" Now it seems that the Emperor Nicholas had so arranged it that the sentry placed at the palace-gate should be an Israelite, and a very pronounced one. Early in the morning Nicholas betook himself to the gate, and giving the soldier the Easter kiss, said:

"Brother, Christ is risen!"

The soldier's bronzed face flushed, but, bringing his musket at the salute, he replied, resolutely:

"No, father, he is not!"

Upon this the emperor pretended to get into a furious passion, and in a loud voice he repeated, "Christ is risen!" The soldier trembled; he saw the knout-lash dangling before his eyes; but the love of his faith was stronger than his fear of punishment, and bringing his musket-stock down with a crash, he cried:

"No, he is not!"

The Czar respected the man's adherence to his belief, rewarded him, and left, heartily laughing over the adventure.

It comes kind o' sudden like, just as the congregation have finished singing "Salvation's free," to have the preacher announce that "the collection will now be taken up."

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1880.

From the trifles and annoyances of our local politics, let us turn to more important matters. There are serious political questions pressing to the front for consideration; questions demanding the gravest deliberation of the wisest men, because they involve the welfare, indeed the very existence, of society. It is but a shallow and thoughtless brain that does not observe the cloud that spreads and darkens over our political horizon, and that does not observe that it is charged with elements of destruction to all organized government. The danger of which we speak did not originate in our country; but it is in our country that its violence will be most seriously felt. Like certain destructive epidemics, it passes away from the land where it originates, to find conditions more acceptable; and there it deals its most terrible and destructive blows. The social questions that in centuries past have so seriously menaced the governments of the world are again presenting themselves. The social wars of the Roman empire; the insurrection of the French peasantry against the French nobles in the thirteenth century; the reign of terror in France, that began with the execution of Louis XVI., and ended when Robespierre gave up his life on the guillotine; the insurrections and uprisings all through the history of the ages have indicated the unrest of that great toiling majority that ever since the world began has protested against the usurpation of its rights and the invasion of its privileges by the privileged classes. This sentiment is again active. Like earth's interior fires it is ever at work, ever restless, ever burning, and ever straining to throw off the mountains of government that suppress it, and to break the traditions of authority that, like rock-ribbed hills, chain it down. It is said there is always an earthquake somewhere on the earth's surface, and the theory is that the pent-up forces are ever searching for and striving to find the weak place. At times great upheavals and convulsions occur, demonstrating the vast forces that struggle below. In the social world, lying down—sometimes far down—under the patiently builded superstructure of authority—authority of dynasty, government, class privileges, and property rights—this great, toiling, restless mass of a human majority strains and hraces itself for revolt. In other and older lands government was organized in view of this known condition. Its foundations were laid by chiefs and leaders, and its superstructure was builded for the protection of a class. The divine right of kings, priestly privileges, and social distinctions grew up. Ecclesiasticism and prerogative were hedged round by superstition and tradition; and out from the people were chosen the young and the brave, to guard, as a standing army, the privileges that the superior class had stolen. Whenever and wherever there came the revolt of peasants and peoples, the soldiers of the people were hired, and from their own stolen treasures paid to suppress the social discontent that came from their robbery and oppression. This is the kind of government that controls the old world. It is the government of India and China. In those countries the battles, if ever fought, were won by the privileged classes, and for fifty centuries the people—the masses—have yielded the struggle, and been content to fight with nature for subsistence; content to live, only live. The later governments of the European lands, the governments we are pleased to call civilized, are splendid imitations of the olden type; and, except here and there, as in Germany and France and elsewhere, where local, brief, and fruitless efforts have been made for change, have been equally successful in maintaining governments in the interest of property, dynasties, ecclesiastics, and privileged classes. The struggle is going on to-day in Russia—one of the youngest and strongest of the dynasties finds itself fighting for its life against the secret force that plots its overthrow. The Czar, and terrible Romanoff, with his secret spies, his

police, his faithful nobles, the national church, whose metropolitan he is, his vast standing army, his impregnable fortresses and well-guarded palaces, finds himself contending with forces that only show upon the surface—students, women, and unknown adventurers. Germany, with a monarch honored for his private character, with the strongest of military governments, fresh from a conquest that unified the German empire, with a parliament that embraces the best learning of the world, with universities that give scholars and teachers to civilization, and with a chancellor that stands foremost among the world's statesmen, and a standing army that can defy the world upon the battle-field, confronts, and tremblingly, the social apparition that hides among its students, lurks in the closets of its universities, and permeates the great toiling majority that wields the axe in its forests, and delves with the spade in its fields. The history of France and Spain within the century—the condition of France, and Spain, and Great Britain to-day—indicate the agitation of the same questions, and challenge the attention of their best and ablest statesmen.

If in China and India the victory has been won by the privileged classes, it may not be assumed that in America there will be a like result. Whatever may be the outcome of social agitation in Europe, it will furnish no example to America. Our conditions are so altogether dissimilar that he is an unwise and shallow thinker who hopes to draw any parallels from any other country than our own. Ours is a republic, where every white male citizen is the equal in political power of every other white male citizen. Ours is a government of law, where the majority is clothed with political authority. We have no privileged class under the law. We have neither kings nor nobles hedged around by traditions, nor ecclesiastics guarded by superstition. We have no standing army. We have no army nor police authority that is not recruited directly from the people. Our Constitution guarantees the right of all citizens to bear arms. Our law-makers are chosen directly from the people; our judges who interpret them are chosen in like manner. A majority rules; so that it must follow that whenever the interests of the majority prompt to action in any direction, that action will follow as a certain result. A judiciary holding its authority from the people will only be pure, learned, and firm so long as a majority of the people are of like character. Juries will only be honest when chosen from honest men. Legislators will only make good laws so long as the majority of electors demand good laws. The army will always submit to the authority of the dominant party; the police will only serve the people who elect them; the inferior magistracy will become the tool of the people who create it. From the majority there is no appeal; there can be none. Then it follows that our government can only endure in its present form just so long, and no longer, than it is for the interest of the majority to continue it; and whenever it becomes the interest of the majority to change it, then the change will quickly and inevitably follow. It is clearly apparent that there will be no sentiment, no hesitation, and no consideration for the protection of any interest other than for that of the majority. If the passion, the prejudice, or the self-interest of the majority prompts its movement in any given direction, that is the way it will go, and there will be no regard paid to the rights of the minority, and no hesitation in trampling them under foot. To illustrate with one suggestion: If, in a government like ours, there are more electors who have nothing than those who have something; if there are more who think their condition would be improved by anarchy, and that during the existence of a general disturbance their condition would not be injured, and out of such a disturbance they would emerge in no worse form than when they went in, what is to prevent them from deliberately making the experiment of a subversion of all authority? What is there to hinder an idle and impecunious majority from so legislating and so administering the laws that agrarianism becomes a practical reality? What is to prevent a division of property and a practical realization of those ideas that now disturb the imaginations of the Socialistic dreamers of Russia, Germany, and France? How long would the government of England endure the experiment of giving the ballot and the bayonet to every white male citizen within the boundaries of the United Kingdom? How long would those things remain which are now styled royal family, crown lands, nobility, aristocracy, established church, hereditary rights, entailed estates? Apply the laws of the United States to the United Kingdom, and the boasted government of our mother country would soon undergo a radical change.

Now, if we are right in these reflections, there can be only one way in which the Government of the United States can put off the evil day of the possibilities we have suggested, and that is by elevating the character—moral and intellectual—of that class upon whom depends the permanence of our laws and the preservation of our government. One upon which good and thoughtful people will widely differ: Some will say by religion and through the church; some, by education and through the school-house; some, by placing a strong man at the head of the government; some, by the

subdivision of property—real property—into small holdings and thus interesting the masses in the preservation of their own accumulations; some, in confining the elective privilege to the intelligent; and some, by confining its exercise to those who have acquired property. Having in view a partial remedy, we will not turn aside to discuss those named. The partial remedy we have to suggest will be anticipated by those who are constant readers of the *Argonaut*. It is simply this: Let us so regulate our immigration laws as to prevent the coming to our shores of the ignorant, the idle, and the vicious of all other nationalities. Let America no longer become the City of Refuge for the paupers, criminals, and vagabonds of Europe, and the slaves and coolies of Asia. Let us not fling away our splendid heritage; let us not despoil our children of their inheritance to dower the poor of other lands. A nation fifty million strong need not be impatient to fill its vacant places. Its sons and daughters are crowding on fast enough. It is mad and insane profligacy to despoil them for the advancement of alien families. It is base and spurious sentimentality to invite to our country the uneducated and undisciplined of other and redundant populations. We are invaded from Asia and from Europe, and both are eating us up with their hungry multitudes. We fear the collision of these invading hosts. We fear and tremble lest our beautiful land shall become the battle-ground of these contending races. The advance of the Asiatic is a menace to American liberty and to our form of Christian civilization. Where he plants his foot he ever stands. The Chinese, once passing his wall of exclusiveness, never goes backward. He colonizes as he advances. The Chinaman in California is the reconnoissance. He invades the continent as the waters of our rivers invade the rescued tule lands; he does not hurst the levees by violence, and overrun the fields with torrents; he percolates. Silently, noiselessly, but steadily, he trickles through all our avenues of industry. The labor he attacks he monopolizes. His virtues are his terror. His industry, his economy, his law-abiding instincts, his fatalistic submission to the inevitable, his enduring patience, overcome and beat us. His one sole, governing, all-absorbing aim of life is simply to live; and against it there is nothing—not Asiatic—that can survive. Nothing but the sharply incisive action of the Federal authority will resist this inflowing stream of Asian life, and we despair of its being exercised. Commercial greed; the hesotted sentiment of pious ignorance; the indifference of those in Eastern States, who will never anticipate danger till its skeleton crouches at their own hearthstones; the cowardice of political parties; the mercenary subservience of the press; the shameful ignorance of the pulpit; and the indifference of the masses of the American people, make us despair of the only remedy till its enforcement will lead to conflict. The Chinese will not cease coming to San Francisco. The Chinese will not be driven out of Mott Street. There is not wealth, nor genius, nor lawful authority enough in the great, splendid city of New York to ever remove the Asian from his chosen domicile in the heart of its metropolis.

Another thing—looking to the preservation of our republican form of government—we would do, viz: repeal all existing naturalization laws, and by one sweeping enactment declare that no man should be an elector unless he was born upon the soil, unless he was white, twenty-one years of age, was sufficiently intelligent to read understandingly the laws of the country, paid some tax or performed some service for his country, and had never become (unless by sickness or calamity) a pauper upon its charity, or been convicted of willful breach of its penal laws. To this law there should be no other exception than by the National Congress for some distinguished and eminent national service. To accomplish this result we appeal to the native-born American to rescue our land and our government from this Asian and European invasion. We appeal to his patriotism, and to his love of family, of liberty, and of his native land. To the intelligent foreigner who has become domiciled among us, and who has been clothed with the elective franchise, we appeal to his gratitude, his sense of right, his self-interest. We say to him—that which he must know better than we can know—that the country of his birth is sending to us its criminals, its paupers, its idle, and its adventurers in dangerous numbers. Immigration has taken a new impulse. By the thousands every month, aggregating hundreds of thousands in the year, this foreign invasion is pouring in upon us. It crowds our cities, and already some of the more prominent of American cities are subjected to the political control of this un-American multitude. Let this invasion go on unchecked; let this alien mob be clothed with the privilege of the elective franchise, and our form of government, our social organization, and our property are imperiled. It threatens violence, anarchy, and misrule, which, within the coming generations, will be as injurious to you, and your children, and your interests, as to us and ours of native birth. We appeal to the intelligent only of foreign birth. Your interests are our interests; your destiny is with us. This land, ours by birth, is yours by choice and adoption. We must begin at some time to draw this political line. You are fortunate; you are citizens. Let us, then, work together. You may have some friends and countrymen yet to arrive. Forget them and

their interests in remembering your own and your children's. Unless we can agree upon these modified laws in reference to European immigration and naturalization, neither you nor we can, with any propriety, ask for restrictive laws against the Chinese. To the low, ignorant, and vicious foreigner; to the meaner and more contemptible native-born demagogue; to those who make of politics a profession, and place-hunting a pursuit, we make no appeal.

And so the Democracy have determined to consolidate with the Sand-lot. Issues are to be pooled. Kallloch and Kearney, Steinman and Gannon, Mrs. Smith and Jimmy O'Meara, George Pen Johnson and Colonel Fritz, Judge Wallace and Buckley, Bryant and Brady and Mannix, Governor Irwin, Lieutenant-Governor Johnson, Cactus Burch, and Clitus Barbour are all wallowing together. A happy family of bears and bulls, birds, beasts, and unclean things connubiating and communing in ante-nuptial harmony. The ward Democratic clubs have resolved that Kearney is a martyr, suffering undeserved punishment, and that the good and pious Mr. Kallloch is being persecuted by wicked Supervisors; while the gentlemen Democrats of the State Club are lying back in easy dignity, expecting the higher offices, and leaving the unwashed rabble to struggle and sweat in the arena of ward conflicts. We are more than delighted at the prospect of this coalition between all that is worst in politics and all that is left of the Democratic party. The Democratic party is bad enough and dangerous enough when it is under the discipline of organization and the direction of a responsible leadership. So we are in earnest when we say that we rejoice at a unification of its heretofore discordant elements, and shall hail the event of a reconciliation between the Democracy of the Sand-lot and the Democracy of the Pacific Club as an event to be greatly desired. We congratulate the party that it secures the accomplished and versatile Mr. Kallloch, and that the eloquence of the Metropolitan pulpit will go out in prayers for the welfare of the Democracy. We congratulate it upon the acquisition of that other Republican, Mr. Kearney. And while we realize the loss that will occur to the Republicans, in the defection of such able and effective workers, we realize that in the Republican loss there is a Democratic gain that will greatly contribute to the general welfare of the whole country. There are other Republicans that the party could well spare. We shall do all that in our power lies to see that they are spared. If we could drive out about half a hundred Republican ward loafers and ring thieves, now hanging about the party for plunder and the loot of office, we should strengthen the party for the struggle upon which it is about to enter; we should make it more fit to enter upon the contest that lies before it, and prepare it to receive those new doctrines the adoption and triumph of which involve the safety and perpetuity of our republican government. Looking back over the past political history of this city and State, we are convinced that the best interest of the people lies in the maintenance of two great and nearly equally divided and responsible political parties. There comes a time, perhaps, when, in some occasional and anomalous condition of affairs, party discipline may be relaxed, and some local question makes it desirable for other than party divisions; but, as a rule, it is clearly better that the masses of our people should divide upon party issues. It is better that the Republican party and the Democratic party should exist, and that to these organizations should belong the great, unthinking masses. The uneducated of the rank and file of parties are better off as enlisted soldiers, fighting in the ranks, submitting to party discipline, and coming under the control of leaders, than as bodies of free-lancers, roaming at will, prepared for indiscriminate political pillage, or to act as mercenaries for the party bidding highest for their support. We have seen the evil that comes from mob rule. A Constitution has been adopted for which neither party is fully responsible; we have a partial city government that belongs to nobody; a Mayor that is neither Republican nor Democratic; a Supreme Bench that owes its Chief Justice and some of its members to a law-breaking element; a Sheriff that bails offenders and seems to be in sympathy with the class that sets law at defiance; a Treasurer that keeps the money of which his supporters contribute but a small part; and an Auditor that passes upon accounts which those who voted for him do not pay. We are not quite sure that our "Dolly Varden," "Independent," "People's," "Citizens," and "Tax-payers" parties have—in the long run—contributed to the better government of our city and State. We seriously question whether it would not be better to get back to the old condition of things, namely: two nearly equally balanced political parties. Between these two organizations, holding the balance of power, is always an intelligent, independent, non-partisan vote, that makes itself felt in the councils and nominating conventions of both parties. These men may be called "Independents," "Bolters," "Scratchers," "Sore-heads," or by any epithet that partisan passion may put upon them; but, after all, they exercise a healthful influence in keeping either party up to honest work. So, we say we rejoice at the probable coalition of the Kearney-Kallloch-Sand-lot party with the Democracy. There is a large and honest rank and file in the Democratic party. It has honorable, intelligent, and patriotic leaders. And if it has capac-

ity to digest this nasty element of the slums we hope it will do so. At all events, we prefer to see the skunk in the bowels of the snake than to have it run at large.

The necessity of another and a different daily morning paper than any published in this city has been a want long felt. We have wished that it could be possible to give to our city an independent, able, and honest journal—one that should be enterprising, but truthful; racy, but not impure; newsy, but not slanderous; reliable, but not stupid; independent, but not vacillating; vigorous, but not venomous; liberal, but not licentious; conservative, but not old fogyish—one that would not pander to the Sand-lot or the grasping rich, and one that would seek to promote the material and moral welfare of this city and State—a journal whose methods should be legitimate and honorable, whose policy would be principle—that in politics would support the best man for the place, regardless of party, and the right, regardless of consequences—a journal appealing to the good sense, honor, and moral worth of the people—a paper of the highest motives, the purest moral tone, and the loftiest ambition for the accomplishment of good. The *Daily Globe* came into being, baptized with all these hopes and promises. It came from a labor strike, with which we sympathized, as we do with all honest efforts of honest labor to maintain its rights. We hoped it would be a valiant ally of good order and good society, and a bold soldier in the service of good government. We waited, hoping, till on Sunday it issued its fourth number, when it came out—as we interpret its attitude—in defense of Kallloch, in sympathy with Kearney, and in support of the principles and the objects of the Sand-lot. We have regarded Kallloch as an unprincipled demagogue, Kearney as an unprincipled agitator, and the Sand-lot as an academy of unprincipled and dangerous political adventurers. We have believed that the history and successes of this institution have been damaging to our material welfare, hurtful to our morals, and a menace to the best interests of society and government. Hence, when Kearney was imprisoned according to law, we rejoiced; when the Board of Supervisors took legal proceedings to remove Kallloch from office, we rejoiced; and when the result of this effort of law had resulted in the restoration of quiet and order, and allowed our city to start again upon its career of progress, we rejoiced. Last Saturday night an indignation meeting was called—a meeting to express indignation against the courts and judges for convicting Kearney; indignation against the Supervisors for subjecting the Mayor to a legal investigation; indignation against citizens for breathing more freely after this long nightmare of fear and terror coming from the insurrection of the Sand-lot. Out of this meeting came resolutions declaring Isaac S. Kallloch "the most upright, honorable, and best official;" denouncing the Supervisors as governed by "selfish motives," and as " nefarious plunderers;" and speeches endorsing the Sand-lot and the conduct of Kearney. Naturally we looked to the *Globe* for some editorial opinions upon this meeting. We said: "Let us see now where the new journal ranges itself." To our surprise, there was no expression in the editorial columns. And we said: "Let us look to the news column; it will reflect the sentiment that is to govern the new journal." The heading of the article declared that the meeting was "large and enthusiastic;" that the hall was "densely packed," "brilliantly lighted," "crowded with prominent politicians," "decorated with flags and banners." Through the speeches the reporter liberally sprinkled appropriate "applause," "tremendous applause," "cheers and hisses," "cheers," "hoots and groans," "cheers and laughter," "loud cries," "cheers." The speakers were styled "eminent," and the meeting was described as one of "intense enthusiasm of assembled thousands who almost idolized" our Reverend Mayor and Baptist parson. So far as we can guess, the *Daily Globe* ranges itself with the Sand-lot and the Democracy.

This is Monday morning, and if the *Daily Globe* shall define its position during the week to be other than in sympathy with riot, misrule, and disorder, we shall note and observe it. If it takes position on the side of good government we shall wish it success; if otherwise, we shall hope that business men will not support it, that intelligent men will not read it, and that over its early grave may be erected a monument bearing the inscription from the first line of the first column of its own first issue, as follows:

"DEATH, GRIM DEATH."

P. S.—Up to Friday we obtain no proof that this journal is not in sympathy with Kearney, Kallloch, and the Sand-lot. We are sorry and disappointed. We hope yet that it may embrace the opportunity of merited success, and array itself with the better side. Otherwise, it is clean, bright, and interesting. We wish it all the success it shall deserve.

We are not sufficiently advised of all the facts in the Mussel Slough business to venture upon its full discussion. It seems to us, as we now view the matter, as an inexcusable revolt of settlers against the law, not justifiable by any surrounding conditions. If we assume that the railroad authorities have been illiberal, unjust, and tyrannical; if they have committed crimes against the people of that vicinity; if Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, disguised, and in

the night-time, burned the settlers' dwellings, and in the first-born of every home, still there can be no possible defense or explanation of the fact that an armed body of mounted men resisted a United States Marshal in the execution of the final decree of a United States Court. That they did so, refused to hear him read his writ, threatened his life if he returned to Hanford, and by violence and threat of arms drove him from the performance of his duty, seems to be admitted. That seven men were killed is a sufficiently lamentable occurrence, and all kind-hearted persons will sympathize with their afflicted and sorrowing friends. But the death of seven, or seven thousand times seven, is not at all comparable to this wanton defiance of law. To bring the law into contempt is the unpardonable sin in a republican government. Unless the law is maintained, all human life is imperiled. To allow any class or community, for any cause, to set the law at defiance, is to endanger society. We reserve to ourselves the privilege of discussing this occurrence and the lesson to be drawn from it, independent of any consideration for the personal feelings or personal interests involved in it, when the facts shall have been more fully brought forth.

The ever-unreliable Associated Press dispatches telegraph us from the East, "A big boom for Field." This thunder in a pot resolves itself into an interview between Judge S. C. Hastings (who has not been East), and Alex. Mahon (of whom we never heard), and the reporter of an obscure newspaper. They say—which is absurd and untrue—that Field can carry California by ten thousand against any candidate the Republicans can name. We should be more than content to see Judge Field the Democratic candidate. We recognize his ability and his patriotism. He would make a good President; and it would be a matter of just pride to our State, for he is one of its oldest and most useful citizens. He aided in laying the foundations of our State government, and he has been a most faithful and diligent worker in building upon its foundation the present superstructure of law. To his judicial interpretation, more than to any one else, we owe our land, mining, and water laws.

A mad world, my masters! Here is a Gladstone placating his Imperial Kaisership, Franz Josef, surnamed of Hapsburg-Lothringen, Head of the Holy Romish Empire, by solemnly stating, in the face of Europe, that his recent reflections on that potentate were intended to bear a purely Pickwickian construction. And the face of Europe remains stonily grave, and there is never an indecorous quiver in the eyelid of it, hinting at any sense of the prodigiousness of the lark. For who is this Gladstone, whose ungarded speech has racked the bosom of Mother Church's eldest son? Positively a nobody—a mere mister—a plebeian—no one of whose wife's cousins, even, is known to have married an earl. To a kaiser of any delicacy of feeling it is painful to have his nose pulled publicly; but one would think it should be even more mortifying to have the ignoble fingers that did the deed twiddled before the eyes of Europe, even in a gesture of apology. The butcher's son of Ipswich who once made free with an ancestral emperor's nose had at least washed their natal stain from off his base-born hands in holy water. The Wallenstein who treated another ancestor with like indignity was a high-well-born—a fact serving as salve to the excoriated feature. But the Gladstone paw hath no strain of nobility. It even handles an axe with an aptitude hinting darkly at a professional dexterity on the part of some sufficiently remote ancestor. We trust—we trust this paralyzing thought will not occur to Franz Josef. For he is a dear old boy.

The *Punch*, just to hand, has a fascinating social picture: a party trooping to the dining-hall. One member of each couple is of vast stature and superb physical proportion, and of marked North-European physiognomy; the other member appears of the merely modern mortal size and form, with features of a Syrian cast. The text elucidating this drawing (which is of an imaginary assemblage some century or more hence), expounds the first group as the descendants of the tennis-playing female and her athletic mate of the present day; the companion group is described as of an ancient people who haste not, neither do they rest. Here is more mad world, my masters! It is only twenty-two years at this writing since the most noble, Her Majesty's House of Peers, conceded Baron Rothschild to be a fit associate for her loyal Commons. And behold now the organ of real "society"—in a mirthful spirit of prophecy, none the less instructive for all its levity of form—pictures the Baron's cousinhood walking away with the cream of society hooked under their arms. If it be true that the cream of society is an offer to the highest bidder, the prophecy is inspired by no lying spirit. Of course, this proposition is true. Of course, there never was a time in the history of human society when it was not true. And, of course, there never will be. But why should those gainful traffickers want then to invest in giants? As yet, my Lord Anak is lord of the land, and prudent purchase among his sons and daughters is not void of advantage. But in that further future the social prophet glances at, it is not altogether apparent that brawn will maintain the premium he predicates.

A ROSE-TINTED MATRIMONIAL DRAMA.

Dedicated to Unwary Young Bachelors.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE DROZ.]

Madame—"Oh, how pleasant it is to have you come home early! Not six o'clock yet. Why, how cold your hands are! Come and sit by the fire. [*She puts more coal on.*] I've been thinking about you all day long. And such dreadful weather to be out in, too. Well, and how are affairs at the office?"

Monsieur—"Oh, pretty good, my dear, pretty good. [*Aside.*] Wonder what's the matter with her? She's as smiling as a basket of chips. [*Aloud.*] I've got a famous appetite, too, I can tell you. How's baby been to-day—good?"

Madame—"Oh, splendid—as quiet as an angel. And so you're hungry, are you? I'm awful glad. [*Calling.*] Marie, tell the cook that your master wants to dine early; and Marie, tell him to be careful about you know what, and—"

Monsieur—"Aha! A mystery?"

Madame—"Yes, I have a little surprise for you, and I know you'll be delighted."

Monsieur—"Well, tell me all about it."

Madame—"Oh, this is a real, true, genuine surprise—see how your eyes glisten—you're just dying to know what it is, but I shan't tell you—there!"

Monsieur—"Oh, my dear, you will break my heart if you don't."

Madame—"There, now, she doesn't want to see him dying from curiosity—no, indeed she doesn't. Well, he shall have—he shall have—oysters on the shell!"

Monsieur—"Oysters!"

Madame—"And he shall have quail!"

Monsieur—"Quail!"

Madame—"And he shall have a bottle of that famous Lafitte with his quail, so he shall! There now—ain't I good?"

Monsieur—"Good? Why, my little wife's an angel. [*Aside.*] I wonder what the devil's the matter with her? Hum—hum—let me see. [*Aloud.*] Anybody been here to-day, my dear?"

Madame—"No, nobody. Ah, yes—Ernestine was here. She's just turned off that good-for-nothing hussy, her maid, she says."

Monsieur—"Indeed? No one else?"

Madame—"Not a soul—why yes, of course; how forgetful I am, to be sure—Madame de Lyr was here."

Monsieur—"Oho! Bless her sweet soul! Is her smile as crooked as ever?"

Madame—"You oughtn't to speak so unkindly of her, my dear; she thinks a great deal of you. She always asks after you. She came to tell me to-day that her tea-party—now I know that you're going to be angry!" [*She sits beside him, and puts her arm around his neck.*]

Monsieur—"Angry? Why, one would think from your tone that I was a Turk! Well, what about her—"

Madame—"Oh, never mind. Dinner's nearly ready, and our quail will be waiting. Besides, you're in a dreadful bad humor, I know you are. Anyway, we're not going, so—"

Monsieur [*aside, with a groan*].—"I'm not so sure of that. [*Aloud.*] May the devil fly away with her and her tea-party! What have I done to the woman that she should invite—"

Madame—"Why, she thought you'd be pleased to come. She's a dear, good soul, and I like her because she's so fond of you. She's always praising you. If you'd been within hearing when she was here to-day you'd have blushed to your ears, I know you would. [*Monsieur shrugs his shoulders.*] 'He's such a charming fellow, is your husband,' said she; 'so witty, you know. Now do try and make him come.' Of course I said I would, but I knew perfectly well you wouldn't go. Besides, I don't care to go myself. There's always such a lot of pokey old people at her house. It's true, they're very wealthy, and influential, and all that sort of thing, and might be useful acquaintances—but, pshaw, what's the use of talking about it? Let's go to dinner. Your wine, my dear, is some of that famous old Lafitte of '56 that pa left me. It will be splendid with your quail, won't it? You don't know how much pleasure I take in seeing you eat quail!—every morsel is devoured with such an uncton. I'm afraid you're getting to be an epicure, my dear. [*She takes his arm.*] But come, let us go to the dining-room."

Monsieur [*reflectively*].—"Hum—hum! And when is it?"

Madame—"When is it—when is what?"

Monsieur—"Why, the tea-party."

Madame—"The tea-par—the tea—oh, you mean the ball—yes, of course, Madame de Lyr's ball. I'd forgotten all about it. But what does it matter, since we're not going? Let's hurry, or dinner'll be cold. For this evening."

Monsieur—"What!!! The tea-party is a ball, and the ball is for this evening! Why, that's a little strong, I think. Does she expect people to go to a ball on one day's notice?"

Madame—"Oh, no—she sent the invitation a week ago. I don't know what's become of those cards—I was going to show them to you, but I forgot."

Monsieur—"Oh, you forgot!"

Madame—"Well, it's just as well. And now to dinner."

And to dinner they go. The cloth is snowy white, the cutlery glistening, the oysters excellent, and the quails—which are done to a turn—exhale a most appetizing odor. Madame is simply charming; she laughs at all of Monsieur's jokes. He gradually unbends, extends himself comfortably in his chair, and says:

"Tell you what, my love, this wine is not to be sneezed at. Shall I give you another glass?"

"Of course I want another." [*She waves her glass coquettishly.*]

Monsieur—"What's that? Oh, that's the ring I gave you. You haven't worn it for a long time. Pretty, isn't it?"

Madame—"It's just too sweet! But look—the reason I don't wear it is because it's broken."

Monsieur—"Broken?—where?" [*kissing her fingers*].

Madame—"There, now, do be serious. Don't you see it?" They put their heads together to examine the ring. Madame points to the momentous fracture. They examine it attentively.

Monsieur—"Oh, yes, that little pearl—what have you on your hair, my love? Delicious perfume. Yes, we must send it to the jeweler's. Do you know, you don't look half bad with your hair that way?"

Madame [*coquettishly*].—"Do you think so? [*She shapes her hair with a plump white hand.*] I don't know whether to believe you or not. If I were in your place, and liked the way my wife looked, I would—"

Monsieur—"What would you do?"

Madame—"I would kiss my little wife, that's what I'd do!"

[*! *!! *!!!]

Monsieur—"Well, well—we act as if we were just married, don't we? Give me the least bit of quail, please. Ah, how funny they look, the little fellows, running through the fields in autumn. And then that peculiar cry they have—a little gravy, please. It makes one feel quite poetical to think of the fields and the country, doesn't it? And just imagine—there are barbarians who eat them with cabbage! But tell me [*fills his glass*], you have no dress ready, have you?"

Madame—"Dress—ready—and for what, pray?"

Monsieur—"Why, for Madame de—"

Madame—"Oh, for the ball. What a memory you have—are you thinking of that yet? No, I have nothing ready—absolutely nothing. But stop—yes, I have—there's my tartanet; and then, you know, it's very little trouble to get up something for a ball."

Monsieur—"But the hair-dresser is not notified."

Madame—"Yes, that's true, he's not; but pshaw, I don't care for the ball. We'll go and sit by the fire and read a while, then go to bed early. Now I think of it, though, Madame de Lyr said to me to-day, as she was leaving: 'My dear, we have the same hairdresser—I'll tell him to call at your house.' Wasn't I silly?—I didn't answer her at all. But it isn't far—I'll send Marie, and tell him not to come."

Monsieur—"Oh, since that fool of a barber has been told to come, let him come; and we will go and be bo—go and amuse ourselves at Madame de Lyr's for a while. But upon one condition."

Madame—"And that is—"

Monsieur—"That I find everything ready for me—gloves, steel-pen, and all laid out on the bed, and that you tie my cravat."

Madame—"Agreed. You're a dear, good boy, so you are, and the best of husbands. I know you don't want to go, and that it's only on my account that you do."

Monsieur—"Well, I'll go off and smoke a cigar, so as not to be in your way, and at ten o'clock I'll return. You'll be all ready then, and I'll plunge into my black togs in about five minutes. By-by."

Monsieur disposes of his two hours as best he may. You can pass the evening agreeably enough when you're not bound to a certain hour for returning, but when you are—that's another affair. At five minutes to ten he returns, and finds the carriage waiting in front.

In my lady's chamber two shaded lamps shed a discreet glow over a scene of wild confusion. Mountains of muslin, ribbons, laces, skirts, underskirts, and faldals of all kinds are upon chairs, tables, and the bed. Puffs and curls and switches festoon the room. Madame's bouquet is a marvel of beauty. And yet, strange to say, though throned in the midst of all these luxuries, Madame is restless, Madame is disheveled, Madame is furious.

Monsieur [*looking at his watch*].—"Well, my dear, is your hair dressed yet?"

Madame [*with a moan*].—"He asks me if my hair is dressed! Look at me! Can't you see that I've been waiting for the hair-dresser for hours, for days, for centuries! Can't you see that I'm just raving because the wretch doesn't come?"

Monsieur—"The monster!"

Madame—"Oh, indeed! 'The monster'—that's right—make fun of me, you hateful thing—do!"

Monsieur—"But, my dear—"

The bell rings, the door opens, and Marie cries, "Madame, he comes!"

Madame—"He comes?"

Monsieur—"He comes!"

The great artist enters in haste, rolling up his sleeves as he bows.

Madame—"Silvani, this is really unbearable—"

Silvani—"Sorry, very sorry, Madame, but couldn't come sooner. Been dressing hair since three o'clock. Just left the Duchesse de W—; sent me here in her carriage. Lisette, gimme the combs, and put the irons to heat."

Madame—"But, Silvani, my maid's name is not Lisette."

Silvani—"Sorry, Madame, but if I had to remember the names of all the maids who assist me I should require six clerks instead of three. Lisette's a nice name, and does very well for all of 'em. Lisette, gimme the brushes. Ball official?"

Madame—"Never mind, Silvani—it's a ball."

Silvani—"Can't dress, hair, Madame, unless I know where it's going. [*To Monsieur, who is seated in a corner.*] Would you be good enough to move, sir? An artist must recoil a few paces now and then, in order to judge of the effect."

Monsieur—"Only too happy to oblige you, Monsieur Silvani." [*He goes to a chair.*]

Madame [*with alarm*].—"Not there, not there! You'll rumple my skirt! [*He seeks another.*] Oh, do look where you're going—you've knocked down my puffs! [*He turns around.*] Oh, what a man! Now upset some more things—do!"

Silvani—"Must beg Madame to be calm—calmness is indispensable."

Monsieur—"All right, I'll go into the sitting-room; is there a fire there, my dear?"

Madame—"What on earth makes you think there should be a fire there?"

Monsieur—"Well, in the library then?"

Madame—"Oh, he'll drive me wild! There's no fire there, either. Not too high, Silvani, and a little studied disorder, you know."

Silvani—"If Madame will not hamper my artistic soul, I will idealize her coiffure."

Monsieur—"Marie, give me my overcoat—I'll cool my heels in the hall. [*Gritting his teeth.*] Oh, I'll get even on Madame de Lyr!"

Silvani—"I will allow Madame's shell-like ear to reveal itself betwixt her raven locks. It would be a crime to conceal it. Madame has exactly the same ear as the Princesse de K—, whose hair I dressed yesterday. Lisette, prepare the powder."

At last Madame's hair is dressed. Silvani easts a final

glance of satisfied pride upon his work, salutes, and retires. In passing through the hall he collides with Monsieur, who is there engaged in a solitary promenade, enveloped in an ulster.

Silvani—"Oh, a thousand pardons! I did not have the honor to see Monsieur."

Monsieur [*from the depths of his collar*].—"G'night."

At last the slumbering coachman is aroused, for Madame is ready. She casts a hasty glance at her reflected self, smiles her ball-room smile, and proceeds to put on her gloves.

Monsieur has made a failure of his cravat, and, in his haste, has lost three buttons from divers portions of his garments. Ill humor is reflected from every portion of his countenance.

Monsieur—"Oh, come, hurry up! It's a quarter-past eleven, and the carriage is waiting. [*They descend.*] Whip up, John. Rue de la Colline de Nobbe, number two-twenty-four."

John does whip up, and in a few minutes Colline de Nobbe is reached. But there is something the matter there. Policemen are running through the crowd. In the distance is heard the rolling of whels. Monsieur thrusts his head out of the window.

Monsieur—"What's the matter, John?"

John—"It's a fire, sir. Them is the engines which is a-comin' now."

Monsieur—"Well, never mind; take us to number two-twenty-four."

John—"Nummer two-twenty-four—that's percisely where we are, sir—an' where the fire is too, I'm a-thinkin'."

A footman leaves a group of servants standing in the street, and approaches the carriage.

Footman—"Am I right in supposing that you are guests of Madame de Lyr? She is desolated, but it is impossible for her to receive this evening, her mansion being, as you see, a prey to the ravages of a destructive conflagration." [*Coughs with much dignity, and retires.*]

Madame [*with indignation*].—"Why, it's perfectly outrageous! I never heard of such a thing!"

Monsieur [*with a grin*].—"Shameful, my dear; perfectly shameful!"

Madame—"The idea of making people go to all this trouble, and then—"

Monsieur—"And then setting fire to her house! Ha, ha! John, drive home!" [*The brute retires into his collar, and laughs. Madame weeps in silence. Curtain.*]

JEROME A. HART.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

He entered the country editor's den with the air of a man of leisure, and desired to see the proprietor. That individual looked up from the leader upon which he was engaged, and remarked that he was very busy, but could talk for a few minutes.

"Well," began the visitor, rather dryly, "I just thought I'd drop in on business. You may not be aware of the fact that I have for sale the very best suspenders to be found anywhere. They have shoulder-braces attached, and are pronounced perfect by eminent professors of physical culture. They are called the 'Arizona,' and don't shed their color in the hottest weather."

"I am really very busy," responded the editor, testily, "and don't—"

"And then," broke in the suspender man, "I have a fine assortment of neckwear and cuffs. It would do you good to see them. My cuffs are all made on an improved pattern, originated by myself, and they are cheap, too; only ten cents a pair."

"I can't—"

remarked the editor, in an ecstasy of despair, when the man of business again interrupted him by remarking: "And you should just lay your eyes on my toilet soaps, in all their pristine sumptuousness. I have bear-grease soap, and turtle oil, and also a beautifier made of the tissues of nightingales. The latter is a great favorite with the ladies. On each cake is inscribed the following:

"This makes the maiden's skin snow-white,
And fills her bosom chaste with hope;
When used at morning and at night
There's nothing like Jones' Butbul Soap.
'Twill happy every damsel make
For twenty-seven cents per cake."

"Then I have shaving-soap of a high order. Have you ever heard of my snapdragon shaving-soap?"

The editor, entirely out of patience, yelled at the top of his voice:

"I don't want any brushes, hair-grease, suspenders, cuffs, ice-cream-freezers, Huxley on the cray-fish, razors, fish-hooks, pins, Shelley's poems, velocipedes, pruning-shears, or anything else. I am busy, and have no time to throw away on canvassers!"

"I am no canvasser," responded the other, turning red in the face.

"You are not?"

"No, I am not!"

"Then," continued the editor, with a dumfounded air, "why do you come in here eulogizing your wares?"

"To give you an idea, and get your views on advertising."

"Do you want to advertise?" inquired the editor, his eyes glistening like dew-glints in the morning sun.

"I do, sir."

Then the editor took his order, told him he had lots of time, showed him through the press-room, took him out to luncheon, and invited him to call at his house and be introduced to the family; after which they parted as sentimentally as an engaged couple when one is going to Europe to spend the summer.

An Oaklandese reporter gave recently a thrilling account of a cyclone, alleged to have visited that village with such violence that "it lifted several young ladies off their feet." As a cold scientific fact, the story safely may be discredited; but one truth is forthcoming: any cyclone which could be persuaded to perform such an ungallant act as disturb the average Oaklandese young lady would be certain to "lift her off her feet"—for by no methods known to the science of the modern cyclone could the average Oaklandese young lady aforesaid be lifted feet and all.

Hollyhocks have the honor of being the favorite flower of the hour.

STYRIENNE.

—o||o—

ARRANGED FROM THE "TRAUMBILDER," BY FRED. LYSTER.

The musical score for "Styrienne" is arranged for piano in 3/4 time, key of D major. It consists of seven systems of music. The notation includes treble and bass staves with various notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Pedal points are indicated by "Ped." and asterisks throughout the piece.

System 1: Treble staff has a melody starting with a quarter rest, followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings: Ped., *, Ped., *, Ped., *.

System 2: Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings: *, Ped., *.

System 3: Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings: Ped., *, Ped., *, Ped., *.

System 4: Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings: *, Ped., *, Ped., *, Ped., *.

System 5: Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings: Ped., *, Ped., *, Ped., *.

System 6: Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings: Ped., *, Ped., *, Ped., *.

System 7: Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Pedal markings: Ped., *, Ped., *, Ped., *.

Dynamic markings include *Cres.*, *f*, *Dim.*, and *p*.



I do not think there will be found a dozen persons to say that they really like Bandmann's "Hamlet." Bandmann's "Hamlet"? Yes, it has come to that. This complex young Dane, who has puzzled the generations since ever he was born in letters, is Booth's "Hamlet," or Barrett's "Hamlet," or McCullough's, or Bandmann's, or any man's, according to the manner of his interpretation. No one ever thinks of saying he is going to see Shakespeare's "Hamlet." They are rational enough, for no one yet knows Shakespeare's "Hamlet." What is there to say of the melancholy Prince that has not been said a thousand and ten thousand times? What is there left for an actor to do that has not been done? Yet there never was a tragedian who did not yearn to play "Hamlet" his own way. However bad the business, however cold the critics, however desolate the house, he will play the part with some heart in it. Can you not understand its fascination? Drop into the house on any *Hamlet* night, and give yourself for a half-hour entirely to the charm of its words. Never mind the fair "Ophelia," or the pretty pages, or the grotesque couriers, or the always petrified "Rosencrantz" and "Guildenstern." There are always a hundred things to laugh at in one night of *Hamlet*. But listen with your mind's ears. Do you not like the music of this master diction? Do you not catch a hundred phrases familiar as cradle songs, and full of pith, which you use when you are at your best and brightest, without thinking they came from? Do you not find yourself puzzling over its hidden meanings, and waiting for the actor's reading of them with half-impatience? Do you not find yourself agreeing or disagreeing with him with unexpected warmth? To be sure you do. You may say you do not like *Hamlet*; that it is tedious, solemn, dull. But it is not so. Doubtless you would rather go to see the *Pirates of Penzance*, and you would deliberately refuse to inflict yourself with another "Hamlet." But if you got into a place where there was a "Hamlet," and you entered into the spirit of the moment, you would enjoy yourself. It is like meeting an intellectual person. No one wants too much intellect for breakfast, dinner, and supper. It is like meat for babes—a diet too strong. But what a rare and absolute pleasure it is to come across some one now and then who knows something. There is no one so uncultivated, so uneducated, that he does not enjoy it. It is like a breath of pure air in a foul place; like a drink of strong old wine to the fainting one; like the dew-fall to the parched plant. It is so refreshing to be obliged to use one's brain now and again, and we have all a bit of brain somewhere, of one quality or another. Listen to the hoodlums on the street corner exchanging a tide of repartee, which, purged of its drossness and grossness, would be fine wit. They come from the inelegant contest with shining eyes and souls looking out for the instant. Any one likes to put an intellectual lance in rest who can. Nothing is more exhilarating than a tilt of mind against mind, and there is no more novel sensation, as the times go, than to be set a-thinking. That is the only charm which Bandmann's "Hamlet" has; it sets you a-thinking. Like Barry Sullivan, he is something of an elocutionary trickster, and studies new readings, not for the new meanings which they convey to him, but for that they are new readings, and will startle an audience into some manifestation of feeling. He is a dramatic agitator, too, this Bandmann, and turns things topsy-turvy with a free hand. The most extraordinary changes and combinations have been made, and I defy the most practiced theatre-goer to tell at which act of *Hamlet*, as arranged by Mr. Bandmann, he is assisting. He plays a peevish, fretful, fitful "Hamlet," strung ever at high pitch. A disagreeable, a most uncomfortable "Hamlet"; a very melodramatic "Hamlet," yet, withal, a picturesque and delightfully intelligent "Hamlet." Inconsequent as many of his ways may seem, he must have reasons, for his readings are so clear. But why will these melodramatic people play "Hamlet"? Why will they not confine themselves to the line which is so clearly marked out for them? It is a terrible thing to laugh at "Hamlet" at any time, but really it was downright funny when Bandmann asked, in the play scene, with an accent and inflection which can not be transcribed, "If she should break it, heh?" It is strange that melodramatic fervor never impresses us deeply. All "Hamlets" pose. No man ever played "Hamlet" naturally, without a certain strain, and without giving evidence of that strain. But sometimes "in the very torrent, tempest, whirlwind [as I may say] of their passion," they forget themselves, and rise to their feet, with heights of fervor. Mr. Bandmann never forgets the heights, and he always knows just

how high he is; but how thoroughly worn out the man must be after all this hysteria when he comes down for a breath of commonplace air. He is a picturesque-looking "Hamlet," with his striking face and head, and a garment or two of different cut and fashion from the orthodox, and the usual fall of soft lace on his wrists. He could not forego the lace-fall even in *Narcisse*, where the vagabond's hands looked as unused as a poet's. Ah well! after all is said and written, who knows which "Hamlet" is the right, for did not the unhappy prince himself cry, with last breath:

"O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?"

The *Pirates of Penzance* are far more easy to understand. All they ask is life,

"Without a touch of poetry in it."

Think of piracy without poetry, if you can. A blooming girl once told me, in a spasm of confidence, that she had long believed it not only possible, but probable, that she had been changed in the cradle, and I did not marvel. But when a prosperous and portly matron was once seized with a similar spasm, and confessed that the dream of her youth had been to be a pirate's bride, I realized how deeply this stratum of piratical poetry lay. If we all went about confessing all our romantic and poetical reveries, I fancy we would startle our friends somewhat. What manner of man is this Gilbert, who has brought the battery of an irresistible wit to bear upon people's most cherished weaknesses? The institutions which he attacks are for the English people, but the wit is for all peoples. Not a touch of that most odious quality, cynicism, in it. Cynics should be confined behind bars, like maniacs, idiots, and other irresponsible harm-doers. But when a man laughs with you as well as at you, it is easy to forgive him. With all due respect to Arthur Sullivan as a composer, one would more willingly lose a bar of the music than a sentence of the text. "Nonsense it is, I grant you, but a superlatively fine quality of it. The *Pirates of Penzance* is really not so keen a burlesque as *Pinafore*. The British army is not held up to light laughter in so deliciously absurd a manner as the navy was, but the *Pirates of Penzance* is as much superior—musically—to *Pinafore* as *Pinafore* to *Trial by Jury*. It has one serious drawback. How could the man have committed such a *gaucherie*—not to put it in stronger terms—as to quote from himself? Gilbert—as he himself explicitly states on a former occasion—let us dodge the fateful word this time—"knows the value of a kindly chorus." Perhaps this is why he slights his heroines, for "Josephine" has not the best music, and "Mabel" has really nothing but the pretty waltz which Miss Emelie Melville sings so brilliantly. It is hardly fair to introduce so charming a person, and then immediately obscure her. What is the matter? Is there a lack of *prima donnas* in England for this class of opera? Let Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan hear our own little fair-haired *prima donna*, and perhaps coming "Mabel's" will have something more to do; for after the waltz she has really nothing excepting a duet with "Frederic," in which she is choked off—one may almost say—by the tenor's music. Not that any one can reasonably object to Mr. Turner's music. He has a charming voice, and in this opera sings delightfully, whatever he may have done in the *Royal Middy*. But, oh! how tiresome he is when he begins to talk, and what an enormous capacity he has for forgetting his part. It is a question among people who have been to see the *Pirates*, whether they prefer a part well acted and badly sung or well sung and badly acted. To put the case in a nutshell, take your choice between Max Freeman and Turner. It is, upon the face of it, strikingly absurd to cast Max Freeman in the part of one of the most representative of Englishmen—a major-general in the British army. But, having been so cast, or mis-cast, his performance is certainly a most remarkable one. As for his introduction, it is a linguistic feat as well as a memorizing one. It is not a pretty song, and trivially unworthy of Gilbert, except as a display of polysyllabic agility. As for Max Freeman, no one will accuse him of any sweet notes, but he really did not render with an expression quite Lady Macbethian that exquisite little song of the breeze with surely the most melodious accompaniment that could be written. What an odd hodge-podge of burlesque, on music as well, is this *Pirates of Penzance*, with its choruses and glees and chants and hymns. Are you not thrilled with that solemn, beautiful invocation to Poetry, and startled—at first half shocked—by the religious chant of the police chorus? How still is the house as the major-general sings:

"Softly sighing to the river,
Comes the loving breeze!"

And how exceedingly grand-operatic is the beautiful duet in the Chapel of Ancestors. Talking of ancestors, is not this a clever hit at those who are buying pedigrees and coats of arms? As for the nursery-maid, Gilbert seems to have failed to make his point with "Buttercup," and he re-introduces that estimable person as "Ruth." It is a joke upon the many romances of changed cradles, or a hit at the mothers who leave their babies to slips of nurse-girls. Call it which you will, it is not likely that Gilbert, even from the depths of his fantastic fancy, ever conjured up anything quite like Miss Paulin's "Ruth." It has but one merit: you understand every word she says. At first, she appeared like a pretty young gypsy girl;

and next, like a pretty young gypsy with an old woman mask on her face. The text states most explicitly that she is middle-aged; but who ever saw an actress make up for middle age? Extreme youth they will attempt if they have it not; extreme old age, it may be, for old age is picturesque and striking; but downright, hard, prosaic, fat, commonplace, unbeautiful middle age—I never saw the actress yet who would try it, if she were young and slender and pretty. It is but justice to Miss Paulin—who is a talented and painstaking little actress—to say that it is not a want of effort on her part, for she certainly did her best to uglify herself after the first night. It was a pity Miss Montague had not some notes available, but the music is written so exceedingly low that even Peakes was obliged to go down for some of his most disused notes in his spirited song, "The Pirate King"—which he sang atrociously the first night, but better ever after. In point of fact, no one was in a comfortable part of the scale but the happy Corporal, who played in the purest variety style, and sang his music with a nasal intonation hitherto held sacred to the serio-comic in the concert hall. But who can tell one-half about the *Pirates* at one seeing? You get a pretty good idea that the music is something delicious, the text exquisitely and irresistibly funny, and the cast passable. But it is a performance which people get into the habit of going to see, and New Yorkers report that you do not soon weary of it. Therefore, there must be something left to see.

BETSY B.

The Undemonstrative Audience.

Why is the American audience undemonstrative? As a matter of fact, it is cold and silent to a degree unexampled in the experience of the stage. Moreover, it is only of late years—within some thirty—that it has become so. By inheritance it should be one to give instant and clamorous expression to its pleasure or its discontent. Instead of this, it rarely that its approval finds decided expression. Only when forcibly roused from its apathy does it accord applause of any heartiness. Its disapproval is exhibited only by the same cold silence that is habitual when no disapproval is meant. In giving up the fitting and proper practice of hissing, it has almost given up all other form of demonstration. The result is bad in a variety of ways. For it deprives the actor of the most effectual stimulus toward bringing out his powers, while the spectators themselves forego the exhilaration and consequent access of enjoyment which mutual demonstration begets. I think the root of this regrettable apathy is not recondite, and that it may perhaps be best discovered through a glance at some audiences who have not lost the art either of applause or condemnation. I quote an account of what an English audience was capable of no further back than the time of Ludwig Tieck, foremost of critics:

"It is only fair [says Tieck, writing of a momentous theatrical event in London] that the artist should in any case be required, however poorly, by the loudest applause directly face to face, for he is powerless to preserve, even for an instant, the product of his genius to tell to a future generation of what quality it was. * * * Such were the plaudits, the cheers, the shouts of rapture, and the tears of emotion not given to the noble veteran. The loudest outburst of applause I had ever heard, even in Italy, was feeble compared to the indescribable din which, after the curtain fell, arose on every side. There were thousands present, packed closely together, and the huge area of the house [Covent Garden] was changed as if into one vast machine, which produced a supernatural clangor and jubilation, men and women shouting, clapping, smiting the sides of the boxes might and main with fans and sticks, while, to add to the tumult, everybody was making what noise he could with his feet [when the actor came before the curtain]. What seemed impossible nevertheless took place: the clamor grew louder and louder, until the tumult of sound aroused the feeling of something awful and sublime."

True, this was a great occasion, but then it was an occasion greatly met; and it is plain that the audience contributed to bring one another to a sense of it, when the effect produced on the clear and balanced mind of Tieck, even in its attitude of critical inspection, was of "something awful and sublime." I hazard nothing in saying that no such thrilling and noble scene could now be experienced in any American theatre on any occasion whatever; and by this measure of the possibilities we have lost at a supreme moment of the stage, we are in position to infer how much we lose from its nightly aspect.

But of all audiences, the Italian appears to be at once the justest and frankest critics. Says Story, the American sculptor:

"They are severe but just critics, and express their disapprobation at false singing or inferior execution in the openest way—sometimes by loud laughter, and sometimes by remorseless hissing. Many a time have I seen them stop a bad performance by strong expressions of displeasure, such as crying out to the impresario, jerking the unfortunate actor, and at times refusing to allow him to proceed in his part. * * * When it is the play, or the opera itself, to which they object, they await the falling of the curtain in the *entr'acte*, or at the close of the piece, and then assail it with a storm of hisses and groans."

Near the time Mr. Story was writing, a Roman manager had undertaken to introduce a poodle-play from the French. Mr. Story tells of its reception:

"The story was one of seduction, drawn from a French plot, but the people would not bear it. '*E infame! E pur troppo questo! E indegno!*' was heard on all sides. Men who might, perhaps, have followed the course of the seducer in real life were indignant at its representation on the stage. They would not permit art to be dragged down into the kennels of sensual vice. * * * Whatever their life may be, art is a sanctuary, and not as in many French novels [and plays] of the present day, a neutral ground of assignation and seduction."

It is cheering to know that one people yet retains enough of gentleman-like feeling to insist that even its own wallowing shall not be made a public show. It has been said (with apparent truth) that "the devil is a gentleman": so be it; then he is needs a decorous simulacrum of one, and as such a less offensive companion than a saint who doesn't wash himself and exhales the odor of his sanctity. There are folk who

"would rather be
Genteelly damned beside a duke
Than saved in vulgar company."

It is at least equally easy to understand that there may be people who would prefer to consort with fiends who pay the debt of outward show that vice owes to virtue than with good spirits who do not know enough of what is due to their own goodness to exact the payment. So of these tainted poodle-plays. Mr. Satan forbid that any one of us should be too good for this sinful world; but personal goodness has no more to do with tolerance of these things than it has to do with tolerance of foul linen. In either case, it is not likely to beget either a moral pestilence or a physical plague. Perhaps it is a mere matter of taste. There are parts of Europe where, only the other day, lovely serene highnesses fed peas to themselves on the blade of a knife. There are other parts where now it is no impeachment of a man's breeding to wear a stale shirt. We are not to think the worse of a Frenchman because he may run after his poodle-drama. It proves only that he is a—Frenchman, and the fibre of his mind, in one particular direction, has been infected and relaxed by his literature. But any foreigner to France, with his different texture of mind, who shall go to publicly paddling in the same "kennel"—and I lay the whole stress on its publicity—is a hog.

But in the enthusiasm begotten of the vision of that Roman audience crying "*E infame!*" and choking off one of these low exhibitions at the outset, we have drifted away from the point meant to be illustrated, viz., the right use of hisses in keeping the stage in order. That the hiss may be abused, even by Italians, we are reminded by another American observer:

"They assembled by hundreds and by thousands in the great theatre of San Carlo to do—what? Why simply to make fun of an old woman—to deride, to hiss, to jeer at an actress they once worshipped, whose beauty is faded now and whose voice has lost its former richness. They said the theatre would be crammed because Fuzzolini was going to sing. * * * And every time the woman sang they hissed and laughed, and as soon as she left the stage they called her on again with applause. Once or twice she was encored five or six times in succession, and received with hisses when she appeared, and discharged with hisses and laughter when she had finished. * * * The singer would have conquered an audience of American rowdies by her brave, unflinching tranquillity. * * * Think what a multitude of small souls were crowded into that theatre last night. If the manager could have filled his theatre with Neapolitan souls alone without the bodies, he couldn't have cleared less than ninety millions of dollars."

Such, at least, is Mark Twain's estimate, though he doubtless meant the figures to be understood as only approximate. But the above scene suggests, I think, the steps by which the hiss, at least, as a means of demonstration, has disappeared from the American theatre. The audiences were unwilling to hiss women; and it would soon come to be felt that to make a distinction between the actor and the actress was not only unfair, but must defeat all the ends in view—for silence would be justly read as approval of an actress whom there might be every desire to condemn. And I do not doubt that consideration for the feelings of actors contributed, just as it now impels the critic who prints, to say nothing when he can say nothing good. Thus our audiences have come to lose the means of expressing disapproval, whether of actor or play. The hiss could not be revived among us for use against the actor, but it is sorely to be regretted that it should not be available on the fall of the curtain to mark disapproval of the play. A hearty round of groans and vernacular outcries might have availed to sweep many a piece of garbage back to its swill-barrel.

With disuse of the habit of hissing, however, that of applauding would also naturally decline; that is, the whole attitude of the audience toward the performance would tend to become undemonstrative; and this might, in time, verge upon indifference in the face of really fine art, if not of absolute insensibility to it. The two things are nearly related in the spectator. But to the actor—that is, to the art itself—such indifference is murder and sudden death. It can not survive long in so nipping and withering an atmosphere. I believe that much of the hesitancy in yielding frank and cordial applause is due to uncertainty on the part of the audience as to whether applause is really due—for the proportion of *habitués* in a contemporary American audience is small. Few theatres possess a group of steady nightly patrons at all corresponding with the dandies of the Omnibus box, who for many years gave the cue to a London pit—and seem to have given it with real insight as well as independence and fairness. I do not doubt we should be willing to follow any competent leadership that could be recognized, and once more impart something of animation and spirit to the "amusements" at which we now assist like wooden images. But since we can not command this form of help, the managers might at least furnish an intelligently led *claque*. If only they are set off in the right places at the right times—and not as now, at the wrong times, when it is hopelessly useless to give a hand—something might be accomplished. In time, a good and useful habit could be re-established. It can not be set about too soon, for we have got to that pass that, four nights out of five, the theatre is about as exhilarating a place to visit as a chapel in the catacombs.

INTAGLIOS.

To the Dark and in the Dew.

In the dark and the dew
I am smiling back at you;
But you can not see the smile,
And you're thinking all the while
How I turn my face from you.

In the dark, in the dew;
All my love goes out to you;
Flutters like a bird in pain,
Dies and comes to life again;
While you whisper, "Sweetest, hark!
Some one's sighing in the dark—"
Never guessing 'tis for you,
In the dark, in the dew!

In the dark, in the dew;
All my heart cries out to you,
As I cast it at your feet,
Sweet, indeed, but not too sweet;
Wondering, will you hear it beat?
Beat for you and bleed for you,
In the dark and in the dew.—Anon.

Drinking Song.

Pshaw! ye fools that talk of pleasure
Sitting by your goblets bright,
He must be a sage can measure
Wine's ineffable delight.

'Neath it, phantasy e'en changeth
Till it like a garden shows,
Wherein breath divine still rangeth,
Wherein living beauty grows.

At our feet, lo! flow'rets gazing;
And above the evening star;
These so near their wee heads raising,
That so dazling from afar!

Endless joy to us is given,
All the air resounds with mirth,
Ours ev'ry star in heaven,
Ours ev'ry flower on earth.

—Von Bodenstedt.

The Touch of Grace.

Like morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That in their furrows, dark with night,
Her hands may sow the seeds of light—
Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before,
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stayed to hear the song.
So sleeps the soul till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.—Thomas Moore.

When the Grass Shall Cover Me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing;
Close above me, as you pass,
You will say: "How kind she was!"
You will say: "How true she was!"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore for anything;
You will find, in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous—
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah! beloved, in my sorrow,
Very patient, I can wait;
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morn;
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was!"
When the grass grows over me!

—Ina D. Coolbrith.

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ment (No. 41) of Fifty Cents (50) per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,
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the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco,
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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain
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quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless
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A CLOSE SHAVE.

The cold gray dawn was breaking, and the streaks of daylight, which crept in through the chinks and crevices of the rough, ill-fitted doors and windows in the primitive log hut, already began to overpower the glimmer of the one candle, which, from its socket in the neck of an empty and tallow-dripped black-bottle, had struggled to illuminate the gloom. It flickered, sputtered, blazed up, sank lower, and went out, and as if to celebrate the victory of day the sun sent its first golden beams through a wide crack in the wall, straight across the haggard face of the resurrected man. The hardy miners, who stood or leaned in picturesque attitudes half-hidden in the gloom of the cabin, looked with glad and eager eyes on their companion, who had come through death to share again their hard work, rough living, few rewards.

"I tell you, boys, it was a close shave!" and he drew a long breath, as he raised up in his bunk, and threw off the worn gray blanket which covered him. "The first warning of the danger was the shout from Tom there: 'Run for your life! She's caving!' I dropped my pick, and started, but the warning had come too late. The first giving way was at the mouth of the drift, and the weight of earth kept falling toward me. I could hear the timbers creaking, cracking, splitting like straws under the weight upon them, and I drew back away from the coming pressure. I felt the space growing smaller, and crouched low, almost imagining I could keep below the terrible crushing weight, and yet knowing that in an instant it would be upon me. The uprights trembled, then crashed, and I fell. I don't know how long I lay there, for I must have been stunned by the fall, or else I fainted from fear. Presently I woke and tried to move, but could not. I was pinned fast by the great timbers, which had fallen in such a way as to shield my head and body, while holding me immovable. I opened my eyes, and was confronted by a darkness so intense it could be felt. My first thoughts were as to the chances of escape from this frightful burial. I knew the law of humanity that holds in all camps of 'every one to the rescue of a miner in distress,' and I knew that in less than an hour every one of the two hundred men in the diggings would be taking his turn at the work of digging for me. I reckoned the time it would take them—twenty-five feet from the surface, about the same distance from the shaft, working in either direction through the coarse gravel—I thought they could reach me in ten hours. I could do nothing but wait. I strained my ears for a sound to break this terrible stillness, and in my eagerness I almost fancied I could hear the click of picks and shovels in the efforts to unearth me. But, boys, there was a new horror not one of you thought of in your most dreadful imaginings of my situation. While I lay there, counting the beats of my heart like you do the ticking of a clock in the dark, I felt myself growing cold. First my back, then it crept up my sides, then my arms, over my hands, higher, higher, colder, closer, what could it be? My God! The pumps had stopped, and the water was rising in the shaft. Higher, nearer it crawled, like the stealthy approach of some intangible monster. I could feel it like an added weight on my breast. Higher it crawled till it touched my chin, over my chin, it reached my lips. I screamed aloud in my agony. To be saved from the crushing of the earth upon me only to die by a more torturing and terrible means—to die alone here in the earth in cold and darkness. It was horrible. But the terrible fate came creeping, relentless in its very stillness and slowness. It came over my mouth, up my lips to my nostrils. Like a flash came the pictures of my life. They were hard, rough sketches, most of them; hardships and trials had made up my life almost since I left my mother's knee; but there was brightness enough in the darkest of the pictured days to draw me back like a cable to life. I clung to life, as I felt it slipping away; but death stared me in the face, and I could do nothing but die bravely here alone in the gloom.

"I said a last prayer, brief but fervent. I thought of you all, my good old friends, and knew there would be many a moist eye among you when, in the darkness, the light of your gleaming lanterns would flash on my dead white face. I closed my eyes to shut out the horrible gloom; and the water in its pitiless cruelty crept on over my nostrils, and I was gone. But sensation did not die. Could I believe it?—the water was going down; lower, lower, below my chin—sinking, sinking. Was I dreaming, or was this only a newer torture of drowning? No, it was not an illusion. I felt the chill leave me. The pumps had started again. Hope sprang like a ray of starlight into my brain. It was only a temporary stoppage after all, and I began again to speculate upon the strokes of willing hands that were working for me on either side. I could hear the dull grating and thud of the iron coming faintly to me through the gravel I had myself dug through in the search for gold. But again I felt that rising chill. The pumps had stopped again. It was useless to hope. This time death was surely here. It rose higher; slowly but surely, almost insensibly, it crept over my breast, over my chin, my lips, my nostrils. I died again and again. I woke to find myself still pinioned in this crumbling vault, and again heard the nearing blows of your steady work above me. I shouted to you, vainly imagining I could hurry you on. I dreaded, with a shivering fear, the rising again of this stealthy, creeping, crawling monster which stood ready to devour me; but your coming would be too late. It came again. Six times I died there, alone in the darkness and gloom—died with the sounds of salvation ringing in my ears, with succor only a few feet away—died alone and helpless. When I woke, here in my cabin, and saw the old familiar faces bending over me, the same warm light glimmering through the window, I thought my spirit had come back to my living baunts. But it is real—it is myself. Ah, boys, it was a close shave!" BUTTERCUP.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21, 1880.

The New York paragraphers are happy over the story of a young girl in Bellevue Hospital who goes into convulsions whenever she hears music. Strangely enough—though there may be method in their denseness—they fail to ascribe her malady to its proper cause. The girl is not confused by the music, but by its lack. New York has no music. Let them send the young girl here, if they want her cured. We will talk to her.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

Two Women.

The shadows lay along Broadway,
"Twas near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she, but viewlessly
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace claimed the street beneath her feet,
And honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now, walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed away.

—N. P. Willis.

Magdalen.

If any woman of us all,
If any woman of the street,
Before the Lord should pause and fall,
And with her long hair wipe His feet—

He whom with yearning hearts we love,
"And fain would see with human eyes
Around our living pathway move,
And underneath our daily skies—

The Maker of the heavens and earth,
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
With whom the universe had birth,
But breathing of our breath, one breath—

If any woman of the street
Should kneel, and with the lifted mesh
Of her long tresses wipe His feet,
And with her kisses kiss His flesh—

How round that woman would we throng,
How willingly would clasp her hands,
Fresh from that touch divine, and long
To gather up the twice-blessed strands!

How eagerly with her would change
Our idle innocence, nor heed
Her shameful memories and strange,
Could we but also claim that deed.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

After the Burial.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.
And, when over breakers to leeward
The shattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest
With its grip on the base of the world.

But after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow—
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the depths of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt—

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last.

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin, worn locket,
With its anguish of deathless hair.

Immortal? I feel it and know it—
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret:
Immortal—away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in its race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-strown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect—
Your morals most dearly true;
But since the earth clashed on her coffin
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will—I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,
That jar of the earth, that shock
When the plowshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit? Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

And that little shoe in the corner—
So worn, and wrinkled, and brown—
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

—James Russell Lowell.

FASHIONABLE FACTS AND FANCIES.

The prettiest use for Languedoc lace is making it into bonnet ties, for which it is exceedingly well adapted, being less easily spoiled than illusion and airier than Duchess, Spanish, or Breton lace. A satin-braid bonnet, with a garniture of daisies and Languedoc ties worked elaborately, and having some point-lace stitches in the larger flowers, eclipsed everything else at one of the openings last week.

Madame Récamier's method of dressing the hair is said to be coming in in France. Why not? With the narrow, short-waisted gowns, the hair may well be drawn to the top of the head and allowed to fall in tight curls, but how hideous everybody who has a short nose is going to look with the Récamier curls dropping over the eyes and the ribbon crossing the front of the head above them! But then girls with short noses have no rights. This is the day of classic faces.

Some of the new laces appear to have been dipped in coffee.

A new costume for the sea-shore is the *bain de mer*, or sea-bath dresses. These are intended to be worn as the first toilet after a morning sea-bath, but are sufficiently elaborate for any occasion not full dress. In reality, they are only a mass of white albatross and figured momie cloth, pervaded by dainty little ruffles and plaitings. There are parasols with gay-winged butterflies to match.

How to manage hairpins is told by a fashion writer: "Stick all your hairpins downward; then you will not be annoyed by their falling out by the way, neither will your friends be worried by mental calculations as to how long it will be before a hairpin falls when it hangs out of your head more than half its length."

Madame Lin-lu-jou, the wife of the Chinese minister in Berlin, has given her first entertainment. Everybody went, expecting to see something new and original; but there was nothing unlike the soirées usually given in court circles, with the exception of the one peculiarity that the hostess was unable to converse in any European language with her guests.

It cost the Countess of Potocki \$25,108 for dress, and \$17,000 for linen during eighteen months. The Count protests, and the case is in court.

Will some one willing to betray the peculiarities of the sex explain why a woman's watch never goes? Of course, one reason is that it is never wound up, but *why* it is not is what puzzles. Most watches, nowadays, are stem-winders, so the always-lost key is no longer an excuse.

In London, the latest society craze is for ladies to have hammocks, that can be slung between folding doors, or from one heavy piece of furniture to another. The fashion was introduced last year in lawn-tennis grounds and gardens, and found to be so delightful that, when winter came in, ladies decided to have their hammocks and down pillows brought indoors. The photographers' windows show the beauties taking their ease in hammocks. Lady Lonsdale has her hammock; so has Mrs. Langtry and all the rest of the society ladies.

Who would not be married in Baltimore, to have the wedding described by the newspapers in this Wegg-like style: "All things were auspicious for an event so replete with happiness. Blue skies were overhead, and a bright, genial sunshine cast its rays over field and forest. The fragrance of flowers filled the ambient air, and the most musical of birds caroled their sweetest roundelays. Within the church the skilled organist evoked from that king of instruments its most melodious strains." Ah!

"It's positively indecent to dress for dinner," according to Mrs. Beauchamp Brown, heroine of the latest "No Name" novel.

One by one the new spring bonnets creep out of their boxes, just as the tulips and hyacinths are pushing out of the dark earth; and it is good to watch them come, timid as they are. A noticeable difference is already made in the appearance of large assemblages by their gay presence. At the theatres, the past week, they have divided attention with the acting, and no doubt have been silently blessed for no longer obstructing the stage. Fashion is truly obliging for once, but no one knows how long the little-bonnet mood will last.

Strings or *brides* of bonnets worn at weddings must be fastened by a jewel of some kind. Diamonds are preferred, but small brooches in the form of a daisy, a clover-leaf, a serpent, or a lizard, composed of colored stones, are tolerated!

Little vases for the button-hole bouquets placed beside dinner-plates have their stems opened so as to leave a circular space in which the napkin can be inserted.

Long gloves have bands of silver and gold braid inserted in the wrists instead of the lace, and the effect is prettier than that of bracelets.

The latest ornament for a drawing-room or boudoir in Paris is a pair of love-birds. The birds, however, are a mere excuse for the cage, which is really a piece of bric-à-brac worthy of a place among costly bibelots and knickknacks of a Demidoff collection. It is made of ivory or tortoise shell, and stands on a plush table, surrounded by rare exotics. The nonsensical little inmates eat and drink out of Sèvres cups and Bohemian crystal, and live a life of reckless luxury undreamt of by miserable republican canaries in their vulgar brass cages in America.

Parasols are a serious item of expense this season. Forty-five dollars will purchase quite a decent affair of olive satin covered with flowers, wrought in gold threads and their natural colored flosses. The old style of ring has been revived apparently for the sole purpose of adding to the cost, turquoises, Rhine stones, and other glittering things being used to decorate it and the handles. Bunches of poppies and field flowers, or a few brown cat-tails, are often embroidered on one panel, while on the opposite side a bird on the wing or a gorgeous butterfly keeps up the pastoral illusion. If these artistic devices should be once taken out walking in city streets, their owners will stamp themselves shoddy to the last degree.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the second day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 22) of seventy-five (75) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth (6th) day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of May, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JNO CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 10) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of May, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the ninth (9th) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
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The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 22, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

DOCTOR CRAFT'S MISTAKE.

A Romantic Chapter from the Social Annals of San Fulano.

Should the Happy Valley ever exist, save in the mind of the visionary, it would lie in the peaceful precincts of San Fulano de Tal. Near one of the old historic missions—built by soul-weary men, surfeited with the pomps and vanities of the old world, taking sanctuary in the priesthood, finding, in the primitive life of this then unknown El Dorado, novelty and purpose, the hamlet lies, in its sweet, sequestered loneliness—a living, a barely living, monument to the poetic temperament of the old fathers. Its serenity is sublime; its silence is full of peace. The ruined walls of its old church have an air, not so much of demolition as of arrested completion. Often an incredulous traveler, unversed in California history, happening upon the village (for we who love the place are chary of sounding its praises for tourists' behalf)—often this unbelieving traveler questions what caprice left the church unfinished, and smiles derisively at the "Terremoto, señor!" uttered with quaint rising inflection and expressive shrug. Standing under the time-worn porch that looks seaward away, one can let fancy wander at will, back into the days when these old rooms were the rendezvous of hidalgos—priests from Arragon and Castile, when these crumbling walls stood stanchly up in the sunlight, and these deserted corridors swarmed with native proselytes. One can almost fancy that the broken walls of the broken church spring again into shapeliness and grace; one can almost hear the drone of litany and the chant of requiem; sandaled feet pass along the echoing floors, dark faces gather in the shadowy corners. The ghosts of time and place glide into the heart and wait, silently, yet eloquently, within its threshold.

Late one autumn afternoon, the mail stage from Los Angeles, that daily clattered through the little town, scarcely awakening an echo from those terraced brown hills, deposited a passenger at the door of Dick Follen—stalwart, sleepy-eyed Dick Follen! Stranded here by the lawless tide of time, vested with half a score of Government appointments of minor importance, and clothed in more than a little brief authority, dealing justice, most strongly tempered with mercy, among his languid subjects.

This new-comer was an anomaly in the indolent solitude of the spot. Not obtrusively brisk, yet her step, her carriage, her whole air, gave the impression of a person of keen perceptive observation—wide-eyed, alert, complaisant, and complacent. The tile-covered porch of Dick's old gabled adobe caught her fancy, for the tangle of passion-vines that curtained it from the narrow street. Her eyes seized upon the million motes of golden dust flung after the retreating stage by the prodigal alchemist, Sunlight; then her gaze wandered to the surrounding hills, where glistening sheep-walks, touched by the lowering sun, had the semblance of tiny water-courses, leaping down those barren slopes.

"And this way the water comes down at Lodore!" quoted Miss Fleming, knocking lightly at the open door. No one responded. A man within was thrown back in a great, easy rocker, asleep or musing; the smoke curled up from a cigarette in his slender fingers. His position was the perfection of easy, boyish grace. Miss Fleming's beautiful eyes took in every detail of the room. The mellow tints in Dick's massive furniture, brought out by the exquisite light; the picturesque curve of a tasseled, swaying hammock; the happy abandon of the occupant. He sprang up sharply when her reluctant fingers tapped once more, loudly.

"The young 'Romeo'!"—Miss Fleming made inward comment; but, as he came nearer, those level eyes, with comprehensive glance, took in every white gleam in the heavy masses of straight, black hair, every line limned in that clear-cut, dark face.

He seemed to recognize, even then, under the quiet repression of her manner, the critical vigilance which characterized this girl, and which was one strong element in a character possessed of that great capacity for intense enjoyment, which, with its complement of sharpest suffering, is the lot of a rare few. Noting this ever so vaguely, it discomposed him; he had the consciousness of being ill at ease. His replies were more or less unsatisfactory, and it was a relief to both when Dick came in, to find Dr. Craft entertaining the new teacher after a somewhat dismal fashion. Dick himself received her with all the heartiness of his own genial manner; and this self-possessed young woman, who vainly tried to reconcile Dr. Craft's white-lined hair and boyish figure, found herself battling with an undignified temptation to answer with an outright smile every kindly look of this soft-voiced giant.

Anticipating her coming, Dick, in his capacity as "District Clerk," had secured for Miss Fleming the only available accommodations for an unmarried woman; this was tolerably near to his friendly bachelor quarters, and thither the three adjourned.

The hosts were simple, unsophisticated folk, unversed in worldly views, and long used to receiving, deferentially, Dick's suggestions. They made no comment when, after the early tea, he proposed that Miss Fleming should accompany him and Dr. Craft back to "the adobe" for the evening. The girl herself looked sharply up at this unusual proposition; she saw in Dick's face only a matter-of-course unconviction; in his companion's, a little amused curiosity. Her tact made instant decision against prudishness. Her assent se-

cured an evening of unmarred enjoyment—the initial one of many.

To these two men, dwelling on the outermost rim of civilization, long remote from cultured women or from any intellectual society save their own, Miss Fleming proved a charming companion. There was a vigor in her thoughts, an incisive directness in her accurate language, a picturesqueness of diction, that was refreshing, stimulating, after the languid atmosphere of San Fulano. She was hardly the typical Californian girl; she had gone into the philosophy of life too deeply for that. But the dramatic, the picturesque, the grim, the droll, of this anomalous State—all these elements Miss Fleming realized and appreciated to their utmost; and, by some process of absorption or reflection, she showed the same traits vividly in the quaint piquancy of her own nature. Perhaps her most distinctive feature was the critical faculty; next to that, her acute consciousness.

For all the intimacy into which they grew, Dr. Craft hardly knew if he liked Miss Fleming; he sometimes said to himself, or even to Dick, that she was the most singular woman he had ever known. Her originality struck him only as peculiar. Yet there was a wonderful congeniality between them—a fullness of understanding that would have subjected both to discomfort in the civilized world, since it would have excited comment, conjecture, innuendo, and satire, more or less delicate. An observer would have been puzzled to define the nature of Miss Fleming's feelings toward the two men. If her sympathy made any distinction between them, it might have leaned toward Dr. Craft; perhaps because he was the younger—perhaps because his nervous temperament met a responsive element in her own carefully-disciplined emotions. She used sometimes to wish she might have known these men out in the world, where they would have met on terms of not quite such good fellowship. Knowing just how much of their innermost life she would thus have missed, she yet regretted the charm that unfamiliarity would have given to herself. That keen consciousness of hers, that knew so well the attraction of something withheld, understood how this daily incoming and outgoing with themselves detracted from the mystery with which man loves to invest woman.

And she was right, at least so far as regarded the younger man. Had he met her under the ordinary conditions of society, he would have felt the power of that strong, brave nature. Here, she was simply in keeping with the landscape. Her unconventionality was as much a part of the whole as were the dry, brown foothills, or the peculiar architecture of the San Fulano buildings. While the two were dimly conscious of some such feeling as this, Dick recognized, with an odd compound feeling of sorrow and elation, Craft's tendency to idealize the remote at the expense of the near. If their diversions and excursions cost him loneliness and some vexation of spirit, his multifarious offices and busy life excused the seeming neglect; if Dr. Craft sometimes monopolized Miss Fleming even at home, Dick justified his friend by the parity of age between them. If the serpent jealousy ever trailed his fiendish folds into the garden of Dick's thoughts, he found no welcome in that generous ground.

One day shrewd Dick tossed over to Miss Fleming, swinging in the hammock, their dainty drab volume of Bret Harte's poems. It was turned down at the first page of "Miss Blanche Says."

"That is Craft's nature to a dot; tell it to him." And Miss Fleming read the lines marked:

"One-half you poets, you can't deny;
Don't know the Muse if you chance to meet her;
But sit in your attics, and mope and sigh
For a *faineante* goddess to drop from the sky,
When flesh and blood may be standing by,
Quite at your service, should you but greet her."

Dr. Craft sprang up, pushing back his chair with one of his quick, impulsive movements.

"Ah, yes! that is my character, depicted with photographic exactness—almost! Wouldn't you better have handed her the Cyclopaedia, open at 'Niobe'?"

Miss Fleming looked up at him with a vague, disappointed pain in her face—the look she always wore when this man seemed to miss a fine shade of meaning, or showed an unworthy feeling, or lack of feeling. He had missed entirely Dick's meaning, she thought.

By and by, with a whirl of light wheels, he was back at the door, calling her, in his cheery, glad-hearted way, to come for a drive. Through all these past, pleasant months, nothing in their uneventful lives had been more pleasant than these frequent, long, aimless drives. Many a wild day, when the fierce southeaster smote the shore, had Miss Fleming donned her storm-coat, and gone away with Dr. Craft to the bleak beach, to watch the cold, angry waves that hurled at them challenging masses of foam, and hissed defiance to the shingle under foot. The foot-hills around San Fulano have echoed from memory the voices of these two. Every cañon, every wind-swept mesa, every plain across which the tumbleweed went bounding like a sensate creature, had caught and heard their tones. Every foot of this ground was steeped in the romance of those old native families, whose names yet live among us. Dr. Craft had taken care that Miss Fleming knew all this traditional lore, and many a day had she thrilled to the romance of a hillock that had been an *hacienda*, or a heap of rubbish marking the site of some old landmark. But no expedition had been more pleasant than this of to-day. Only one thing marred its perfection; an inci-

dent so slight that it would have passed unheeded by a nature less sensitive than her own. They were passing slowly across a tiny *barranca*, that led down from a neighboring cañon; a narrow stream of water slid along, fringed by scattering tules and wild celery. Further up the *arroyo* the melancholy notes of a piping quail throbbed on the air.

"The hills were brown, and the skies were blue."

A stray butterfly, beguiled by the water-plants into untimely appearance, flitted by the road. Dr. Craft cut at the fluttering creature with his whip.

"Oh, shame! how can you?—think of Psyche—don't you know—'Psyche, my soul'?"

"You know *Utalume*?"

"What did I quote from?" she retorted, a little sharply, stung by his apparent ignorance.

For all answer, he quoted slowly, musically, the first stanza of that weird poem. At any other time this sign of sympathy would have given her a keen delight; now, with the memory of his wanton cruelty upon her, she could hardly smile. But by and by she broke the silence that had fallen between them, and when they drove up to the old adobe not a trace of pain or misunderstanding lay upon their faces.

Dick looked down kindly as he lifted out the girl. "You must hurry through tea," he said; "the Padre wants us to come over. Some of those old fellows have a saint's-day, and we shall miss the music unless we hasten."

Dick could never forget the rapt look on Miss Fleming's face when they stopped at the door of the Padre's house. The long seaward corridor still held a faint light. The Padre was ringing the *Angelus*. A moment before, there had been a gay chatter within. They could fancy how, just over the way, in the little town, men were doffing their hats at the sound. Wool-flecked *trascuiladores*, among their trampling horses, *rancheros* in to purchase a scanty store of supplies, the brawlers yonder in the reeking *cantina*—were they not *Cristianos* all? When the chime was ended, a chorus of feminine voices within the house took up the *Ave Santissima*, whose last faint echoes died away as the three entered. The Padre's bare, shabby room was filled to overflowing with dusky *paisanas*, complacent in holiday attire and the importance of the occasion. For the most part dark, obese, unlovely—it is surprising how soon these women fade, and how coarse they become, losing utterly the frequent loveliness of their youth.

The Padre came forward to meet his guests; hilarity shone on his unctuous countenance. Untidiness in appearance, gnarled in person, a pipe of vile odor in mouth, a rusty old stock about his neck, a shuffling gait, a thick voice—this was the Padre. He took Dr. Craft's arm with an assured, confidential air.

"Ah, my Doctor! Come hither with me, good friend. I would have you see my little niece. She is making to me a little visit from San Luis. So this way, my Doctor."

In Miss Fleming's favorite nook, a deep embrasure of the old-fashioned windows, sat a beautiful Spanish girl, dowered with a tender, dreamy fairness that sometimes glorifies these women when young. The soft outlines of her face were colored like a Velasquez picture, and her eyes had the placid, serene satisfaction of a deer—or a cow, or any other ruminant. She raised those splendid, long-lashed orbs as the young man approached; it might have been mere curiosity, it might have been the expectancy of any female creature at the approach of a possible mate. But whatever qualities, physical or otherwise, it may have had, that future, sidelong glance had for Dr. Craft a strange, seductive sweetness. It dissipated all his fine theories of women in general, and this race in particular. Rapt, intense, he sat gazing into that dreamy face, drinking in the splendid languor of those great eyes, caressing those shell-like ears with the gentlest Spanish phrases his unused lips could frame. In that hour the man lived a lifetime of passion; not only that of the present, for in intervals of his own speech—while the air grew thick and heavy, while apoplectic forms shook with mirth and shrill voices grew vociferous, while the Padre chuckled, and Dick wondered, first uneasily and then admiringly, how Miss Fleming would bear this contact, while his honest face flushed with reverence when broad jest and coarse allusion seemed as unintelligible to her as if uttered in Sanscrit, instead of the Spanish she knew like her own tongue—through it all, Dr. Craft sat making a swift review of his life in its various emotional phases, comparing all other experiences with this delicious sensation that was thrilling him with its might, measuring all other women by this magnificent creature at his side.

"What a different being from Miss Fleming," he thought, almost exultingly. "One all mind, all nerves, the type of woman whose intellect feeds upon and consumes her body and her soul; the other a goddess, with powers perfectly balanced—formed to woo, to worship. One is a problem, the other is a poem."

He looked across, pityingly, at the fine head and clear-cut face outlined against the dark wood of the Padre's staircase. Pityingly! It had come to that. The memory of their close communion, their perfect understanding, their tacit faith, swept away by the sensuous spell of a woman's look!

When he reluctantly followed his departing companions, Dr. Craft mused his way over to the adobe, and loitered about the shadowy room, while Miss Fleming gathered up some of her belongings left there. In their desultory talk, Dick made some chance remark about the

Spanish women. Then Dr. Craft turned about, his great Gypsy eyes lustrous with pride and passion.

"They are so charming, these Spanish girls, in their young, tender beauty. They are the embodiment of romance and grace; so different from our American women. See, for instance, the contrast between you and Chonita here. It extends to the most minute details. Did you notice how that girl held her hands? Instead of clasping them, or folding them, or taking hold of something, as you—as any other American woman—would do, she holds them so!"

He dropped his own slim, delicately-moulded hands lightly upon his lap.

"I don't know why so slight a thing should make the difference, but it does."

"It is the sense of repose that relaxation suggests," said Miss Fleming, slowly, softly; "the clasp implies effort."

Dick fancied there was a tone of subdued pain in her voice.

"Of course you are right," said Dr. Craft, magnanimously. "That is characteristic of the Spanish women," she went on; "they take life so physically well. There is a joy in mere existence for them. They are exempt from the requirements of mind and soul, as your pretty friend shows."

He turned upon her, almost with a snarl:

"You are harsh, unwomanly! I don't know why you should say that about Chonita. If you think I should have stayed by you and Dick over there—"

If ever cold amazement and calm scorn pointed a voice, they did Miss Fleming's then.

"You mistake if you think me actuated by motives like that. I am quite above all petty spites—and jealousies. I spoke in a general way, as the result of my observations. Good-night!"

She was gone, almost too swiftly for Dick to follow. Dr. Craft stood still.

In the days that ensued, Miss Fleming had cause to be grateful for the isolation of the place. If no sharper pain possessed her, wounded pride must have suffered at the total neglect shown her by Dr. Craft, who seemed hardly to breathe away from Chonita Ramirez. Daily, hourly he was with the supple siren, driving about with her as he had driven with Miss Fleming, wandering with her among the hoary olive-groves of the valley, haunting the old church and corridors like some slight, dark spirit. No one interfered with them; the Padre doubtless had reasons of his own, and Miss Fleming and Dick thought "*Noblesse oblige*." But to Miss Fleming the knowledge of whispered wonder and sneering sympathy would have been torture in a land where watchers might have gazed and gossiped. Here in the sequestered valley there was no one to notice—only Dick, who was even unwontedly gentle with the girl in these trying days.

One day he walked up to the school-house on trusteeal business. Returning, with Miss Fleming, they heard, as they passed the Padre's, a tenor voice, full, tender, lingering over

"Nita, Juanita, ask thy soul if we must part!"

Dick looked at his companion. Was it the heat that had paled her steady color to pitiful pallor?

"You are looking ill," he said, with non-characteristic clumsiness.

"Yes; it is for want of open-air exercise. I miss my drives."

He was amazed at her directness. What other woman would have been so candid? But Miss Fleming was unlike other women. "And there is not another buggy to be had about the ranch," Dick muttered.

His companion looked up with a half smile of pained surprise. "Do you suppose I would have spoken so, if there had been?"

Yet, as she left him, she took Dick's hand, and, with a sudden movement, laid her cheek upon it for a moment. It touched Dick sorely. She was so little accustomed to any show of feeling, so absolutely free from coquettish kittenry, that he knew well what that rare, impulsive caress meant.

* * * * *

An old *paisano* lay dying in a *jacal* around the point. *Baile* and *rodeo* of youthful days had drained the force from that feeble frame, equally with years. But this wreck of vitality clung to life tenaciously, and begged that the American doctor might see him. A fierce south-easter was scourging the day; to spare Don the struggle with its might, Dr. Craft took the short cut on foot. Coming back around the point, his foot slipped on the spray-wet rocks, and he fell, catching desperately at a ledge in the descent. For a few seconds—eternities, they seemed—he hung there by those slim, white hands. Then a Mexican, following along the narrow path, sprang forward with an oath of dismay at the sight, and, with strong, muscular grasp, reached over and drew the boyish figure back to safety.

Craft stood looking over the whitened water with a strange, startled gaze. "Have you yet the fear?" asked his rescuer, in a tone between compassion and contempt. Dr. Craft shook his head, absently. No, he was not afraid. That slender form held great reserve force of courage and endurance. But during the brief space while he had hung suspended by those slim, white fingers over the gulf of death, there had come to him a revelation. Under the tonic suffering of that few minutes, the passionate absorption, the mad infatuation of the past few weeks, died out of his brain like the delirium of departed fever. He was astounded that that parting moment brought no wild regret or longing for the woman who had held him bondsman. Instead, a strong, despairing yearning to see the mobile face, to hear the restrained voice, to touch the steady hand of—Miss Fleming! The recollection of her vivacity, her frankness, her intense consciousness, came upon him like the memory of the dead and lost.

Then set in the reaction. He started with his old, elastic step for San Fulano, somewhat decomposing his Mexican friend by the energetic pace. Meteoric conditions, the state of the roads, and various little matters, augmented his constitutional repugnance to such exertion. Moreover, he had misgivings as to the sanity of this extraordinary doctor. He cast about for some subject which should interest and delay his protégé.

"I go to San Fulano for a little visit. It is a busy place, this *hacienda*, and a little of life there tires me. But Chonita, there—Chonita could live there always. But that the house is so silent without her—sad. You know, it may be, how a few friends when she whom one affections is away?"

Coming in the man's manner caught Craft's attention.

Not the name Chonita—oddly enough, that had no connection, no association for him now. But he dimly divined some sort of effort on his dusky friend's part, and was also vaguely conscious that he owed the man some attention.

"Your wife—the Chonita?"

"Yes—but no! Always the same, see you—but not my wife by the church. I am sorry, for the child's sake. But when the wool is light, and hire is little, we shearers have few dollars. And Chonita wished rather for a scarlet shawl, and to go to Santa Margarita for the ball of *cascarones*; and when a woman wills, what can a man do? For the child, I hoped the Padre might show us favor. But no—he would have the whole fee, although he is my Chonita's uncle—the Padre."

If this mortifying disclosure affected Dr. Craft at all, it only increased his desire to reach Miss Fleming. Strong in this latest intensity of purpose, he bore away, up the valley, until the Mexican, hailing a boon companion, was leaving him. Then he put a broad gold piece into the man's hand. "Not from me to you, understand," he said, as the swart face flushed angrily; "but to fee the Padre—for the child's sake. For us—why, we two are *compadres* from now—no?"

In the porch where the passion-vines writhed and clambered, Dick stood, looking up the road, his crisp, bronze hair blown almost straight in the strong southeaster. Unabashed by the stern light in those regretful eyes, Dr. Craft began without prologue or preface:

"Where is Miss Fleming, Dick? It must be after school-hours."

"If you had not been otherwise occupied than with her or her affairs, you would know that Miss Fleming's school closed three days ago."

"Closed! Then where is she?"

"Yonder."

Dick's shapely index-finger pointed up the road. Haloed with a cloud of yellow dust, something was rolling clumsily up the crest of the *loma*. It was the daily stage, departing.

Disappointment, with discomfiture, darkened Dr. Craft's expressive face.

Then Dick said—a new light, or shadow, falling on his troubled face: "Did she ever tell you—did you ever learn her address?"

"Dick—never!"

Y. H. ADDIS.

LOS ANGELES, May, 1880.

The oboe resembles a clarinet very much as a rake resembles a hoe; all the difference is at one end. The voice of the oboe is very much like that of a man trying to whistle with his head under water. The orchestral composers use the oboe, on account of its simple, honest quality, to express a countryman going into a bank and asking the banker to lend him two hundred dollars until Tilden is elected. In Jacobini's beautiful creation, "Sounds from the Kitchen," you will remember the oboes are used to convey the remarks that pass between the cook and the grocer's boy, who had just brought home two gallons of golden syrup in a one-gallon kerosene can, and vice versa. The candid astonishment of the cook infuses the soul of the listener, while the efforts of the grocer's boy to explain away the apparent discrepancy between the quantity of syrup and the size of the can is beautifully and touchingly conveyed. The bassoon is made of wood, and the complete instrument is probably worth eight dollars a cord. It looks like a pump log, and is played by blowing into a silver stem that winds into the side of the tube. When the bassoon is not in use in the orchestra it can be utilized as a clothes-prop. It has two distinct qualities of tone. In the upper and lower register it has a voice like a cow that has fallen into a pit, and in the middle register it sounds like a man with the croup shouting "fire" from a fourth-story window. It is much used by composers for mournful, distracted effects; and in the opera of *La Sonnambula* it is employed as the interpreter of a man calling down a dark alley for his lost dog. When the average man listens to the ravishing bassoon solo in the slow movement in the concerto for piano and orchestra, it insensibly makes him think of a tall woman, with her head tied up in an apron and her mouth full of clothespins, trying to hang up a fourteen-foot sheet in a gale of wind. The flute is too familiar to require any detailed description. In the hands of the young man living in the next block its expressive, wailing notes are vaguely suggestive of a dog trying to crawl through a fence that is too close for him, assisted by another dog of greater weight and more irritable temperament. The double bass is the largest of the violin tribe. It is also the worst. The man who plays it is usually fat, and always bald.

It is rather hard that every physical ill the journalist is heir to should be ascribed to that awful appetite which culminates in delirium tremens. Yet the belief in the ineradicable weakness of journalists—as a class—is imbedded in the popular skull beyond the reach of an ordinary pickaxe. "Fore George 'is false! The London *World* has a curious illustration of this in the story of a young fellow who went originally to India as tutor to a native prince, and became afterward "special" to the *Civil and Military Gazette*. He did very well for some time. All at once his letters ceased, and the doctor of the military hospital wrote to say that young C. was in the hospital suffering from delirium tremens. This surprised all his friends, and especially his father, an elderly clergyman, who testified in high terms as to his son's morals. The doctor afterward feared he had done the young man a wrong. Delirious he had been, it is true, but the temporary madness arose from a letter which he had received telling him that he and his brother had inherited a fortune £60,000 a year. Excitement at such news took away his appetite, and to stimulate it he took to brandy, to which he was unaccustomed. Hence the D. T.

The latest bottle pitched ashore by the sad sea waves contained the following document:

"For thirty-eight days I have floated upon the bosom of the mighty deep. My health, thank God, is good, as well as that of my children. My animals, however, make a tremendous racket. The fox tries to eat the hare, the wolves snap at the goats, and the lion looks at me with an expression not at all reassuring. I have commenced to feel uneasy. Yesterday I dispatched the raven for news. The villain has not returned. The lion licks his chops, with his eyes fixed upon me. What can be the end of it all? If I am eaten who will find this document!"

"NOAH."

HAS THE EARTH'S POPULATION INCREASED?

Among the very many questions which Henry George has thrown into new light in his most suggestive and interesting book, *Progress and Poverty*, is one upon which he only incidentally and briefly touches, yet which is full of speculative interest. The common opinion is, that the population of the world, taken as a whole, has been for a long time steadily advancing, and is now greater than ever before. This opinion is so common that it is generally accepted as a matter of fact, and never questioned; but, like a good many other popularly accepted opinions, it is probable that it is nothing like as certain as it is assumed to be. The brief marshaling of facts which Mr. George makes, as he touches it in passing, clearly opens a very interesting question, which, so far as we know, has never been raised since Hume's *Essay on the Populosity of the Northern Nations* dissipated ideas in regard to the ancient populations which, till then, had been current. But it is evident, as George says, that the tendency of recent explorations and investigations has been to reveal indications in many places of much denser populations than now exist. He says, in the course of some remarks preliminary to an examination of the Malthusian theory:

It is a fact which, as we count our increasing millions, we are apt to lose sight of—nevertheless, it is a fact—that in what we know of the world's history decadence of population is as common as increase. Whether the aggregate population of the earth is now greater than at any previous epoch, is a speculation which can only deal with guesses. Since Montesquieu—in the early part of the last century—asserted (what was then probably the prevailing impression) that the population of the earth had, since the Christian era, greatly declined, opinion has run the other way. But the tendency of recent investigation and exploration has been to give greater credit to what have been deemed the exaggerated accounts of ancient historians and travelers, and to reveal indications of denser populations and more advanced civilizations than had before been suspected, as well as of a higher antiquity in the human race. And in basing our estimates of population upon the development of trade, the advance of the arts, and the size of cities, we are apt to underrate the density of population which the intensive cultivations, characteristic of the earlier civilizations, are capable of maintaining—especially where irrigation is resorted to. As we may see from the closely cultivated districts of China and Europe, a very great population of simple habits can readily exist with very little commerce and a much lower stage of those arts in which modern progress has been most marked, and without that tendency to concentrate in cities which modern populations show.

As may be seen from the map in H. H. Bancroft's *Native Races*, the State of Vera Cruz is not one of those parts of Mexico noticeable for its antiquities. Yet Hugo Fink, of Cordova, writing to the Smithsonian Institution (Reports 1870), says there is hardly a foot in the whole State in which, by excavation, either a broken obsidian knife or a broken piece of pottery is not found; that the whole country is intersected with parallel lines of stones, intended to keep the earth from washing away in the rainy seasons, which show that even the very poorest land was put into requisition, and that it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the ancient population was at least as dense as it is at present in the most populous districts of Europe.

Be this as it may, the only continent which we can be sure now contains a larger population than ever before is Europe. But this is not true of all parts of Europe. Certainly Greece, the Mediterranean islands, and Turkey in Europe, probably Italy, and possibly Spain, have contained larger populations than now, and this may be likewise true of Northwestern and parts of Central and Eastern Europe.

America also has increased in population during the time we know of it; but this increase is not so great as is popularly supposed, some estimates giving to Peru alone at the time of the discovery a greater population than now exists on the whole continent of South America. And all the indications are that previous to the discovery the population of America had been declining. What great nations have run their course, what empires have arisen and fallen in "that new world which is the old," we can only imagine. But fragments of massive ruins yet attest a grander pre-Incan civilization; amid the tropical forests of Yucatan and Central America are the remains of great cities, forgotten ere the Spanish conquest; Mexico, as Cortez found it, showed the superimposition of barbarism upon a higher social development; while through a great part of what is now the United States are scattered mounds which prove a once relatively dense population, and here and there—as in the Lake Superior copper mines—are traces of higher arts than were known to the Indians with whom the whites came in contact.

As to Africa, there can be no question. Northern Africa can contain but a fraction of the population that it had in ancient times; the Nile valley once held an enormously greater population than now, while south of the Sahara there is nothing to show increase within historic times, and widespread depopulation was certainly caused by the slave trade.

As for Asia, which even now contains more than half the human race, though it is not much more than half as densely populated as Europe, there are indications that both India and China once contained larger populations than now, while that great breeding-ground of men, from which issued swarms which overran both countries and sent great waves of people rolling upon Europe, must have been once far more populous. But the most marked change is in Asia Minor, Syria, Babylonia, Persia, and in short that vast district which yielded to the conquering arms of Alexander. Where were once great cities and teeming populations are now squalid villages and barren wastes.

It is somewhat strange that among all the theories that have been raised, that of a fixed quantity to human life on this earth has not been broached. It would at least better accord with historical facts than that of the constant tendency of population to outrun subsistence. It is clear that population has here ebbed and there flowed; its centres have changed; new nations have arisen, and old nations declined; sparsely-settled districts have become populous, and populous districts have lost their population; but as far back as we can go without abandoning ourselves wholly to inference, there is nothing to show continuous increase, or even to clearly show an aggregate increase from time to time. The advance of the pioneers of peoples has, so far as we can discern, never been into uninhabited lands—their march has always been a battle with some other people previously in possession; behind dim empires vaguer ghosts of empire loom. That the population of the world must have had its small beginnings we confidently infer, for we know that there was a geologic era when human life could not have existed, and we can not believe that men sprang up all at once, as from the dragon teeth sowed by Cadmus; yet through long vistas, where history, tradition, and antiquities shed a light that is lost in faint glimmers, we may discern large populations. And during these long periods the principle of population has not been strong enough to fully settle the world, or even, so far as we can clearly see, to materially increase its aggregate population. Compared with its capacities to support human life, the earth as a whole is yet most sparsely populated.

"Dogs, and the Problems connected with Them," is the title of Professor Huxley's latest London lecture. We expect a copy of the great lay sermonizer's paper soon. We shall read, inwardly digest, and then forward it to our Doctor Gally. When what Huxley knows about dogs shall be supplemented by what Gally knows on the same subject, we shall know better how to treat the complex outwardness of the various social, sacerdotal, and political puppies with which our commonwealth is afflicted.

When a man in Connecticut is killed by a buzz-saw, they arrest his family, and hold them until the State chemist has examined the man's stomach in search of arsenic.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

The King of Siam has discovered an infallible cure for small-pox.

Upon learning that a child was suspected of having the disease, he caused the whole town to be burned, and everybody in it!

Two fishers were talking.

"I have found a splendid place for fish recently—a new place, where they bite like everything."

"Ah, have you? Where is it?"

"A little above Sèvres. I was there yesterday."

"What did you catch?"

"The six-forty train coming home."

Madame X. wishes to secure a new butler.

"You know how to serve the table? and especially, can you serve well?" she asked of an applicant.

"Madame may rest assured of it," he replied. "When one has been ten years a surgeon's servant in a dissecting-room, one ought to understand his business."

An honest farmer receives a visit from a dealer in live-stock, who wishes to purchase his pork-crop. After chaffering over the price, they go out to the farm-yard to inspect the animals.

On the threshold they meet the farmer's daughter—a handsome, strapping lass of nineteen, whose plumpness and color would have delighted Rubens.

"By Jove," says the admiring and gallant dealer, feeling that some compliment is demanded of him, "I say, if your pigs are anything like your daughter we will have no difficulty in making a bargain."

It is a very common inscription on tombstones—"Death alone could separate them."

An improvement upon this has been designed and introduced by a suburban artist, who has carved on a monument: "Sacred to the memory of Madame J. Leblanc and Monsieur Paul Lenoir, her son-in-law. Death alone could unite them."

Madame D—to her brother:

"Jean Baptiste, you have broken the flacon of rum."

Jean Baptiste, haughtily:

"I, madame? I was never known to do such a thing! It was the flacon of cognac!"

At the baccarat table, just as the dealer has given the cards to the players, news is brought of the death of one of the habitués. The punters look sadly over their hands, and murmur brief and broken tributes to the departed.

"Poor fellow," says the dealer, laying down his cards, "now he knows whether one ought to stand on five."

Victor Hugo never could abide Goethe. Good reason why. The great German said of *Notre Dame* that it was a nice enough story, but villainously valueless from a historical point of view.

"Goethe?" said Hugo, scornfully, when his name was mentioned once. "Goethe? Who is Goethe? What did he ever write? What does he amount to? The only thing he ever wrote that is at all passable is *The Robbers*—"

"Pardon me, master," observes one of Hugo's disciples; "but *The Robbers* is by Schiller."

"And that is Schiller's!" concluded Hugo, in triumph.

A notorious scandal-monger complained that she had bitten her tongue.

"Impossible," said a listener, "or you would be poisoned."

A certain dramatic author was seen by a friend to have a manuscript almost falling from his pocket.

"If you were not so well known, you would have had your pocket picked," said the friend.

Several ladies were talking of Madame S—, from whom her husband had just separated for a scandalous reason.

"What has become of the creature?" asked one.

"I see her every day, riding in the Bois."

"*Mon Dieu!* what effrontery!"

"She has not been devoured by shame. On the contrary, she has devoured hers."

"Heavens! what a coarse appetite!"

At the Police Court of a provincial city, an old poacher was condemned for the twentieth time. At the moment that the *gendarmes* led him away, he said to the judge, in a benevolent voice:

"Don't be disturbed, judge. You shall have your game all the same for dinner this evening."

Local item from *Le Gaulois*:

"Two martyrs of the science."

"It is yesterday that we have conducted them to the Roquette of the condemneds of that species."

"We have been a little barbarous at their behalf, because we have put them to the neck one fat chain; the throng which was following them and which composed itself of two or three bourgeois of the quarter, of four loungers, and of a little boy pastry cook, showed himself melted and prodigal of the marks of sympathy."

"One of them, a setter enough pretty—for it must well be said that these unfortunates were not others than two dogs extracted from the pound and conducted to the laboratory of the Hotel God—showed himself resigned."

"The other, at the contrary, was refusing to advance, and was protesting of all the fashions—the unhappy had divined."

"But, for example, at the door of the Hotel God, the resistance of the two prisoners became desperate; all both were protesting."

"We have seen them a few after behind the gratings. They had the head inclined, the ear low."

"Eh, well, these poor beasts made pity. Where was the Sir Bergh of the America?"

A COLUMN OF SONNETS.

Two Loves.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man, right fair;
The worse spirit a woman, color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

—Shakspeare.

Amiga.

Come! Look with me, dear love,
Where yonder hills rise blue against the sky.
Put by the cloud that makes your smile a sigh.
See! where the eagle flies so high above—
And yonder flower, that sways
And smiles; responsive to the sun's warm rays
It lives to light and sweeten human days.
Lay close your tired head upon my breast,
And let your heart, earth-weary, feel the rest
There is in these, God's ministers to life.
Forget the one who has forgotten you;
Forget the love you found so sweet and new.
Forget the past, with all its labored strife,
And seek with me the beautiful in life.

—Alice Turner.

Thought.

"O messenger, art thou the king, or I?
Thou dallest outside the palace gate
Till on thine idle armor lie the late
And heavy dews; the morn's bright, scornful eye
Reminds thee; then in subtle mockery
Thou smilest at the window, where I wait
Who bade thee ride for life. In empty state
My days go on, while false hours prophesy
Thy quick return; at last, in sad despair,
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air,
When lo! thou stand'st before me, glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet.
Ah, messenger! thy royal blood to buy
I am too poor. Thou art the king, not I."

—Helen Hunt.

Anterior Life.

Ages ago, beneath vast porticos,
By ocean sunsets dyed with many a flame,
I lived, where grand, majestic pillars rose,
Which grottoes of basalt at night became;
The billows, mirroring each passing cloud,
Mingled, in solemn and mysterious wise,
The music of their diapason loud
With the rich sunset hues that filled my eyes.
Begin with splendors of the air and waves,
Thus did I dwell amid voluptuous calms,
Tended by naked, perfume-breathing slaves,
Who fanned my forehead with refreshing palms,
Their only duty being to divine
The vague unhappiness that made me pine.

—A. E. Lancaster.

To-day.

Each creature holds an insular point in space,
But what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,
But all the multitudinous beings round,
In all the countless world, with time and place
For their conditions, down to the central base,
Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound,
Life answering life across the vast profound,
In full antiphony, by a common grace?
I think this sudden joyance which illumines
A child's mood sleeping, unawares may run
From some soul newly loosened from earth's tombs.
I think this passionate sigh, which, half begun,
I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
Of God's calm angel, standing in the sun.

—Mrs. Browning.

Beauty.

O mortals, beauteous as a dream of stone
Am I, whose bosom, where so ill ye fare,
Awakens love in poet-hearts alone,
Deathless and mute as atoms of the air.
Throned in the azure, like a sphinx unread,
My snow-heart white as down of swan I keep,
All change from immobility I dread,
And never do I laugh, and never weep.
Poets, before my attitudes supreme,
Imbued with proud and monumental grace,
Consume their days in a laborious dream,
Since I, to fascinate their docile race,
Pure mirrors show, which make all things more bright,
My wondrous eyes, filled with eternal light!

—Charles Baudelaire.

The Poet.

There was a poet once, within whose heart
The passionate pulse of the world beat at full tide;
But all his love was centred in his bride,
Yet her men knew not, for she dwelt apart
From the loud world in the sweeter world of art,
Where in the peace of love they did abide.
Yet he at times would wander from her side,
To toil for her in traffic's noisy mart.
There, seeing him a lonely man, all men
Spoke ill of him, calling him cold and proud;
(So beasts treat one that with them never herds.)
But when he came back to his bride again,
Her hands smoothed from his brow the gathered cloud;
She loved him more for all his bitter words.

—Albert Roland Haven.

To the Memory of Hawthorne.

He stood apart; but as a mountain stands—
Supreme in calm repose above the plain,
Wearing no pride of aspect, no disdain,
Though clothed with power to steep the sunny lands
In mystic shadow. At the mood's demands
He too could cloud his soul, and so remain
Withdrawn, nor sight of it could any gain
More than of foot-prints sunk in surf-washed sands.
Yet, hidden within that rare, sequestered height
Of isolation, what a new-found world
Of splendor lay! What pathless realms untrod!
What rush of passion's cataracts! What delight
Of earth-sweet flowers! What zephyrs phantom-whirled!
And over all, the fair, pure sky of God!

—Margaret J. Preston.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Winwood Reade: Doubt is the offspring of knowledge; the savage never doubts at all.

Bolingbroke: The insects we despise as they buzz around us become dangerous when they settle on ourselves and we feel their sting.

Montaigne: Conceive man accompanied with omnipotence: you throw him into an abyss; he must beg disturbance and opposition, as an alms.

Landor: Men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Michael Angelo: Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

Emerson: All human acts are satellites to the orb of nature.

Hutton: Every man has his hobby-horse, and it is no disgrace prudently to ride him.

Goethe: No one willingly concedes superiority to another so long as he can possibly deny it.

Erasmus: Smile on whom you please, but trust none that you do not know.

Luther: The better a man is, the more clearly he sees how little he is good for.

Bulwer: The littlest feeling of all is a delight in contemplating the littleness of other people. Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt.

Byron: Love has no gift so grateful as his wings.

Shakspeare: Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Milton: To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering.

Carlyle: He that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing.

Bulwer: Action is that Lethe in which alone we forget our former dreams; and the mind that, too stern not to wrestle with its emotions, seeks to conquer regret, must leave no time to look behind.

Horace: The foolish, while avoiding vice, run into the opposite extreme.

Chateaubriand: When we grow old, the horizon is not before us, but behind us.

Ballanche: One can not be false to one's own nature.

Winwood Reade: Conscience is merely an organ of the intellect, and is altered, improved, or vitiated, according to the education which it receives and the incidents which act upon it.

Emerson: Concert fires people to a certain fury of performance they can rarely reach alone.

Goethe: The times which are gone are a book with seven seals; and what you call the spirit of past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman in whose mind those ages are reflected.

Froude: The essence of true nobility is neglect of self.

Herschel: Art is the application of knowledge to a practical end.

FAG, M. P.

Madame Swetchine: Youth should be a savings bank.

J. G. Holland: Silence is vocal if we listen well.

Bulwer: The darkest of all dooms—the remorse that comes too late.

Madame Swetchine: The void left by death is sometimes greater than the place filled in life.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: Save a lost man his memory, he will need no eternal punishment besides.

Longfellow: So many feet that day by day
Still wander from the fold away.

Anon: The reasons which most potent affect a woman's conduct are, perhaps, the only ones she never puts into words.

Bulwer: Error is sometimes sweet; but there is no anguish like an error of which we feel ashamed.

Ouida: Men are faithful only to the faithless. What is true to them they can easily forsake. To be faithful is no virtue; but only women that are vile can be faithless. It is nothing what one is asked; it is what one is, what one wills, that matters.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: One finds everywhere some strain at the fibres of one's heart. A man must be healthily reconciled to actual life before a poet—at least most poets—can help it. We must learn to bear and to work before we can spare strength to dream.

Bulwer: A woman always knows when she is loved, though she often imagines she is loved when she is not.

Ouida: Who has done the wrong never pardons.

Anon: Who cares for something they can have? Who cries for the moon? It is the intermediate something—the something that lies just a hand-breadth beyond the utmost stretch of our most painfully strained arms—that we eat our hearts out longing for.

L. E. H.

Erasmus: Love, undying, solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.

Brissot: The secret of independence is to have few wants and a steady employment to satisfy them.

Kant: Act always in such a way that the ground of your conduct might form a universal law of action to the world.

Goethe: A soul has only feelers, and not eyes; it gropes, but does not see. Ah! that it could get eyes

WATER RATES AND WATER RATS.

The provision of the Constitution that provided for fixing water rates has been interpreted by the Board of Supervisors as authorizing the board to defer the matter till the first of July. In the meantime the Supervisors have not been idle, and within a few weeks it will become necessary for the board to determine upon the schedule of rates that is to govern between the Spring Valley Water Company and the people who are consumers. The Constitution says that the rates so fixed shall go into effect on the first day of July, and then provides that any board or body failing to pass the necessary ordinances or resolutions fixing water rates, where necessary, within such time, shall be subject to peremptory process to compel action at the suit of any party interested, and shall be liable to such further pains and penalties as the Legislature may prescribe. This seems very peremptory upon the board. But let us suppose that this mandate remains unheeded till the time is passed; it is not clear to us how the courts can, by *mandamus* or other process, compel the Supervisors to the performance of their duties in this respect. Let us suppose that the twelve minds, or a majority of them, can not agree upon the rates to be fixed, can not come to an understanding as to the amounts that are to be paid by different classes of consumers, and are finally unable to come to any conclusion, or to agree upon the terms of the ordinance to be passed; can the courts compel these legislators to pass an ordinance or law that does not meet their approval? Then the Constitution goes on to declare that any company collecting water rates "otherwise than so established" shall forfeit its charter and works. Certainly the company dealing in water can not be proceeded against by information or otherwise, and can not be deprived of its property or charter until the board has first done its duty and has "fixed rates." So far our Supervisors are not in accord. There is to be reported a majority and a minority report; the minority report, to be made by Mr. Stetson, is ready; the other is not. The *Bulletin* makes this the occasion of a serious and scolding editorial, because the Supervisors will not proceed, by a haphazard and sweeping reduction, to strike a blow at the Spring Valley Water Company. The *Bulletin* invokes a certain resolution, passed by a Republican nominating convention, as an inspired and infallible direction to reduce the revenues of the company twenty-five per cent.—and this without any regard to the rights of that company or its shareholders. If, by the exercise of any legislative power, it was competent for the Supervisors to regulate the price of newspapers, the cost per square of advertising, it would be regarded as a very great usurpation of power for the board, without inquiry, and by one sweeping provision, to declare that all the revenues of the "Bulletin Publishing Company" should be reduced twenty-five per cent. The wickedness of such legislation would be very apparent indeed, if the legislators should do such an act without reference to the cost of running the *Bulletin* and *Call*—the price of paper, composition, ink, machinery, and labor.

It is a serious business, this interference with private property. It is treading upon dangerous ground, this claim of privilege to seize this water company's property, costing eighteen millions of dollars, and declaring that its revenues shall be fixed at the will of a political party, or at the caprice of a journalistic enemy whose personal feelings are so thinly disguised as are those controlling the twin journals. It is a question in which all classes of society are interested. It is within the agrarian spirit and tendency of the times. If the political or journalistic demagogue may gain office or circulation by pandering to this communistic spirit, then all property is imperiled. If it shall become the settled policy of the law that a municipal governing body, in the interest of its people, without the intervention of the law or the decision of the courts, without other than an *ex parte* investigation, may reduce the revenues of the Spring Valley Water Company twenty-five per cent., then why may not the same legislation be indefinitely extended? Why may it not be made to apply to railroads, gas companies, hotels, warehouses, to those who conduct journals, to common carriers of all kinds, to any kind of business that is in any respect public in its character? Is it not the entering wedge to the most dangerous kind of legislation? We would not seem to be the advocate of the Spring Valley Water Company, nor in deed of any corporation; but the fight has come to us in this shape, and we can not avoid it. There is this difference between the right to fix fares and freights upon railroad companies and upon this water company. Railroads invoke the doctrine of eminent domain. They take private property for a public use. They become common carriers, and come under well-established laws, authorizing the government to control them in their dealings with the public. But a company that catches water on its own land, holds it on its own artificial reservoirs, and distributes it through its own pipes to those who may choose to deal with it, is doing altogether a different business, and holds another and distinct relation to the community.

The gentlemen composing the Board of Supervisors seem to feel the responsibility of their position, and under their oaths, and their sense of duty to the stockholders of the company, are unwilling to proceed except with great caution. The *Bulletin* would hound them on with a whoop, seemingly intent upon one thing—to punish the company because the *Bulletin* has a chronic quarrel with the memory of the dead Ralston, and a livelier grievance against Senator Sharon. This business is, in the principles governing it, exceedingly simple. The company is entitled to collect money enough out of this community to fairly compensate it for its expenditure—that is, to have a fair rate of interest, a fair amount for running expenses, and enough beside to keep the property in repair. To allow it less is to work its confiscation. When this amount shall be ascertained, the burden of taxation to secure this income should be equitably divided proportionate to the property and the individuals who are benefited by this water supply. This is a task somewhat difficult in detail, and requiring patient consideration. But one proposition is most clear and just—that the entire cost of water, in this city of San Francisco, should not be placed upon consumers. It is right that property should pay as well as persons. It would, we believe, be simply just that property should pay one-half, and consumers the other half.

We know of no other city in the world where the direct consumers are compelled to bear all the burden.

We shall be glad when this controversy ends. We are tired of it, and we know the readers of the *Argonaut* are tired of it. But let our readers not forget that this is their fight, a fight in the result of which they are deeply interested. This controversy, settled as we propose, will relieve each and every family in this city from payment of one-half its present water bills. Every poor family now paying three dollars will pay half the amount, and every family paying for stable, lawn, bath-tub, and the water luxuries of a more elegant home, will pay one-half. Manufacturers consuming water will have their prices reduced. And those property-owners, non-residents, and speculators, who now entirely escape water dues, will be compelled to contribute their quota. This is, in our judgment, right; and if we thought the *Bulletin* honest and conscientious, we should be surprised that it did not agree with us in this view of the water question. Under the new Constitution, the city is not entitled to free water, as the *Bulletin* well knows. And as to the covert threat contained in Tuesday's editorial, viz., the unpleasant consequences of personal liability on the part of Supervisors, it occurs to us that the peril of doing their duty, conscientiously and honestly, is not greater than it would be if they should attempt to confiscate property by hasty, ill-considered, and illegal action. Three hundred thousand dollars a year is a large amount to save the people; and it will not be a very hazardous or uncomfortable job to take that amount out of the pockets of tax-shirkers to put it into the pockets of taxpayers.

Boom.

Hark! As from the gloom
Of the darkling tomb—
Syllables of doom:
"Nary boom!"
Listens all the street,
Craning necks to greet
Reverberation sweet
Of a boom.
Dreary are the sighs,
Dim the weary eyes
Watching for the rise
Of that boom.
A moaning faint and low,
That seems to come and go
And die and swell so—
Like a boom.
Then nearer and more near,
And clearer and more clear—
Till, bursting on the ear,
'Tis the boom!
The Bull high in mid air
Now heaves the groaning Bear,
Caught short of many a share
In the boom.
With quick reverberation
Of clam'rous jubilation
And roar of exultation
Rings the Room.
Shout "Hallelujah! Glory!"
Exalt the Bull's horn gory—
Let the big drum tell the story:
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Boom!

Puck has a cartoon entitled the "Codfish Exodus to Europe." Boston has sent a codfish exodus to California. The people of Boston—that is, some of them—are fearfully and wonderfully made up. Their ways are inscrutable, and past finding out. We have no doubt the recent specimens sent us—for some days on exhibition at the Palace Hotel—were all cultured and all wealthy. We Californians, away out on the border land of civilization, cut off from association with Boston, enjoy their visits "amazin'"; and we "calculate" that when the average Boston woman, of the average Boston age, opens her mouth—if she does not drop her teeth—she drops pearls of choice information—real nuggets of wisdom. The average Boston "wimmin" are not so everlastingly "putty," and they do not dress in the most "enticin'" way; but their manners are very "takin'" and free. These Boston people are not at all hard to get acquainted with, and we are only "afeared" there "wunt" be any information left when they have gone—as they do pick it up so fast. We called at the Palace several times, expecting to see the Boston millionaires revel. But Boston people do not revel, they save. For real, prudent folks the Boston man is our "idee." For encouraging examples of economy, we commend Boston travelers as models; they do not go frolicking through the country at haphazard, seeing things, but they contract for what they are to see and to get. For instance, you can't fool a Boston party by sending them to the Geysers one route and bringing them out another, when they can save a dollar a head by going in and coming out the same road. You can't fool a Boston party going to the Yosemite by imposing the Big Trees upon them, as an extra sight to be reached by another road at an extra price. They "kim" to "Californy" to see the "Yosemity," and when they want to see the Big Trees of Calaveras or Mariposa they will "kum agin." When the Boston party visits an orange grove in Los Angeles, and wants a few fruit-laden branches cut from the tree, it is not going to pay as much for a dozen oranges as it can buy 'em for in San Francisco—not if the Boston party knows itself. And if there is anything the Boston party does know, intimately, it is itself. We are very fond of Boston tourists. We are very fond of Boston brown bread, Boston codfish, and Boston culture, and we hope the time may come when we shall be able to visit Boston and take it in. We wish San Francisco could purchase the Old South Church, and Faneuil Hall, and the Pilgrim Rock, and the big organ, and get Mr. Wendell Phillips to come out and lecture to us, and induce the Rev. Joseph Cook to come here as a permanent missionary. We have climate, and soil, and bonanzas, and big pumpkins, and tropical fruits, and Geysers, and things, but we lack culture.

The discussion by the local press as to instructions of the State Convention is altogether unnecessary. Every delegate from California to the Republican Convention at Chicago will feel himself in honor bound to give Mr. Blaine his loyal support so long as he remains before the convention.

OBSCURE INTIMATION.—M. N.—Just returned from a trip out of town. Letter received safely. Subject matter attended to next week; too late now. The address is desirable, but not at all necessary.

THE INNER MAN.

A bride of a few weeks' duration went to market the other day, and seeing some large goldfish swimming about in a glass globe, was struck with the idea of having them for dinner. "I'd like those fishes, if you haven't any smelts," she said mildly to the man, and when told they were not to eat, but for pets, she declared it was a shame, for they would have looked so nice on her Nankin blue china!

ALICE CAREY'S ADVICE.

My lads, who sit at breakfast
With foreheads in a frown,
Because the chop is under-done,
And the fritter over-brown,
Just leave your dainty mincing,
And take, to mend your fare,
A slice of golden sunshine
And a cup of morning air.
And when you have eaten and drunken,
If you want a little fun,
Throw by your jackets of broadcloth
And take an up-hill run.
And what with one and the other
You will be so strong and gay,
That work will be only a pleasure
Through all the rest of the day.
And when it is time for supper,
Your bread and milk will be
As sweet as a comb of honey.
Will you try my recipe?

Considered merely as a romantic trifle, *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* is incomparable. Its descriptive passages are unsurpassed—in quality—by anything in either *The Princess of Thule* or *McLeod of Dare*. Its bits of character analysis are so keenly discriminative, yet so deftly veiled in *persiflage*—half sentimental, half satiric—that the spell of the inconsequent story-telling grows on one with repeated readings. Certainly nothing else in the book is more delightful than the various little suppers, by which the reader's fancy is led captive through half a score of the charmingest chapters in all English fiction. Herewith we reproduce a speaking fragment:

When the lieutenant came back from the fire, he stood regarding with some curiosity the mighty dish of ham and eggs that had come in for our supper. That was a very comfortable and enjoyable repast. A very liberal and honest appetite seemed to prevail; and there was a tolerable attack made on the ample display of ham and eggs. As for the beer that our lieutenant drank, it is not fair to tell stories. He said it was good beer to begin with. Then he thought it was excellent beer. At length he said he had not tasted better since he left London.

It is of course impossible to isolate from its context any passage like the one just quoted without marring the vivid coloring of its creative form. Ham and eggs is manifestly not patrician, and yet—. If you have not read the story, do so.

HOW TO MAKE CLAM SOUP.

First catch your clams. Along the ebbing edges
Of saline coves you'll find the precious wedges,
With backs up, lurking in the sandy bottom—
Pull in your iron rake, and lo! you've got 'em!
Take thirty large ones; put a basin under;
Cleave with a knife their stony jaws asunder.
Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor;
Bring to a boil (and, by the way, the quicker
It boils the better, if you'd do it cutely).
Now add the clams, chopped up and minced minutely;
Allow a longer boil of just three minutes;
And, while it hubbles, quickly stir within its
Tumultuous depths, where still the mollusks mutter,
Four tablespoons of flour and four of butter;
A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion,
And clams need salting, although horn of ocean.
Remove from fire—if much boiled they will suffer;
You'll find that India-rubber isn't tougher.
After 'tis off, add three fresh eggs, well beaten;
Stir once more, and 'tis ready to be eaten.
Fruit of the wave! O dainty and delicious!
Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Apicius!
Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus,
Or titillate the palate of Silenus!

Regarded from a gastronomic point of view, it appears that there is nothing particularly desirable in dining with the queen, although it is a privilege much coveted by ambitious men. A distinguished divine, who occasionally preaches at Windsor, and dines and sleeps there afterward, said the other day that the dinner was a remarkably unsatisfactory affair to a hungry man. It is not considered etiquette to continue eating of any particular course after the queen has partaken of it to her satisfaction, and as her majesty eats very little the courses are hurried over. After dinner there is hardly time to take even one glass of wine before coffee is brought in. The queen does not put her cup on the table, but sips a little as the servant holds it on the salver. Then her majesty rises, and, of course, the guests all rise and stand back from the table. The queen then makes the round of the room, stopping to talk for a few minutes to any one of the guests whom she may delight to honor, and then goes out, leaving the guests to amuse themselves as they like for the evening.

CXXVIX.—Sunday, May 23.—Bill of Fare for Eight Persons.

Clam Soup.
Chicken Salad.
Fried Sheep's Trotters. Potatoes.
Baked Tomatoes. Asparagus.
Roast Veal.
Vegetable Salad.
Lemon Water Ice, Fancy Cakes, Cherries, and Oranges.

TO MAKE LEMON WATER ICE.—Four lemons, one-half pound of sugar, one and one-half pint of boiling water. Grate the rind from the lemon into a bowl, squeeze upon this the juice, add to this the sugar, and pour over all the boiling water, stirring until thoroughly mixed. Allow the preparation to stand until quite cold, strain through a hair sieve, put into a freezer, and freeze until very hard; then pack the freezer in fresh ice to keep its contents from melting. Serve immediately from the freezer. Water ices should be tasted before being frozen, in order that more sugar may be added if not sweet enough. Care must be taken to use lemons without bitterness in the skins.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The Development of a New Bard.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I do not think you are altogether just to yourself or "our own poets" in withholding from the products of their muse the benefit of all editorial revision or embellishment. It would cost you nothing to intersperse a few plums amid the batter—and then consider the value to your own columns. I will give from your last issue some illustrations of what I mean—adapting my selections from those cruder forms in which they flowed off the poets' pens.

TO LANTHE JANE.

Alone I stand; on either hand
A street runs up and down,
And one doth lead by dewy mead
To Alameda town.

For she is in that Eden fair—
Around her roses blooming.
Ah, will she hate—or will she wait
Till stocks once more are booming?

I think that has a local flavor—do not you? Sort of redolent of the soil, as it were—suggestive to Eastern critics of that Pacific breeziness they seem to like. Another:

LOOKING BLACK.

When on life's ocean borne away
From Saucelito's painted mead,
We care not there to longer stay—
We never did care much, indeed.

When Faith's assessments have been paid,
Hope, poor flutterer, drooping low,
Of Charity now asks the aid,
One modest quencher to bestow.

Do you begin to catch the idea? See how this poetry may be made to appeal to the most torpid imagination! Again:

BOOBY AND I.

Aces a pair were the pictures I picked up
Under the mellowing skylight on high;
Three little queens were the cards that I dealt him;
Carefully playing were Booby and I.

Aces a pair I can draw when I'm careful—
Draw, and give Booby his innocent queen;
Raking the pot, I light out on my mustang,
For I am the terror from San Jo-a-quín.

I have adapted the location of that concluding line expressly to captivate the Eastern critic. I think he will be charmed with the whole effort—its largeness, freedom, and abandon. But let me fly an original flight—something strong in local allusion. I have done you a little idyl here which I call

THE BUZZARD OF SHEEPWASH MEADOW—A PICTURE OF THE SIERRA.

Loud roared the coyote across the wild plain,
Loud brattled the thunder and beat the sharp rain;
Quick scudded the rattlesnake through the down-pour,
The Jack-rabbit pulsed—chattering sore.

Then rose the king buzzard, and boomed in his pride;
He whetted his talons, his pinions spread wide;
He swooped on that Jack-rabbit—swallowed him down;
Then grappled the rattlesnake, ring-streaked with brown.

"Ha, whoop!" shrieked the tyrant of cañon and gorge.
"This worm in my talons I'll murder—by George!"
And, battling the storm, the fierce despot uprose—
All limply the serpent trailed down from his tocs.

But biding his time, as they mounted on high,
The poisonous insect strikes deep in his eye;
The venom infects his heart's life-blood yet warm.
"Ah, me," sighs the buzzard, "he's done me a harm!"

The storm passes off on the wings of the wind—
A stark and cold buzzard it leaveth behind.
The Monarch of Sheepwash lies stretched on the lea—
For monarchs don't thrive in the land of the free.

The kinglings of Europe may profit by he,
And learn what ripe-snorling old rattlesnakes we.

I don't say anything; but if an Ode is really wanted for any national occasion, I shall be at the old address, Cell No. 5. S. S. G.

Conventional Kissing.

This is a subject against which the satire of modern authors—generally of the male element—is continually directed. We seldom pick up a novel without meeting with some such passage as this—"Good-bye, dearest, do come and see me soon"—kissing her with effusion. Then, as soon as the door has shut behind her—Horrid, disagreeable creature! What people one does have to call upon!" And is it not more truth than satire? Do we not call formally on people, kiss them when we meet and when we part, and the very least we can say is that we are perfectly indifferent to them? Perhaps we despise them—we may possibly hate them—but in ordinary cases we care so little for them that, were we to read of their death in to-morrow's paper, we should not feel particularly grieved. Nevertheless, this mode of salutation has grown to be as common as—and, indeed, has almost entirely superseded—the old-time hand-shake. Certainly nothing could be more hypocritical. People kiss us whom we know have not an atom more of warm feeling for us than we have for them; whom we are well aware say disagreeable things about us, and criticise our peculiarities the moment our backs are turned. And yet we tolerate it! It is demoralizing to human nature. It makes us unable to discriminate between falseness and reality. It gives to society an air of hypocrisy and deceit. If any formal mode of salutation be necessary, the general re-introduction of the old-fashioned hand-shake would restore honesty to the world. But, if even that were rendered obsolete, it would not be much loss.

The old French adage is good, however: "Give your hand to an acquaintance, your cheek to your friend, and keep your lips for your lover." Were we allowed to salute people on the cheek it would not be so bad; but we are seldom presented with that substitute. Our numerous dear friends prefer to keep the powder where they have taken so much pains to put it. They are too considerate to imagine that it would becomingly adorn our lips when transferred thither. It is inconsiderate for people to fly at visitors and salute them in this manner. It disarranges their crimps, and discomposes the "dignified calling expression" which has been adjusted with so much care. I strongly suspect that this kissing at formal calls was introduced by some awful lady who was averse to soiling her light gloves. Moreover, it is decidedly comical to witness this conventional kissing. Two women fly at each other, and give one another a little peck, more often than not bestowing it upon the empty air. This duty over, they sit down and mentally criticise each other's clothes, head-dress, artificialities, etc. After ten or fifteen minutes' conversation, they peck each other again, and one departs to repeat the performance elsewhere. There are other gushingly disposed individuals, on the contrary, who take you into their arms, and give you such a hug that you wildly wish yourself away, and that kissing in any form had never been invented.

What does it amount to, after all? What good does it do any one? In fact, aside from its insincerity, it is decidedly nauseating. Imagine a lady who has just given a "tea" being the recipient of a couple of hundred of kisses upon her next reception day. Horrors! Let no one further talk about "teas" being cheap. It is dreadfully insipid as well. I can imagine that in kissing one's gentlemen friends there might be some spice—that is, until the novelty had worn off. Upon being reduced to a conventionality, however, it would soon become as uninteresting a performance—as both sides—as the other. No one need exclaim, in virtuous horror, there is just as much sense in the one as in the other. If we meant no more in kissing the members of the opposite sex than we do in kissing our own, the impropriety would not be great. In fact, I

should think that in bidding an affectionate and mechanical adieu to the female portion of a large party of both sexes, nothing would be more natural than to "go it blind" among the opposite element. The change from the one form to the other is as meaningless as it is sudden.

Persons who are decidedly averse to formal kissing are more apt to carry it to extremes than those who are not. They have so worked up their minds to the highest pitch of endurance that they insist, as a matter of course, upon kissing every one who comes within their reach. To such an extent do some people—generally, gushing school-girls—carry the business that we see them kissing each other on the streets, or in the stores before the clerks. Nothing could be in worse taste, and it ought to be prohibited by law. There are others who have made such a habit of it, that I actually believe it has become necessary to their very existence to keep up an osculatory fire from morning till night. I have seen people, who in reality cared nothing for each other, keep up the performance at intervals during an entire evening. If they did but know how ridiculous it looks to non-participants, they would be apt to fly into the opposite extreme.

I think some girls have an idea that it is tantalizing to a man to see them kiss half a dozen friends of their own sex promiscuously. But I will venture to say that they are mistaken. It is not only apt to provoke ridicule, but, if I were in the man's place, I should care very little about kissing a girl who had made the subject so merely a matter of form that she would hardly be able to discriminate between one kind of kissing and another. If we followed the ancient, original idea, we would only kiss those friends of whom we are really fond—and then not too often. A little goes a great way; too much is apt to pall and render us indifferent. For even kissing one's relations has grown to be but a matter of form. We salute them morning and evening, as in duty bound, and so accustomed do we become to the performance that half the time we are hardly aware of what we are doing. If we omit the ceremony we are accused of indifference, whereas in all probability it has been so short a period since we have seen the offended party that we have really forgotten that the time has again come round.

However, it is all very well to salute our friends affectionately; but we devoutly hope that some day this absurd fashion of conventional kissing will die a natural death. Both dignity and the appearance of honesty, at least, would then be restored to society. FAG, M. P.

The Unreasonable Ant.

From Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad."

Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my opinion of him. It seems to me that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a strangely overrated bird. During many summers now I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. I refer to the ordinary ant, of course; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves, and dispute about religion. Those particular ants may be all that the naturalist paints them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest-working creature in the world—when anybody is looking—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No; he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away; no matter, he can't find it. He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkward place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No; he must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple; when he gets up there he finds that that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual, in a new direction. At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down. Meantime, he has been over all the ground for two yards around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zig-zag country, and by and by stumbles on his same booty again. He does not remember to have ever seen it before; he looks around to see which is not the way home, grabs his bundle, and starts. He goes through the same adventures he had before; finally stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper leg is a very noble acquisition, and inquires where he got it. Evidently the proprietor does not remember exactly where he did get it, but thinks he got it "around here somewhere." Evidently the friend contracts to help him freight it home. Then, with a judgment peculiarly antic (pun not intentional), they take hold of opposite ends of that grasshopper leg and begin to tug with all their might in opposite directions. Presently they take a rest, and confer together. They decide that something is wrong, they can't make out what. Then they go at it again, just as before. Same result. Mutual recriminations follow. Evidently each accuses the other of being an obstructionist. They warm up, and the dispute ends in a fight. They lock themselves together and chew each other's jaws for a while; then they roll and tumble on the ground till one loses a horn or a leg and has to haul off for repairs. They make up and go to work again in the same old insane way, but the crippled ant is at a disadvantage; tug as he may, the other one drags off the booty and him at the end of it. Instead of giving up, he hangs on and gets his shins bruised against every obstruction that comes in the way. By and by, when that grasshopper leg has been dragged all over the same old ground once more, it is finally dumped at about the spot where it originally lay. The two perspiring ants inspect it thoughtfully, and decide that dried grasshopper legs are a poor sort of property after all; and then each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valueless enough to make an ant want to own it.

ALL ABOUT THE WOMEN.

"No woman ever yet achieved a reputation for beauty without more or less deserving it."

Business before pleasure, as the man remarked when he kissed his wife before going to the club.

Having asked his girl for a kiss, as a tonic, she replied that there was such a thing as being too tonic.

The world is the book of women. A disreputable old bachelor says this may be so, but some women don't read it.

A queer old hen declined an invitation to a gander party recently, for the reason that the ganders did not belong to her set.

The passion for antiquities is on the increase, but old ladies are not appreciated more highly than ever. Neither are mothers-in-law.

A woman, in choosing a lover, considers a good deal more how the man will be regarded by other women than whether she loves him herself.

A young lady named Sheep changed her name to Lamb before she had been in Michigan thirty-six hours. She went west in quest of youth.

A Wisconsin girl broke off her engagement because her lover had no romance. She wanted to be married on stilts, and he wouldn't agree.

New York has a "Female Bible Society." Female Bibles may possess some advantage over the old Bible, but we doubt it. Sex in the Scriptures is all wrong.

It is said that women live on love. Small-salaried young men will be interested to learn the love referred to is for baked beans, beef soup, onions, and new spring hats.

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried five floundering frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

One reason why Leadville has no schools is because all the school-ma'ams who go there find husbands between the depot and the hotels, and don't care a cent whether school keeps or not.

An Ohio woman, before drowning herself in a shallow trough, strapped her head down in the water for fear that her courage might fail her when she began to smother. A sensible woman.

When a boy falls and peels the skin off his nose, the first thing he does is to get up and yell. When a girl tumbles and hurts herself badly, the first thing she does is to get up and look at her dress.

An old girl, editing an agricultural newspaper in the West, writes: "Mixed husbandry is what we need." She also says with extreme unction, "There will be no clubs in the next world." No? Well, we'll make it next.

Curiosity thy name is woman, vengeance thy name is woman, and several other things. Perhaps, after all, woman is everything, and we never thoroughly learn anything until she teaches it to us by her intensity.

A Western girl writes that she hates engagement rings, "as they prevent a girl's receiving any attention from other gentlemen." Nonsense! Makes her all the more attractive. Half the fun is getting a girl away from some other fellow.

"Mother," said a seven-year-old son of an energetic mother, as he watched her vigorous manipulation of a kitchen utensil "you ought not to go to heaven." "Why not, my son?" "Because you would wear out your harp before eternity was half over."

If he puts his arms around her like a bear and stops her breath when he kisses her, they are not married, but are likely to be. If he puts his hands on her shoulders, leans forward a little, snatches the prize and falls back, they have been married two weeks. If he comes up with his hands in his pockets, looks out of the window, says "Well, good-bye," gives her a tasteless smack, and rushes off, they have been married two years and life is a desert.

A St. Louis young lady says she knows perhaps one hundred young men in round numbers; of these she knows about thirty intimately, and of these thirty there are not more than four whom she would consent to marry for either love or money on the spur of the moment. This young lady has not, however, made any statement to the effect that out of the one hundred young men—including the famed four—there is not one who would marry her for love or money on either the spur of the moment or the jab of a thousand years.

Girls, do you flirt at the matinees! Of course not; but maybe some of your friends do. There is a little story which you can read to these giddy fair ones. It is told by Catharine Cole in the New Orleans Times:

I went with Miss X. to the Varieties matinee. During the last act I noticed that the giddy girl frequently turned her head toward one side of the theatre. At length I quietly let my eyes follow the path made by my companion's, and saw a fellow to whose gaze she was thoughtlessly responding. Dear, honest, old Tom, who never seemed more honest than he did then, came in to take us home, and sat down beside her. Presently, in that delightfully innocent manner we women know so well how to assume, I leaned over and asked Tom "who was that gentleman?" Tom cast his eyes, further, smiled, and replied: "That gentleman, old lady, is my barbers." Of course, Tom teased me all the way home about my "gentleman," but, la! bless me, I didn't mind. Dear! you should have seen Miss X. color up when the fellow was.

THE RANGER'S REVENGE;

Or, The Awfully Awful Way He Socked It to a Sioux Savage.

CHAPTER I.

As the party swept out of the cañon to the brow of the hill they came face to face with an elegant brown-stone mansion. "Injuns!" ejaculated the guide, as the intrepid party of rangers hid behind the fence.

The window opened, and Ta-toncha-sappee, the dreaded Sioux and hereditary foe of the pale-faces, stepped upon the balcony, followed by his lovely daughter, the graceful Shung-wau-cau. The servant brought some chairs, and the parent and child sat down.

"And you really object to having me marry Claude Lavelette?" murmured the young girl.

A fierce wave of passion tore like his native blizzard across the old chief's face.

"I do," said he, in a suppressed tone. "He drinks, and no drunkard shall profane the family of Ta-toncha-sappee."

The fall of the young girl, as she fainted, drowned the fierce oath of Claude Lavelette, who was one of the rangers behind the fence, and who heard the sentence passed upon him.

Ta-toncha-sappee rang for restoratives, and, taking his umbrella and gun as protection against the sun and coyotes, he strolled off to the opera.

CHAPTER II.

Claude Lavelette was the son of rich but respectable parents; and, having been educated at Harvard, had early developed a taste for savage life. His father had fitted him out with a few companions, to whom he had given the name of the Jack Rabbit Rangers, and thus equipped he had made his way to the Far West, and wound up on the prairies of northern Montana.

He had met the beautiful Shung-wau-cau at a church sociable in the village where she lived, and her beauty had fascinated him. Nor was the young girl indifferent to the manly charms destined to effect such an impression on her after life. But Ta-toncha-sappee would not allow the young man to call, and Claude and the Jack Rabbits had sworn to take her.

As the old chief passed up the street, Claude swung himself upon the balcony and clasped the girl to his heart.

"I heard it all," he whispered. "But fear not. I will scoop the old guy yet."

And with this terrible threat he escaped as the servants approached.

CHAPTER III.

Ta-toncha-sappee leaned forward out of his box and scalped a fiddler.

"*Sic semper soprano*," he said, throwing the scalp to the heroine of the opera, who blushed, smiled, and put it in her bosom, as the house rang with applause at the daring act.

The chief laughed slightly and bowed his acknowledgments, while the sweet aria, "*Di mi nea castio il Giovanna bello di verri*," arose like the perfume and came down like the stick.

Entranced by the music, Ta-toncha-sappee did not see the glaring eyes of a young man bent upon him from the top tier.

'Twere better for him that he had.

CHAPTER IV.

For days the fragile girl lay at the point of death, but care and a strong constitution restored her, and in a few months she was able to sit up in an easy-chair and receive presents.

During this time the chief had spent days, and even nights, at the drug-store, looking over accounts with his clerk, and at last he discovered that he was ruined.

He had speculated largely in Rochelle salts, and dissipated his fortune. He could look for no assistance from the rest of the tribe, who were at war with the whites, and pretty generally had up.

But the old man was proud. The blood of many generations of Sioux ran in his veins, and it was hard for him to give up.

Influenced by his wife, he had consented to give a grand party in honor of his daughter's recovery, and the invitations were out.

On the evening appointed the guests arrived, hand-painted in full evening dress, and the crash of music and the hum of conversation mingled with the breath of prairie flowers through the halls of the stately mansion.

CHAPTER V.

Claude Lavelette—for it was he that had looked down from the top tier that night—had fled to his cave in the mountains, and, hurrying himself in the volumes of his well-selected library, had taught himself to write.

Carefully filling out the lines in a blank, he concealed it within his hunting shirt, and, mounting his champion charger, sped for the ball. His rangers followed him in a hack, engaged for the purpose, armed to the teeth.

Entering the drawing-room with a martial tread that attracted the attention of all, he handed the blank to Ta-toncha-sappee. The haughty chief adjusted his glasses, and, as he read, his face turned a ghastly hue.

"I can't pay it to-night," he whispered.

"Then I must turn it off," said the young man, sternly.

"But my guests—"

"Must dance in the dark."

There was a death-like silence in the room.

"I'll drop around in the morning and settle it," said the chief, quickly.

"Won't do—company's orders." And the young man turned toward the cellar door.

"Stay!" said a silvery voice behind him.

The young man turned, and faced the lovely Shung-wau-cau, the pride of the prairie.

"What would you?" she asked, in a voice that thrilled him.

"It is the gas-bill," he replied, "and it must be paid to-night, or I take away the merre."

Uncivilized though he was, Ta-toncha-sappee knew he was no match for a gas company.

"And what will tempt you to let this thing stand over until morning?" he asked, while perspiration stood on his brow. "Your daughter," was the sententious response.

"Take her," said the chief; and Claude Lavelette clasped her in his arms.

CHAPTER VI.

Claude Lavelette went into the drug business with his father-in-law. He found an immense quantity of salts on hand; but he was equal to the emergency. Having influence at Washington, he got a contract to furnish Rochelle salts to the American army in the field. Wealth began to pour in upon him, and in about an hour and a half he had restored his father-in-law's shattered fortune. The fate of the army was never known.

One night the chief and Claude were conversing upon their altered affairs, when Ta-toncha-sappee asked about the gas-bill.

"It was a forgery," said Claude, with a smile; and his father blessed him and took him to his bosom, for he recognized a prize in a son-in-law who could get a government contract and forge a signature.

Details About New Vineyards.

In continuation of the remarks which we offered last week—concerning the selection of land for a vineyard, by a man of limited means, whose aim is to make a living off it—we would repeat that he ought to select either rich, new land, easy to be drained, or else exhausted wheat-land, of which kind there is already a good deal in the State, and more about to become so, if the present ruinous system of cultivation be continued. This system takes every year so much out of the soil, and returns nothing in the shape of manure. The vine, fortunately, does not require very much of those kinds of plant-food which are indispensable to corn (or grain) crops. Potash in gravel, or loam containing lime in some form, and such vegetable matter as the roots may find as they penetrate deep into the ground, are of primary importance; matters containing nitrogen and soluble salicaria far less so. That new vineyards will be planted every year, and that most of the existing ones will be enlarged, there can be no doubt. The annual reports from Europe are encouraging in California just in proportion as they are depressing in Europe. The world will have wine from somewhere, and is not very particular about the country. But about those ten or twenty-acre lots, where wine is to be made, and raisins dried in the sun, of which we have heard a good deal lately—those earthly paradises of the future, where the sorrows and ills of this cold world shall cease—much that is not altogether picturesque and tempting remains to be told. On this branch of our subject we have the sad experience of failures in other lands, and we fear like results in California. The condition of the irrigated colonies about Fresno does not bring to our imaginations lively pictures of Arcadian happiness. However, once for all be it said—a vineyard of only ten or twenty acres is a very nice little property if you sink the first cost of land, buildings, and cultivation, and all expenses attending the first two years, which are always unprofitable. Now, the customary plan with the man of rather limited means is to take up land on deferred payment—which admits, indeed, of the capital being available for present requirements; building a dwelling, a cellar, outhouses, sheds, fencing, planting, etc. Yet, when all this has been done, the settler has to face the inevitable two years with everything going out and nothing coming in. Fencing is an important consideration. Something more is needed than to exclude cattle. It is most desirable to plant live hedges inside the frame fences of some hardy shrub, such as wild dog-rose or osage orange. Moreover, it is always advantageous to run several evergreen fences right through from north to south, or in any other direction which may be at right angles to the prevailing currents of cold wind. In Portugal, these are often rosemary or lavender; and, though of no great height, yet serve to check or modify air currents. Inside the outer fences there is no tree more profitable and advantageous to plant than the olive. There is always a strip of ground where that tree can be set out. It should never be omitted, for it makes an excellent break-wind, and its fruit, if not used for oil, is second to no food for fattening poultry. The use of fig-trees and late-ripening fruit-trees scattered about in a vineyard is, that small birds, which make such havoc among the grapes, are drawn off to the figs, which they prefer to all other fruit. The fig-tree ripens its principal crop from August till touched by frosts in October, when the vintage should be finished. The selection of vines and the methods of planting must be decided by the nature of the soil and climate; and here local experience is the safest guide. Vines that would yield abundantly at Fresno or San Bernardino would not flourish, for a long time, in Sonoma or Napa Valley; while some kinds, admirably suited to those valleys, might bear well if taken to the hot, irrigated plains, yet the character of the wine would show a marked change. A common error in this State is to plant a great number of varieties, while four for wines and one for raisins—or at most two—should be considered a *maximum*. As soon as planting is finished, keep down weeds; and when the scarifier, or cultivator, has been used for the last time in the early summer, pass a light wooden roller over the vineyard—just wide enough not to injure the vines, and only heavy enough to crush the clods and lay the ground smooth. It helps to keep down weeds, retards evaporation of moisture from the soil, and increases the temperature by reflecting and radiating heat. Simple and sensible and easy as this work is, we have never met with an instance where it was adopted in California. The Portuguese methods of cultivation with the *enchada* secures the same advantage without requiring a roller. Our readers may consider all these mere matters of detail, but we feel their importance to men about to start into viticulture. All things about a vineyard are matters of detail, and in proportion as details are attended to will be the success.

The expression, as applied to actors and public speakers, of "bringing down the bouse," originated with Samson. He was the first on record.

If Grant is nominated and elected a Shakspearean quotation will have to be changed to, "Now a tanner will last you twelve years."

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

Utopia.

If you and I might only go
Far from the world's rude, wrangling voices,
And find some leafy spot, and low,
Softly to charm our wedded choices—
A spot where black hill-shadows fall,
And yet where blue sea-spaces glisten,
A glen where dreamy hillows call,
For souls like yours and mine to listen—

How gladly, then, the days would glide!
How faultlessly the nights would follow,
With cadences of many a tide
In many a cavern cool and hollow!
What peace our sheltered lives would hold!
What rest our placid hearts discover—
While wind, and bird, and sea-wave told
The joys of lover and of lover!

I picture easeful moments spent
Among broad, shadowy branches, lifting
Their gloss to some pure firmament
Where spheres of pallid peace are drifting;
I see the flexuous vine-coil drowse,
The deep, dark mosses glimmer greenly,
And watch, between close-tangled boughs,
The clear-curved breaker flashing keenly.

Morn after morn our happy eyes,
From bright, smooth beach, or sheer cliff-ending,
Would greet with unassuming surprise
The grandeur of the sun's ascending.
A ceaseless marvel unto us
Would seem day's mighty flower unfolding—
Beholding the miraculous,
And awed with its divine beholding.

Eve after eve each fleeting hue
In western heavens would wake our wonder,
Till vaguely arched that eyrie blue
The white stars love to blossom under;
And o'er dusk waters, it might be,
The kindling eastern air grew yellow,
While gaudily from purple sea
Mounted the great moon, golden-mellow.

Ah, here how sweet, my love, my own,
To dream, aloof from any sorrows,
Of one fair, changeless monotone—
Serene to-morrows and to-morrows!
Ah, sweet, in sooth, when God had furled,
All colors at the calm sky-veiges,
And night came silencing the world,
And loudening the long sea-surges.

—Edgar Fawcett.

God's-Acre.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again.
At the great harvest, when the Archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God—
This is the place where human harvests grow!

—Longfellow.

"Some Time."

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And, e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweets to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day; then be content, poor hearts;
God's plans like dillies pure and white unfold—
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall know and clearly understand,
I think that we will say, "God knows the best."

—May Louise Riley.

The average West Point cadet may not be fairly represented by the present classes—it is to be hoped he is not. A young lady attended a recent review at the academy, and in conversation with one of the cadets wondered "why Whittaker had no defenders among his classmates." "We don't care to face the ridicule of the other fellows," was the answer. "Then the courage you *learn* here is a strictly physical thing, is it?"

THE GEM PUZZLE.

In conversation, a few days since, with a Chinese gentleman—there is more than one of the race in this city fully entitled to the appellation—speaking of the manners, habits, and customs of his countrymen, he incidentally mentioned that they had in China a great variety of puzzles, of which comparatively few had ever gone abroad. They formed, he said, the staple of amusement for people of leisure, and were sometimes composed of costly material and were of rare workmanship. This led me to ask him if he had ever seen in China what has been called here the "Gem Puzzle." He said it was one of the simplest and most common, to be found in every house; it served to amuse the children and the inexperienced. He seemed to wonder greatly at the popular interest it had excited in the United States. Especially was he astonished when he heard that men of great intelligence—mathematicians and other savants—had differed, and almost quarreled, upon the subject. He said: "The whole thing is so simple that I think I can show you in a few moments what derangements of the fifteen numbers can and cannot be reduced to order." At his request I sent out and procured a box of sixteen pieces. My visitor then furnished the following analysis:

The puzzle consists in reducing to numerical order the deranged numbers, the operator being confined to the limited movement of filling a vacant space with a contiguous number. This vacant square may be shifted to any and every square in the box. The operator is in each movement limited to one of three moves. No matter what the derangement may be, a very little practice will enable the operator to bring into numerical order the three first rows of figures. This will necessarily leave the fourth or bottom row with the three last numbers in some one of its permutations. Now, three figures are susceptible of six permutations. Thus the three figures composing the last line, or bottom row—all the preceding numbers being reduced to numerical order—may be left in either of the six forms following:

First.....	13 14 15	Fourth.....	14 13 15
Second.....	13 15 14	Fifth.....	15 13 14
Third.....	14 15 13	Sixth.....	15 14 13

Now, it is to be observed that there is a feature belonging to the third and fifth derangements that does not attach to the other three. It is this: that in these two the numerical order can be restored by transferring, in the third, the 13 on the extreme right to the extreme left; and, in the fifth, by transposing the 15 on the extreme left to the extreme right—that is, by transposing the extremes. Whereas, in the second, fourth, and sixth derangements, numerical order can only be restored by interposing some one of the numbers between the other two. The change of extremes can be effected without disordering, or inverting, any of the numbers on the first, second, or third lines; the interposition can not be made without an inversion of some of the preceding numbers. That is to say, the limited sliding movement to which the operator is confined permits the first character of transfer, and not the second. Let us now call the two derangements which can be reduced to numerical order by transfer of their extremes, class "A," and the three that are wanting in this characteristic, class "B." They may be presented to the eye by the following diagram:

Class "A."	Class "B."
Reducible.	Irreducible.
14 15 13	13 15 14
15 13 14	14 13 15
	15 14 13

As a practical illustration of the possibility of the reduction of the one class and not of the other, arrange the three first lines in numerical order and leave the last line in either derangement of the reducible class, say 14, 15, 13.

Move the 12 into the space left vacant by the removal of the 16—9, 10, 11 right—14 up—15, 13, 12 left—11 down—14, 9, 10 right—15 up.

Up to this time no change has been made in the order of the numbers. If we should reverse the order of our movements, we should be just where we started. But the condition now is such that the three disordered numbers are contiguous to the vacant space through which we can move them *ad libitum*. It will be seen at a glance that the sliding movement to which the operator is confined will permit the change of the extremes, but will not permit the interjection of either one number between the other two. And here we should note that because transfer of extremes is possible, any one of either class may, by the sliding movement, be converted into any one of the same class, so that class "B" being inconvertible to class "A," and class "A" being convertible into the sixth permutation, which is the numerical order, it follows that class "B" can not be converted into that permutation which presents the numerical order.

Hence we conclude that the three first lines being arranged in numerical order, the fourth or last line, disordered in either of the two forms constituting class "A," the whole may be reduced to numerical order. On the other hand, if the last line is left in either of the three forms of class "B," the reduction is impossible.

But there is something more to be considered in this connection. Up to this point it has only been shown that none of the permutations of one class can be converted into a permutation of the other class, without disturbing the order of some of the other numbers. That is to say, that by such disturbance the one set of permutations may be converted into the other. If then, instead of one, we should have two "B" derangements, it follows that the same operation that converts the first "B" into an "A," disturbing, as it necessarily does, the second "B," that is converting it into an "A," the two "B's" will be converted into two "A's." On the other hand, if it is at the expense of an "A" derangement we seek to cure the "B" derangement, the result is that, the one being converted into the other, we are left with an irreclaimable "B." From these premises we may formulate the following tables:

PRACTICABLE.

1. One or more "A" derangements.
2. An "A" derangement with any even number of "B" derangements.
3. Any even number of "B" derangements, which leaves us for the

IMPRACTICABLE.

1. An "A" derangement with any odd number of "B" derangements.
2. Any odd number of "B" derangements.

Nobody, says my Chinese friend, ever has or ever will solve this puzzle under either of the conditions herein designated as "impracticable;" while with the conditions pronounced "practicable," the expert will dispose of the case in the time required to move the pieces—and on these propositions he says "You may bet your bottom dollar."

If this disquisition of the "heathen Chinese" serves no other purpose, it will enable the reader to test the ingenuity of the inept members of his household in reducing to order a variety of "practicable" derangements without puzzling his brain over an "impracticable" puzzle.

There is one other matter connected with this curious puzzle to which my attention was called, and which I learned had been the subject of grave discussion in the American papers. The problem we have been considering is to reduce the deranged numbers, not only to numerical order, but to the specific numerical order in which the lines shall run from left to right. Now, let us assume that, having reduced the three first lines to order, we are left with a derangement of class "B," say the 13, 15, 14, in the fourth line. Move these three numbers to the right, so that the 14 will fill the space left vacant by the original removal of the 16; draw down the 1, 5, 9; 2, 3, 4 left; 8, 12, 14 up; 9, 15, 13 right, and so proceed until the first line to the left reads 1, 2, 3, 4. Then the 15, 13, 14 will occupy the fourth line to the right. Now, reckoning the rows up and down, instead of from left to right, you will have the impracticable 13, 15, 14, together with another "B" derangement; in other words, you will have an even, instead of an odd, number of "B" derangements, which is found in our table under the "practical" head.

Again, if in reducing the derangement or derangements to order, reckoning from left to right, the fourth line assumes either the numerical order, or either of the "A" derangements, and, by the operation just referred to, the 1, 2, 3, 4 are caused to occupy the first row to the left, you will then have the bottom line transferred to the right-hand row. But now the "A" derangement will be accompanied with one "B" derangement, which brings it under the "impracticable" head. Hence we find that the solution that is impracticable, reckoning the numerical order from left to right, becomes practicable reckoning up instead of across, and *vice versa*. Therefore, if the terms of the problem be so changed as to include either mode of counting, there is no possible derangement of the numbers that can not be reduced to numerical order.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 10, 1880.

Here is the boss specimen of graveyard literature. It was captured from the tombstone district at Crayford, Kent, England, and reads:

Here lieth the body of
PETER SNELL
(30 years clerk of this parish).
He lived respected as a pious and mirthful man,
and died on his way to church to assist at a
wedding on the 31 day of March, 1811.
Aged 70 years.
The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone
to his cheerful memory and as a tribute to
his long and useful services.
The life of this clerk was just 3 score and ten.
Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen.
In his youth he had married like other young men
But his wife died one day—so he chanted Amen
A second he took—she—departed—what then?
He married and buried a third with Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble; but then
His voice was deep bass as he sung out Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men
So his horn was exalted in blowing Amen.
But he lost all his wind after 3 score and ten
And here, with three wives, he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

And here is another, not from the same rich lead, but from the northern part of Ireland:

To the Memory of
Lady O'Looney,
Wife of Sir — O'Looney, and grandniece of Burke,
commonly called "The Sublime."
She was Bland, Passionate, and deeply Religious; like-
wise she painted in
Water Colours,
and sent several pictures
to the
Exhibition.
She was first cousin to
Lady Jones,
and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Oh, those fraudulent fiddlers! Not long ago the public of Munich saw the walls of their city covered with immense posters announcing the exhibition of a magnificent orang-outang that would play the "Carnival of Venice" on the violin. The baboon had great success for five days; the public agreed he was the Paganini of baboons. The night of the sixth day a spectator was so indignant as to stick a penknife into the baboon. The variations were more brilliant than ever. The nightingale whose eyes have mercifully been put out sings more sweetly than when she enjoys nature fair. Has steel the same effect on the baboon? The indignant spectator was an inquisitive fellow; seeking the why and because of things had given the world Newton; so the spectator, thinking if a little pain, such as a penknife, gives and increases talent, a good deal of pain might goad talent to genius. He seized the baboon's tail and pulled with a will—now—all together. The tail was left in the puller's hands, the baboon's skin fell to the floor; hidden underneath it was—the father of the showman.

Remembering the dearth of authentic information concerning Arizona, our readers will be glad to learn that Professor Lively has written a "doosid clever" book about that chipper territory. From a necessarily hasty reading of its very interesting, and almost ponderously fact-laden pages, we should say that the professor is very fond of Arizona, and it is quite possible that he has a mine down there. He describes the sections through which he traveled as a land of milk and honey on the half-shell, and oysters in gold foil for breakfast. Should any one discredit the statements of fact contained in the work, the author will be glad to set his doubts at rest; and may be seen at his electro-amalgamo parlors, number naught hundred and naught Pauper Alley. The book is not for sale by all booksellers.

HIGH AND LOW, GREAT AND SMALL.

I am a "low" man, in stature—barely five feet six inches high, in my boots; am spare and lean, a "bundle of nerves" and tough sinews. In fact, my "bodily presence is weak."

On one occasion, some humorous preachers, in a funny mood, held a mimic missionary meeting. In the course of one of the speaker's remarks he said that a cannibal chief offered a sea-captain, as an inducement to dine with him, "missionary for dinner." When he had concluded, a preamble was read detailing the dangers of an evangelist in Africa, and particularly from the man-eaters, followed by a resolution to send me to Africa as a missionary, on the ground that I would make such a poor roast as to be no temptation to the cannibals. I opposed the resolution by saying that I objected to going, on the ground that some of the cannibals might be fond of smoked herring, and take a notion to me some fine morning as an appetizer for breakfast.

There are many advantages in a fine physical appearance, for, with many, beef goes as far as brains. The length, girth, and weight of a man are often the measure of his merit. The scales of mind are seldom employed to determine a man's weight. Modern inventions, however, have done much to magnify mind, and to dwarf the mere *vis inertiae*. Standing amid the hum of ten thousand spindles, the clatter of flying shuttles, and the din of heavy trip-hammers—before the Corliss engine, representing sixty thousand well-conditioned, muscular men—I could not but inquire: "What is a man worth, now, viewed merely as a physical, producing force?" Answering my own question, with something of elation: "He isn't worth as much as a scuttle of coal and a few quarts of water." Machinery is crowning mind, and giving it royal leisure to learn and love.

Doctor Watts was a small man, and, when twitted upon his size, improvised the lines:

"Were I so tall as to reach the Pole,
And grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

Every small, short man is fond of speaking of the "Little Corporal" and the "great Napoleon." The antithesis is always designed, and intended to connect a small physique with a historic magnate. Alexander Stephens, the mummy statesman, is a great favorite with little men; who among them has not gloated with a savage delight at his quick, satirical repartee, when a big competitor threatened to pin back his ears and swallow him at a gulp? A thin, piping voice broke in on the laughter: "Well, if you should, you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head." Many amusing spectacles are the product of the contrasts between big and little men. I once saw a Masonic procession in which John Howard—seven feet, two inches—and John B. Harned—five feet two—were the Tylers, and walked side by side, bearing their official rods, and exciting much merriment on the curbstone, a wag designating them as "the long and short of Masonry."

On one occasion a very diminutive man, occupied, by exchange, the pulpit of a very tall man. As he entered it, his head bobbing up and down behind the book-board put every one in a tittering mood. When he announced his text, two twinkling black eyes peered above the Bible, and a falsetto voice exclaimed: "Be not afraid; it is I!" The explosion that followed was louder than the storm-shout of the waves beneath the sacred feet that trod the billows of the Galilean sea.

A small man, if a public speaker, is at a fearful disadvantage, provided he has a reputation that has preceded him. Men look for size commensurate with fame, and are disappointed if a diminutive figure presents itself for their admiration; although little men generally compensate in grace of action and attitude for any lack of altitude and corporosity. If a public speaker is gifted with genius, and succeeds in winning the approving verdict of an audience, it is astonishing how this magnifies his presence in the eyes of an admirer. "He looked a foot taller" is a commonplace compliment. Mind is a great elevator. Altitude of thought lifts up the head.

There are great advantages in being little—especially in street cars, with their low roofs. There is generally room for the little man in the stage-coach, in the crowded assembly, and in the bed. He has advantage in the duel. Indeed, I have read of a duelist of aldermanic proportions, who had been challenged by a little man, insisting that his size be chalked out on his broad chest and abdomen, and if the bullet struck outside the lines "it should not count."

Many a small man has escaped death from accident when a large man would have been a certain victim. What tall, lean, and lank, or adipose traveler has not envied the little man, curled up in the car-seat, and resting as softly and sweetly as if reposing upon the velvet cushions of an oriental divan?

The little man can live more economically than the big man, as smaller patterns afford him raiment, and often remnants cut him a suit. It takes less food to nourish his body. When racked with pain there is not so much of him to hurt. He can stand up in an audience because others can see over him, while if a tall or broad man rises the cry is sure to come, "Down in front!" If he stumbles and falls, he is nearer the ground, and there is not so much to pick up. In a procession he gets position in the rear—the position of honor, and far away from the glare of the brass band and the haughty brandishing of the marshal's baton. In a platoon he is on the extreme left flank, and away from the eye of the captain and his petulant call, "Bring your file forward; to the right, *dress!*" In a battle, a soldier of the rear rank, he makes his file-leader a barrier against bullets, and has a rest for his rifle on the shoulder of his comrade. If below the standard prescribed by the army regulations, he is exempt from draft and conscription. In fact, there are many compensations that reconcile one to being "a little man." H. A. M. HENDERSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1880.

"I might dynamite not," is the constant thought of the unhappy Czar.

"Stockings are now darned by machinery." The darned nice.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1880.

The Mussel Slough rebellion brings up for consideration questions broader and more important than the inquiry as to the causes that led to it, or the details surrounding it, or the immediate consequences resulting from it. Whether the railroad authorities did or did not act honestly or generously—whether or not the settlers have equities—whether the members of the league did or did not fire the first shot—are questions altogether secondary and unimportant. They do not in the least particular involve the real question at issue. That seven good men and good citizens have been murdered; that seven families have been made desolate; that one most brave and gallant spirit was made to bite the bloody dust after he had held a score of armed men at bay till he had killed a quarter of them; and that to the accident of not being able to lay his hand upon his repeating rifle all the balance of them owe their lives, are interesting enough incidents. They go to add another to the bloody pages of our squatter riots. Seven lives are of little importance, except to those loved ones who mourn their loss. Accidents by rail, or explosion, or cloud-burst, or tornado; deaths by wars, epidemics, and disease; the every-day casualties, resulting in loss of precious lives, are too frequent to make us pause for any serious reflection. Every second of time ticks off a human life, and the pendulum of human affairs swings on. Sixty times each minute a human soul goes to its Creator, and the hands on the great dial of the clock of time move noiselessly on. The death of seven men at Mussel Slough is a matter of slight importance. A little excitement at the village of Hanford, an impressive funeral, a sermon, a prayer, and the world goes round. A widowed heart lies bleeding, a mother mourns her dead boy; but all the same the busy world goes forward—marriage bells ring out, the rains fall, the harvest fields laugh in the sunlight, the bending grain dances in the breeze, and the busy world forgets. Peace to these unquiet souls; the grave hides them. Let them rest, while we consider Major T. J. McQuiddy and his associates, the Leaguers of Tulare, who have declared war against the United States of America, and inaugurated it by setting at defiance the decree of a United States court—resisting its powers, and by armed violence opposing the service of its mandate by a United States marshal, and by force and threat of arms driving him from the locality under menace of his life.

The offense of Major McQuiddy and his associates has no just palliation if it is or is not true that he and his co-leaguers have been despoiled of lands to which they thought themselves equitably entitled. Messrs. Hartt and Crow were claimants of land in possession of some members of this league. They believed themselves legally entitled to the possession of that land, because they believed they held the legal title to it. Like good citizens, they sought the adjudication of their rights through the courts. They brought their action in a United States tribunal that had jurisdiction of the subject-matter in controversy. All parties had their day in court. A trial resulted in a decree giving to them the title. They waited till time for an appeal had passed. They asked—as they had a right to—for the writ of the court and the action of the marshal to put them in possession of the land that the court had declared was theirs. The marshal was in the performance of his duty when twenty or more armed men presented to him a written instrument, in which they admitted their knowledge of his official character; that he held the writs of ejectment; that the courts had decided the cases under United States patents issued; and in which they set up the hardships of their case, the equities of their claims; and proclaimed their intention to resist the process by force, and boasted that it would require "an army of one thousand good soldiers" to enforce the decree of the United States courts that had adjudicated these property rights.

The marshal was arrested—made a prisoner on parole. He was not allowed to show or read his warrant of authority, and was driven from the locality. As to who fired the first shot is a matter of no importance. The criminal purpose of the leaguers, resulting in the death of seven men, stamps upon them the crimes of murder, and of rebellion and insurrection against the authority of the United States. If Major T. J. McQuiddy and his associate leaguers are to be permitted, in the adjustment of their own controversies and the adjudication of their own land claims, to set themselves above the law, and with impunity to set at defiance the authority of the United States Government, its laws, its courts, and its executive officers, then we have neither government, law, courts, nor officials in the nation. If this example is unrebuked, and these criminals remain unpunished, then there is anarchy in Tulare County, and the people of that section are at the mercy of an armed band that is strong enough to set at defiance the local authority. If Major McQuiddy—who is described as a "mild-mannered man," an "influential leader" of the Settlers' League, and a "prominent citizen"—is to be allowed to make prisoners of war of United States marshals, to set at defiance the process of a United States court, and to inaugurate murder, then we have indeed fallen upon unhappy times; then we have entered upon another civil war like that in which Mr. McQuiddy won his title of major, and in which, the press informs us, he achieved honorable distinction for his personal bravery; then have we transferred our scene of action from the declamatory Sand-lot, with its alien forces led by a mouthing parson, to the ensanguined plains of Tulare, where actual war has baptized its fields with blood.

Those who read our leading article of last week may see the point to which we are drifting as a nation. Such an incident as this, if allowed to go unpunished, would precipitate our Government upon its downward career. We see, too, in this instance, the safety of that dual form of government that does not leave the investigation or punishment of this crime to the local authorities. Already we see "good citizens and influential men"—so described by the local press—endeavoring to make local capital out of a local excitement. We hear with pain that the District Attorney of Tulare County is speech-making to the leaguers, and that his speech was received with "cheers and applause." Could this attorney prosecute these men for crime with impartiality, and do his duty to the law? We hope the superior judge is not also speech-making. We hope the sheriff has not begun to court the influence of the league for reelection; and if they have, and if all Tulare County is in sympathy with this defiance of the law, and if it takes one thousand or ten thousand "good soldiers of the United States" to enforce its authority in the County of Tulare, it is the duty of the Government to send the United States marshal back to the Mussel Slough country with *alias* writs, and with power to put the heirs of these murdered men into possession of the property decreed them by the courts.

It is among the possible events that the Democratic party will have sense enough to nominate Senator Bayard, of Delaware, as its candidate for the Presidency. We wish it would do so, as in such an event we should indulge in the luxury of going through one campaign without fearing a disastrous result. We do not intend to disparage the candidacy of our Democratic friend, Mr. Justice Field, for if either were in nomination as against a good Republican, we should feel that the country was safe against any immediate peril. There is a vast deal of fustian in our present national politics. There is a vast number of ambitious men, and men living upon office, and men ambitious to obtain office, who periodically, once in four years, work themselves up to a degree of patriotic fervor that is altogether amazing. We have passed through an important national contest; we have fought out upon the battle-field great political questions; we have decided upon fields of fierce and bloody conflict, and at the ballot-box, great and vital questions; but we have fought them out, we have decided them, and they ought to be put forever at rest. We believe they are decided and will not be substantially disturbed, and we hope their discussion may not be revived. General Grant bears testimony to the peaceful condition of the South. The history of four peaceful and prosperous years under the administration of President Hayes has demonstrated that his mode of governing the States once in rebellion is the true one. It has demonstrated that this red rag, and bloody shirt, and armed supervision of the polls, and military interference in the administration of State laws at the South, is altogether unnecessary, and because unnecessary is a violation of law, and wicked. We hope not to be alarmed at any immediate danger to the Union. We hope to pass through one Presidential election in which our ears will not be vexed by the din and clamor of a mob of politicians, South and North, howling themselves hoarse over dire and dreadful prophecies of national ruin in the event that the other party elects its President. Hence we hope some most patriotic, most able, and most honorable gentleman may be the Democratic Presidential candidate. We look upon Senator Bayard as a statesman and a gentleman of the kind we have described,

We know that he loves the whole country; that he is moderate and conservative; that he is broad and comprehensive in his views; that his is a calm, well balanced, evenly poised, honest mind; and we believe he would make a good President of the United States, and if elected, that the republic would come to no harm. We know that he was a disunionist—he believed that, under his interpretation of the laws governing our confederation of sovereign States, the Southern States had a right to withdraw themselves from the Union, and to form an independent confederation. We of the North gave to the Constitution another interpretation. We believed that ours was a nation—an indissoluble and eternal compact that should endure so long as time lasted. We went to war for it, and our side won. Senator Bayard accepted the result, and submitted to the decree as a lasting and final one. This is all we have a right to demand of any Southern man, namely, that he shall accept the result and abide by it, and not attempt, in legislative halls or on fields of fraternal and internecine conflict, to disturb it. We do not question any man's right to have been a secessionist; we only demand that he be not *now* a secessionist, and will not again become one. If we had been born in South Carolina, and been educated there, and had owned negroes, we do not doubt that we should have been a fire-eating, and, to the extent of our courage, a bold, defiant, outspoken, fighting rebel. We like a Southern man all the better that he was a rebel. We have but a qualified respect for any man, born and educated at the South, who was not a rebel. We were loyal because we were Northern-born, and because, being born and educated at the North, we could know, and did know, that slavery was wrong. We knew that a white man had no more right to own a black man than a black man had to own a white man. We knew that no man had any right to the unbought and unpaid services of any other man; but if we had been born in South Carolina, and our mother, and our nurses, and our play-fellows, and our school-teachers, and our preachers, and our literature, and our laws, and our judges, and our interests, and our conscience had told us that slavery was right, we would not have known any better till it had been educated out of us and whipped out of us. It could not have been whipped out of us unless we had enlisted and gone to the war. If universal popular opinion said we ought to fight, and our preacher had prayed that we might fight, and our mother had buckled on our knapsack and given her blessing upon condition that we should fight, and our sweetheart had refused to marry us until we had fought, and threatened, if we skulked, to marry the other fellow that did fight, then of course we should have been a rebel. Only cowards, and those who did not honor their parents, and who had no sweethearts in all the broad Southland, were not rebels. On the same principle, we hated and despised Copperheads at the North. So we say, if the Democratic party will give us Senator Bayard of Delaware as its Presidential candidate, we will not allow any Republican politician to stir our patriotic indignation by reproducing a speech made by this distinguished gentleman favoring secession at a time when the whole Southern sentiment was drifting in that wrong direction.

BERLIN, May 17.—The emperor has assented to a draft of the measure modifying the Falk laws. The Ultramontanes are resolved to recommence war against Bismarck, and stir up the Catholic population against the government. The first important meeting of Catholics has been held at Dortmund, Westphalia, at which twenty thousand persons were present, including many noblemen and influential leaders. The meeting fully approved the attitude of the Centre party in the Reichstag, and expressed the hope that the Catholics would move in the Reichstag for a law making ministers responsible for their acts; also, to demand the total abolition of the May laws. The Catholic press have also undertaken a general crusade to excite hatred and mistrust against the government. Two members of the party, Prince Edward Radziwill and Count Ballestrow, have gone to Rome to give some explanation on the state of affairs to the leaders at the Vatican, and receive instructions.

The foregoing dispatch comes directly from the capital of Germany, where the Reichstag is now in session. It is well known that between Prince Bismarck and his party and the Ultramontane or Catholic party a feud has long existed. There has been a division of the church, Doctor Dollinger heading the conservative Catholic party. It was understood that a reconciliation had been had, and that Bismarck and his holiness had agreed upon a line of policy. In France, there exists a similar disagreement between the Republican party and the clericals, which has resulted in appealing to a long disused law for power to drive the Jesuits out of France. The political controversies between the Catholic Church and the state, in Italy, Austria, and Belgium, are fresh in the memories of all. We recall these facts for the purpose of justifying a frequent allusion to Catholic politics in this paper. There is a very large and very cowardly minority who think no allusion should be made by any political journal to the Catholic Church. Some Catholics are very sensitive upon this subject, and the more bigoted and ignorant part affect great indignation whenever the *Argonaut* indulges itself in the pleasure of criticising and questioning the influence of the Catholic Church, its priests and its laymen, in American politics. We make the foregoing dispatch, not the occasion for any apology for writing in this direction, but as a proof that we are not mere foolish alarmists upon this question. If the great empires and governments of Europe, such powers as we have named—Austria and Belgium—are disturbed by Catholic questions, political interventions and in

interferences with their domestic affairs, ought we not as Americans also to take alarm at the same kinds of interference in our political affairs? In Austria, the church refused to sanction or authorize civil marriages. In Belgium, the priests claimed the right of religious as against secular education. In Rome, it was a claim of absolute sovereignty. In Germany and France, it is more especially a controversy concerning the education of the youth of the country, and a claim of right to influence the institutions of learning. These same claims are set up here—not so directly and boldly as there; but in New England the Romish priest has come into actual conflict in school matters with the local school authorities; and there is no zealous Catholic in San Francisco, having the ability, that does not send his children to parochial schools, and who does not declare that the public school moneys ought to be distributed *pro rata*, and who does not denounce our free public schools as “godless.” This kind of Catholic is always a “Democrat,” and, forming themselves into a political class, have become so influential and formidable in numbers that we fear them. If the Ultramontanes in Germany can war against Bismarck and stir up the Catholic population against the government, may they not do it in America? If twenty thousand Catholics at Dortmund, in Westphalia, may demonstrate against the government, may they not do it in America when they shall strengthen into a greater political power? If in Germany the Catholic press may undertake a general crusade to excite hatred and mistrust against German laws and German authority, may not the Catholic *Monitor* and the *Daily Examiner* do it in San Francisco? If Prince Radziwill and Count Ballestrow may leave Berlin and go to Rome in order to explain the politics of the German Empire to the Vatican, and receive instruction from the Pope, may not the time come when Judge Wallace and Robert Morrison may make the same pilgrimage from California and for the same purpose? And if this kind of church intervention disturbs the great empires and states and statesmen of Europe, may we not reasonably anticipate the recurrence of similar political questions in our republic? We see this church strengthening and growing by natural growth and by unprecedented immigration; we see it drawing its political lines closer and closer, till we begin to fear its encroachments; and we begin to question within ourselves whether this ever-ambitious and grasping power is not beginning to dream of the possibilities of directing American politics from the Vatican. Remember—we are not discussing a religious, but a political question. We are not challenging the infallibility of his holiness in spiritual affairs. We are not questioning that he is the vice-gerent of God in all church matters, nor that he holds the keys of Peter and may shut or open the celestial gates at his pleasure. We would not offend the religious sentiments or disturb the sensibilities of any Roman Catholic. But for fear of wounding their feelings we would not forego the privilege of expressing the opinion that the Catholic Church has no right to interfere in our political affairs—no right to control our common schools. And while we will not raise or discuss the question whether his holiness the Pope of Rome is the vice-gerent of God on any other part of God's broad earth than America, here we do challenge his right of interference, dictation, or council, upon any matters pertaining to the civil administration of our national affairs.

We would not willingly be misunderstood by the *Daily Globe*. We would not misrepresent it. The *Globe* is altogether at sea with reference to the *Argonaut*. The *Argonaut* may not be an optimist, and it may not regard the political, social, and business outlook as cheerfully as some of more hopeful and sanguine temperament. It may, perhaps, be found that our anticipation of future troubles may not be realized; that our country is destined to make uninterrupted progress in its political career; and that out of our present difficulties we may evolve a better and more permanent condition. It is, perhaps, true, that these disturbances that now seem to agitate society and government over all the length and breadth of our land are merely temporary and unimportant; that government, society, church, and party organizations may emerge from their present disturbed and almost chaotic conditions in a more hopeful and better shape. Our earnest aim is in this direction. We would build up all that is good, and tear down all that is bad. We would not array class against class; but we would consolidate into one class all that was intelligent, honest, pure, and patriotic in the land; and out of this we would organize a great political party that would never compromise with, but always antagonize, all that was ignorant, vicious, and mean. We do not understand a “neutral” paper any more than we do a “neutral” man. There are great business questions upon which honest men can not be neutral. When it comes to the consideration of a proposition that involves the permanence of our political union, the perpetuity of our republican form of government, the maintenance of law, the upholding of personal and property rights, the preservation and defense of our civilization against invasion from abroad or anarchy at home, we can not look with favor upon neutral men, or neutral measures, or neutral journals. Business jealousies the *Argonaut* has none. The *Globe* is in error when it assumes that we desire to tread in any other path

than the one we have marked out for ourselves; and the *Globe* is altogether mistaken if it thinks that we do not most sincerely wish that it may stand squarely up to all its high resolves, keep all its promises, and reap the rich harvest that will surely come from such efforts. But the *Globe* will find that it can not blind its readers or this community as to its course. A newspaper has a character. It forms an atmosphere, in which it must live and through which it must be seen. In giving of news it may be just, fair, and impartial. We hope it may be. We hope it will give uncolored accounts of public affairs. But it must either withhold all editorial opinion or we must see where it ranges itself. It must cast its influence for or against the Sand-lot; for or against the Republican or Democratic party. When such an event as the Tulare massacre occurs, it must give an opinion. To withhold expression is not to be impartial. Silence is oft-times eloquent. The *Globe* is a new journal. We wish it well; we would be friendly with it. It has made a good beginning; we hope it may have come to stay just so long as its influence is good. We hope its course may suit the *Argonaut*, and if it does it will deserve to live. If it realizes our idea of a good daily journal, it will deserve immortality. If it remains “neutral” when it ought to become an eloquent advocate and an armed and aggressive soldier, we shall hope it may die prematurely and be damned permanently.

“The brutal elements of society”—we quote from our reverend Mayor in Christ, the Hon. Isaac Kalloch, pastor, etc.—have determined in their State organization to be governed by Kearney, instead of a State central committee. This was a triumph of city delegates over country delegates; a triumph of the Sand-lot, that grows fleas and demagogues, over the broad lands that grow men and ideas. The San Francisco delegates to the convention were largely composed of gentlemen from Tipperary, Limerick, Inniskillen, Kilkenny, and Donnybrook. The proceedings were very inharmonious, and the resolve was very emphatic not to coalesce with either the Republican or Democratic party.

How the devil must have split his burning sides with infernal glee when the Baptist clergymen, in State convention assembled, refused to censure the two right reverend and godly Kallochs because the elder divine sprung a point of order on the convention, and defended himself and son with *Cushing's Manual*. The resolution of censure against murder was laid upon the table by a vote of forty-six ayes to thirty-six noes; and, no one being found to lodge a complaint against these most worthy preachers of God's holy word, the Rev. A. J. Frost occupied the evening session in reading a carefully-prepared paper upon “The outlook of the Baptist denomination in California.” The outlook of the Rev. I. M. Kalloch is through prison bars, charged with the crime of murder. The outlook of the other Kalloch—the one who interrupted the reading of the resolution when it reached the solemn words, “vengeance is mine and I will repay”—is from the Sand-lot, where he has been for one year stirring up and preaching insurrection against the Chinese, for whom this same Baptist Convention organized a missionary service. But what pleased the devil most, and made him lie down and roll himself in sulphur, was the appointment of the Rev. I. M. Kalloch to be chairman of the Standing Committee on Woman's Home Missions. Forty-six to thirty-six! And then—Oh, shade of John Bunyan and the early Baptist martyrs!—chairman of the Committee on Woman's Home Missions! No wonder the devil laughed.

John W. Taylor, City Superintendent of Schools, could not have made a better appointment for School Director than Mr. Ashburner if he had combed the town with a fine-tooth comb. That he does not live in the ward is a matter of no importance. The best delegate to the Chicago Convention is elected from the Fourth Congressional District, and he lives in San Francisco. If the Board of School Directors does not confirm Mr. Ashburner's appointment, it will be another proof that the board is, in point of character, what we think it to be.

The Honorable Page, member of Congress from California, has been making a stage-driver of himself again by an attack upon Superintendent Dodge of the mint, which illustrates how little horse-sense this blank Page of ours has. If Mr. Page has influence enough in Congress to have the mint purchases overhauled, we will venture to declare that the strictest integrity, the very highest business prudence, and the utmost fidelity will be disclosed in all Mr. Dodge's business. What troubles Mr. Page is the appointments, and because he does not like them, the presumption arises that they are given to decent and competent persons. This illiterate man Page will never forget that he is not driving mustangs on a down grade. He would never get the smell of ammonia out of his political garments if he should reach sixteen hands high in official position.

And now that Mr. J. C. Duncan has been three times tried, and the juries have three times disagreed, is it not about time that his persecutors and prosecutors should relax their efforts, and allow the courts to accord him reasonable bail? Mr.

Duncan was an over-sanguine, speculative man. He invested his depositors' money in California stock. He purchased and improved property; the tide turned against him, and he failed. He did not spend money on himself or his family. He embarked his own and his family's fortunes, and all were wrecked. A portion of his depositors and certain Sand-lot demagogues have acted the part of shameless persecutors, and the courts have been influenced in the most cowardly way by outside clamor. He has been incarcerated in a living tomb. He has been forcibly confined in a cell with six others, while pet prisoners have had spacious rooms assigned to them. Mr. Duncan has not a single dollar of anybody's money. His wife and children have endured the pangs of poverty, and have wanted bread. He has been treated and punished like a criminal, while the law presumes his innocence. He has been held to impossible bail by judges who feared the clamor of the Sand-lot. He ought to be discharged on his own recognizance.

The writer of this paragraph conducted a long and unpleasant investigation of mint affairs when General La Grange was superintendent. Dr. Linderman, ex-Governor Low, and Mr. H. L. Dodge were the committee authorized by Congress to take proofs. Profligacy, criminality, and favoritism were charged against La Grange. We are now getting comparative figures that demonstrate the extravagant, if not criminal, management of the mint when General Grant was President, and when Sargent, Page, Gorham, and Carr ran the administration upon this coast.

	1877. LaGrange.	1878. Dodge.
Coinage	\$46,101,500	\$54,907,500
Expenses, including salaries and wages	239,877	143,128
Adds	67,001	64,056
Charcoal	6,336	2,801
Coal	29,695	11,719
Coke	11,478	3,620
Hardware	7,346	1,631
Metals and castings	14,981	5,577
Repairs	25,914	8,112
Wood	15,008	6,578

A difference, when the amount of coinage is considered, of nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year. If this money was not stolen and divided among Republican party thieves, then what has become of it? We present these figures to our country friends, and remind them of the angry controversy in which we were then engaged, as an explanation of the fact that we find it, if not impossible, at least difficult to fight our way through county committees and clubs and primary elections to a State or national convention from San Francisco.

The Democratic State Convention, in its personnel and its conduct, has been highly respectable; more than decent, it has been even dignified. We have observed among its delegates representative names. This is especially true of the country. Mr. Samuel M. Wilson was called to preside. One of the evidences of the respectability of the convention was that the country delegates quarreled with the city, and gave its potato-rot element the cold shoulder. The same incident occurred in the Workingmen's party. From the interior there came delegations of earnest, respectable men—men who are intent upon genuine reforms. These persons came necessarily into contact with the potato-rot Democracy of the city, and quarreled with it. The same condition of things exists in the Republican party. The truth is, that there is an organized band of political and party bandits in San Francisco, whose purpose is to prey upon all political organizations. These men are mostly Irish, recruited by an occasional German or American. They have no other profession than politics. They have no principles, and no idea of anything except the plunder and loot of the lesser offices. They attend ward meetings indiscriminately, and, like all mercenaries, are ready to sell their services to the leader who will bid highest for their very dirty work. This dangerous class infests all parties, and is a reproach to all parties. It dominates the W. P. C.; it is a large minority in the Democratic party; and there is more of it in the Republican party than is good for it.

The California Democracy has not instructed its delegates, but has expressed its preference for Allen G. Thurman of Ohio, and in this has reflected the wishes of a very large majority of the party. The Workingmen's wing has also expressed its preference for Thurman, and in event of his nomination, it is probable that there will be but one electoral ticket in California against the Republican candidate. A united Democracy for Thurman would make him a formidable candidate in this State against any Republican, requiring the best efforts of a united Republican party to defeat him.

Those Republicans who do not desire the nomination of General Grant, but who will support the nominee of the party through thick and thin, had best begin to prepare themselves for his probable nomination. The result in Illinois indicates the possibility of his success. General Grant and his friends are fighting for his nomination as he fought for Richmond, only that the permissible strategy of war has been excelled in the tricks of party politics.

SISTER PEG.

"Reine, it is just awful this permanent blue won't come out, and the pink madder resists the effects of alkali and ammonia alike. Your aprons look like our ancient pinafores, much jellied and jammed. I wish your canvas, instead of your clothes, got *all* of the paint."

Reine, sitting in the next room at her easel, did not notice this sally; she was too busy keeping the youthful scions of the household in proper pose. Her "Babes in the Wood" did not progress very rapidly, although curly-headed Rob and Nell were daily attired in rags, their mouths stained with blackberry juice, then divested of shoes and stockings, and made to lie on piles of leaves upon the studio floor. But Rob would tickle Nell, and somehow or other the picture was always out of drawing.

Handsome Reine sat helplessly gazing at the refractory children. The day was hot and sultry in the little studio, and they longed impatiently to be at their mud-pie making in the back-garden; and consequently, in spite of manifold bribes, would not look amiable. So she had given up in despair, and dismissed them. Reine was the "beauty and genius" of the family, Peg always used to say, and she was, perhaps, right. Reine's surroundings were poor and bare. The floor was carpetless, and an old, battered bureau, filled with painting materials, constituted the sole furniture of the room, with the exception of the easel, which contained a half-completed picture, with shadows distributed freely here, there, and everywhere. Light and shade were the trials of Reine's artistic existence—they would get jumbled. The philosophy of light was still an unsolved enigma to her. Sketches of the family, in various attitudes, done in charcoal, crayon, and oil, adorned the wall, some of them showing considerable spirit and skill. On the day in question, nothing had gone right, and she sat still, with palette in hand, dreaming, a customary occupation with Reine, and one that she decidedly preferred to work. A ray of bright sunshine stole in through a crevice in the closed shutters, and changed the heavy mass of auburn hair that rippled over her shoulders to burnished gold; it strayed lovingly over her features, perfect as sculptured marble, lighted up the dreamy expression of her dark eyes, tenderly touched her shabby draperies, then lost itself in a dusty corner.

"Reine, Reine, come here," Peg called again. She started then, and obeyed listlessly. Peg was the worker of the family, and was busily engaged in the unromantic task of washing the family linen.

"Can you get this paint out?—I can't," she asked. "I do wish that you would be more careful, Reine. It's one comfort that you have your sittings on Monday, and deck the youngsters out in rags, else they would have to go to bed until I washed their clothes. We appeal to the picturesque until after the wash. It's a comfort artists dote on rags. We are well supplied with subjects on which to enthuse therefor. Growing children, artistic maidens, and slender purses don't go together any more than corn beef and pound cake. When nature provides the luxuries—children, etc., I mean—she ought to furnish the necessities. We can't live on the cake."

Peg was the eldest of the family. She was tall and robust, with a bright, cheery expression in her face, and large gray eyes, that expressed courage and a firm will. Sometimes she looked almost pretty. She did now, as she sang merrily at her wash-tub, with her arms plunged to the elbows in white, foamy suds.

Their little family consisted solely of the three girls and little Rob. Their father had been a poor, struggling artist. The battle of life was too much for him, the blows of the world too severe for his sensitive heart. So he died; and soon after his wife followed, leaving another little babe to be cared for. They left a little cottage, but a very small income to the family; but Peg shouldered their burdens cheerfully, and—somehow—they managed to live.

Reine inherited both her father's talent and her mother's beauty, but she was indolent and dreamy. Rob and Nell were youngsters of ten and six, growing up wild as little colts, much to the horror of the neighbors.

"Reine," Peg continued, "we must devise a committee of ways and means, we must do something with Rob and Nell. I know 'genius don't burn' to-day, so help me out with the problem. Mrs. Jones was in here yesterday, and gave me a lecture long as the moral law about our government. She declared that the youngsters were perfect heathens; that Rob couldn't answer a question in the catechism; and—what do you think, Reine?" Peg's gray eyes opened wider, as she came nearer to her, and laid her soapy hand on Reine's shoulder. "She said it was wrong, and perfectly scandalous, for our Jack to come here as much as he does, and no married lady in the family. She said that they were talking about it in the sewing society. Just think, our Jack!"

Reine's cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled as she brought her little fist down on the tub. "Let them talk; who cares? We couldn't live without Jack. He is our only breath of sunshine. We would stagnate without him. Let them talk, the old gossips."

A deep, manly voice was shouting from the gate: "Girls, may I come in? I know it's washing-day, and Peg's decree has gone forth; but she's neither a Mede nor a Persian. I say, Peg, let a fellow off this time. I've some good news. Here, Bob, here's an apple; one for you, too, Nell," he said, tossing the rosy fruit into their extended hands.

Peg had gone to the door, and was flourishing her wash-board dangerously; but at the words "good news" she threw down her combative weapon, and pulled her sleeves down over her bare arms. Reine came to the door, too, looking dainty, in spite of paint and oil and old gown.

"What's all this noise about, Jack?" she inquired. "I imagined the Workmen were making a descent. We were talking of his satanic majesty, but didn't expect an immediate appearance."

"It's only an angel in disguise, knocking at your door," he meekly responded. "Reine, Reine, I know, by the pucker in your fair brow, art has gone wrong to-day. Peg, leave your washing to a 'heathen Chinese'; and Reine, give your poor, ill-treated babes a chance to rest. You've got lots of bitumen in the shadows, and it will take an age to dry, you know; so come along with me. I made a strike—heard of an elopement; wrote it up in style. Distracted Romeo, lovelorn Juliet, cruel parents, clash of the Montague and

Capulet clans, rope-ladders, kisses, sobs *ad libitum*. I assure you, it was quite thrilling. They gave me ten dollars for it. So I immediately went to the stable, hired a horse and buggy, and 'we'll all take a ride.'"

Jack Stuart was a noble-looking young fellow—tall and straight, with honest, dark-brown eyes, and a winning smile. He was a reporter on one of the daily papers, and had literary aspirations; but editors are proverbially hard-hearted in the eyes of luckless contributors, and his work was not always appreciated. But he was content. Life was all smiles and sunshine with him; he never sought its dark side; and, of course, money went as it came. He never could deny himself a pleasure. His whole heart was bound up in the Haviland family, and queenly Reine had it in her special keeping.

On her part, Reine cared for him in a lazy sort of way. "Jack was nice and good," she said; "but poverty was so hard." For Reine was ambitious. She loved art, she loved luxury, and she loved herself most of all. She possessed a rare, stately beauty; her face was almost perfect; her form statuesque. She felt that she ought to reign a queen in society. People snubbed her because she was only a drawing teacher, and this was very bitter to Reine. She loved wealth and ease and comfort. She longed for pictures, bronzes, books; her whole heart craved the beautiful and luxurious.

Peg answered: "I can't go, Jack. The children are reduced to a single garment, and Reine has promised to take some sketches to show to old Mr. Worth to-morrow, and she can't go in rags and dirt. Unfortunately, Cinderella is too old-fashioned to have much effect nowadays. My hands are full; so Reine must go alone."

"Well, I'm sorry, Sister Peg," he said. "Get your duds, Reine. We must make the best of this glorious afternoon." Reine soon appeared, fully equipped, the old black shawl that did family duty draped around her shoulders; looking as if it had been woven by an East Indian loom. When Peg wore it, it looked wrinkled and old; on Reine, it seemed fit drapery for a queen.

When they started, Jack shouted back:

"Good-bye, little busy bee. Don't expect us till you see us. We are going out to the foot-hills."

Peg did sigh a little, as she went back to her work.

"It is hard for Reine to have all the fun. I'd like to be the butterfly for a while." But she thought, "I am the oldest, and mother left them all to me. 'Take care of Reine, dear,' she said; 'you are only two years older, but Reine is wayward and headstrong, and must be ruled by love, and I know my steady Peg will be a mother to my darlings.'"

As she thought over her dear mother's last words, her eyes filled with tears; but her heart felt lighter, because she knew that she had done her duty well.

"If Jack and Reine would only marry," she thought, "all would be well; we would neither be poorer nor richer, but Reine would have somebody to look after her better." Her cheeks flushed a dark red as her thoughts ran on: "Maybe, if Reine didn't love him, he might care for me." But even the thought seemed sacrilegious.

"Why, Rob, what is the matter with Nell?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said; "only we were playing we were cows, so I made her eat grass. Nebuchadnezzar did, so I guessed Nell could; but she didn't like it, so I slapped her."

"You naughty boy," Peg cried, giving him a little shake. "I'll tell Jack, and he won't bring you any more apples. Come into the house, like good children, and while I get dinner I'll tell you a story."

"Tell me 'bout elephants," imperious Bob demanded.

"No, fairies," Nell said.

Then they set up a concerted howl at not being able to have their wishes complied with at the same time.

Jack and Reine came back with happy faces, and as he lifted her down he brought out an enormous crab from underneath the seat, and a bottle of dressing.

"Here, Peg, let's have a feast. Reine has promised to consider the 'final end' this week. Here's to success! But I am afraid we'll have to drink it in salad-dressing; the where-withal gave out when we came to consider the drink."

In the evening they were a merry party, and the neighbors were more scandalized than ever. Under the influence of salad-dressing, Jack delivered an extempore speech, then followed it with "The Bull-frog," "Little Brown Jug," and divers musical gems from his college days. Finally, "Good-night, Ladies," closed the evening.

Reine sat in the corner, looking steadily before her with a troubled expression.

"Good-night, Reine," he said, pressing her hand. "Good-night." His eyes shone with a soul full of love reflected in them. "Next week, I trust you will make me the happiest man on earth. When I have my little queen, I'll not envy any man. Success to your sketches to-morrow. Good-night, Sister Peg."

They heard him whistling as he went down the street, but Reine sat silently in the corner.

"Are you not happy, Reine?" Peg asked. "Don't you love Jack?"

"Yes, I love him—well enough. But, Peg, I hate poverty; I can't bear it. And Jack will always be poor. I know it. Don't scold me, Peg. I wasn't born good, like you. I was born with a love for the beautiful, for ease and wealth. I know that it is hateful in me. I strive against it. I strive to love Jack harder and harder every day; but, Peg, I'm not half good enough for him, and I can't. I don't believe I feel like other people."

She broke down, and commenced sobbing.

Then the sisters parted for the night. But Peg, who would have given her whole life for the love Reine did not value, hugged the secret to her heart, "for Reine's sake," she thought.

The next day Reine selected her best sketches, and went to see Mr. Worth. He had been an old friend of her father's, and he wished to help the girls along. She rang the bell, and was admitted into the library; and, as she sank back in a soft-cushioned chair, felt the Wilton carpet beneath her feet, and saw the dainty evidences of wealth scattered around the room, a great sigh filled her heart as she thought of the contrast with the home offered her. A young man entered the room.

"Is this Miss Haviland, with the sketches?" he inquired, politely. "I am Mr. Worth's son, and have just come from abroad, where I have been studying art a little; and, as my father was occupied, he desired me to look at the sketches, if you have no objections."

"Certainly not," she answered, and handed him the folio, saying: "You will find my studies very crude. I have had very little instruction; but it is the dream of my life to go abroad and study."

As he turned over the sketches, she could not help comparing him to Jack, and to the latter's disadvantage. Little things were so much to her. She noticed that his fingers were long, slender, and white, while Jack's were always discolored with ink-stains or tobacco; his dress, too, was faultless, while poor Jack never did have a whole garment. "He was as bad as Rob about tearing his jacket," he used to say.

In truth, Edgar Worth was a refined, cultured, traveled gentleman, and heir to a million.

"This sketch is excellent," he said, holding up a small pen-and-ink sketch of Peg at her tub. "Queen of the Tub" is a very appropriate name," he said.

"It is my sister," Reine replied, with a blush.

"This reminds me of Bouguereau," he said, stopping at a sketch of Rob and Nell in their garden hats. "Very good." The dearly-loved oil sketches of more ambitious subjects he scarcely noticed. But Reine was happy as he said:

"I am sure, Miss Haviland, father can dispose of these for you; and I advise you hereafter to work from models. Ideal pictures require a more practiced hand."

Reine fairly flew home.

"Hurrah, Peg!" she cried, "good times coming. My sketches were accepted. And, oh, Peg, he had such handsome eyes and such a heavenly hair!"

"Who—what—where?" Peg ejaculated.

"Oh, Peg, if we only lived there!" she answered.

When Jack came that night his probation was lengthened to a month, and the subject tabooed for that length of time. "I'll be so busy, and there certainly is no hurry, Jack," she said, with her "stand-offish air," as the children called it.

On the morrow Mr. Worth called with the money the dealer had given for the pictures; and "he had a commission for some more," he said. Alas! Mr. Edgar, those veritable sketches were reposing in your own cabinet drawer. But the fib was permissible, Reine was so happy. He accepted their invitation to call, and the whole family surrendered their hearts to him. Only Peg said to herself, "He is not like our Jack."

Day after day he called, on one pretext or another, showing them many delicate attentions. First it was a sketch for Reine; then a book for Peg, or dainties for the children; and soon he was installed a regular visitor. They were hard days for Jack, Reine had grown so cross and fretful with him. His heart was very heavy, and he was grave and silent. He had been working late at nights, and looked haggard and worn. One evening he came in, and as soon as Reine saw him she started away.

"Reine," he called, "don't be afraid, I won't trouble you. Won't you come out for a walk this evening?"

She could not well refuse; so assented, trembling with excitement.

"Reine," he said, as they walked by the rows of dusky buildings, "you know I love you. You are all I work for, hope for, live for." A great sob came into his throat. "I know that you'll think I'm weak; but, Reine, darling, I love you so I can not let you go. Often at midnight, when I am tired and worn out, I lay down my pen and think, 'Cheer up, old fellow, you are making a home for Reine, and she will be here in a little while and help you bear your burdens.' Reine, answer me; will you help me make the little home?"

Reine looked up in his face with a supplicating expression—the old haughty look had disappeared. "Forgive me, Jack," she said, "I have the same as promised to marry you; if you hold me to it I will never break my word. I don't want to hurt you, Jack, you are too good for me. I have tried, but I don't love you as you deserve to be loved. Tell me what to do."

He looked at her earnestly for a moment.

"Thank you, Reine. It is nobler to have told me the truth. I see my folly. You love Edgar Worth. God bless you and make you happy. Oh, Reine, it is hard to give you up, to say good-bye forever!"

They walked silently home. Peg was waiting for them.

"Good-bye, Reine; God bless you," he whispered. "May you find the happiness I have lost. Good-bye, Sister Peg," he said, then walked rapidly up the street.

"What is the matter, Reine?" Peg asked, as her sister ran up stairs, sobbing.

"It is all over, Peg," she answered; "the old life is over. Jack has gone forever. I love Edgar, and I have promised to be his wife if Jack would release me. I am so happy and so sad. Why do people love you when you don't want them to?"

Then she laid her head down in Peg's lap like a little child, and sobbed herself to sleep.

The weeks went on busily enough. Mr. Worth wanted to take the next steamer for Europe, and so they hurried the wedding. Reine's heart was light and happy, only Peg felt as if it were merry-making too soon after a funeral. Jack never came near them, but, in the bustle and confusion, only Peg noticed it. The day before the wedding a bunch of violets came from him to the bride. Reine was packing up her sketching materials, and murmured "Poor Jack," but he was forgotten in a moment, she was so absorbed in the chatter about what she intended to accomplish in Paris.

The days rolled on. Reine had gone, the old home was changed, the dilapidated furniture replaced by new, through the kindness of Mr. Worth. There was nothing left to remind Peg of the old studio but a few childish sketches, that were left on the wall. The house seemed so lonesome without Reine. After Peg had put the little ones to bed that night she sought the little studio; her heart was so full she could not restrain her tears; Reine was gone for years, and she had not seen Jack for months.

A knock at the front door startled her, and she answered the summons.

"Are you Miss Haviland?" a messenger boy said, "here's a note for you."

She read it through hurriedly. It was from Jack's landlady, telling her that he was ill of brain fever; as she was the only one of his friends that she knew, she wished her to come immediately, for, she said, "Mr. Stuart may not live until morning." She dried her tears hastily, put on her cloak, and went across the street to get an old woman to stay with the children; then followed the boy to a tenement-house in the lower part of the town. He took her up to the upper floor to a little garret-room. She rapped at the door, and

then entered. It was hushed and quiet, broken only by the irregular breathing of the patient. The doctor was sitting by the bedside, holding his pulse, and he motioned her to take off her things, and pour the medicine for him.

"It is very particular that he should have a good nurse," he said, "the crisis will be to-night, and it will be a hard pull for the poor fellow, his constitution is so weakened by overwork. I have another case in hand, but will be back in an hour; I think I can trust him to you."

She sat down by the bedside and looked around the room. Poor Jack had often said it was "high and airy." It seemed very bare; the only furniture beside the bed was a chair and table. He lay on the bed unconscious; his cheeks were wan and hollow, his eyes sunken, his skin parched and fever-stricken, and his brown curls were matted and tangled.

In his delirium he constantly murmured "Reine, my little Reine, come back to me." As Peg sat there, counting the minutes, it seemed a lifetime.

"Oh, Reine," she sobbed, "this is your work, and you are so happy, and my Jack is so near death."

Finally the doctor returned, and they watched by his bedside till dawn.

All at once his ravings ceased, and he gasped "Reine!" so low you could hardly hear it; then he lay perfectly motionless, and his face looked ghastly white in the morning light. The doctor bent over him, feeling his pulse. A great agony filled Peg's heart. "Jack is gone," she thought, "what is life worth without him?" She closed her eyes and held her breath, waiting for the doctor to tell her the dreaded news. The suspense was terrible. She put up her hands, as if to ward off a blow as he came toward her.

"Why, child," he said, "what is the matter? He sleeps. The fever has gone, and he will live."

She sank down on her knees by the bedside, sobbing "Thank God." The reaction was too great. The doctor told her that she must go home and rest, as he had procured a competent nurse.

It was weeks before Jack recovered, and Peg came every day and sat by his bedside, reading to him and trying to amuse him. Once he said, suddenly:

"Tell me about Reine. I can bear it now. Why do you never mention her?"

She told him of her happiness, and how noble her husband was.

"I am glad," he answered. "She deserves it all." Then he turned his face to the wall, as if to sleep.

Peg saw that the old wound was not healed yet, and her heart was very sore. In those long days by the sick bed, and when he was so near death, Peg realized more and more how much he was to her.

One day he said: "Peg, since my illness a great change has come over me. I am no longer like a thoughtless boy. I am a man, who must work his way in the world and win something in the end. Our old days of play are over; we must be men and women in earnest now. Before my illness I commenced a book, but my MS. is crude, and I am going abroad for a year. I have a chance to go on a ship, and I shall correspond for the papers. Then I'll come back and complete my book. Wish me luck." Then he went away.

It seemed such a long year. One evening, when she was tired and worn from her day's duties, Peg felt in a desperate mood. Life seemed to hold no more joy for her. Her meditations were disturbed by the postman's ring. He handed her a letter with a foreign post-mark. It was from Jack. It commenced with spiey little bits of travel; then it said: "I met Reine, unexpectedly, in Rome the other day. To tell the truth, I dreaded the meeting; but she looked so happy and contented, I knew in a flash that the old wound had healed and my heart was whole. I was glad of it. Reine's husband is a treasure. I have found out that I owe my position to his kind influence. And then I discovered another secret. I have been very homesick; and I know that I want my Peg, my Margaret, my pearl without price, to help recover again. Peg, I love you, and I am only waiting for you to bid me come to you."

Peg's heart beat fast; her eyes sparkled. "My ship is fast sailing over the seas to me at last," she cried. "It will soon be safe in the harbor."

Nell and Rob came bounding into the room, with cheeks rosy from romping. "Children," she cried, joyfully, "Brother Jack is coming home to us."

MARY GLASCOCK.

OAKLAND, May, 1880.

A Paris correspondent says that the swell out-door occupation now is carpet-gardening. It consists in the laying out of beds on lawns, of borders and strips of earth, with shrubs or bedding plants of variegated hues in order to match the shades of Persian carpets and Indian shawls. This style of fancy gardening commenced in France a few years ago; the lovely Japanese carpet in the Trocadero grounds during the late Exposition gave an impulse to this mode of ornamentation. To quote: "I have seen the border of an Indian camel-hair scarf, with all its palms and intervening designs, most accurately reproduced on a garden border. Neither is it so difficult to succeed in this as one at first sight would suppose. It is a matter which requires care and foresight chiefly. The height of variegated shrubs, and the room they require for spreading, has to be acquired; the rest is only a case of painstaking and nicety. The beds of French lawns set aside for the purpose are prepared by the gardener, who makes all the surfaces perfectly level. When they are ready, the ladies lay on top a paper on which the design has been carefully perforated; the paper of course corresponds with the size and shape of the bed or border to be ornamented. All the holes are then filled with chalk, finely powdered, or sand, which leaves a perfect impress on the block-mould after the paper has been carefully removed. The plants are afterward sunk into the different compartments marked out for them. If the design is very intricate, it is wise to indicate the color and nature of plants to be bedded by writing their names on the paper. A plan, or paper bed, is usually prepared in-doors, when the weather does not admit of out-door exercise. Several gentlemen having property in the environs pride themselves on their carpet-lawn, which is the successful attempt of their wives and daughters. The cost is moderate. A table-cloth design is usually executed in low, cream-colored shrubs. I have seen a kiosk, under which meals are served in summer, with a circular border, repeating emblems of welcome and hospitality carried out in the shrubs."

SPIRITUALISTIC BLUNDERS.

There is nothing certain but science—absolutely nothing. And what is science? Established facts; logical conclusions; systems that work, that never fail, that never disappoint.

Three and two are five; that is science. A clock that keeps time; an engine that will run; a steamship that sweeps the ocean; a telegraph wire; laws of nature discovered; complications invented; systems of mechanism, chemistry, or thought that never fail—that repeat, or illustrate, or demonstrate whenever you choose to test them; contrivances and processes that know no failure and no disappointment. These are science.

Human testimony is not science. It can establish nothing. It can prove nothing but facts immediately perceptible to the senses. It is fallible. It fails all the time. It is not to be compared to scientific demonstration. A murder has been committed. We gather the testimony. It is sworn to. Lawyers sift, and scrutinize, and cross-examine. Juries find a verdict. Judges approve. The culprit is hanged. And in a few years it transpires that it was all wrong. This has happened a hundred times. Yet we have to rely upon these methods because a murder is an event that can not be repeated. It can not be done over again that we may watch, and see if the whole matter has been observed. We must rely upon the best evidence we can get, and act upon it; and we do; but often to find that, with all our care, we have erred.

Science is different. It depends on no human testimony. It says, "Come and see." It says certain contrivances will make a locomotive that will move, and draw carriages after it. Do you doubt it? Science puts the thing together, and it does move—when put up right, it invariably moves. That is science. It proves itself.

In all ages we have had another class of phenomena—marvelous, wonderful, out of nature, passing belief. It is attested; it is sworn to; it has been seen by hundreds. But it will not repeat itself; it will not come when wanted; it will serve no emergency, however important, urgent, humane, beneficent. It will come only when it listeth—by fits and starts, like a fleeting shadow that is gone before you can take a note of it.

Such is the phenomena of spiritualism. It can perform miracles, raise the dead, bring spirits from the vasty deep for dark séances of weak men and maudlin women. It can uncover the past and reveal the future. It can make tables dance, heavy pianos skip about the room, and enable people to fly, and even carry them through solid substances. But all these things are single events like the murder. They happen at odd times; they are seen by only a few; and they will not repeat. They can not be put to work on any good or practical thing. Just as soon as they are wanted for real service, they fail, they disappoint. They never come up to their promises. And, moreover, they deal in the most shallow and sophistical excuses, apologies, subterfuges, frauds, to cover up their shortcomings and keep those who believe in them in the faith.

In the recent murder at Saucelito, the truth of these remarks has been illustrated in the most striking manner. We have at least a hundred mediums in San Francisco, of every kind and grade. And yet a few detectives, with their simple five senses, beat them all—discovered the body and the money.

When it was almost certain that the body had been thrown into the water, one woman medium described the manner of the murder, and the body as in shallow water. The detectives—sensible fellows—refused to follow her vagaries. But they were making so thorough a search that she feared they would catch at her straw, and make a thorough proof of its fallacy. Then she had another revelation that the body had floated off into deep water. Had it never been found, she would have claimed that these delusions were veritable facts.

Then the facts came out that the missing man had left no money or property behind him. People began to surmise that he had run off. And forthwith mediums gave a negative concurrence. The spirit had not been seen in the spirit land. Had the mystery not been cleared up, the faithful would have clung to this as proof stronger than holy writ. But, alas! the body was found. It was not in the water. It was not slain in the manner described. All the circles were at sea on every point. No more disastrous failure ever befell the poorest tyro in jugglery and delusion.

Spiritualism will not be put to work, will not subserve any human purpose, will not come when wanted. It is, in fact, only the dregs of ancient superstition, fallen from the courts of kings and princes into the byways of credulity and imposition. The time was when every king had his astrologer, soothsayer, magician, and wonder-worker. They read signs and omens, consulted oracles, and predicted the issue of battles. Had they been worth their salt, they would have been retained till this day. And they are—among barbarians and savages. But every enlightened State has discarded them. There is not a medium in the pay of any government. No reliance whatever is placed on their powers or their predictions.

In real truth, the whole arena of the so-called spiritual phenomena is referable to three sources: First, sheer fraud, jugglery, imposture. Second, peculiar, morbid, and mysterious action of the nervous system and imagination, producing thoughts, feelings, presentiments, and pictures that are partially involuntary, and not well understood by the person possessing them. And third, the doctrine of chances—that will make a certain proportion of the wildest dreams, the merest fancies, and the most extravagant predictions come true. And we might add a fourth, perhaps, in the credulity of those who do not seem to know the nature of these delusions.

And first, as to the imposture part, while we do not pretend to affirm that all the spiritual phenomena are sheer imposture, we must aver that a large portion undoubtedly is; and on that account all is to be scrutinized with the utmost care. The writer has attended numerous séances with the single purpose of finding out what was true, and he has never seen one scintilla of performance that afforded the slightest evidence of spirit presence, or that was not within the reach of any adroit manipulator. On many occasions he has most distinctly detected fraud, and can give names, dates, and places if this proposition should be challenged. He has

attended séances that were a blank—a confessed failure, and yet heard of those who were present afterward declaring that the most wonderful performances had transpired. These facts ought to throw the glamour of doubt and suspicion over all.

Second, the mysterious and involuntary action of the brain and nerves, mysterious to the most erudite physicians, must ever remain a source of wonder and alarm to the ignorant, the weak, the despondent, the despairing, and often to the hopeful and enthusiastic. The timid and cautious will forever conjure up a thousand fears. They take shape. They become presentiments of evil. And sometimes, nay, too often, the evil comes. Their hopeful and buoyant dream of success is felt to be assured—"feel it in their bones," as has become a by-word. It comes, and this presentiment has all the dignity of a prediction. Involuntary movements and impulses occur to nervous people. They are prompted to do this or that, and know not why, and are certain that it is spirit guidance whenever it seems to have been just what was wanted.

Third, comes the doctrine of chances, the slippery foundation on which all this superstructure of superstition and imposture rests. The doctrine of chances, of ratios, of averages, well known to the scientist, is a marvel to the ignorant and the unthinking. What is it? This: Ask a hundred questions to be answered yes, or no! Write them down! Toss up a button! Heads, yes; tails, no! And as the button comes down, so write the answers. You will find it right half the time. Now, use your judgment and change all those you feel sure are wrong, and you will get three-fourths of them right. You may set up business as a medium, fortune-teller, astrologer, faith doctor, and general utility adviser in love and war, on this basis. You can keep the button in your pocket unseen by your dupe. You can drop it, pick it up at random, let the thumb signify up, and the finger down, announce the result promptly, as if by sudden inspiration, and you can not fail to be right half the time. When you are right, it will be trumpeted abroad. It will not be forgotten. The further it goes, the more wonderful it will become. "Ah!" your dupe will say, "the answer came so quickly, so promptly, there was no time to think, to plan. It must have been inspiration."

Marry, when you err it is forgotten. It goes for nothing. Who cares to remember the thousand questions that did not come right? And you can resolve everything into a question of yes or no, and answer it in this way. It is a system of fraud well understood by the adept, set out in dream-books, determined by cards, letters, numbers, or signs. It is all on the same plan, and a certain general average will always come true.

There are a billion of people in the world, and a million of them had a vivid dream last night. A million of dreams, surely not too many. A thousand of them were something like an event that will occur to-morrow. They could be strained into a prophecy, a presentiment, with the greatest ease. A hundred of them were very clear. Ten were almost beyond criticism. And one struck the exact fact. And so the ordinary mind has faith in dreams. But the scientist sees nothing wonderful in it. The average is very low for mere guess or accident. It is very low indeed when we reflect that the dreaming mind is perturbed with speculations as to the future. *One in a million!* Yet even that has been enough to keep alive in the human mind a belief in dreams, in the soothsayers, the faith doctors, in quacks and impostors of every quality. Here is a hospital with a hundred patients. They are in every state and stage of disease; some at the point of death, others on the turn of life and health. Here comes the magnetic healer. He lays on hands. He bids them get well. And three out of the hundred do so at once. Three others die. Fifty feel no influence whatever. Twenty are improved, and the rest sink lower. This is the general average, and the poor quack does not affect it in the least. Yet those who rose at once, and those who felt improved, sound his praise, while the balance forget his effort, because it was barren of good results.

This doctrine of chances, or averages, when well understood, is death to all delusion and fraud. It apprises the mind what to expect. It fortifies against fraud. It knows no demon but demonstration. It accepts no authority and no testimony, except such as will repeat itself under the same conditions, that all may see it. It moves slowly—denying nothing, accepting nothing—till something is proven or disproven beyond a doubt.

A few days ago, says the Clinton (Mass.) *Courant*, a little fellow, anxious to find a home for a pet kitten where it would stand a good chance of being well brought up, carried it to the house of one of our clergymen, asking him, as he responded to the knock, if he would like a kitten.

"Oh, I don't know," said he, "what sort of a kitten have you got?"

"A Unitarian kitten, sir."

"No, I guess not, of that sort."

A few mornings after, the little fellow appeared at the same door and rang the door-bell. The boy repeated his offer.

"But are you not the same little boy that called the other day, and is not this the same little Unitarian kitten you had then?"

"I know it," the boy responded; "it's the same kitten, but he's got his eyes open now, and he's an Episcopal kitten."

It is fair to surmise that the "opening of the eyes" proved the salvation of pussy, and found for it an agreeable and congenial home.

Wer will, kann, is an excellent motto. Sir William Gull (funny name for a physician that) was a bottle-washer in Guy's Hospital once, yet he afterward rose to the front rank in his profession. Grant was a tanner, and before that worked on a farm. Lincoln split rails. And before Mr. Kearney came to inhabit the stately mansion where he at present resides, he was a more or less honest drayman. "Who will, can."

It eases a hen's mind to sit on glass eggs just as much as on the genuine articles. A hen can understand what a man swears.

It is in a bass drum that two heads are better

AT THE PLAY IN JAPAN.

We had made several ineffectual attempts to get into the little theatre at Yokohama. It was always crowded to the very threshold, and the breathless, eager-eyed Japs, dovetailed together in the most extraordinary way that each might get a view of the fascinations of the stage, never vouchsafed even a glance of interest at the intrusive foreigners. It began to appear that thus much of the Japanese elephant must remain unseen. When, therefore, the professor wrote from Tokio, twenty miles away, "I have succeeded in securing a box at the Imperial Theatre for Thursday of next week," the amount of red tape implied was lost sight of in the keen satisfaction the news gave. But, as we bowled once more through the magnificent distances of picturesque, moat-lined Tokio, going endless miles to reach a theatre, the professor explained it all. Theatre-going in the Land of the Rising Sun is a complicated affair. Your Japanese would disdain the comfortable simplicity of our style of doing business. The very complexity of detail involved in giving his family a day at the theatre is a part of his enjoyment. Do you think he would go to the box-office, pay his way, and walk in? Or tip the usher for a seat if he had not reserved one? Or take his chance at getting one without the tip? Not so. He opens negotiations with a tea house. The street whereon the theatre is situated is lined with them, and banners of fanciful colors and various devices float from their balconies and proclaim the accommodation they have to offer. The proprietors of the tea-houses secure all the seats in the theatre, and then retail them to their patrons—quite after the manner of speculators in our own country. The tea-house figures conspicuously in the day's enjoyment, for play-going is an all-day affair; and as the Japanese takes a vital interest in the drama, he makes a day of his pleasuring. The tea-house furnishes his *chow* for the ten or twelve hours of his stay at the theatre; and, as your Japanese can eat with a frequency positively alarming to civilized barbarians, this is a most important item. At the tea-house, also, are to be procured *saki* (rice liquor) and tobacco. Also, if, worn out by the emotions of their very stirring dramas, he desire a *siesta*, he may retire to his tea-house and drone away an hour on the soft mats.

All this preparatory information served well when the professor turned the funny little Japanese pony's head into a narrow street full of tall (two-storied) tea-houses, whose flying banners gave the little thoroughfare a festival-day look. There was a tremendous clatter of voices and clogs, and the rattle of the most bric-a-brac-looking porcelain, as the Japs from the various tea-houses went by, laden with *chow* displayed in the most appetizing as well as high-art style. The graceful *betto*, flying ahead like an oriental Mercury of new and quaint design, cleared the way with his shrill, peculiar cry, and we dashed up to the very threshold of the last tea-house in the line. It is easy enough to drive up to the threshold in a native town, for the streets are ridiculously narrow, and there are no sidewalks, but these same thresholds are nearly a yard above ground, so that *jinrikishas* and traps may not absolutely get into the house.

An old crone with ebony teeth and shaved eyebrows took possession of us, with that effusive cordiality peculiar to Japanese women, and desired to fortify us with some tea and *chow*; but we were in too great haste to witness the novel spectacle to wait for *chow* just then, so we promised to return between the acts. She sighed, and entreated the professor not to forget to show the foreigners where General Grant, the American mikado, had sat. A bevy of bright-eyed little Japanese waitresses hung about us, with more soft entreaties on the *chow* question. They, too, sighed their regrets, with a politeness and insincerity truly French in its style; then one by one whispered to the professor in the softest Japanese—and a beautiful language it is, as spoken by the women and children—not to forget to show us where General Grant, the great American mikado, had sat.

A big, blue-cotton-clad chap came rattling across the street, in his tall clogs, to take charge of us. We were ushered through a dark passage, filled with strange articles, which the professor declared to be the properties of the theatre. We were then shot up in some inexplicable way to the top of a staircase built on a vertical line; and when we had recovered our breath and got over our amazement at our climbing powers, we were already seated in a box in the Shinto Miza Theatre of Japan. What a queer-looking place it was, to be sure, filled as it was from floor to roof-tree with those dark, intent faces, and queer-looking heads! Like everything else in the seaboard towns, it is not a distinctively Japanese structure; but it has been built to suit the peculiar habits of the people, and there is not a seat in the house.

Our guide did not forget to whisper, as he softly withdrew, that it would be well to show us the place where General Grant had sat—and we fell to a contemplation of the hallowed spot. It was just in the middle of the gallery—which had been made aristocratic for the occasion—and the sacred spot was occupied just now by just such an element as fills our galleries at home. All the applause seemed to come from the gallery. The applause itself is of a most peculiar character, and as much like a lengthened

tion; but it is fire and inspiration to the Japanese actor. Aside from the gallery the entire theatre is laid out in little square boxes. In the pit these boxes are below the level of the aisles or passage-ways; and it is a funny sight when the little people clamber in and out of them. Our box was on the jutting balcony, and we loomed up in the most conspicuous manner above everything around us; for the tea-house had provided us with chairs, recognizing that we had not been trained to sit in our heels. In consequence of the barbaric use of these articles of furniture, there were but three of us able to get into the box at a time, while all around us families of six and eight fitted in quite comfortably. They go to the theatre in families. Every one loves the drama; and every one, down to the babies, is acquainted with the history and traditions of the country, upon which all their plays are founded. In one box adjoining ours there were at least three generations, and this box was a type of all the others.

It was evident that great preparations had been made for the day. The hair-dresser had paid an extra visit, for every head was sleek and shining. Bits of bright new crape, and a more gorgeous cluster of hair-pins, testified to the extraordinary interest of the occasion. The hair-pin is the Japanese woman's sole article of jewelry. Bracelet, or ear-ring, or pin—nothing is pinned in Japan—has she none. The bangle is an unknown mystery to her. The diamond solitaire she has not even dreamed of. She lavishes all on her *obi*, or sash, and her hair-pins. I know of a little cook in Japan who toils for seven *yen* a month, but will unhesitatingly spend twenty-five *yen* on an *obi*, and who laughed one day with the most good-natured disdain when her coral-tipped hair-pin was admired, because the coral was only beef-bone colored. They are not so very different from their diamond-decked sisters on this side of the pond. At the theatre there was a great showing of hair-pins and *obi*. The women, and for that matter the men too, seem all to be dressed alike at first glance, for every one in Japan wears blue. It is the national color for those who walk abroad. But it has half a hundred different shades, and the only difference between a rich man's goods and a poor one's lies in the texture. They are of one cut and style. But while the people in the gallery, and many in the pit, wore blue cotton, those in the balcony boxes were, one and all, dressed in silk or crape. The rich tones of the richer materials harmonized well with their dark-tinted skins, and one could see that they took an especial pride in their collars, which are always of finer material than the body of the *kimono*, a long-sleeved, sack-shaped, almost seamless garment, which is the universal wear.

Men and women smoked incessantly. Intent as they are upon the play, they do not forget almost unconsciously to roll their tobacco into the little pills which fill their tiny pipe-bowls. They are exceedingly impressive audiences, and melt to smiles or tears with a readiness most flattering to an actor. They have a merry, light little laugh which flutters all over the house in the pleasantest way when the actor points a joke. When he promises to become pathetic they pull out their little blue cotton squares, and prepare to weep. In a moment the big tears roll out of their soft black eyes, and a subdued sobbing may be heard here and there. But their emotions are evanescent. When the curtain falls, and the waiters come in with the *chow*, they fall to at the rice or fish served up on "old blue" with a will. As for the tea-pot, it is kept in the box all day, and filled at frequent intervals by the attentive waiters.

There is much rushing back and forth between the acts. There is a grand exodus of all who do not stop to eat. You will see pretty girls of fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen, brilliant with cosmetics, ambling to the door with their funny little gait, to exchange confidences with some young friend whom they have signaled across the house. You may know what they are talking about, for it is the custom to fall madly in love with the actors. The highest classes do not patronize the theatre. It is a plebeian form of entertainment. But the masses place the actors on such a pinnacle of popularity that we could quite understand the strut even of the "supes" and minor actors whose dressing-room is in the front of the house among the properties. We had seen them in various stages of make-up—for the cosmetic art has attained a high degree of perfection in Japan—as we passed up the eccentric staircase. They go up the aisle, straight through the audience, to get on or off the stage; but this long walk is taken in a high-art style which is something delightful.

As for the stage itself, it is, as all the world knows, a revolving stage. That in the Imperial Theatre contains, perhaps, three sets; and it would not be necessary to lose any more time than in Steele Mackaye's Madison Square Theatre. But the *entr'acte* is an institution with the people. They like it. They enjoy the play too much to desire to see the end of it. They are never in a hurry. If a Japanese ever does get in a hurry, he dies. His little frame can not stand the wear and tear of such a new and utterly absurd emotion. The play itself would exhaust a foreigner if he sat it through. There is so much *hanashi* and so little action. This is a realistic effect. If a Japanese is going to do anything, the amount of talk involved in the doing of it is something formidable. All their effects are realistic, consequently it is almost as interesting to visit a Japanese house as to witness a Japanese play. Their stage settings can not be magnificent because their own settings are not magnificent. Their costumes have not the gorgeous effect of Chinese stage costumes because the Japs themselves do not wear them. There is ease and comfort inexpressible in Japan, but there is no luxury. A Japanese interior setting would be interesting to a foreigner if he were not fresh from seeing twenty just like it. The sole piece of furniture in a Japanese room, aside from the omnipresent screen, is the *hibachi*, or fire brazier. If they are going to eat, the little tables are brought out of the closets. If they are going to sleep, the quilts are brought out of the closets. If they enjoy the possession of what we call "curios," they bring them out only one or two at a time. Thus they change their decorations every week. What would they think of the stage-setting of one of our interiors? Their garden scenes are exceedingly pretty, and the stage is at times interesting, for that it revives old dresses, customs, and articles of use now superseded: the *kanga*, perhaps, or the *norimon*, a couple of basket conveyances, which have now given way to the universal *jinrikisha*, or other articles of this kind, which are interesting because they belong to the past.

The play for the day was *Kazuma's Revenge*. We had hoped to see the *Forty Ronins*—which may be called the *Hamlet* of Japanese dramatic literature—or, at least, something in which *hatri-kari* would occur. They are said to give this with frightfully realistic effect. But it fell about that the play was but a mild one, though a tale of a sword—as all their tales are for that matter—and it contained an infinity of domestic detail. However, we saw the "Danjoro"—the Booth, so to speak, of Japan—and a capital actor the fellow is. He sinks his own name in this title of "Danjoro"—a proud one, since it signifies that he is the first player of the realm. He is handsome, in a Japanese way, and with the aid of cosmetics, is the type of Japanese manly beauty. His nose is long and slim, his eyes slanting, and his eyebrows half-way up his brow—a thin, well-defined, sloping line. His queue is of marvelous glossiness, and he is quick and lithe as a trapeze artist. They have a stilted stage language in Japan as well as at home, and he measures his syllables with most stagey incisiveness. Throughout the long, long, long siege of talking, which preceded any action whatever, the audience hung upon his words with attentive ears, and gazed on him with rapturous eyes. The language itself abounds in quips and quibbles (as Gilbert would say), and the people are inveterate punsters. They prize a *mot* as dearly as did any of Mürger's Bohemians, and a good story or a witticism easily passes into history.

Doubtless this explained the people's enjoyment of the "Danjoro's" *hanashi*. As the actor, like every one else, sits on the floor—on his heels—through more than one-half the time, the performance has not an enlivening effect. But when they do begin to act, they are as quick and agile as monkeys. Their fencing bouts are the most spirited encounters that can be imagined, and an actor of the highest degree studies to give a quickness and finish to his every motion. Thus, at one time, an old priest—in the play—with shaven crown and solemn mien, walked slowly through the queer little door of exit, and appeared about to pass to a *kanga*—a basket of the sedan-chair family, but absurdly small. He was tall for a Japanese, and his height was augmented by the pair of clogs into which he solemnly climbed at the door—for no Japanese wears his shoes in the house. As he neared the *kanga* he doubled himself into a ball and rolled into it, in the twinkling of an eyelash. Anything more quick and sudden I never saw. In fencing, or even in miscellaneous sword-fighting, they will revolve on their heels between the blows with astonishing quickness. There seems to be a gymnastic leaven leavening the entire dramatic lump.

An old comedian, who had been the favorite of the public for forty years, was one of the most interesting features of the stage. He came up the aisle with all the conscious pride of favoritism—as Warren might walk on a Boston stage, or Gilbert in New York, or Mrs. Judah in San Francisco. He looked the veteran of the stage, every inch of him. But he was the warrior for the nonce, not the comedian; and there were blended dignity and conscious pride in his acknowledgment of a clamorous greeting.

The female parts are all taken by men—as in the Chinese theatre. These men look immensely tall, for the Japanese women are tiny creatures; but they imitate ridiculously well the little, short, ambling, pigeon-toed steps, for it is the height of bad breeding for a Japanese woman not to walk with toes well turned in. Also, they dress their hair with the greatest fidelity, and tune their voices to the female pitch. Japanese women have figured conspicuously in the history and literature of the country, but they do not dramatize the Japanese heroine extensively. They prefer bloody battles, feuds between the great *daimios*, and stories of long vendetta. *Kazuma's Revenge* is of this latter type, and the endless expedients to which a couple of Japanese *samurai* resorted to get the better of each other became tiresome through the fellows unpacking their souls too much in words before they fell to fighting. The "Danjoro" took a leaf from Clara Morris's book, and gave us a scene of physical suffering. He fell a-shivering with a chill. His jaws chattered, his teeth rattled, and he became actually livid with cold. They piled covering on him, but he shivered through it all until one actually pitied him, and it seemed impossible that it could not be

real. Then the fever came upon him. His throat grew parched, his tongue thick, his eyes glassy. He tossed the coverings off impatiently, and began to rave. The illusion was quite as vivid as the first. Then, in a twinkling, he restored himself to his normal condition. It had been a play within a play. He had denied himself to a friend or enemy on plea of illness, and when the visitor forced himself in he was seized with sickness. The gallery granted a most forcible approval, and there was the glister of warm commendation in the soft, dark eyes all around us.

One of the most peculiar features of a Japanese theatre is the scene-shifter, or shifters, for there are several. They also act as property-men. Articles to be used are not discovered when the curtain rises. These imps of darkness bring them out, and put them in place as occasion demands. They are dressed in black from head to foot, mask and all, and are supposed to be invisible. It is rather startling to see them walking about among the players, although they try to be mysterious and retiring in their movements. Actors and audience are entirely oblivious, and I really believe the people have worked themselves up to such a point of imagination that they do not see them.

When the sun began to set we left the great audience—a Japanese theatre is always full—silly enjoying themselves, and nowhere near the end. Several ushers glided up to point out the spot where General Grant had sat, as we prepared to fall down the steep staircase. We had been out between the acts, and had been entreated on various sides to observe the spot. His visit had really been a great occasion, and people were to be pardoned for remembering it. Thousands upon thousands of dollars had been expended upon each entertainment, and in the theatre such a performance had been given as will never be seen again in Japan. They dramatized for the occasion an old historical legend, whose hero, renowned for his valorous deeds, they likened to Grant. It was the most graceful compliment they could convey to a warrior. Actors and *geishas*, or dancing girls, were brought from far and near. The decorations were something fabulous. But are not all these things written?

I brought away my programme with me. It is a funny little buff pamphlet of rice paper. It begins at the wrong end, as everything does in Japan. The crest which ornaments it is on the last page instead of the first. The argument begins at the right-hand lower corner of the last page. It is profusely illustrated with grotesque-looking Japs in various stages of dramatic tribulation, but you must look at the last picture first. It is neither a very nice-looking, nor legible, nor intelligible document, but it brings back very vividly the interesting day when the professor sighed a big sigh of relief as we left what had become an old story to him. We took our last drink of tea and our last slice of bamboo root in the tea-house. We said "sayonara" half regretfully to the eyebrowless crone and her bevy of attending maids. The professor shook the reins over the Japanese pony's banged mane, the *betto* set up his cry of warning in the little banner-lined street, and to the tea-houses, theatre, and General Grant, we gave a silent *sayonara*. BETSY B.

At our own theatres business has been good, and very good. The management of the Baldwin has had nothing to complain of, and the Bush Street has been in bonanza from the first night of the *Pirates*. The great hit will be continued there until further notice. At the Baldwin, next Monday evening, Miss Rachel Sanger will make the successful Gilbert known to us even better than he now is, by appearing in *Sweethearts* and the *Wedding March*.

A BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART.—Madame Wyse, an English artist of note, has lately arrived in this city, with the intention of remaining sometime. The lady's specialty is painting on silk and other dress materials. We were yesterday shown some specimens which are well worthy of inspection. They are two evening dresses. The first is a silver-gray silk, the flounces of which are very artistically painted with flowers and creepers entwined, while the sash—of great depth—is decorated in unison with the other parts of the robe. The second, a white silk dress, has three flounces, which, as in the first dress, are beautifully decorated with wreaths of the coral plant, as well as a sash about fifteen inches in depth, on which are painted all kinds of tropical plants, birds, etc. They are Madame Wyse's own designs, and the colors are chemically prepared and warranted not to run; this is a new invention, for which she is getting out a patent. These robes would look superb on ladies with any pretensions to figure. To each dress are several yards of silk for making the bodice. Madame Wyse is stopping at the Russ House.

At ten o'clock next Monday morning Messrs. Edward S. Spear & Co. will begin to sell at auction the furniture and fixtures of the Grand Hotel. The sale will be the most extensive, the most notable, and the most important that has ever taken place in San Francisco. Besides the bed-room furniture of over four hundred rooms, the massive and elegant parlor and dining-room settings, and a line of exceptionally elegant gas-fixtures, there will be sold three of Hill's best Californian landscapes, two paintings by S. Walker, and a fine study of the San Joaquin Valley, by Buttman. In the kitchen and engine-room the fixtures invite the attention of practical buyers. Housekeepers can ill afford to neglect this opportunity; and they will do well to remember that the furniture of the Grand cost originally over half a million dollars, and that the entire line is in first-rate condition—a great deal of it being, to all intents and purposes, "as good as new." The terms offered are cash, in United States gold coin, and purchasers will be allowed to select in lots to suit. Do not forget that the sale will begin promptly at ten.

Copied from the tablets of an old theatrical manager: "Actresses ought never to be married. They are widows by birth."

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Many clergymen who were obliged to withdraw from the pulpit on account of "Clergyman's Sore Throat," have recovered by using Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites and are preaching again. This preparation seems peculiarly and wonderfully adapted to diseases of the breathing organs.

Mrs. Pearson, late President of Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has opened a temperance restaurant at 631 Clay Street, where she will be pleased to see her friends and all those wishing a good lunch for five cents. A large variety of articles not found at other temperance restaurants will be supplied to patrons at above prices. Business men will find no place more convenient or pleasant. Ladies out shopping will be cordially received. Be sure to call.

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the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, May 15, 1880. - At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 55) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was declared, payable on THURSDAY, May 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

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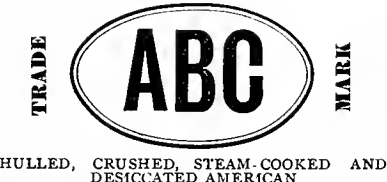
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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first day of June, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before sale, will be sold on MONDAY, the 21st day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth (4th) day of June, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before sale will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-first (21st) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

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love, the bud, will sure - ly blos - som, And hold you fast to me, So in my heart's rose garden, I
e - ven con - stan - cy with - out it, For love can - not a - tone,

watch the buds with care, And they, as each bursts in - to blos - som With sweet - est per - fume fill the

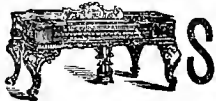
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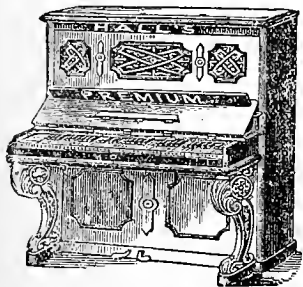
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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eighth day of May, 1880, an assessment (No. 47) of Fifty Cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh day of June, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Friday, the second day of July, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.
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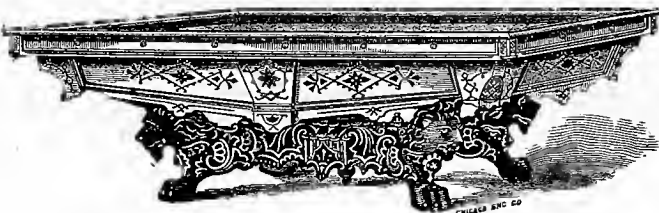
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PRICE, TEN CENTS.

"OUR NANCY."

As an Advocate before the Court of Judge Lynch.

"Golly, massa, dat dar gal Nancy am de best shot on de ribber; jest seen her on de ridge yonder; reckon she's out for venison," said Black Pete to his master, Judge Dickson, as they were working their claim.

"Yes, Pete, she's some as a gal, I allow; but, Pete, boy, conversion to the Lord is a crowning glory above all things, as holy writ shows," said the judge, biting off a fresh chew of tobacco.

"Yes, massa, but de gal may hab a new heart from de Lord, an' be a lilly-white lam' ob de Lord Chrise; plenty time for dat yet."

"Yes, Pete, I allow that's so, but the Lord must give her a call first."

"Massa means she be regenerate, an' have a conversion inwards, dis nigger suppose."

"Yes, Pete, you lazy nigger; but meantime, the water runs, and the earth with gold in it jest waits for that pick of yours to loosen it up, and for your shovel to throw it into the long-tom. Hurry up, boy, and the Lord fructify our labor."

The speakers were "Squire Dickson" and his slave, "Black Pete," whom he had brought across the plains from Missouri to help him dig a fortune from the new-found California gold mines. Master and man were strict members of the Methodist church, each according to his peculiar light.

The scene was a little flat and bar, high up on the Yuba River, in Northern California, at the foot of a high mountain, requiring half a day to climb, in a zigzag mule path; and so steep that, looking down from the crest of the ridge on the bar below, men and animals looked no larger than mice. And so separated from the rest of the world was it by the surrounding mountain walls that it seemed as if only creatures with wings or claws could obtain access to it.

The two men—Judge Dickson and Black Pete—were working at the side of the bar, beneath a bank of earth that they were washing out in a long-tom, with water from a small mountain stream that came rushing down to the river. The bar and banks were worked by about a hundred miners, who had their cabins scattered here and there. There was a trading-store near at hand, where they could buy all sorts of supplies, from a paper of needles to pork, flour, and whisky. There was also a large log-house for those boarders whose claims paid so well they could not spare time to cook. It was a strange, wild spot, where the mountains—clothed in their primeval forests—towered above the rushing river, locked in its bed by immense boulders.

"Judge" Dickson was so called by the many who applied to him to settle their disputes in common matters. The more exciting and important disputes were brought before Judge Lynch, presiding over a high court of miners. They were Western men—with one or two exceptions—and "Our Nancy" was the only white woman in the camp. Nancy Grove and her elder brother, Mark, were survivors of a family of seven—father, mother, and five children—who, in crossing the plains, had been attacked by Indians. It was a hard fight. Nancy Grove and her brother Mark, hidden in the grass under their heaviest wagon, had, with their well-used rifles, killed some twelve of the redskins. This discouraged the band, and the survivors retreated, taking with them their remaining cattle. And yet the girl was only seventeen years old, gentle and kindly in her nature, but with spirit and courage that is rare in her sex. She was fair to see, was tall and well-proportioned, with limbs and body uncursed by corsets and the other deformities of fashion. She wore her long black hair wound in a braid around her head—to keep it out of her way. Her gray eyes—deadly over the sights of her rifle—were very bright and intelligent, and affectionate even, to all she cared for.

Nancy was a natural woman. She had been reared in ignorance of most of the conventionalities of society and its artificial wants, amid the grandeur of forests and prairies. She had gained her knowledge from nature—knowledge often more useful and practical, in new countries, than that gained in schools.

Her brother, Mark, surpassed most men in physical force and strength; and although a slight curvature of the spine brought his height down to that of common men, it did not appear to have lessened the great muscular power he possessed. He was an expert hunter, fearless and cunning in all woodcraft, but he was not so strong in his intellect or intelligence. He had unbounded trust in his sister, as the first of women; and, secondly, he believed in himself and his rifle; and he also believed in a God that had made all things, and existed *somewhere*, but he never had found time to ask Nancy about it, and had some doubts in his own mind that he knew she only could explain.

The brother and sister had come into the mining camp on the river, in company with some others, and Mark and Nancy had immediately gone to work and put up a large, tight log-house, of a few rooms, with one principal one for their boarders' use. It was not exactly a public house, but open to all travelers—Western fashion. Nancy was the head and director in all things, and, owing to her skill and intelligence in housekeeping and management, the house was very successful. They owned a good-paying claim on the river, too, which this strong, handsome girl would go to when she felt like it,

and, taking pick or shovel, would "pan out" as much gold in a day as any other miner.

But the reason she was "Our Nancy," the beloved and respected of all, was owing to her noble nature and her generous heart. She was always the first to aid those who were sick and suffering; even dumb animals had her pity and kindness; and the miners who in their pain and illness had been watched and cared for by her would have fought to the death for Nancy.

Among all the men on the bar there was only one from New England. Ned Stratton was a fair-haired, blue-eyed young fellow of twenty-five; tall, well-proportioned, and good looking; a scholar from an Eastern college. In his early manhood he had devoted himself to the ministry, but, being on a visit to Boston, he had heard the great Theodore Parker, and the daring eloquence of the great Unitarian free-lance had thrown him into a sea of doubt. Since then he could never decide which of the many creeds was the true one. He had brains; he was a fine scholar, but he was not a practical man. A love for adventure, and the California gold-fever, had brought him to the great West; but he had formed no definite plans, and at the first mining camp he reached he found himself stranded. His head was full of "isms" peculiar to the land of the Puritans: transcendentalism, generally, which included *deism*; abolitionism—of all distinction in races of men; total abstinence from all stimulants—or temperance-ism; vegetarianism—or abstaining from all animal food; and other "isms" of the same nature.

A very honest fellow, of stern principles of right and wrong, was Ned Stratton, but his soul had been floundering about so long among the rocks and stormy seas of these "isms," he didn't know how to apply his principles to the facts of life; and he was imbued with that insane—New England—notion, that mankind can be driven, by enactment of mere human laws, into a good moral and political life. Among the miners he went by the name of the "Yank," and many a wordy discussion between him and the backwoodsmen was held in the trading-store, and at "Our Nancy's" boarding-house; but they couldn't understand him clearly, and although they "allowed" he was *peart* with his tongue, and almighty windy in words, he was "nowhere with a rifle or axe, and a baby in any kind of sense, except *book-sense*."

Whatever may be that influence which attracts human beings one to the other—magnetic or otherwise—it was certain that some influence induced Nancy to befriend and take the part of Ned Stratton against the rough Western men who ridiculed his "book-knowledge" and Yankee notions.

The young man had a good claim, that—worked one day in seven—would pay his expenses; but, somehow, if he went to work in it in the morning, the chance was he would find a curious pebble, or a bit of rock or soil with a strange mineral in it, or even a new flower or plant; and then he would immediately throw down his pick and shovel, and, seeking one of the few books he had, would become absorbed in study, and leave his gold-digging to itself. Sometimes Nancy would come along and find him with a book, and his rocker idle, and would laugh at him, and even take the shovel from him, and work and wash the dirt, and then hand him the gold; while he, astonished at the girl's skill, would sit and watch her, unmoved by the little pile of gold she would find in the tin pan; which was a very singular circumstance, if we consider the nature of the people he came from. Sometimes, when there was anything very nice she had prepared for her table and boarders, she would hunt him up, and take him into the house to eat; for he would forget all about his cooking, or perhaps the forgotten fire had burned his beans to a cinder.

The miners were amused at his "book-ways," but let him alone on account of the respect they had for her.

It was a quiet life on the bar, and there was little excitement, except the vagaries and occasional misdoings of Black Pete. He was a jolly, good-natured African, under all ordinary circumstances; but he had a decided weakness for strong drink. He lost all his amiability and civilization under the influence of tangle-leg and bottled lightning, and became once more the black savage he had been when taken and sold into slavery. The judge used to beat and thrash him sometimes, to cure him of his weakness and bring him to; and this style of argument seemed the best adapted to his intellect and understanding.

Ned Stratton had several times been witness to this punishment of Black Pete, and had even talked to him of the equality, the brotherhood, of all men; but the negro's head was too thick to comprehend him entirely; and the miners, although indignant at his remarks to the slave, passed them by as only one of his oddities.

One day Ned found Pete sitting on a log by the wayside, more than usually downcast and miserable, from a deserved punishment he had received for a bad fit of drunkenness.

"Well, Pete," said he, "what's the matter with you?"

"Dis nigger been drunk, massa judge he beat him with cane; cane hurt considerable, I allow."

Ned didn't stop to consider the circumstances of the case, and the half-savage nature of the man before him; but immediately went into "the brotherhood of all men," and their "rights," of which the negro only understood a few words, and nothing of the argument. It was, however, pleasant to have a white man sympathize with him in his troubles, and he said:

"Look hear, Massa Ned, I'se a great man in Africa once; beat everybody, now dey beat me."

"But it's wrong," said Ned. "All men—white, red, or black—are equal. It is wrong to sell them, wrong to beat them. Suppose you should beat Judge Dickson for drinking too much, what would he say to that?"

The idea of beating his master seemed so absurd to Pete that he almost laughed at it; but it set him to thinking, as nearly as he was able to accomplish that mental process.

After Ned left him, he brooded over it in his half-tipsy condition. Pete was just in the mood to crave more liquor, and after he had drank it he soon fell into his old savage, sullen, African nature—the brute predominating over the human nature.

Nancy heard Ned talking to the black, and, to prevent any possible trouble, had on some pretext called him away.

Judge Dickson's claim had not paid expenses for some days, and this was partly owing to Black Pete's continued intoxication; as a natural consequence, the judge did not feel in very good humor with him, and when he staggered up to their camp in the afternoon, half savage, and altogether foolish, he took his walking-stick and laid it across Pete's back with some emphasis. The black man's eyes gleamed red like a wolf's at this, and, stooping down, he seized an axe standing by the door-way, and, swinging it round, struck the judge with it on the side of his head, felling him to the ground, where he lay, bleeding profusely, and senseless.

Pete stood staring at his own work in blank horror and amazement. Two miners, who were passing and saw the deed, seized the black and bound him hand and foot, and with the assistance of others removed the body of the judge to his log-cabin. The news of the deed spread like wildfire over the camp. The miners assembled at once, and as one of them had heard what Ned Stratton had said to Black Pete not long before he struck the judge, Ned was also seized, and, securely bound, was brought before the court of "Judge Lynch," held by the miners in the large eating-room of "Our Nancy's" boarding-house.

Nancy almost broke down at these tragic events, and that evening her skill in providing for the miners' supper was gone; for Ned was more to her than she had ever thought before, and the little knowledge she had been taught by him from his books now seemed to bind her to him.

"Judge Lynch" holds his courts with few forms or ceremonies, and in any place most convenient. The large eating-room in Nancy Grove's house was quickly arranged with seats and benches for the jury, and a table in the middle of the room was placed there for whoever should act as judge, and those who were to act as lawyers. The two prisoners were seated on a bench, with their hands tied together. There were about seventy miners in the room, who had come in from their camps in the neighborhood. Some had their rifles, and each had a bowie-knife and a revolver strapped to his belt. There was a rude counter or bar in one corner of the room, where whisky and tobacco were sold. The miners, like most Western frontiers-men, were uneducated, and there were only two, except Ned Stratton, who could even read.

Judge Dickson was the most important person in the diggings. Next to him in influence among the miners were Dusty Dick and Shortee. The former was so called on account of working a claim in a white-colored clay, which, drying upon his clothes, kept him as dusty as a miller. He was a stout, tall, middle-aged man, who had seen much of the world, and was a decided original in character, with a dash of humor in him that made him very amusing. Shortee was a stout little fellow, grave and dogmatic in his ways, who had lived and traveled in nearly every part of the world, and who was often consulted by the miners on account of his varied experience.

By universal consent Shortee was chosen judge and Dusty Dick was made prosecuting attorney. After the names of all present were written on slips of paper, they were put in a hat, and twelve were drawn out for the jury, who were seated apart by themselves.

There were so few arrangements to make in this mode of trial that all was soon ready. Dusty Dick rose with all the dignity he knew how to use, and thus addressed court and jury, against the prisoner:

"Gentlemen of the jury: This ere case is plain to see through as spring-water, and comes out strong as the nose on a man's face. It ain't no use to flabbergaster you all with a string of words as long as would string from here to San Francisco. I shan't do it. I'm going to stew the case down, till it's easy to take, and smells strong and tastes sweet. The way those lawyers at Frisco turn, twist, and rip up words, and obfuscate and conglomerate things, till a jury can't tell black from white or how much two and two are, would make an owl shed his tail feathers. I've seen it, gentlemen, and I don't mean to try it on; if I do, d--n me. Ye see, this ere case lies in a nut-shell, an' I'll pick it out fur yer considering as neat as a monkey takes their meat from a cocoanut. Judge Dickson owns a nigger—ye see setting that, Black Pete. Well, Black Pete is a good kind of nigger enough, ef ye can keep whisky from him; for when the corn-juice gets inside him, he goes back from civilization, thinks he's in Africa agin, and jest becomes rip-roaring savage. But before I go on I must amply, and explain to yer what murder is and how many kinds of it there is. Well, now, ther's three kinds of murder. Firstly, comes 'murder of the first degree,' that means, when a human critter, with malice aforethought, med-

itates and chalks out how he will kill somebody; the punishment for that is sudden death. The second kind of murder is called 'homicide,' or 'manslaughter'; it's when a man has to defend himself from another who wants to kill him, or when a man is killed sort of accidental like. The punishment is putting in prison. The third kind of murder is 'accessory murder'; that means when a man, with malice aforethought and meditation, is knowing to a murder, before or afterwards; its punishment is likewise sudden death.

"Now, fellow-citizens, that nigger setting thar, Black Pete, committed murder in the first degree, cause why? It was malice aforethought and meditation made him pick up that axe, and slinging it round hit the judge on the head with it, and break in his upper crust. Ye see, Pete had been on a rip-staving drunk all day; well, who should come along and meet him but Ned Stratton, and what does Mr. Ned do but commences, with malice aforethought and meditation, to rile the nigger up worse than ever, by telling him abolition stuff about the rights of man and slavery, till the nigger biled over and struck his master, breaking his upper crust, as aforesaid. That's the whole case, straight as a loon's leg, and when the judge goes under, we must string up Black Pete.

"As for Mr. Ned Stratton, setting thar, I must now argufy him and his case, and amplyfy considerably, as he comes under a different catagory of 'murder in the third degree,' or 'accessory murder,' before or after the fact. He is what the lawyers call, in Latin, *pressipice criminalis*, which is, in English, he stands on a precipice of crime, and may take a drop or fall, which likewise he will, if the judge pegs out. Ye all know Stratton is a Yank, but do ye know what a Yank is, or do ye know ther country he 'riginated from? Gentlemen of the jury, I've ben thar, and will tell ye. It's my firm 'pinion climate makes people what they ar. I've seen it, and what I sees I knows. Yankeeland, especially near the sea, ain't got no one climate, cause why? It's got every climate, good, bad, and cussed, can be scared up over our round arth, and so mixed, the devil couldn't tell tother from which. Gentlemen, I've been in that country in July, near Boston, an' I swear ter ye, in the morning I was broiling like a herring on a griddle, in a straw hat an' cotton pants, an' in twenty minutes by the clock, it come up so freezing cold, I had to put on the fur dress I'd worn in Labrador. Can human natur stand that kind of thing? No, sir, it kin not, and that's the reason the Yanks have interierated, and ar as full of cranky notions and crazy ways as a mad bull in fly time. I pinionate Ned Stratton couldn't help bornin in that place, and taking in their pizon notions, but he hadn't ought to be coming here, stirring up niggers to sassinate their masters. I allow he hadn't; but we can't blame him for getting out ov sich a land as that is; hard to live in, an' hard to die in, for I sees thousands ov acres thar with no sile for a grave, and only rocks. Fishes in the sea kin lead a nat'ral life thar, I allow, but humans an' beasts kin not. I've seen on the gravel lands near the Massachusetts Bay a chipmunk squirrel setting on ther top-rail on a fence gnawing a pebble-stone, with the tears running down his face, and the skunks was so weak they couldn't make themselves unpleasant. It's a hard country that, an' has interierated an' made its people half-crazy with all sorts of idees. Gentlemen ov ther jury, I allow Ned Stratton was accessory before the murder, an' must swing of the judge pegs out."

Dusty Dick looked around with a self-satisfied air after he thus concluded, and, turning to Shortee, said:

"Judge Shortee, did I speak ter the pint?"

"Dick, ye just spoke right up ter the handle, straight as a loon's leg," replied Shortee.

The foreman of the jury then arose, saying:

"There must be somebody to speak for and defend the prisoners at the bar."

There was a grotesqueness about the way these rough, uneducated men administered justice in the courts of Judge Lynch; but nevertheless they were terribly in earnest. In this case—before the verdict, before the trial even—the miners had prepared the strong branch of an oak tree with two hopes hanging down, in readiness for the expected execution of Black Pete and Ned Stratton; as they supposed there was no doubt that Judge Dickson would die.

Ned had been sitting by the side of the black man during the trial, not appearing to notice or observe the events that were passing. When the foreman of the jury had spoken, he arose and said:

"Fellow miners, I scarcely know what to say to you, being a perfectly innocent man, and being tried by you, who have no just right to try me, in this extra-judicial manner—which is a singular anomaly in this land of freedom, and not concomitant with its code, or justice—"

Long Tom, foreman of the jury, here interrupted Stratton, saying:

"Judge Shortee, this man is just throwing book-words and Latin in our faces, that nobody understands: who knows what kind of a critter a 'nomoly' is, with a 'code' coming after it like a tail? Can't you scare up somebody who kin sling our nat'ral English?"

At this point Nancy Grove, who had been an attentive listener, but unseen, stepped slowly forth among them. Her cheeks were flushed, but her eyes were very bright and determined in their expression; her tall, graceful figure and her beautiful face made her an attraction for all eyes; her long, black, silky hair was woven and braided around her head somewhat in the form of a coronet, and she had thrown around her a crimson shawl; making the Western maiden resemble some Oriental queen, came accidentally among them. She stood by Judge Shortee, and spoke to them all:

"Miners, you all know me, and I wish to speak a few words for the prisoners" (she hesitated a moment), "for Ned Stratton, who seems to have few friends—"

Dusty Dick rose at this point, and said:

"When 'Our Nancy' wishes to speak to any crowd in these diggings, she kin do it. Every heart among us affectionates and respects her as a sister. Pile up ther words as yer please, Nancy, ef they reach down to Frisco. We will all, and the jury also, listen kindly; and, ef we kin do it justly, we'll just take your counsel and advice considering the prisoners."

Nancy then continued:

"I know well these two accused of murder, and have heard Dusty Dick's remarks against them, and in ridicule of the land of the Yankees, where Ned Stratton came from. But making fun of that place is nothing against Ned, nor does it

prove anything in the present case. It's natural he should have ideas and opinions learned from those who brought him up; we all of us generally do. And even if the Yanks are—many of them—a cranky, conceited sort of people, that don't prove Ned is anything of the kind. Miners, it isn't easy for a young woman to talk to you and defend a young man [here Nancy's face flushed very red], but, as it is a case of life or death, I shall do it. But I'll first say a few words for Black Pete, sitting there. He is as simple, kind, and good-hearted a nigger as can be found, if you keep corn-juice away from him; but if he drinks it, he becomes no better than a crazy beast. I have never let him have a drop in our house; and think whoever gave him whisky is partly to blame for this evil thing he has done. At least, deal with him justly, and give him all the show you can. Ned Stratton is a young fellow with less bad ways than any one I have seen, and scorns a lie, and I believe would die quicker than do an unkind action to any one. He has been with me and taken care and cured many I see in this room, who have been very sick and dead broke, without friends. And as for his meaning any evil by talking to Pete, it's out of all sense and reason to say it. [Nancy's eyes were growing very bright.] Ned has got more book-knowledge in his head than most men; but I allow, in every-day common-sense knowledge, to get a living by, he ain't thar. But take to him a beast of the field, a bird of the air, or fish from the waters, or even a flower, plant, or pebble, and he will tell its history, also strange things about it; would make your eyes stare and your hair pretty near raise up to learn the wonders of nature. As for an axe, rifle, or pick, they're strange to him, and his bringing up as concerns 'em is of no account; but he ain't to blame for it. As for his hurting any human creature, I know better, for I've seen him step out of the path rather than step on a black bug and take its life."

Here the jury whispered together, and the foreman rose and said:

"Nancy, we would like to ask you a question—a little out of the common—if you will let us."

"Certainly," she answered.

"We wish to ask if this young man, Ned Stratton, is anything to you—that is, if ye've ben sparking together? Ef ye have, we will do for your sake what we allow we'd never do for anybody else."

Nancy's face flushed red as a rose as she cast her eyes down.

Ned Stratton rose up quickly, and said: "Miners, you can do as you please with me, but I pray you not to hurt the feelings of Nancy by requiring an answer to that question. I am but a poor fellow, with little skill to make money, or in useful labor; my knowledge is not of much use here. Nancy is well off, and can, with her money and beauty, look to a man far higher in life and position than I am. Were it otherwise, I might be very bappy with such a wife."

As he finished speaking, Nancy went up to his side, and put her hand in his, and, turning to the jury, said:

"Miners, I do care for Ned, if that will do him any good in your judgment of him; but there is one thing of much importance in this trial you should know. You can bring no verdict against either Black Pete or Ned Stratton until Judge Dickson is proved to be in danger, or dies. The doctor was sent for, and has been with the judge, and will send word to us of his condition."

At this moment a miner came in and whispered to Nancy, who listened, much pleased. Speaking to all, she said:

"The doctor sends us word that we may stop all further proceedings, for Judge Dickson will be all right to-morrow, and walking about. The wound on his head was only a scalp wound."

Long Tom, the foreman of the jury, now jumped up and spoke:

"We all allow that is good news to hear, an' it breaks up this court 'cordingly; but before we go we wish to say to Black Pete, ef he meddles with corn-juice again, and makes hisself an African beast, we will tie him to a sapling and whip his bare back till the blood fills his boots—sure as shooting. We do all solemnly swear to it. As for Ned here, 'Our Nancy' can take him prisoner, and do jest as she pleases with him."

All were so delighted with this happy termination of what might have been a tragedy, that the miners gave three uproariously loud cheers and an Indian war-whoop that made the loose things rattle. After this, everybody asked everybody else to take a drink.

Ned Stratton changed his whole life under the influence of "Our Nancy." In six months he was one of the best shots and miners on the river, and also the most fortunate, for he took from his claim some thousands of dollars; his books were put away for the idle days of winter, and Ned, for the first time, became a practical man as well as a learned one. But, best of all, he had "Our Nancy" for a wife.

H. C. DORR.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1880.

Swinburne has written the following sonnet "On the proposed desecration of Westminster Abbey by the erection of a monument to the son of Napoleon III.":

"Let us go hence." From the inmost shrine of grace
Where England holds the elect of all her dead
There comes a word like one of old time said
By gods of old cast out. Here is no place
At once for these and one of poisonous race.
Let each rise up from his disshallowed bed
And press forth silent. Each divine veiled head
Shall speak in silence with averted face:
"Scorn everlasting and eternal shame
Eat out the rotting record of his name
Who had the glory of all these graves in trust
And turned it to a hissing. His offense
Makes havoc of their desecrated dust
Whose place is here no more. Let us go hence."

A new Welsh greenback paper in the West says: "Emedan detta blad blir en advokat af den financiella teori som besjalar greenback partiet." This is an infernal lie. We happen to know that nothing of the kind ever occurred.

Shakspeare says: "Delays have dangerous ends." The same may be truthfully said of the wasp and the hornet, albeit they are not "delays."

THE INNER MAN.

We print the following bit of Atlantic culinary comment, hoping it may provoke discussion. This column will always be open to intelligent opinion, interestingly expressed, upon its prime topic or any kindred ones.

It is appropriate at the present season to make a protest against the pernicious habit of incessant broiling practiced in so many American households, clubs, and restaurants. This old, hasty, and imperfect method of preparing delicate food ought to be abandoned. It naturally finds favor in the eyes of the cook, because it saves time and requires little skill. When legitimately used in the cooking of a fat, juicy beefsteak or a mutton-chop, it is good enough. But it should be held as an axiom that to broil a fish or a bird is wicked. Take a North River shad, for instance; when it comes from the gridiron, all the delicate flavor of the fish is disguised by the taste of the butter which has been lavished upon it to prevent it from drying up. But the same fish steamed or boiled, and served hot with an egg sauce, or cold with a sauce tartare, or in potted shape, can hardly be beaten. The same may be said of blue-fish, salmon, trout, or bass, as any one may determine for themselves who are accustomed to the hastily-broiled dishes of fish usually brought forward at the sea-side summer hotels. Take again a spring chicken or, worse still, a snipe. What barbarity to split them open and dry out their delicate juices on the gridiron! Nothing but careful roasting will do them justice. The same holds good with all sorts of game, particularly the woodcock and chicken partridge, which will be the first to come in season after the snipe family. Another drawback of our kitchens is the ignorance of the real use of the stew-pan. Stewed meat, if properly cooked, is a most nutritious and delicate form of food, and a stewpan is an important article in an economical kitchen. The joint of roast lamb which left the table only slightly cut into, would, if properly roasted to be served hot, present an unsightly appearance as a cold joint. But by the skillful aid of the stewpan, and a judicious knowledge of seasoning, an excellent dish may be prepared of it. Efforts in this line, however, usually result in a fearful concoction called an Irish stew.

[A valued correspondent sends us the following description of "An Every-day French Dinner in the Sixteenth Century," taken from the autobiography of Baron Herbert of Cherbury—the opponent of Bacon.]

"I told Goudomor, by his good favor, he should not dine with me at that time, and that when I would entertain the ambassador of so great a king as his, it should not be upon my ordinary, but that I would make him a feast worthy of so great a person; howbeit, that he might see after what manner I lived, I desired some of my gentlemen to bring his gentlemen into the kitchen, where, after my usual manner, were three spits full of meat, divers pots of boiled meat, and an oven with store of pies in it, and a dresser-board covered with all manner of good fowl, and some tarts, pans with tarts in them, after the French manner; after which, being conducted to another room, they were showed a dozen or sixteen dishes of sweetmeats, all of which was but the ordinary allowance for my table. The Spaniards returning now to Goudomor, told him what good cheer they found; notwithstanding which, I told Goudomor again that I desired to be excused if I thought this dinner unworthy of him, and that when occasion were, I should entertain him after a much better manner."

Oh! carve me yet another slice,
Oh! help me to more gravy still,
There's naught so sure as something nice
To conquer care, or grief to kill.

I always loved a bit of beef,
When Youth and Bliss and Hope were mine;
And now it gives my heart relief
In sorrow's darksome hour—to dine.

When oil is disliked in salads, the following dressing will be found excellent: Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs very fine with a spoon, incorporate with them a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard; then stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of thick cream, a saltspoonful of salt, and cayenne pepper enough to take up on the point of a very small penknife-blade, and a few drops of anchovy or Worcestershire sauce; add very carefully sufficient vinegar to reduce the mixture to a smooth, creamy consistency.

The first green vegetable in market is the pie-plant, or rhubarb, and very tart and delicious it is, and very wholesome after all the fatty substances of our winter diet. So we think; but here comes the query: "Is rhubarb wholesome?" Every once in a while there appears a newspaper paragraph stating that the acidity of rhubarb stalks is due to oxalic acid, and therefore poisonous. This would be "important if true," but, fortunately for those who find in rhubarb a most acceptable substitute for fruit, it is not true. The acidity is due to a mixture of malic and citric acids—the one being the acid of apples, and the other the acid of lemons.

"Pockton" is a Toulouse dish. This is the way to make it: "Take any kind of boiled fish left over from dinner; remove the bones; put in a mortar and pound it; use about the same quantity of stale bread crumbs; put this bread alone in a half-pint of milk, and place to warm until the milk is all absorbed; then put in mortar, and pound in mortar with fish until the result is a paste; add the yolks of two eggs, beaten lightly; add salt and pepper, a spoonful of butter, chopped parsley, and a little nutmeg; grease a pan with butter; pan should have high sides; pour in the mixture; place some few small bits of butter; place in an oven, and bake some twenty minutes; should be well browned; it may be cooked in a 'bain marie'; turn out of the dish when served; eat with either a sauce piquante or a sauce with capers. Exactly the same thing may be done with cold waste meats, or with the end of a ham; the ham be grated."

CXXX.—Sunday, May 30.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Chicken Soup.
Broiled Shad.
Veal Croquettes, with Green Peas.
Roast Lamb. Mashed Potatoes.
Tomato Salad.
Swedish Pudding.
Cherries, Bananas, and Oranges.

SWEDISH PUDDING.—One-quarter pound of flour, one-quarter pound of butter, one-quarter pound of sugar, four eggs, and a little salt. Rub the sugar and butter to a cream, add the yolks well beaten, the salt, flour, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Put the batter three-fourths of an inch deep into cups, cook by steaming them in a steamer about half an hour; turn them out upon a hot platter. Serve immediately, with a rich, clear brandy sauce in the bottom of the dish.

BAKER'S BLUE-JAY YARN.

From Mark Twain's New Book, "A Tramp Abroad."

"When I first begun to understand jay language correctly, there was a little incident happened here. Seven years ago, the last man in this region but me, moved away. There stands his house—been empty ever since; a log-house, with a plank roof—just one big room, and no more; no ceiling—nothing between the rafters and the floor. Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, and looking at the blue hills, and listening to the leaves rustling so lonely in the trees, and thinking of the home away yonder in the States, that I hadn't heard from in thirteen years, when a blue-jay lit on that house, with an acorn in his mouth, and says: 'Hello, I reckon I've struck something.' When he spoke, the acorn dropped out of his mouth and rolled down the roof, of course, but he didn't care; his mind was all on the thing he had struck. It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye and put the other one to the hole, like a 'possum looking down a jug; then he glanced up with his bright eyes, gave a wink or two with his wings—which signifies gratification, you understand—and says: 'It looks like a hole, it's located like a hole—blamed if I don't believe it is a hole!'

"Then he cocked his head down and took another look; he glances up perfectly joyful, this time; winks his wings and his tail both, and says: 'Oh, no, this ain't no fat thing, I reckon! If I ain't in luck!—why it's a perfectly elegant hole!' So he flew down and got that acorn, and fetched it up and dropped it in, and was just tilting his head back, with the heavenliest smile on his face, when all of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening attitude and that smile faded gradually out of his countenance like breath off'n a razor, and the queerest look of surprise took its place. Then he says, 'Why I didn't hear it fall!' He cocked his eye at the hole again, and took a long look; raised up and shook his head; stepped around to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. He studied a while, then he just went into the details—walked round and round the hole and spied into it from every point of the compass. No use. Now he took a thinking attitude on the comb of the roof and scratched the back of his head with his right foot a minute, and finally says: 'Well, it's too many for me, that's certain; must be a mighty long hole; however, I ain't got no time to fool around here, I got to 'tend to business; I reckon it's all right—chance it, anyway.'

"So he flew off and fetched another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to flit his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it, but he was too late. He held his eye there as much as a minute; then he raised up and sighed, and says, 'Confound it, I don't seem to understand this thing, no way; however, I'll tackle her again.' He fetched another acorn, and done his level best to see what become of it, but he couldn't. He says, 'Well, I never struck no such a hole as this, before; I'm of the opinion it's a totally new kind of a hole.' Then he begun to get mad. He held in for a spell, walking up and down the comb of the roof and shaking his head and muttering to himself; but his feelings got the upper hand of him, presently, and he broke loose and cursed himself black in the face. I never see a bird take on so about a little thing. When he got through he walks to the hole and looks in again for half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a mighty singular hole altogether—but I've started in to fill you, and I'm d—d if I don't fill you, if it takes a hundred years!' And with that, away he went. You never see a bird work so since you was born. He laid into his work like a nigger, and the way he hove acorns into that hole for about two hours and a half was one of the most exciting and astonishing spectacles I ever struck. He never stopped to take a look any more—he just hove 'em in and went for more. Well, at last, he could hardly flop his wings, he was so tuckered out. He comes a-drooping down, once more, sweating like an ice-pitcher, drops his acorn in and says, 'Now I guess I've got the bulge on you by this time!' So he bent down for a look. If you'll believe me, when his head come up again he was just pale with rage. He says, 'I've shoveled acorns enough in there to keep the family thirty years, and if I can see a sign of 'em I wish I may land in a museum with a belly full of sawdust in two minutes.' He just had strength enough to crawl up on to the comb and lean his back agin the chimney, and then he collected his impressions and begun to free his mind. I see in a second that what I had mistook for profanity in the mines was only just the rudiments, as you may say. Another jay was going by, and heard him doing his devotions, and stops to inquire what was up. The sufferer told him the whole circumstance, and says, 'Now yonder's the hole, and if you don't believe me, go and look for yourself.' So this fellow went and looked, and comes back and says, 'How many did you say you put in there?' 'Not any less than two tons,' says the sufferer. The other jay went and looked again. He couldn't seem to make it out, so he raised a yell, and three more jays come. They all examined the hole, they all made the sufferer tell it over again, then they all discussed it, and got off as many leather-headed opinions about it as an average crowd of humans could have done. They called in more jays; then more and more, till pretty soon this whole region 'peared to have a blue flush about it. There must have been five thousand of them; and such another jawing and disputing and ripping and cussing, you never heard. Every jay in the whole lot put his eye to the hole and delivered a more chuckle-headed opinion about the mystery than the jay that went there before him. They examined the house all over, too. The door was standing half-open, and at last one old jay happened to go and light on it and look in. Of course, that knocked the mystery galley-west in a second. There lay the acorns, scattered all over the floor. He flopped his wings and raised a whoop. 'Come here!' he says, 'Come here, everybody; hang'd if this fool hasn't been trying to fill up a house with acorns!' They all came a-swooping down like a blue cloud, and as each fellow lit on the door and took a glance, the whole absurdity of the contract that that first jay had tackled hit him home, and he fell over backward suffocating with laughter, and the next jay took his place and done the same. Well, sir, they roosted around here on

the house-top and the trees for an hour, and guffawed over that thing like human beings. It ain't any use to tell me a blue-jay hasn't got a sense of humor, because I know better. And memory, too. They brought jays here from all over the United States to look down that hole, every summer for three years. Other birds, too. And they could all see the point, except an owl that come from Nova Scotia to visit the Yosemite, and he took this thing in on his way back. He said he couldn't see anything funny in it. But then he was a good deal disappointed about Yosemite, too."

The following thrilling sketch from the same book is a clever hit at the peculiarities of German composition: "It is a bleak Day. Hear the Rain, how he pours, and the Hail, how he rattles; and see the Snow, how he drifts along, and oh, the Mud, how deep he is! Ah, the poor Fishwife, it is stuck fast in the Mire; it has dropped its Basket of Fishes; and its Hands have been cut by the Scales as it seized some of the falling Creatures; and one Scale has even got into its Eye, and it can not get her out. It opens its Mouth to cry for Help, but if any Sound comes out of him, alas! he is drowned by the raging of the Storm. And now a Tomcat has got one of the Fishes, and she will surely escape with him. No; she bites off a Fin, she holds her in her Mouth—will she swallow her? No; the Fishwife's brave Mother-Dog deserts his Puppies and rescues the Fin, which he eats himself as his Reward. O horror! the Lightning has struck the Fish-basket! he sets him on Fire; See the Flame, how she licks the doomed Utensil with her red and angry Tongue! Now she attacks the helpless Fishwife's Foot—she burns him up, all but the big Toe, and even she is partly consumed; and still she spreads, still she waves her fiery Tongues! She attacks the Fishwife's Leg and destroys it; she attacks its Hand and destroys her; she attacks its poor worn Garment and destroys her also; she attacks its Body and consumes him; she wreathes herself about its Heart and it is consumed; next about its Breast, and in a Moment she is a Cinder; now she reaches its Neck—she goes; now its Chin—it goes; now its Nose—she goes. In another Moment, except Help come, the Fishwife will be no more! Time presses—is there none to succor and save? Yes! Joy, joy! with flying Feet the she-English-woman comes! But alas! the generous she-Female is too late! Where now is the fated Fishwife? It has escaped from its Sufferings; it has gone to a better Land; all that is left of it for its loved Ones to lament over is this poor smouldering Ash-heap. Ah, woeful, woeful Ash-heap! Let us take him up tenderly, reverently, upon the lowly Shovel, and bear him to his long rest, with the Prayer that when he rises again it will be in a Realm where he will have one good square responsible Sex, and have it all to himself, instead of having a mangy lot of assorted Sexes scattered all over him in Spots."

Gustave Doré's latest work is "A Tortured Soul." It is described as representing a young monk seated before an organ in the choir of a Gothic church: "His fingers stray over the keys, while his pale, attenuated countenance and great, hollow, dark eyes are turned toward the spectator. The church below is thronged with white-robed monks like himself, some of them bearing lighted tapers, while the painted windows overhead glow jewel-like in the gloom behind the altar. At the young organist's side, amid the sunny light that streams through the arched window, stands a female form, vague, vaporous, and beautiful, a white mist amid the golden rays. It is the vision of his lost love that haunts the youthful ascetic, the embodied remembrance of the woman for whose sake he had sought refuge in a cloister."

There is a good deal of human nature in a ten-year-old girl. The Browns were discussing, at the breakfast-table, how many conference delegates they would try to entertain. Two, four, and six were the numbers before the house, and the general sentiment seemed to be in favor of the smallest number. Little ten-year-old, however, stoutly advocated the maximum number. "We have three spare beds, and might as well take six. Take six, mamma, please do!" "Well," responded the matron, "if you will wipe the dishes each time, we will." Ten-year-old immediately began to sink down in her chair until her head almost disappeared under the table. "How many shall we take?" asks mamma. "One," was the whispered answer.

Professor Nordenskjöld, the Swedish explorer, at a recent dinner party given in his honor at Paris, related the following story: Speaking with one of the inhabitants of Siberia, he said to him: "You have a good climate, excellent soil, broad rivers—all that should make a country rich—but you lack what is indispensable to the success of a country, viz., the varied efforts of human intelligence." "You are mistaken," replied the Siberian; "Siberia is one of the countries which contain most intelligent men, for as soon as any turn up in Russia the Emperor Alexander sends them here."

That "things are not always what they seem" has received a new illustration. It was dinner-time in a select boarding-house. At that interesting moment a new boarder arrived. He was a venerable looking gentleman, with long silvery hair hanging low upon his shoulders. His face beamed with benevolence and a sweet repose betokening a pure and holy life. As he joined the other guests at table, the landlady looked toward him, saying: "Would you please ask a blessing, sir?" And the venerable stranger shouted in reply: "You'll have to talk a little louder, marm. I'm so deaf."

There is a man at Luray, Va., who became convinced when young that kissing was wicked because Christ was betrayed by a kiss. He resolved never to kiss anybody. He has been married twenty years, and is the father of eleven children, but has never kissed his wife nor one of his offspring. This fact is prayerfully commended to the attention of our contributor "Fag, M. P."

Cesky Slovansky Podporujici Obscansky is the name of a Polish benevolent society located at Milwaukee. It is a name that makes a good deal of talk whenever mentioned.

GALLIC CONTRADICTIONS.

Sylvain Marechal: Love is a born republican.

Ninon de l'Enclos: Glances are the first billets-doux of lovers.

Lamartine: There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

Anon: Manners are shadows of virtue; habits are the fetters of vice.

Anon: The serpent gave the woman his tongue after having seduced her.

Madame de Girardin: Infidelity is like death—it does not admit of degrees.

La Bruyère: The love which is suddenly born takes the longest time to cure.

La Rochefoucauld: Jealousy is always born with love, but does not always die with it.

A. Guen: When we love to-day, it is so beautiful that we can not think of to-morrow.

J. J. Rousseau: There is not in the world a more disgusting object than a slovenly woman.

Louis Desnoyers: Women see without looking. Their husbands often look without seeing.

Duclos: The more women have dared, the more ready they are to sacrifice themselves still further.

Rochebrune: When a man and woman are married, their romance finishes and their history commences.

Lengree: Prayers and supplications have sometimes the power to call love, but they can never recall it.

Rochebrune: It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

Victor Hugo: A soul only needs to see a smile in a white crape bonnet in order to enter the palace of dreams.

Chateaubriand: It is a great misfortune always to live in the future, when there remains so little of the present.

La Rochefoucauld: Most honest women are hidden treasures—they are safe only because nobody looks for them.

Latena: When a giddy-headed woman becomes suddenly subdued, rest assured there is something she wants to conceal.

Adrien Dupuy: Impatience in a lover is that which most pleases women, but they never cease reproaching him for it.

Bignicout: Beauty deceives women in making them establish on an ephemeral power the pretensions of their whole life.

De Staël: Do not form plans for years that are to come. The most happy moments of our lives are those which bountiful chance bestows.

De Staël: Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

Langier: At twenty-five we kill pleasure, at thirty-five we enjoy it, at forty we husband it, at fifty we hunt after it, and at sixty we regret it.

Adrian Dupuy: The honor of woman is badly guarded when it is guarded by keys and spies. No woman is honest who does not wish to be.

La Bruyère: An unfaithful woman, if she is known as such by the person interested, is simply unfaithful; if he thinks her true, she is perfidious.

Anon: Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of his life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

Mademoiselle de Lafayette: We pardon infidelities, but we do not forget them. Madame de Sévigné: We forget infidelities, but we do not pardon them.

Marivaux: To love forever is a poetic expression in use by lovers, but it is true with regard to most women. Even when they replace one love with another, the "forever" remains—only the object is changed.

Fénelon: He that gives all, though but little, gives much; because God looks not on the quantity of the gift, but to the quality of the giver; he that desires to give more than he can, hath equalled his gift to his desire, and hath given more than he hath.

Adolph Ricard: When a mother forbids her daughter wearing a low-necked dress, she sometimes acts less through a regard for propriety than on account of a secret jealousy. A woman can never good-naturedly consent to see in another the attractions she herself no longer possesses.

Adolph Ricard: Young girls who give their hearts in exchange for a promise of marriage run the risk of waiting indefinitely for a realization of that promise. When man has obtained everything, he gives nothing. He only records something when everything has been refused him.

THE WATER QUESTION.

The Whole Question of Rates Elaborately Discussed from a Financial and Economic Standpoint—The Conclusions of the Committee—Majority Report of the Committee of the Board of Supervisors on Water and Water Supply.

[Supervisor Bayley, Chairman of the Committee on Water and Water Supply, at the meeting of the board, last Monday evening, submitted an exhaustive report, reviewing the testimony taken by the committee on its long investigation as to the value of the Spring Valley Water Works, and the principles which should govern the fixing of water rates. The report of the committee is as follows:]

To the Hon. Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco—GENTLEMEN: Your Committee on Water and Water Supplies, to whom was referred the matter of ascertaining and reporting their conclusions to your honorable board as to the rates to be paid by the inhabitants of this city and county for water supplied for their use, with the several orders proposing certain rates, would respectfully represent that your committee have invariably invited all the members of the board to attend the meetings held, so that the questions involved might be considered by all the members, and lead to a solution and just determination of this question in the public interests, and so that a valuation basis may be established to compute, determine, and insure just rates for the present and future wants of this great and growing city.

Under Article 14 of the new Constitution, the rates or compensation to be collected by any person, company, or corporation for the use of water supplied to any city and county, or to the inhabitants of any city and county, are required to be fixed annually by the Board of Supervisors.

The City and County of San Francisco, and most of its inhabitants, are supplied with water by the Spring Valley Water Works. Small portions of the city are supplied by artesian wells owned by Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Warner, but neither of the latter supply any water to the city for the extinguishment of fires, or for flushing the sewers, though both express their willingness to do so.

As these individuals supply but small portions of the city, and as the rates which would be just to the Spring Valley Water Company would also be just to them, your committee will present their views as to the principles which should control the action of the city toward the company.

In response to a general invitation to the public to appear before the committee, many citizens appeared and presented their views as to the rate of interest, value of the works, and principles which should regulate the fixing of rates.

NATURE OF BUSINESS AND RATE OF INTEREST.

As to the interest to be allowed, Mr. Claus Spreckels stated that he would not invest a dollar in an enterprise of this kind unless he received 12 per cent., and that in view of the risks, natural wear, and waste, he regarded the business as a hazardous one, adding: "I do not think the company's revenue can be safely diminished; a serious accident happening might reduce the interest from 12 to 6 per cent."

Ex-Governor Low said: "I would not be willing to invest in such property for anything like the rate I would in bonds when they run for a definite time, properly secured and providing for an interest payable annually. In other words, I would not purchase Spring Valley stock unless it paid a very much larger dividend than would the bonds of the company secured by a first mortgage upon the property, and running for a definite term—say 25 years at a fixed rate of interest. I would prefer the bonds at 5 per cent. rather than the stock at 8. I consider, too, that the property is liable to be affected by the contingencies of the elements. An earthquake or a sweeping conflagration would cut off a large portion of the revenue for probably some time afterward. It is the hazard of the business which renders its income unstable, and I would prefer well-secured bonds, running for 25 years, at 6 per cent., rather than the stock at 9."

In reply to the inquiry as to the reason why 4 per cent. U. S. bonds were bringing \$107½, while Spring Valley stock, paying 8 per cent., was bringing only \$85, Governor Low replied that in the case of the Government bond the security is ample, and the bonds are free from taxation, while the Spring Valley stock is not. "But above and beyond that is the stability. Capital is timid. You may call it cowardly; it runs at the slightest provocation. It seeks stability more than it does a large rate of interest. If the city government would guarantee 5 per cent. for 20 or 30 years it would make the stock a better investment. * * * In that event, however, the city would assume all the risks and hazards, instead of the company. Should the city establish certain rates, it would be no guarantee of income to the company."

John Perry, Jr., a well-known dealer in bonds and securities, said: "The reduction of interest will hurt the stock. When the company reduced its interest from 9 to 8 per cent. it caused great complaint. The interest should not be reduced because of the contingencies. The overflowing or breaking of a reservoir would subject the company not only to the loss for repairs, but for damages occasioned to adjoining land. The company should have a good rate of interest, not less than 10 per cent., and probably 12, when you bear in mind the risks and uncertainties, and the future needs of the city."

Mr. J. D. Walker, of the firm of Falkner, Bell & Co., considered the business a hazardous one, and regarded 9 to 10 per cent. in addition to operating expenses as a fair rate of interest upon a just valuation of the works.

Mr. Bradbury, the owner of artesian wells in competition with Spring Valley, thought the business a hazardous one, and 9 per cent. a reasonable rate of interest, stating that he would not be content with that rate in his artesian well business.

A committee from the Real Estate Protective Association, consisting of Messrs. Frink, Lamb, Weller, and Bush, had little to say on the subject of interest, but did not think 8 per cent. unreasonable. They thought the chief difficulty in the present system was in the inequality of the apportionment of the rates, as between the city and the consumers, and that this should be remedied by compelling the city to pay one-half of the total income, to be derived by the company for the water used for municipal purposes and protection against fires, and by so doing reduce the rates to the 18,000 rate-payers one half.

The prevailing sentiment or opinion of those who appeared before your committee accorded with the foregoing. It is true that Mr. Dougherty and Mr. Hancock presented different views, the former to the effect that the interest allowed should correspond with that allowed on United States bonds and with that on county bonds, from 4 to 6 per cent., and that the whole amount to be paid the company should be paid by the city, and raised by taxation, as for other municipal purposes; the latter claimed that the interest of the company ought to be diminished to correspond with the depressed condition of the times. But United States bonds are free from taxation, and have the honor and property of the whole country as security, while the bonds of the city and county are secured by all the wealth of San Francisco. It is a financial axiom that the rate of interest increases as the security diminishes. If San Francisco should issue its bonds at 6 per cent. to the Spring Valley Water Company for the purchase of its works, they would doubtless be taken at par, but the company would have as security for the payment of the principal and interest of the bonds, not only the water works, but all the taxable property of the city and county; and if that was the case, the city would run all the risks in connection with the business of conducting the works. If the city expects that the income of the company should be limited to 6 per cent., it must possess the power to guarantee the income and assume all the risks of the business.

The proposition to raise by taxation the whole amount to be paid the company, for all the water supplied, would, in our opinion, be as unjust to property as the present system is to the ratepayers.

It also appears in evidence that Spring Valley Water bonds, amounting to several millions of dollars, bearing interest at 6 per cent. and secured by a first mortgage on the works, were recently offered here and in New York and London, and the best offer that could be obtained was 87½ cents on the dollar. This made the real rate of interest on the bonds for the term for which they were issued over 7 per cent. Ex-Governor Low was of the opinion that as the bondholders have the best security, the stockholders having only the surplus after the bondholders are satisfied, the stockholders ought to receive at least three per cent. more than the bondholders. If this conclusion is correct, the rate of interest to which the company is entitled would be 10 per cent.

Your committee are satisfied from our investigation that the business must be classed as hazardous, and is subject to contingencies, in the matter of competition and otherwise, which entitle it to a rate of interest in excess of the rate prevailing upon mortgages or other first-class securities. In view of the hazards connected with the business, and the enterprise and skill required in its conduct, and the absolute duty on the part of the board to make it a desirable investment, so as to insure its efficiency for the protection of life and property, your committee are of the opinion that the income of such a business is not unreasonable so long as it is confined within the limits of between 8 and 10 per cent. upon a fair valuation of the works, in addition to operating expenses.

The next question to be determined is, upon what amount does the present income of the company yield the foregoing rate of interest, in addition to operating expenses. The income of the company during the last year was, in round numbers, \$1,258,000, which was expended as follows:

Running expenses	\$300,000
Interest on indebtedness	287,000
Dividends to stockholders, 8 per cent. on \$8,000,000	640,000
	\$1,227,000

Leaving a surplus of about \$31,000.

A detailed statement of the operating expenses was presented to the committee.

Upon being questioned as to the statement appearing in one of the volumes of the Municipal Reports that the running expenses of the works were only \$100,000, the president of the company replied that the statement referred to only covered the office expenses and salaries; that it did not cover all the operating expenses of the works; adding that the estimate of \$300,000 per annum for operating expenses was a low one, and that they had amounted to more during the two previous years. The engineer of the company, Mr. Herman Schussler, also stated that it would not be safe to estimate operating expenses at less than \$25,000 per month.

Assuming, then, that \$300,000 is a proper estimate for operating expenses, and deducting this amount from the total income of the company of \$1,258,000, we have \$958,000 as the net revenue of the company, which the present rates enable it to collect. This amount, \$958,000, is 8 per cent. upon \$11,975,000, 9 per cent. upon \$10,650,000, and 10 per cent. upon \$9,580,000. Are the Spring Valley Water Works worth either of these amounts? If not, the revenue should be diminished, and the rates correspondingly reduced.

What, then, is the value? The solution of this question is attended with considerable difficulty.

A variety of views have been urged before the committee as to the correct mode of ascertaining the value of the works.

MARKET VALUE OF STOCK.

By some it was insisted that the value should be determined by taking the aggregate market value of the stock and adding thereto the bonded indebtedness of the corporation, amounting to \$4,000,000. During the examination had by your committee the stock has varied in price in the market from \$83 to its present value, \$94 per share. If the market value be estimated at \$94, this mode of calculation would establish the value of the works of the Spring Valley Water Company at \$11,520,000. Others were of the opinion that the market value of the stock is no indication whatever of the value of the works. It appeared by the testimony of Mr. John Perry, Jr., a dealer in bonds and securities, that the stock of the Spring Valley Company since 1875 has fluctuated from \$110 to \$83 per share. This latter depression, he said, was owing to the adoption of the new Constitution; also, that the stock had always been held as an investment by parties seeking an income on their capital; that seven-eighths of the stock sold passed through his hands, and that very little stock had changed hands at these low prices. He further stated that the action of the Water Commissioners in 1877 affected the stock, and when the commissioners re-

ported in favor of Blue Lakes it sold at \$83; that the abandonment of that scheme ended the agitation, and the stock went up to \$90 and \$95.

It was also shown in favor of this mode of determining value that in London, recently, when it was proposed to condemn the water works there, the authorities provided for taking the property at the market value of the stock, but further inquiry developed the fact that the water companies there were guaranteed an interest of 10 per cent., although the prevailing rate of interest there is from 2½ to 5 per cent. Such a high rate of interest had the effect of making the market value of the stock many times its par value. Therefore this was a liberal measure of valuation there.

The difference between the two cases is, that in London the stock of the water companies has been protected by allowing them a fixed and liberal rate of interest, and consequently the market value of the stock was greater than the value of the works, whilst here the popular impression that the high rates were due to the extortion of the company instead of the unjust system of collecting the entire revenue of the company from the rate-payers only, letting property go free, has produced an agitation of the water question which has depressed the stock below its real value. Although these fluctuations have varied from 110 to 83, certainly the intrinsic value of the water works has not thus fluctuated. We must look, then, to some other standard to measure their value:

PAR VALUE.

By others it was suggested that the works should be valued by taking the par value of the stock and adding thereto the indebtedness, which should make the works worth \$12,000,000.

Your committee do not think this furnishes any absolute standard of the true value of the works. As corporations are organized, the value of their property may be either greater or less than the par value of their stock. If the par value of the stock be taken as the measure of value, then that value might be doubled by simply doubling the stock. Thus, for instance, the stock of Spring Valley was doubled in 1876, though the extra \$8,000,000 of stock has not been issued. To take either the par value of the present issue, viz., \$8,000,000, or the par value of the increased stock, viz., \$16,000,000, would in our opinion be arbitrary.

It was also stated that the works had been offered in 1877 to the city for \$11,800,000. The officers of the company, however, say that this was unauthorized, and the fact seems to be established that no such offer was authorized by the company. The lowest offer made by the company was \$13,250,000. This was made in 1877, and it is claimed by the officers of the company that \$500,000 have been since expended on the construction of works. As to the estimate of value based on this offer, the president of the company, in a communication to the board, makes the following statement:

It is true that, in 1877, the company proposed to accept from the city for its property and works the sum of \$13,250,000. That proposition was not based on the company's estimate of their value, nor was the sum named at all commensurate with the real value; but it was founded upon the company's preferring to consent to sell on terms involving a loss rather than risk the result of hostility or competition by the city, which might seriously cripple it. It may be as well to remind the committee that a price set upon property when its future was imperiled, by circumstances not necessary to be reviewed here, is something very different from a fair and just valuation of the same property sought to be arrived at for the purpose of establishing by law the revenue of the company. Since that time the company has expended in improvements \$300,000.

Your committee can not justly dispute these reasons, for no man is bound by an offer which is not accepted. The offer, it is understood, was made as a reduction of a previous offer made by the company of its works for \$16,000,000, and at a time when it was feared that other and more costly schemes would be accepted by the city, which would diminish the value of Spring Valley, and when there was every inducement to compel the company to make its lowest offer.

COST OF WORKS.

As to the cost of works, Jno. F. Pope, a competent expert, has recently made a thorough examination of the books of the company. He submitted an exhibit marked "Exhibit C" as a correct statement of the cost of the works—namely, \$18,840,202.37; and stated that the principles upon which the cost was ascertained were correct, and were such as would regulate any business man in estimating such cost. He further stated—

That the different increases of the capital stock of the company substantially conformed to the expenditures made; that the Spring Valley Company was organized June 10, 1858, with a capital of \$60,000, which was increased June 16, 1860, to \$3,000,000; that the San Francisco City Water Works was organized in August, 1857, with a capital stock of \$1,500,000, which was increased June, 1864, to \$2,000,000; that these two companies consolidated in February, 1865, with a capital stock of \$6,000,000; that the cost of the works of both companies up to that date was \$5,551,420.89; that up to that date the Spring Valley Company had paid no dividends, and the San Francisco City Water Works had paid about \$60,000, with this exception the receipts of both companies have been invested in the works; that in March, 1868, the capital stock was increased to \$8,000,000, cost at that time \$7,969,710.39; that in July, 1876, the capital stock was increased to \$16,000,000, and that the cost at that date was \$16,245,659.30.

Mr. Pope's statement was verified by two bookkeepers, both as to the computations and the principles upon which the cost was ascertained, and by Colonel A. J. Moulder, who stated that he had examined his report, and entirely coincided with the method adopted by him, saying:

In theory, I believe it to be faultless. I discovered several errors, which amounted to \$153,825.61, no doubt arising from the haste in which the work was done. The scope and magnitude of the labor would reasonably require some months work, and Mr. Pope's exhibits are remarkably accurate for the time allowed him. I have examined his exhibits, and regard Exhibit C as the correct mode of ascertaining the cost. The cost by that exhibit is \$18,840,202.37, less deductions of errors which I have enumerated, amounting to \$153,825.61.

As to the estimate of value based on cost, your committee believe that while the cost may be taken as an element in determining the value of the works, yet it does not go to the extent of furnishing an absolute standard, for property may be worth twice as much as it cost, or it may be worth only one-half of what it cost.

COMPARATIVE VALUE.

It was stated by other persons who appeared before the committee—among them Mr. J. D. Walker and Col. Weller—that the true way of ascertaining the value of the Spring

Valley Water Works was to ascertain what it would cost to bring an equal supply from some other source. Upon this subject Col. G. H. Mendell, of the United States Army, who was employed by the late Board of Water Commissioners, and who made an elaborate report to them, stated to your committee—

That it would cost not less than \$18,300,000 to construct water works capable of supplying San Francisco with 22,000,000 gallons daily from any other source of supply than Spring Valley. That when Crystal Springs shall be connected with the city at an expenditure of \$1,000,000, the Spring Valley Water Works should be able to supply San Francisco with between 19,000,000 and 22,000,000 gallons daily. That the cost of increasing the supply from any other source than from Spring Valley would be much greater than from Spring Valley. That with Calaveras, which he regarded as an indispensable adjunct of Spring Valley, the company could supply the demands of 1,300,000 people. That this estimate was based upon the worst case that could happen—namely, its capacity during two years of drought, when they could not get any water at all in their reservoirs.

The opinion of underwriters who have appeared before us is that Spring Valley affords a system of protection against fires unequalled in this country, and they ask liberal treatment for the company, so as to encourage it in increasing its facilities to protect the city against fire. The evidence is indisputable that the Spring Valley system, as Colonel Mendell terms it, is the natural system of supply for San Francisco; that it possesses great advantages over any other system that could be constructed in cheapness of operation, in efficiency, and in ability to meet the growing requirements of the city; also, in cheapness of increasing the supply. The problem of supplying San Francisco with water was a difficult one. Cities like St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Chicago, on the shores of natural rivers or lakes, have only to run a pipe into the river or lake, construct a distributing system of mains and reservoirs, and the works are complete, and the supply unlimited. San Francisco is situated on a sandy peninsula, far distant from natural streams; the seasons are dry. It was necessary to construct immense artificial lakes, capable of storing three years' supply, and connect them with the city by expensive pipe-lines and aqueducts. The project required great engineering skill, energy, and foresight. The works have, ever since their construction, protected this wooden city from fire.

In view of these facts, your committee believe that the property should be valued as a comprehensive system of water works, constructed for and adapted fully to this particular purpose.

The rule of valuation that applies to all properties is the rule of comparison. If a man wishes to purchase a mill site and mill, he ascertains what similar property, with equal advantages in location, proximity to market, etc., will cost. All property depends upon the purposes for which it is or may be used and adapted for its value, and if it is especially suited to the purpose to which it is put, it has an additional value. If this rule should be applied to the Spring Valley Works, it is demonstrated by Colonel Mendell's statement that they are worth at least \$18,399,200, less \$1,000,000, the amount necessary to utilize Crystal Springs Lake; but your committee are of the opinion that whilst it can not be claimed that there is no other scheme with the cost of which Spring Valley can be compared—for there are many which are practicable—still, the distance and the difficulties to be overcome in introducing water from other sources are so great that we do not think this standard should be adopted. Yet it should be considered in arriving at a valuation. We have, therefore, from the foregoing, five estimates of the value of the Spring Valley Water Works:

1st.	The market value of the stock, \$94 per share, with the debts added, making.....	\$11,320,000
2d.	The par value of the stock, with debts added, making.....	12,000,000
3d.	The offer the Spring Valley Company made in 1877, of \$13,250,000, to which is to be added \$500,000, being the cost of construction since that time.....	13,750,000
4th.	The cost of the works as per Pope's report, verified by Colonel Moulder.....	18,686,376
5th.	The amount that it would cost to introduce 22,000,000 gallons daily into San Francisco from sources of supply other than Spring Valley, as per Colonel Mendell's statement.....	18,399,200
	From which is to be deducted.....	1,000,000
	That being the amount necessary to expend in connecting Crystal Springs Lake with the city, in order to make the supply of Spring Valley equal to 22,000,000 gallons daily. Balance.....	\$17,399,200

Which of the foregoing estimates is correct? The fact is, there is no absolute standard of value, and the only way is to take all the estimates named into consideration, and thus arrive at a conclusion as to the value of the works. Your committee are of the opinion that the true value of the works should be fixed at some point between \$12,000,000 and \$17,000,000, the former sum being too low and the latter too high; but they differ as to the precise value, and deem it unnecessary to fix it, for the reason that their only duty is to ascertain whether or not the present income of the company is unreasonable. Your committee have already assumed that a revenue of between 8 and 10 per cent, upon a fair valuation of the works, in addition to operating expenses, is not unreasonable, and, as we have already shown, the company is at present realizing a net revenue of 8 per cent. upon \$11,974,000: 9 per cent. upon \$10,650,000, and 10 per cent. on \$9,580,000. It appears clearly, then, that neither of these amounts equals even the lowest limit which can be placed upon the value of Spring Valley—viz: \$12,000,000.

DISCRIMINATION UNDER OLD LAW.

The next question to determine is, whether the burden is equally apportioned; in other words, whether or not any discrimination exists. Under the law prior to the new Constitution, the company was compelled to furnish water free to the city for all municipal purposes, and during the last 20 years it has collected from the city about \$6,000. In other words, the whole burden of the annual cost of supplying San Francisco has fallen on about 18,000 rate-payers, and they have thus paid, not simply for water used for domestic purposes, but also for all the water used by the city in its public squares and parks, for flushing sewers, and protecting all the property in the city against fires. It would certainly be a matter of complaint if any man or set of men should receive water free whilst others were obliged to pay. It is equally unjust that the city should receive water free whilst the 18,000 rate-payers pay the whole income of the company; there is no discrimination more unfair, more unjust. It is a

discrimination in favor of the large tax-payer, and against the poor rate-payer.

So self-evident is this discrimination, that of all those who appeared before us, but one upheld the justice of the present system; all the others admitted that the city should pay, but there was one difference of opinion as to what amount should be so paid. A few contended that the city should pay only for the water it actually used, but almost all contended that the city should pay for protection against fires, not simply for the amount of water used to extinguish fires, but for the protection which property received, and which reduced the rates of insurance, it being claimed that the city should pay for water the protection that water gives, just as it pays for lighting the streets or for police protection. By most it was considered that the city should pay at least one-half, and that this payment should be used to reduce the rates to consumers one-half. These views were presented by Claus Spreckels, Esq., whose pecuniary interests would, if he had been influenced by them, led him to a contrary opinion, for his property is in the main supplied by artesian wells, and also by Governor Low, and they were pressed with great vigor by the committee from the Real Estate Protective Association, and by many others.

It is true that Mr. Hancock urged the point that the obligation of the company to furnish water to the city free of charge was a contract, which could not be affected by the new Constitution. But if this be so, then the entire section of the law in question, which provided that the city should have water free, constituted the contract; and as this section also provided that the rates should be fixed by commissioners—two to be appointed by the city, two by the company, and the fifth to be appointed by the four—it follows that, if the law constituted a contract and the Constitution could not change it, then this board has no right to fix the rates at all. Your committee have no hesitation in saying that the law which provided so inequitable a system of apportioning the burden of the water supply ought to have been repealed; and we are advised by the City and County Attorney, and by W. C. Burnett, ex-City and County Attorney, and by the Honorable John F. Swift, that it was repealed by the new Constitution, and that under it the city and county is compelled to pay. To those of our wealthy tax-payers who oppose this view, we have only to state our belief that the continuance of so unjust a system will only result in a clamor for the purchase of water works by the city, with the view of compelling property to pay, as it does elsewhere, almost all the cost of the water supply, thus making the rates to consumers merely nominal. Your committee are not, however, prepared to say that the city should pay so large a proportion as one-half of the annual cost—conceiving that it would be sufficient to fix the city's rates in such a manner as to pay about one-fourth of the annual income of the company, and reduce the rates to consumers to that extent. We have, therefore, fixed the rates for fire-hydrants and for municipal purposes so that they will yield this proportion, and have provided, in the order submitted, that when paid monthly by the city to the company, a reduction of 25 per cent. shall be made upon the bills of consumers for the following month.

CONCLUSIONS.

Your committee beg leave, as the result of their labor, to report the following conclusions: *First*—That the principle which should govern the regulation of rates is, that the Spring Valley Water Works is entitled, in addition to operating expenses, to a fair rate of interest upon the value of its works. *Second*—That a fair rate of interest is between 8 and 10 per cent. *Third*—That the income at present derived from existing rates, after deducting operating expenses, does not equal even 8 per cent. upon the value of the works. *Fourth*—That the old system of collecting rates, which placed the whole burden upon the rate-payers, is unjust and inequitable, and is the real cause of the great dissatisfaction with the rates. *Fifth*—That this system has been abolished by the new Constitution, and that, under the new Constitution, the city is compelled to pay for water for all municipal purposes. *Sixth*—That the rates of the city should be fixed and established as to yield about one-fourth of the revenue of the company, and that the payments made by the city should not increase the revenue of the company, but should be allowed upon existing rates to consumers, so as to reduce the same 25 per cent.

Your committee recommend the final passage of the order introduced by Supervisor Bayley. It establishes more uniform rates than those at present collected by the Spring Valley Company. It takes as a basis the schedule of rates established by the commissioners in 1878, which fixed the rates for family uses only. As the new Constitution requires that the Board of Supervisors should fix the rates for all purposes, the rates for different places of business heretofore collected have been added to the schedule. In it the provision which required an additional charge of twenty-five cents for each member of a family over five is stricken out. The schedule of 1878 fixed a maximum in many cases above the rates actually charged.

From this maximum the proposed ordinance deducts 20 per cent. Under the old schedule the lowest value was \$2, with 10 per cent. off, or \$1.80. Under the proposed ordinance the lowest rate is \$1.60, or \$1.20 in case the city pays. It is also provided that the city shall pay \$15 per month for hydrants, \$500 per month for the Golden Gate Park, and \$7,000 for the public buildings.

It is estimated that the city will thus pay about one-fourth of the revenue of the company. It is provided, further, that the amount thus paid by the city shall be applied on the bills of all other consumers for the succeeding month in such manner as shall reduce such bills 25 per cent.

The Chairman's Individual Views.

[The undersigned, chairman of the Committee on Water and Water Supplies, concurs in the majority report, and begs leave to present for the consideration of the board certain individual views which he holds upon the question.]

It is evident from the evidence which has been presented, that the revenue of the Spring Valley Water Works ought not to be reduced, and that the present rates which yield this revenue ought not to be reduced, except by allowing on them the 25 per cent. which the city is to pay the company for water used for municipal purposes under the proposed ordinance. It is true that the company objects to the ordinance intro-

duced by the undersigned, upon the ground that it fixes a maximum below some of the rates now collected, and yet does not permit the rates now collected, where they are below that maximum, to be increased to it. It is claimed that this will reduce the present revenue considerably.

The undersigned, in reply to this, says that it has been his object to establish the rates now actually collected, but as the schedule of the old commissioners was in some cases from 10 to 20 per cent. above the rates actually collected, and the rates within the limits of the schedule varied according to circumstances, it was necessary to reduce the maximum, in order to make the rates as nearly uniform as possible, while it will have the effect of reducing some rates even below the 25 per cent. paid by the city; yet the undersigned is of the opinion that increase of consumers will make up the deficiency. The undersigned is further of the opinion, that while the rates of the proposed ordinance are at present reasonable, and will be so for some time, yet the increase of population will before many years so increase the revenue of the company as to call for a reduction of rates. The income of the company has almost doubled within the past ten years. The great expenditures of the company have been made, and the foundations laid of a system of supply sufficient for the wants of a population of over 1,000,000 of inhabitants; therefore, comparatively small expenditure in the future will be necessary to meet the future wants of our city. Thus, for instance, an expenditure of \$1,000,000 additional, in connecting Crystal Springs Lake with the city, will give a supply sufficient for 300,000 more people.

If, then, the population increases during the next ten years as it has during the past, the present rates will, if maintained, largely increase the revenue of the company, and at the end of ten years be double what it now is. It is obvious that such an income will be unreasonable and excessive, and in view of the experience of almost every community as to the aggressive nature of corporate wealth, I deem it just to the community to give now my opinion as to the limit of the revenue of the company, so that when it is reached, the rates may be reduced and kept within a reliable and definite valuation of the property. The question then is, what is a fair limit as to interest and value? The majority were of the opinion that the limit should be between 8 and 10 per cent. I am of the opinion that it should be 9 per cent. Next, as to value, five different estimates are presented in the majority report, the lowest based on the market value of the stock, being \$11,320,000, the highest based on cost, being \$18,686,376, the conclusion of the committee being that the works were worth more than \$12,000,000, and less than \$17,399,200.

As stated in the report, there is no exact standard of value. The only way is to take all the estimates into consideration and thus arrive at a conclusion. Taking the five estimates and adding them together, and dividing by five, makes the average \$14,671,115. I am therefore of the opinion that \$14,500,000 is as low a valuation as should be placed upon this property. To this should be hereafter added such sums as the company may expend in the construction and extension of its works, when future action is necessary. This determines the value and protects the people by preventing a fictitious increase in value of the works, simply based on an increase of revenue, which would certainly be the case in the future if a basis of value is not established.

I am of the opinion, therefore, that the rates fixed in the proposed ordinance should remain as they are, until the income of the company equals an amount sufficient to pay the operating expenses of the company. Nine per cent. on a valuation of \$14,500,000, and nine per cent. upon such further sums as the company shall expend hereafter in the construction and extension of its works. The amount so expended can be ascertained every year by the board, and made a matter of record in the Municipal Reports. My belief is, that by thus placing the works of the company upon a fair basis of value, and providing that the increase in population and consumers shall tend toward a reduction of rates, when the income of the company shall equal a certain amount, the increase in the number of consumers will, after the limit has been reached, gradually diminish the rates instead of increasing the revenue of the company. CHARLES A. BAYLEY.

No, Ethel, we don't suppose "clerical kissing" is any worse than the other kind. The worst thing about it seems to be that it is more readily and certainly found out, and people make a greater fuss about it. Kiss your pastor if you wish, and if he wishes it; but, Ethel dear, remember this, although you kiss him never so darkly, in the hall, behind the door, down in the cellar in the dark, down in a coal-mine even, it will be in the papers some time; though never a word will be said about those two times you kissed your Cousin Tom on the front veranda at noon while we all were passing by.

Tompkins dined one day with an aristocratic old lady whose temper was short, and whose face was decorated as are the faces of many aristocratic old women. During the repast, Tompkins was informed that his shirt-bosom was badly stained with wine. "Yes," he said, coolly, "I always spatter my wine." "I never do!" said his hostess, angrily. "Ah! dear madame," said Tompkins, "that is because your mustaches have not yet grown quite so long as mine."

In his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Oliver Wendell Holmes aptly styles the work of years thus: "First, the years pelted them with red roses, and set their cheeks all aglow, and then with white roses; then one year threw a snowball at their heads, and the succeeding ones threw more snowballs. Now and then an arrow was let fly and one disappeared from the ranks, till but few remain, and these are no longer called girls, but—"

David Swing, writing in the *Alliance*, tells a story of Bella Puella Zoe Mou Sas Agapo, a young woman whom he says that he knows. She shelters her plants under Japanese parasols and fans, writes lines from Virgil and Ovid on her cows' horns, has pictures painted on the vegetables, and dresses her milkmaids in maroon and gold. How is that for a bric-a-brac girl?

A pretty little actress settled her advertising bill with a Little Rock newspaper last week by kissing the editor. That was Scriptural—a kiss for a blow. The coin, however, is current in San Francisco.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ANTEDILUVIAN.

During the month of July, 1879, while on my way to Sacramento from Los Angeles, I was compelled to wait over at Lathrop one morning from eight o'clock until nearly noon—until the arrival of the Eastern-bound train. Always hungry at meal-stations, and voraciously so upon this occasion, I had made up my mind, even before the arrival of the train which dropped me at Lathrop, to indulge in a repast cooked to order so soon as the regular train-breakfast should have been disposed of by the through passengers for San Francisco and Stockton.

I sat down to my breakfast about half-past nine o'clock, and noticed that plates had been placed for two; and I had hardly seated myself, when I was joined by an elderly-looking gentleman, closely shaved, cleanly and well appareled, who pleasantly said, as he dropped into a chair opposite me:

"I have taken the liberty, my dear sir, if you have no objection, of joining you, this magnificent morning—and especially as the waiter has kindly directed me to a seat near you—in the discussion of an ample modern meal; for, my friend, let me assure you, upon my honor, this is the first time in several thousand years that I have sat down to breakfast with a gentleman. If I am not greatly mistaken, indeed, the last time I appeared my appetite it was with one Noah, a distinguished navigator."

Naturally enough, such a speech elicited my attention, and I looked directly into the old gentleman's face; but I discovered nothing except candor and intelligence therein, and I asked, with an affectation of seriousness:

"Did I understand you, sir, to allude to Noah of sacred history?"

"I referred to that same dear, departed old mariner, with whom I was on terms of exceeding intimacy, and whom I knew as well as I knew Adam, or Moses, or Solomon. It is true that I was well along in years when all of those historical fellows were boys; but I used to run with them, nevertheless. Why, I made the first kite that Methuselah ever flew; and I kicked foot-ball with Cain and Abel in the Garden of Eden. Noah and your humble servant have spent many a night out together, and what Solomon and I didn't know about the erring gender don't grow luxuriantly in any of your quarter-sections of wild oats to-day."

During the progress of this last irreconcilable utterance, I had concluded that I had "pooled issues" with a lunatic, and I kept one eye upon a new carving-knife lying upon my side of the festive board and the other upon the door, fully convinced that the result of the *matinée* would be a fight or a foot-race. Thinking, however, that some of the railroad boys might have "put up the racket," and had set the old gentleman on, I encouraged the *séance* by saying:

"Did any of your old comrades have go-as-you-please walking-matches, hop-bitter base-ball clubs, or *Pinaf*—"

"Sir!" he replied, in accents of unmistakable surprise and indignation; "if you think me crazy, I will depart at once. No gentleman will insult or ridicule a person of my age and erudition," and the distressed relic of the antediluvian period wiped his weeping eyes with the back of an aged hand.

I became somewhat embarrassed; but curiosity overcame my momentary perplexity, and I broke a short and unpleasant silence by calling for a bottle of claret, and requesting the sad-faced pilgrim to join me in a friendly glass of wine. He declared that nothing would give him greater pleasure; and, soon after, the waiter returned and filled two glasses with "Cateau Larose." My companion drank with gusto, and ejaculated, after smacking his withered lips:

"My congenial friend, that wine is as superior as any I ever drank with Noah in his own vineyard, or with Nimrod—when that excellent marksman and your humble servant used to go out after larks."

I was on the point of interrogating my weather-worn companion as to whether he and the other old boys ever went out *on* larks; but, fearing that he might possibly brain me on the spot, I maintained silence—a silence which the old gentleman quickly broke, by saying:

"As soon as we have concluded our repast, sir, I would like to have a long chat with you. By way of introduction, however, I would respectfully ask you your impression touching the creation of this beautiful world. Do you believe that this world was made in six days, and that Adam was the first man, and that during what fictitious writers call The Flood rain fell incessantly for forty days and forty nights, inundating all creation, and that all human beings except Noah and his family, and all other living creatures except those in the ark, were drowned or were otherwise swept from the face of the earth?"

"I spring from old New England, dyed-in-the-wool puritanical stock," I replied. "I read my Bible daily, and believe all that there is in it. I do not examine the dangerous and polluting writings of Volney, Voltaire, Payne, Draper, Darwin, or Renan, nor do I dare to lend a faithless ear to such heretics and blasphemers as Gladstone, Ingersoll, and Beecher. I prefer that holy book, given me by my dear old mother, to telescopes and augurs and all other paraphernalia of scientific innovation. I believe in no laboratories but hell's, and hope for no perfect bliss except that to be found in Abraham's bosom. I—"

"You're about as clean gone as any maniac I've seen since the cunning Iscariot sold his Master on a margin!"

"Pardon me, sir; I will come to the point at once: I do believe that this beautiful world and all that in it is was made in six days, and that Adam was the first man; and that, on one occasion, God, in a great fit of anger, ruthlessly destroyed all that he had made except Noah and his family and two birds and two beasts and two rattlesnakes and two musquitos and two fleas and two flies, *et hoc genus omne*, two of each kind, for breeding purposes."

"You do?"

"I do!"

"Then you are a first-class idiot!"

"Thank you!"

"It is not necessary," he said, quickly. "However, if you do not wish to listen to one who knows it all, without getting angered, then we had better drink to each other's health and separate."

"Ob, dear, I could not think of letting you go," I exclaimed. "I am getting interested in you. Go on, and I will keep perfectly cool and—"

"Well, then, why was it not just as feasible for the Creator to have made all of these living things over again, if he at one time made them with such ease and perfection as you give him credit for? If it is pleasant for you to believe that the Supreme Ruler of the universe—He who pencils the flowers and marks the constellations—did so far forget Himself, in His inexcusable anger, as to destroy His matchless handiwork, is it possible that he selected a few wretched human beings, a score or two of worthless animals, and a collection of repulsive insects and reptiles as spectators and survivors of so grand a catastrophe?"

I was still all astonishment. I did not know whether to assume an air of seriousness or levity, and laughingly replied:

"Let me assure you, my dear sir, that I am not clever in guessing conundrums."

This facetious declaration of mine came near inciting a riot, as I first thought, for the old man turned as red as blood, in the face, and quickly sprang to his feet, while I seized simultaneously the handle of the carving-knife and got ready for action. But I was entirely mistaken, for he said, after rising, pleasantly:

"Let us go and take seats in the bar-room." Which we at once did; and subsequently we moved out of the sitting-room and took chairs on the platform.

As soon as we got satisfactorily located, the old gentleman resumed:

"Now, sir, would you like to have me relate a story from the very beginning down to the present time? Would you like me to present an accurate and detailed account of the commencement and growth of what we call the world—or, to speak more scientifically, the growth of our planet, from its gaseous birth in space through its process of assimilation, its dark Plutonian periods, its glacial epochs, its terms of aqueous, ferocious, reptilian, and mammiferous life to the time when humanity began, some few thousands of years ago?"

I became greatly interested, and, while I hardly knew what to say, responded:

"My good friend, I do not entirely understand you. If I intelligently comprehend the tenor of your interrogatories, I should reply by saying that there are no materials for such a sketch. I am quite convinced that—"

"Monuments," he said, "exist, by which science has been enabled to mark with surprising probability—and accuracy, indeed—the stages of the creative drama; forming a picture in outline, as it were, against infinite space, which, by reason of its very distance, resolves its lines into an apparent juxtaposition sufficient for comprehension."

This utterance was made rapidly, and I became more and more interested as the old gentleman warmed up; and he grew merry as well as warm—grew as merry as the poor, happy little "Reyna Coquina" of the Alhambra; and again interrogated:

"Do you believe, sir, that Deucalion made man by throwing stones over his shoulder? that Jupiter's head burst open to give birth to Minerva? that Venus was born one fine morning of the sea-foam? that nothing stopped Saturn eating his own children but cracking his teeth one day on a stone? that Pegasus flew to heaven without a rider?"

Again I was amazed! This violent departure from antediluvian scenes, this scornful raid upon mythological deities, again aroused my suspicions that all was not right. I thought, however, that I would give my eccentric friend one more chance, even if he pitched into *Æsop* and *La Fontaine*, and ended off by extinguishing the lamp of *Aladdin*, and smashing the slipper of *Cinderella*. But he proceeded no further with his erratic tergiversations; indeed, right at this point he gathered himself up for a tremendous scientific effort, and said:

"I will commence with the Primitive Epoch, and propose statements and calculations in support of the gaseous, or nebulous, theory of the earth's formation, showing that at the inconceivable heat of 195,000° Centigrade, which is received as the mean temperature of the interior of the earth, our planet could have been, at the first, only a vast puff of vapor eighteen hundred times as large as its present bulk. Among the agencies which would operate in its condensation, its passage in its great circuit through the frigid planetary intervals, where the temperature, according to the best scientific information of the present day, can not be less than 100° below zero, must by no means be forgotten. This would gradually form the crust of the earth, which now, by some thirty miles of thickness only, holds us out of the incandescent horrors below. Just think of it! At the same time, the molten mass, operated upon by the attraction of the sun and moon—as it still is, though now so much spent that it only issues volcanically in its throes—would rush up in great waves when the crust was thinner, not only forming those immense wedges of primitive granite which erect themselves in many of the mountain ranges of America and elsewhere, but many of those irregular stratifications which make the sections of rocky deposits look like huge agates for a Titan's ornaments. These eruptive rocks are called Plutonic and volcanic—the former including the granites and the kindred compact rocks formed far below the surface, and cooled under great pressure; and the latter, including trachytes, basalts, and lavas, which are of looser texture, and have cooled nearer to, and upon, the surface. By the way, my friend, and of this you are probably aware, there are about three hundred volcanoes on our planet more or less active, a number of which, when you for a moment pause to consider what they serve to vent, no one will be disposed to grudge, however wide a berth be may wish to give them."

"Go on, my friend," I said, as the old gentleman drew in a long breath, "I am very much interested."

"The next great epoch," he continued, "is the Transition—"

"Proceed with the Transition scene; I am all attention."

"When light began to pierce through the deep mists of the exhaling and condensing atmosphere, and the mollusks and primitive vegetables came to life."

"Proceed, sir."

"This epoch is divided into four periods. The Silurian period—isolated projections only, beginning to gather around the accumulation which slowly formed the land divisions of the present time; shallow and extended seas, under which reefs and rocks were rising, a dim light above, and the simplest forms of vegetable and crustaceous life. In

the Devonian (or old red sandstone) period, all things had perceptibly changed and advanced."

"How do you know of all this?" I involuntarily asked.

"I know of all this because I was one of the first men on earth," he replied.

"You were not living at the age of which you speak?"

"No; but when I first had my being, the foot-prints of time were fresher than they are to-day, and yet your own scientific men will tell you almost as much as I can. Please don't interrupt me so often. Whatever I tell you are truths of my own knowledge and research, and science and study will corroborate all I say. I'll make you ashamed of yourself before I get through with you, my young friend."

"Well, don't get mad, now, old man; proceed with your chronology, and I won't interrupt you again."

"Well, then, as I said before, during the Devonian period all things had changed and advanced; the primitive Tribolites, with their four hundred-faced eyes, of whose remains whole quarries were formed, had given way to more perfectly articulated creatures; vertebrate life, as represented by a considerable variety of fishes, also appeared; there had been as yet no forests, but now they began to show themselves—first in the shape of gigantic ferns, then in asparagus trees, from forty to ninety feet in height, thus introducing the marvelous carboniferous era, which is divided into sub-periods—those of carboniferous limestone and of the coal measures. These periods were of unknown and incalculable lengths; it is estimated that one hundred and twenty-two thousand four hundred years would be required to form only sixty feet of coal. The astonishing character of these calculations appear when you bear in mind, young man, that the coal measures in Wales are twelve thousand feet by actual trial. The characteristics of this period of wonderful provision for the latter ages were excessive heat and humidity, and an equal and high temperature throughout the world. Owing to the inward heat there was no perceptible climatic difference between the poles and the equator; vegetation grew with a rankness and a rapidity that baffles conception; but there were as yet no birds, no mammals, no saurians; one or two muddy reptiles of small size appear—the principal of which is the *Archegosaurus minor*, a queer thing with a head like a pointed shovel. The Permian period was similar in its characteristics, but progressive; a few vegetable and animal species being added—among the latter of which may be noted the *Productus horridus*, a nightmare abortion of slimy fertility."

The gentleman again drew a long breath, and I hazarded an opinion, thus:

"This general epoch unquestionably corresponds to that Second Day, as recorded in sacred history, in which God said, 'Let there be light'—the influence of the sun being gradually admitted through the reluctantly-subsiding elemental conflicts of many years."

His only reply was:

"Many years? Many millions of years!"

And again he proceeded:

"Now comes the Secondary Epoch—divided into the Triassic, the Jurassic, and the Cretaceous periods. This epoch introduces many kinds of forest trees, reptiles of appalling size, form, and strength, and crustaceans in such numbers that the greater part of the earth's surface is covered with them, and much of its substance composed of their calcareous remains. The salt and chalk rocks were found—the latter being composed almost entirely of minute crustaceans, as the analysis of any bit of chalk powder under the microscope indicates. The Secondary Epoch is the most marvelous of the chapters of creation. Here are the great saurians—the *Nothosaurus*, the *Ichthyosaurus*, the terrible *Pleiosaurus*, and the dreadful *Pterodactylus*, to see only whose bones chills the blood. It was an epoch of ferocious terror. These creatures are found in fossil, with the remains of their own species, as well as of others, within them, as they were overtaken in acts of carnage. Their conflicts in the midst of convulsions of nature must have been fearful. *Pleiosauri* and *Ichthyosauri* of prodigious proportions filled the seas. Innumerable ammonites floated on the surface of the water—the nautili of those days—some of them three and four feet in diameter. Turtles and crocodiles of tremendous size crowded about the shores. The pressure of the atmosphere was diminished, the earth was less hot—something like climate was establishing itself. Vegetation increased in forest forms, the palms and other trees appeared; and at last, in the Upper Oolite division of the Jurassic period, the first bird was discovered—the famous bird of *Solenhofen*—the feet and feathers of which have been found in the lithographic quarries of the present age. A few other birds appeared in the latter part of this epoch, in the Cretaceous period, so-called, because the rocks deposited by the sea during the process are almost entirely composed of carbonate of lime from remains of shell-fish. In this period the great terrestrial saurians, the *Iguanodon* and *Megalosaurus*, appeared, preparing the way in the uniformly progressive processes of nature for the gigantic mammals which were next to grace the swelling scene."

Taking advantage of a momentary pause, I asked the old gentleman if he would not go inside and take a glass of wine, or something stronger, to which he replied:

"The theme cramps my time—I can not stop."

"Proceed, then," I said, "I am all attention."

"The Tertiary Epoch follows, with the mighty *Pachyderms*. Just observe, my friend, the course of nature: In the Primitive Epoch—chaos, convulsions, darkness; in the Transition—ferns, fishes, light; in the Secondary—trees, succulents, reptiles; now, in the Tertiary, the whole face of the earth blooms, and the mammals rule supreme—not few nor small, but in countless numbers and of great size. Of the saurians and other reptiles we have only fossil remains; but of the mammals, some have come down almost to your own time, preserved in Siberian ice, in the skin and sinews which they had in life. There are three divisions of the Tertiary Epoch—the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene—indicating by their etymology that they are more or less remote from the Beginning and from the Present. There were plants in these periods which are still represented upon earth. The horse, too, appeared; though, singularly enough, smaller than yours; and the mammoth, the remains of which you have seen in your museums. The mammals, trees, and flowers now only found within the tropics, flourished in those periods, in what are termed the northern parts of our globe,

showing surprising differences of temperature between those days and yours. A great variety of these large-framed mammals, which fed upon antediluvian forests, have been discovered. Of these the Paleotherium magnum, constructed from many fossils, by Cuvier; the Xiphodon gracilis, for which you are indebted to the same great naturalist; the Dinotherium, the Mastodon gigantum, found in North America in 1705, but fully collected and erected in 1801, by Peale; and the Sivaltherium, or four-horned stag, about as large as a modern-sized elephant, are among the more important. It is probable that at the close of the Pliocene period the great landed divisions of the world—Europe and Asia especially—had gained very nearly their present outline.

"I should think that your—"

"Don't interrupt me! I now come to the Quaternary Epoch, which is distinguished by a series of European deluges; by the Glacial period, and by the appearance of man and the subsequent Asiatic deluge. This epoch is divided into the Past Pliocene, and the Present (or upper) Pliocene periods. It is the era of the Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) whose skeleton stands for wonder in the St. Petersburg Museum, grandly rescued from Siberian ice; of the colossal Spelæan bear, tiger, and hyena; of the prodigious edentata—the Megatherium, which burrowed in the earth, with limbs that could tear up the roots of great trees like thread; and the Megylonyx and Mylodon, all of America. Of the deluges, there were two before the Asiatic, distinctly marked by the deluvium which appears north of the fortieth and fiftieth parallels in Europe and America, and in the corresponding southern hemisphere, but is entirely absent from the equatorial regions. This consists of sand and clay, mingled with fragments of rock, angular and rounded. The greater and lesser boulders, and the solitary erratic blocks—some of immense size—scattered throughout the regions, with the marks of glacial and other abrasion, furnish the abundant proofs upon which your geologists rely. These deluges were the results of great convulsions. The first occurred in the north of Europe, and was caused by the upheaval of the mountains of Norway. The second was caused by the rising of the Alps, and inundated the valleys of Germany, Italy, and France. A great destruction of organic life ensued, but the devastation was nothing to what followed: there came a reign of snow and ice, the cause of which, even up to the present age of science and reason, almost completely baffles conjecture and investigation, but which seems to have denuded Europe, and probably all the corresponding belt of the world, with the region north to the pole, equally of vegetable and animal life. The Asiatic deluge, which occurred a long time after the appearance of man, and of which you have somewhat fictitious accounts in your so-called sacred histories, and which is now generally acknowledged to have been local instead of universal in its scope, was occasioned by the upheaval of a part of the long chain of mountains which diverges from the Caucasus. Mount Ararat—"

"Upon which the ark rested?"

"Upon which the ark rested! What are you giving me, young man? Mount Ararat, sir, is itself the monument of this convulsion!"

The old gentleman at this juncture indulged in a lengthy pause, as if he had concluded; and I was about to go for him on earthquake theories, when he continued:

"With but thirty miles of precarious crust between you and the internal fires, the approach to which is attested by a uniform increase of temperature of a degree for every sixty feet you penetrate; with the atmospheric and volcanic changes which are continually working their recondite results—with the progress—"

"Here he is!" "Here he is!" shouted a couple of men; and simultaneously they rushed up to where we were sitting, and secured my companion.

I was amazed at this strange performance, and asked: "What are you doing—what do you want?"

"We want this d—d lunatic!" said one of them.

"He escaped from the asylum yesterday," added the other. And they hand-cuffed him, and took him back to Stockton.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1880.

It is said that Eugénie, widow of the third Napoleon, during her journey to or from the place in South Africa where her son was killed, will touch at St. Helena, the prison-house of the great Napoleon. Her melancholy mission will thus vividly recall the terrible misfortunes of the Bonapartes. Even the brightest of their triumphs were scarcely more brilliant than the circumstances under which the mortal careers of the first and fourth Napoleons closed were mournful. The mighty conqueror chained to a barren rock, and becoming a prey to one of the most insatiable and painful of diseases, and the young prince, in falling the victim of a band of savages, culminated careers resplendent with the brightest hopes that ever entranced the human imagination amid the most gloomy surroundings that can well be conceived.

A smart young man asked a gentleman from Cape Cod, "What's the difference between you and a clam?" thinking that the Cape Codger would say he didn't know, and then the young man would pity him for not being able to see any difference between himself and a clam; but the thing didn't work. The Codger took the young man and swept a path across the street with him, and then, after crowding him into an empty fish-barrel and yanking him out again, said: "A clam wouldn't be playing with you in this way. That's the difference 'twixt me and a clam." The young man had no more questions to ask.

The Mother Goose parol has not yet been devised, and the reign of the good old lady is at present comparatively limited. Now, how would a picture of "Over the hills and far away" do for a girl living at the Highlands? A wicked man suggests: "There was a little guinea pig," as a good subject for his wife's skill, and promises to take a long walk with her when she has embroidered a parol with it.

"Honesty is the best policy," but too many people claim that they can not afford the best of anything.

INTAGLIOS.

My Old Love.

My old love, whom I loved not,
Is this your friendly hand?
Your voice with a tremble in it
None else could understand?
My old love, whom I loved not!
After so many years,
Parting in silence and in pain,
To meet with smiles, not tears.

My old love, whom I loved not,
Do you regret—not I!
That all died out which best were dead,
All lived which could not die?
Till at the last we met here,
And elaps long empty hands,
Keeping our silent secret safe,
Which no one understands.

You will leave a name behind you—
A life pure, calm, and long;
But mine will fade from human ear
Like a forgotten song.
You have lived to smile serenely
Over a grief long done;
You will die with children round your bed,
But I shall die alone.

O kind love, whom I loved not!
O faithful, firm, and true!
Did one friend linger near my grave,
I think it would be you.
Could I wish one heart to hold me
A little, unforgotten,
I think 'twould be that heart of yours,
My love—whom I loved not!
—Dinah Muloch Craik.

A Boon.

I bring the flower you asked of me,
A simple bloom, nor bright nor rare;
But like a star its light will be
Within the twilight of your hair.

And though it breathed its small perfumes
So low it did not woo the bee,
Exalted, how it shines and blooms
Above all flowers since worn by thee.

And thus the song you bade me sing
May be a rude and artless lay,
And yet it grew a sacred thing,
To bless me on life's dusty way.

And unto this, my humble strain,
How much of beauty shall belong,
If thou wilt in thy memory deign
To wear my simple flower of song.
—Thomas Buchanan Read.

The Kiss and Flower of Love.

But once to feel my loved one's kiss I fain
Upon his lip would fall a flake of snow,
Though in the self-same moment I were doomed
To perish of its glow.

But nay, as snow, cold, biting, I would hurt him,
And he would smile at my untimely death.
Oh, better far I were a little rosebud,
Rich of its fragrant breath.

Sun-stolen hues and Eden-borrowed graces,
Gathered to bloom and wither on his bosom;
For then might he, regretting past delights,
Bemoan the faded blossom.
—Felicita.

A Farewell.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can give you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.
—Charles Kingsley.

At the Stile.

The leaves are growing ruddy as the sun begins to dip,
The birds are twitting forth their even-song;
Little Lucy sits expectant, with her finger at her lip—
What makes her sister Alice stay so long?
There are butterflies and dragon-flies all ready to be chased,
There are daisy-chains to weave, there are blackberries to taste,
Why not play about the meadows for a while?
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

Impatient little Lucy is a simple-witted mite—
Her sweetheart days are future joys, 'tis clear;
Why should Harry keep his arm around her sister's waist so tight?
Why make her blush by whispering in her ear?
The sun will soon be setting—Lucy does not love the dark;
She does not love the silent bats that flit across the park;
Since he met her, Alice might have walked a mile—
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

This dialogue, small Lucy, which seems tedious as you tarry,
To Alice is a rather serious thing;
For it means that she and Harry have this evening vowed to marry;
It means a cake, lace veil, and wedding ring.
And when a little brides-maid, uncommonly like you,
Comes into church so trippingly, all dressed in white and blue,
You'll discover, as you reach the middle aisle,
Why they lingered, lingered, lingered at the stile.
—Anon.

The Blessed Love of Nature.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for a thought-crazed wight like me
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
To suck once more, in every breath, their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colts, the reckless, truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty heart of joy.

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of lore, I yet delight to drink—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old!
—William Motherwell.

LES INCOMPREHENSIBLES.

By Victor Hugo.

BOOK I.

A man sat on a picket fence.
Picket fences were invented by Charlemagne, and improved upon by Charles II. of England.
Still the man sat on the fence.

BOOK II.

The fence surrounded a tall, gloomy building. The building had shutters at the window. The man was a Frenchman. There were other Frenchmen in the same neighborhood. They were in bed. Frenchmen were discovered by Oliver Cromwell, and subsequently patented by the author. It was night. It was a dark night. Darkness is a shadow that rises from the ground when the sun goes down. The man on the fence was thinking. His name was Lippiatt.

BOOK III.

Lippiatt loved Maronette. Maronette was a girl. She knew Lippiatt. She did not know that Liappiatt loved her. Maronette lived in the gloomy house. Lippiatt did not tell Maronette that he loved her. He was contented to sit on the fence in front of her house. He was a quiet man. He was a tailor. A tailor is one who promises to have your clothes done Saturday, and then brings them round week after next.

Lippiatt was poor. All heroes are poor.

BOOK IV.

Maronette opened a window and shied an old book at Lippiatt.

"Is that you, Lippiatt?" she said.

"Yes," said Lippiatt.

Maronette laughed.

"My father says I must marry the man who will bring him the Norwegian maelstrom," said Maronette.

Lippiatt got off the fence and walked away.

BOOK V.

Like all tailors in France, Lippiatt was a good sailor. He stole a boat and started for Norway. A fearful storm came on. Great, grasping hands of darkness reached down to snatch him.

Lippiatt only laughed.

BOOK VI.

In four days Lippiatt arrived at the maelstrom.

"It is for Maronette," said he.

The maelstrom is shaped like a funnel. The lower end is at the bottom. The mouth is at the top. It is caused by the tides. The Norwegians suppose it is caused by a hole in the earth. Lippiatt knew better.

He went down into the maelstrom and fastened a rope around the lower end. To this rope he adjusted blocks and pulleys. Then he climbed out of the pit, and fastened the other end of the rope to the mast-head. The blocks gave him a purchase.

He rested.

BOOK VII.

Having rested, Lippiatt pulled on the rope. He pulled the maelstrom inside out. The bottom was then at the top. Lippiatt drove a staple into it and fastened his line. Then he set sail. The maelstrom followed.

"I shall marry Maronette," he said.

BOOK VIII.

Another man sat on the picket fence. It was Goudenay. Goudenay loved Maronette. Maronette loved Goudenay.

Goudenay saw something coming in the harbor.

"What is that?" he asked.

It looked like an inverted funnel. It was a thousand feet high.

"I don't know," said Maronette.

She was right. She didn't.

BOOK IX.

Lippiatt disembarked. He took the maelstrom on his shoulders. Then he went to the gloomy house. He hung the maelstrom on the picket.

"How do you do, Goudenay?" he asked.

He knew Goudenay. He had disappointed him about some trousers.

"I am happy," said Goudenay; "I am going to marry Maronette."

Lippiatt looked at Maronette.

"Yes," she said, "I marry Goudenay this morning."

BOOK X.

Lippiatt went to the wedding.

He gave Maronette a silver card-receiver.

Maronette smiled.

Lippiatt went back to the picket fence. He ate the maelstrom up.

BOOK XI.

As the wedding party went home they saw a dead body lying beside the picket fence. The point of the maelstrom was sticking out of his mouth.

"Good gracious!" said Maronette.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Goudenay. It

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1880.

When our readers shall find themselves perusing this—on Saturday—we shall be rushing through the broad cornfields of Illinois, chained to the iron horse, on our way to the great national Republican Sanhedrim that once in four years, and for now these twenty years past, has moulded the political affairs of the nation and given direction to its destinies. There have existed within our Government, ever since its formation, two great political organizations; changing somewhat from time to time—changing in personnel as generations pass on—changing in name, by caprice or otherwise—changing in principles, as the growth and development of the nation make such changes necessary. Two political parties have divided between themselves the control of the country since its birth. They emerged from out the revolutionary war, and they contested between them the formation of States. They have from time to time divided upon such questions as finance, internal improvements, revenue, protection, the acquisition of foreign territory, the regulation of domestic institutions, the sovereignty of States, and the interpretation of the Constitution. At a later period, they divided upon the questions of the reconstruction of States in rebellion, and the extent of authority that can be rightfully exercised by the Central Government at Washington. We recall no former instance in the history of the country when, at the call and assembling of a national convention, there was not some great, some moving question agitating public opinion. At times the nation has been stirred to its profoundest depths. Once the convention assembled on the eve and in the dark shadow of a civil war. Once again it assembled when the contending armies of a disunited people confronted each other on battle-fields.

Now, as we take our departure for Chicago, what are our reflections? Going two thousand miles, at our own expense, upon a vain errand; to take an insignificant part in a pre-arranged programme; bound hand and foot, head and conscience, in cast-iron instructions of "first, last, and all the time," for an impossible candidate; forming one of a noisy multitude, to sit dumb and voiceless before a presiding officer instructed to recognize no one of the minority; compelled to assent to resolutions already prepared; compelled to acclaim a candidate already nominated; and then demanded, by the usages of party, to accept a result one had no part in achieving, and to work and vote for a candidate that one's conscience, intelligence, and patriotism can not approve. Such is our attitude as we go whirling, and such will be our reflections as we steam through lovely valleys and across rich plains bending with corn and grain. We are carrying instructions from our State that give it no voice in the selection of a President. We feel the humiliation of knowing that the majority of the Republicans of the Pacific Coast, the majority of the Republicans of the nation, have been outwitted by the politicians who live upon them. We feel, and know, that a score of intriguing partisans, controlling the machinery of party organization, have defeated the expression of an honest popular opinion, and have stifled the voice of the rank and file of the party; that they are endeavoring to put upon us an administration that will not take council of the higher and better sentiments of national patriotism; that will not call around it the purer and better men of the republic. We know that here in our State a gang of greedy men, hungry for office—unprincipled party mendicants, starving for opportunity to steal—will, in the event of Grant's election, march in upon us with all the swaggering insolence of conscious party favor. Of this business we are a part—an insignificant and unimportant part, it is true; but nevertheless we form a cog in the machinery that will move forward its duty when set in motion by the party engineers.

If we act in an independent manner, and exercise our individual judgment—if we protest against being a mere cog in this revolving machinery, and undertake to assert any opinion of our own in the choice of a Presidential candidate, or do not cheerfully abide the result—we shall, upon our return, be set upon by every yelping cur in the Republican pack, who, like the dogs that licked the sores of Lazarus, feed off the crumbs that fall from the official table. We shall be denounced as bolter, sore-head, and malcontent by all the buzzing flies that swarm around custom-house, post-office, internal revenue, and mint. Blooming patriots of the ward clubs will be indignant at our treachery. We can not help it. Ours is a sincere and honest conviction that it is dangerous to the welfare of our nation that its traditions in respect to a third Presidential term should be changed. We may not believe that General Grant can succeed in revolutionizing this Government from a republic to one monarchical in form; we do not undertake to say that he would endeavor to establish a dynasty in order that his son might succeed him; but we do honestly fear that political power which is now strong enough to plant a military chieftain at the head of our Government, in defiance of an almost universal belief that he is not, and in his last term of office *was* not, a success in civil administration. If, by the politicians, the money, the banks, and the corporations, he may now be nominated in defiance of popular will, we ask what shall hinder him from again succeeding at the end of four years, aided by more than one hundred thousand men in office?—and again, and yet again, and as often as the constitutional period shall come around?—till finally the administration shall be strong enough to defy the will of the people, dispense with the ballot, and proclaim the empire. There was never a time in the history of this nation when there was so little necessity for departing from constitutional traditions. The nation was never more prosperous. It is at peace with all the world: It has no cloud of danger on the domestic horizon. The policy of President Hayes has worked well at the South—quiet, order, and prosperity reign there. Our finances were never in a better condition. All parties are very nearly in accord upon all leading political questions.

As a question of party policy, we do not think the nomination of General Grant wise or expedient. From a great, triumphant, national majority, our party shrunk under his administration till the Democracy became dominant in Congress, held a majority in the Senate, and the South became solid in its opposition. State after State, North and South, swung out of line, till, in the last Presidential election, Rutherford B. Hayes, a compromise candidate, representing *all* the strength of the Republican party, received a quarter of a million of votes less than his opponent; tied the electoral college; and finally became President by an expedient so questionable and so dangerous that we pray the country may be spared the recurrence of a similar peril. If it is desirable that the Republican party continue in power—and there are very many good Republicans who think it would not be a calamity to see the administration pass out of its control—then it is necessary to nominate a popular candidate, and one who would unite all the elements of party strength. Leaving the higher questions of General Grant's fitness for the place, not questioning the integrity of his second administration, not now considering the third-term proposition, can General Grant get as many votes as any other respectable candidate? Would not Mr. Blaine, or Mr. Washburne, or Judge Edmunds, or Mr. Secretary Sherman arouse less antagonisms, and bring out a stronger party vote? If Governor Tilden, whom we regard as the weakest of Democratic candidates, should oppose General Grant, is there a Democrat in the nation who voted for him before that would not vote for him again? Are there not thousands upon thousands of Republicans who voted for General Grant twice before that would not vote for him a third time? Would not many Republicans abstain from voting in the event of a contest between Grant and Tilden? How would it be if Seymour, or Thurman, or Bayard were nominated by the Democracy? Are there not thousands and tens of thousands of Republicans who would quietly cast their votes for either one of these eminent Democratic statesmen in opposition to General Grant? The rank and file of the Republican party is intelligent, observant, and reflective. It is not unmindful of its past party history. In other States, as in this, it has observed that the keys to the kitchen and housekeeping department were in the hands of men entirely vile. In California, it has been true that no gentleman could approach the administration except by the favor of a band of political freebooters. It sees three great politicians in three great States manipulating a national convention by every art and trick known to party intrigue. It knows that a great majority of the Republicans of Pennsylvania do not desire Grant to be nominated. It knows that New York was carried by means not transparently honest. It knows that the result in Illinois comes from a successful intrigue. It knows that a great proportion of the Grant strength comes from States that can not cast a Republican electoral vote. It knows that Grant has been hippodromed around the world for political effect. It knows that the "boom" was sheet-

iron thunder, and that the whole business has been for stage effect, and a hollow party pretense. It knows that all this "strong man" pretext is a pretext, and if there is anything in it, it embodies an idea suggestive of danger to republican government. It knows that the best and purest men of the nation, the ablest and most independent journals of the country, look with anxiety and alarm upon the nomination of General Grant, and it knows that every political party rat and rat-catcher and rat-catcher's dog is enlisted in the intrigue that now for four years has been at work to make him President of the United States for the third time.

We carry our privilege of opposing the nomination of a candidate up to the hour of the convention. This is our last opportunity of observation. When next we write upon the editorial page of this journal the nominations of both parties will probably have been made, the issues will have been formed, the helligerents will have been marshaled in the line of battle. There will be presented a new condition of things. General Grant may or may not be nominated. Tilden may or may not be the Democratic candidate. We shall be at liberty then to take new observations, to look around us. It will then be our privilege to fall in on one side or the other of this great peaceful conflict for party and political supremacy. We shall hope it may be where nearly all our life has been spent—side by side with those political and party friends for whose opinions we have great respect and in whose patriotism we have entire confidence. It may be that we shall be driven to that meanest of all political corners—to choose between the least of two political evils. We shall not sbirk, nor dodge, nor endeavor to be neutral. We shall hope not to be unfair nor dishonest in stating the political position, or in the arguments we shall base upon it. Already we observe that the ward clubs—those that are composed of office-holders and office-seekers—are making preparations to hold meetings of ratification. No matter who is nominated, he will be ratified by these hungry party rats, who are already smelling out the provender of the party crib. At the first click of the telegraph, bonfires will be lighted and torches grasped. At all the corner-groceries good hands of "cinch," "pedro," and "pitch seven-up" will be dropped, and the patriots of the wards will rush to their club-rooms, and rendezvous at Union Hall, to listen to speeches already prepared, with the Presidential nominee's name in blank. This rule of supporting the candidate, whoever he may be, is regarded as the highest evidence of party allegiance. "Any Republican, however vile, is better than any Democrat, however good," is a paraphrase of that old Democratic doctrine formulated by Governor Weller when he proclaimed that he "would support a Democrat in preference to a Whig, if he was a professional gambler, dealing a hogging game." This class of party men is confined to those who hold or desire office. In the city of San Francisco they are numbered by thousands. Their clamor seems to be enthusiasm, and when the machine gets them fairly into action it seems as though the boom was a natural whoop-up and the manufactured yavp spontaneous political emotion. There is another class—and we must be pardoned if we think it the better one—that has opinions of its own; that thinks, and, after thinking, acts; its every member regards himself as an independent citizen, entitled to the formation and expression of an individual opinion; he wants no office, seeks no place of emolument; he asks no party favor; he may not belong to a ward club; he does not play "cinch," "pedro," or "pitch seven-up" for beer or gin at the corner-grocery; he looks upon himself as a responsible member of society, charged with the performance of grave political duties, from the exercise of which he will never allow himself to be driven. With this class of Republicans we desire to act. We are not prepared to admit that General Grant has as yet secured his nomination; we are not yet prepared to admit that fraud has triumphed and that party machine trickery has defeated the will of the Republican majority in Republican States. The battle has not yet been fought in convention; there is many a hard blow yet to be given and taken before the victory shall have been won; and if the convention is a deliberative one, where free debate is permissible, we shall be surprised if there is not music in the air before the Republican hosts shall have crossed the Rubicon with Caesar at its head.

The Sacramento *Record-Union*—whose Republicanism can not be questioned—in a well-reasoned and temperate editorial, thus discourses of General Grant and his candidacy:

There is a strongly marked and firm determination in many quarters not to accept Grant as a candidate, and we entertain no doubt that this determination will be held to unflinchingly. The fact, therefore, must be fully recognized that the nomination of Grant will be the signal for such a break in the Republican ranks as has never occurred before, and that this break will take place at a time when every Republican vote is needed to make victory at the polls possible. The Grant managers apparently have it in their power now to put their programme through, but they do not possess the power to make the Republican masses endorse their policy; and, as the case stands, this really involves the whole outcome of the campaign. The party could never so ill afford to lose votes as this year; yet if Grant is nominated it may be said that it was never so certain to lose them. It is difficult to understand how those who desire the Republican party successful can approve a course which is on its face so hopeless as that now being pursued. It may be alleged that the indications of disaffection are exaggerated, but our observation does not warrant that view. On the contrary, we think the opposition to

Grant in many of the Eastern States is far stronger and deeper than has yet appeared, and that consequently the nomination of a third candidate threatens to produce a disruption which will at once be seen to be fatal to all hopes of success for the regular nominee. This is the present outlook, and we see no probability of its modification. It is, of course, equally useless to advise or complain at such a juncture, but it is impossible not to realize that the whole Grant movement has been an extraordinary piece of infatuation."

If General Grant shall be forced upon the party as its candidate, what course will those journals which are now opposing him pursue? What can they do? Will their editors eat dirt—go in the country—travel in Europe? What will the *Sacramento Record-Union*, the *Chicago Tribune*, *Cincinnati Commercial*, *Cincinnati Gazette*, *Ohio State Journal*, *Indianapolis Journal*, *New York Tribune*, *New York Evening Post*, *Brooklyn Union*, *Springfield Republican*, *Boston Journal*, *Boston Transcript*, *Albany Journal*, *Utica Herald*, *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, *Philadelphia Record*, *Milwaukee Times*, *Reading Journal*, *New York Herald*, *Chicago Times*, *St. Louis Dispatch*, *Cincinnati Times*, *Philadelphia North American*, *Toledo Blade*, *Detroit Courier*, *New York Independent*, *Harper's Weekly*, *New York Nation*, and *San Francisco Argonaut* do?

We are very sorry to have such most worthy and excellent Democratic gentlemen as Harry Thornton, Governor Johnson, and Samuel M. Wilson beaten by ex-Supervisor Foley and Messrs. Frost and Metcalf. Only think of it—these men are sent to Cincinnati to choose a Presidential candidate; while Judge Terry, Doctor Shorb, ex-Justice Wallace, and the other most worthy and excellent representatives of the party, are willing to become electors in advance of the nomination, and to pledge themselves to vote for whomsoever Messrs. Foley & Co. shall dictate. The Irish wing and the chivalry wing of the party seem to have carried off most of the honors of the Democratic State Convention. And this is right from the Democratic organization. Take the chivalry and the Irish, and there is no party left.

This has proved to be a good year for condoning offenses against the party. The rejected stones of the last year's builders have been chosen for the corners of the new edifice. Judge Terry—last year a bolting Democrat, howling for White, and advising the Sand-lot to accept Republican and Democratic money and vote against both Glenn and Perkins—is now chosen to be an elector upon the Democratic ticket. Frost, of the *Post*—a Grant paper—was last year in opposition to Doctor Glenn and the Democracy. He voted for Perkins for Governor. He goes as a delegate to Cincinnati. Stephens, of Sacramento, bolted the Democratic ticket last year, and wrote an open letter against Doctor Glenn. He is a delegate to Cincinnati. The Democratic lions and the Sand-lot lambs are lying down together.

We know what's the matter with Page. Mr. H. L. Dodge, in utter defiance of all party usage, has withheld two hundred thousand dollars annually from the party thieves since he became superintendent of the mint. He has caused his chemicals, wood, coal, and all the supplies of the mint, to be purchased from merchants engaged in legitimate trade, by means of which the middle-men—the curbstone loafers—have been deprived of an opportunity of stealing that amount. One curious fact: Page charges Dodge with not being a Republican—"that when he [Page] was sweating over the State, in a vain endeavor to make political speeches, the superintendent of the mint was taking his ease." Now, the real fact is that when Page was driving mustangs over a down-grade, with his number twelve boots on the king-bolt, Mr. Dodge was in the Senate, doing the Republican party and the State good service. Page ought to be thoroughly cleaned and curry-combed when he next returns to run for governor or senator.

The course of the Board of Education in relation to the salaries of teachers, which has resulted in a dead-lock, during which the teachers get no salaries at all, seems to us unnecessarily inconsiderate and severe, not to say spiteful. The board, last winter, reduced the salaries of teachers all along the line. To this there was, of course, much opposition and outcry from the teachers, and not a little remonstrance from the press. But the board stuck to its reduction. Thereupon the Legislature passed a bill raising the salaries to the point from which the School Directors lowered them. This bill, like the McClure charter, and much of the legislation of the past session, is not in form a special bill, but applies to all cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, of which, of course, there is but one in the State. School Superintendent Taylor, in obedience to this mandate of the Legislature, which was promptly signed by the Governor, drew the warrants for the April salaries at the old rates. These the President of the Board of Education refuses to sign, on the ground that the Legislature has no power to set aside the provision of the Constitution forbidding special legislation, by the device of calling San Francisco "any city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants," and there the matter rests, the teachers getting no pay at all. The teachers have no recourse but to get out a mandamus on application of one of their number, and carry it to the Supreme Court for final decision. Now the question thus raised does

not merely affect the question of teachers' pay. A mass of important legislation, and probably heavy interests, political and otherwise, are interested in the decision. For that reason the appeal to the courts can not be rushed through, but the legislation at each step will probably be slow and tedious. In the meantime the teachers will get neither the money which they have earned, and which is lying in the treasury for them, nor yet will they get the warrants, which they might shave. They will be kept out of their money, to their infinite annoyance and, in many cases, loss, and also to the loss and annoyance of those whom they owe, or who are dependent on them. And there is danger, if the litigation extend past the 30th of June, of their losing their pay altogether. Now it does not seem to us that there is any necessity or justification for this, and we are sorry to see Mr. Stone, who in his action on the school-book question has earned the gratitude of the people, lend himself to a course which seems dictated by petty spite. He may have done so, thinking there was no alternative but a surrender of what he deems the rights of the board. But, if this be so, we hope he will reconsider his action, for if the board will consent several courses are open. In the first place, the board might pass a resolution, raising all the salaries save one to the figures of the Traylor bill. Even those tax-payers who favor reduction would not object to paying the old rates for a few months until the courts could settle the question, and the legal fight could be made as well upon one warrant as upon a thousand, and in fact must be so made. In the next place, all the warrants save one might be drawn at the reduced rates, with the understanding that if the courts sustain the Traylor act, the difference shall be made up to the teachers by an increase for the succeeding months. And there are several other ways of getting out of the difficulty. What we object to, and what the public will certainly object to, is the keeping of the teachers out of their honestly-earned pay while the litigation goes on. It looks like spitefulness; like an effort to punish the teachers for the action of the Legislature, or for their audacity in asking the Legislature to interfere. This is not just. There should be no temper about the matter. The money is not the School Directors' money, and they are not paid for temper. The school-teachers have just as good a right to think their salaries should be kept up as the Board of Education have to think they should be cut down. And they ought not to be punished by being kept out of their salaries, when an agreed case, which will test the matter at issue, can easily be made.

It was in strict accordance with their natural and acquired instincts that the text-book majority in the Board of Education, at the last meeting, passed a resolution ordering the scandalous contract they had entered into with the Cincinnati book house to be signed, sealed, and delivered; despite protests, in defiance of everything and everybody. And so, by the voice of majority and authority, the transaction would have passed into an account for parents and tax-payers to settle, but for the action of the President of the Real Estate Protective Association, who filed a formal complaint against the board, reciting the history of the text-book awards, and asking for an injunction to restrain and stay the crowning act of the infamy. And now, perhaps, by a judicial investigation, tax-payers will be able to get a few explanations that heretofore they have been scornfully denied. Perhaps reasons will be given why the highest was preferred to the lowest bidder. Perhaps the whole secret history of the seven consecutive resolutions, and the details of the determination to make the McGuffey selection of books, will be brought to light. Perhaps—darkly, even as through a glass—it will be seen why the nomination of William Ashburner was not ratified. Perhaps there will be a reconciliation with, or at least an understanding of, the eighth commandment before this matter is finally settled.

On one of the inner pages of this issue we publish in full the majority report of the Water Committee of the Board of Supervisors relative to the fixing of water rates. It is a clear-spoken, easily-understood document, and one that will be read with interest by every tax-payer, property-holder, and water-consumer in the city. It seems to have been carefully, thoroughly, and honestly prepared. Nothing has been left undone to thoroughly inform the committee and assist them to their conclusions. Experts have been employed to go through books for facts, figures, and points of valuation; these experts have themselves been experted, so that there could be no mistake or collusion. Business men have been called in to testify as to the valuation of the Spring Valley, the nature of the water business, the rate of interest that capital so invested should pay, the equity of the city paying for its water service; the proprietors and managers of daily papers have been invited to attend a special meeting to make suggestions and objections; and above and over all, members of the Board of Supervisors not on the committee have been specially requested on all occasions to be present at the meetings, to assist in arriving at a just valuation and a sensible, business-like settlement of the whole vexed question. A report framed under such conditions and drawn in such a spirit is entitled to all the weight and consideration of abso-

lute fact. It is a basis for an honest settlement between the people and the corporation, so that the one will be satisfied that they are not being swindled, and the other can transact business and go on with improvements without being continually harassed or having to struggle with the uncertainty of persecution and possible confiscation. The individual views of Mr. Bayley, the chairman of the committee, are clearly put and well taken. The gist of the whole document, however, is to be found in the following conclusions arrived at by the committee:

First—That the principle which should govern the regulation of rates is, that the Spring Valley Water Works is entitled, in addition to operating expenses, to a fair rate of interest upon the value of its works. *Second*—That a fair rate of interest is between eight and ten per cent. *Third*—That the income at present derived from existing rates, after deducting operating expenses, does not equal even eight per cent. upon the value of the works. *Fourth*—That the old system of collecting rates, which placed the whole burden upon the rate-payers, is unjust and inequitable, and is the real cause of the great dissatisfaction with the rates. *Fifth*—That this system has been abolished by the new Constitution; and that, under the new Constitution, the city is compelled to pay for water for all municipal purposes. *Sixth*—That the rates of the city should be so fixed and established as to yield about one-fourth of the revenue of the company; and that the payments made by the city should not increase the revenue of the company, but should be allowed upon existing rates to consumers, so as to reduce the same twenty-five per cent.

By the way, that was an immensely clever *coup* of the Water Committee, in extending a particular and pressing invitation to the journalistic gladiators of the dailies to enter the arena and ventilate themselves. Let the *Call*—the little wheel of the *Bulletin* bicycle in this water controversy—describe the scene in its characteristic and thrilling style:

Supervisor Bayley, chairman of the Water Committee, on Friday last addressed notes to Colonel A. P. Jackson, of the *Post*; George K. Fitch, of the *Bulletin*; Loring Pickering, of the *Call*; M. H. De Young, of the *Chronicle*; P. A. Roach, of the *Examiner*; and Frederick MacCrellish, of the *Alta*, notifying them that the committee would be prepared to hear them at ten o'clock yesterday morning, upon the subject of the proposed water rates. Charles Webb Howard and Frank G. Newlands, on behalf of the Spring Valley Company, were present in the committee-rooms shortly after the hour named, as were also the members of the Water Committee. The committee waited two hours, and none of the gentlemen having appeared, they adjourned.

Not a single gladiator heard from. Not even regrets sent. Jackson was out of town—probably at the Napa Soda Springs; Fitch was busily engaged in figuring with an artisan well contractor; Pickering, like old Diogenes, was floundering about in an overflowing tub; Roach was cringing under a cold shower; De Young was up to his neck in the Terrace tank, and McCrellish stood with a glass of it—water—in his red right hand. None of them knew anything about the subject as individuals. But as newspapers? Ah! that materially alters the situation. You never knew a San Francisco daily newspaper of this particular day and generation to make issue with business men on a business proposition in a business way. They have a way of their own. Ostensibly it is *pro bono publico*, and in following it up they never take water—that is, except, of course, in this one instance. No, these newspaper coons were altogether too cunning to be caught in any such trap as that baited by the committee. What they *don't* know about water is only paralleled by what they *do* know about dodging an honest and open expression of opinion. They dare not come from behind their impersonal newspaper screens.

The die for this community is virtually cast. There appears to be no protection under the law. The Supreme Court of this State, on Thursday last, in the *habeas corpus* case of Denis Kearney, declared null and void the judgment of the Police Court, and ordered the Sand-lot vagrant discharged from the custody of the Keeper of the House of Correction. The same day, that part of our Superior Court engaged in hearing the impeachment case of our Reverend Mayor in Christ rendered a decision to the effect that corruption in the man is not necessarily attached to the Mayor in his official capacity, and gracefully dismissed the whole proceeding. And this is the end, is it? This the outcome of investigation and prosecution, of citizens' protective associations, of the accomplishment of "The Council?" This the result of two years of agitation and business depression and general humiliation and disaster? No, it is simply the beginning of the end. The tramp returns in triumph. In the language of the *Call*, "the news of the decision favorable to the president of the party was received with unbounded satisfaction; and it was predicted that the agitator would have as large an audience on the Sand-lot next Sunday as he had addressed since the commencement of the agitation." And so we are to have it all over again, with the added insolence of repeated triumphs. Not this week, perhaps, or this month, or the next week or month. But when the harvest has been garnered and the goods are in store, and the vendors thereof are dwelling in fancied security, then will come again the mouthings of the Sand-lot. Plumed for the conflict, every tramp and loafer and vagrant, daubed with his thickest and fiercest war paint, will howl incendiarism and slaughter to his heart's content. "But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Just now it is enough to know that even the leash of the law will not hold these human hounds; that courts, instead of upholding laws, are seemingly intent on breaking them; that our newspapers are either silent, submissive, or jubilant under the decisions; and that even the dred convicts at San Quentin have hopes.

MORE OR LESS TRUTHFUL STORIES.

Old and New.

"Mr. Froude sends us the following little novel"—says the limpid liar of our esteemed contemporary, the *Chicago Tribune*:

It was autumn.

Yes, merry, golden-tinted autumn. The sun poured down its mellow rays on the laughing fields of grain, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the gladness of the ample harvest. The little birds twittered and sang their sweetest and cheeriest notes in the branches of the oak trees that skirted the foot of a cloud-topped hill, while the big ones sat still and looked at them. Far away to the right lay a vast marsh, in which water-cresses, sweet-smelling sedges, and bullfrogs gently mingled.

Don't forget that it was a pretty sight.

Suddenly a boat is seen shooting out from the mossy banks that encircle the marsh like a chaplet of laurel. In the little craft are seated a young man and a maiden; he strong-limbed and handsome, his face bronzed by the kisses of the burning sun and scent-laden breezes; she fair and delicate like the lily, or a Chicago base-ball club.

With powerful strokes he sends the boat shooting through the water, while the ripples fall away on either side. Suddenly the maiden utters a faint shriek, and a pallor o'erspreads her lovely countenance.

She has seen a bullfrog.

One hand dropped nerveless by her side, and from it fell her hat—a dainty thing of straw and canvas trimmed with flowers. The young man at once plunged into the water to recover the hat. The cruel waves closed over his fair young head, the last thing seen being the part in the middle of it. But he omitted to come up again.

After waiting until it was a betting point that he had gone to stay, the maiden rose in the boat and gave a despairing shriek.

"Dead, dead for a duck hat," she moaned, and fell over the starboard side, never knowing that she had got off a good thing.

That night the sexton in a little village near the lake laid down one pair—and he was not playing poker either. The pair was the two lovers who had died that day, and had been fished out later in the evening.

But where was the bullfrog that had caused the calamity? Oh, where indeed?

This oft-told tale is of Circassian birth, but of universal application: A man was walking along one road, and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and, reaching the point of junction at the same time, they walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine.

Said the woman: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower and kiss me by force."

Said the man: "How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force, when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot."

"Yes, but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie your goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance."

"Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself. "I should never have thought of this or a similar expedient."

And when they came to the ravine, he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it; gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat;" and then—so runs the legend—lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he put the fowl under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

This is not a story, nor an essay, nor a poem, nor an advertisement; it is a libel. "How girls go to sleep" is going the rounds. The manner in which they go to sleep can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar door."

"No."

"Well, you'd better go down and lock it, for I heard some person in the back-yard last night."

Accordingly, James paddles down stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to get in bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair-door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut, the cat will get up into the bedroom."

"Let her come up, then," says James, ill-naturedly.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife. "She'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again, and steps on a tack, and closes the stair-door, and curses the cat, and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring some up in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair-door open and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to find the matches,

and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, comes up stairs, and plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you'll have pay, and I don't care," shouts James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall. "All I want is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously; "you never think of the worry and trouble I have. And there's Araminta, who I believe is taking the measles."

"Let her take 'em," says James.

Hereupon she begins to cry softly, but about the time James is falling into a gentle doze she punches him in the ribs with her elbow, and says:

"Did you hear that scandal about Mrs. Jones?"

"What Jones?" says James, sleepily.

"Why, Mrs. Jones."

"Where?" inquires James.

"I declare," says his wife, "you are getting more stupid every day. You know Mrs. Jones that lives at No. 21? Well, day before yesterday, Susan Smith told Mrs. Thompson that Sam Baker had said that Mrs. Jones had—"

Here she pauses and listens. James is snoring in profound slumber. With a snort of rage she pulls all the covers off him, wraps herself up in them, and lies awake until 2 A. M., thinking how badly used she is. And that is the way a married woman goes to sleep.

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as, with a glowing cheek, he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer; "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said: "You must have friends who could aid you in a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly: "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then, recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking him why he did not stay at school another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply; "but I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already?" said his interrogator.

"Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left," answered the boy, quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied with half-reluctant frankness: "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere! They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice: "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy that occurs in the bank. If in the meantime you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied: "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind; and I am much obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tremblingly entered. This was the dawn of his prosperity. But it broke up the depositors entirely. For these were the preliminaries of the greatest bank robbery that occurred in the year 1879.

A late number of an educational journal thus describes the troubles a Frenchman had with the verb "to break":

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Dubois, to me; "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them so troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw your friend Mrs. Murkeson just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping; am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh, yes! I remember; break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes! And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in our city—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off?"

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard of that!"

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a very fine young fellow. Good-day."

So much for the verb "to break."

GEORGE ELIOT'S MARRIAGE.

All the readers of the *Argonaut* have doubtless heard, through the press despatches, the announcement of the recent marriage of "George Eliot" to "a Mr. Cross." The newspaper which printed the marriage notice gave the bride's name as Mary Ann Evans Lewes. Readers of the great novelist's early stories—as they originally appeared—will remember that they were announced as by "Marian Evans." The evolution of Marian into Mary Ann will be something of a shock to the aesthetic sensibilities of our *dilettanti*; almost as great a shock, indeed, as the recent marriage itself. George Eliot is sixty years old, and her late companion has been dead little more than a year. George Henry Lewes was a remarkable man, and has been one of the most conspicuous figures in the philosophico-literary history of the century. The *Biographical History of Philosophy*, the *Life of Goethe*, *Problems of Life and Mind*, were among his best-known works—though the three mentioned constitute an inconsiderable portion of his published writings. Long before Miss Evans was known to the literary world, Mr. Lewes had established a large reputation as a man of letters. He was a student who lived among his books, and cared little for the social pleasures which are so alluring to the vast majority of mankind. His first matrimonial venture was not a happy one. His wife was gay, possibly frivolous, and she soon tired—as most of us would—of the ponderous society and the metaphysical, or, as he would rather say, metemprical conversation of her spouse. She fell in love with an English army officer, and one bright day she

Forsook in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice,

by eloping with her lover. The philosopher went on with his studies; and when his faithless wife, grown tired of her military affinity, returned to ask forgiveness, he took her back to his heart and home. But she lapsed again, and left him to return no more. In the meantime, Miss Evans, the daughter of an obscure clergyman in one of the country parishes of Warwickshire, had startled the literary world by her achievements in the domain of fiction; and Mr. Lewes, discovering in her earlier writings the evidences of that genius which has since given her a foremost place among the novelists of modern times, took every occasion to commend her works. The acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into intimacy, and, if both were free, would undoubtedly have led to a marriage. But under the English law, Mr. Lewes having once condoned his wife's offense, could not obtain a divorce; and it is said that an agreement was formed between him and Miss Evans to the effect that they should live together as man and wife until such a time as their union could be sanctioned by the law. However this may be, they did live most happily together for many years; though, owing to their peculiar relations, society was not disposed to grant them that recognition which, under different circumstances, would have been won by their great literary achievements. It does not appear that either cared much for the pleasure thus lost. They were surrounded by congenial friends, and their home became a centre of enjoyment for artists and literati. We Americans—who happen to be admirers—are of course interested, may be concerned, in the latest turn of our author's life. We would not be Americans else. Possibly some of us feel more than a little piqued that we were not taken into the great writer's confidence. But all the same it is none of our business. Our surmises and deductions are alike impertinent—yet both are American, and not unnatural. And, when the worst is said (we are not bad fellows—in either sex), we are royally appreciative of greatness in any guise. We think we know a novelist when we see one, and we have taken to our literary heart of hearts the magnificent, artistic personality, George Eliot. And though she should marry again to-morrow—though she never had been married and never meant to be—we should have the calm, discriminative insight to know that the modern literary horizon is wide enough for only one George Eliot.

There is to be another prize carnival. Time was, the mummer had his place in English-speaking life—a time before the proprietor of that life had forgotten the art of taking it easy. Folk born to speak the American tongue or its English dialect are born to passivity of feature and moral shade as the sparks to fly upward or the fog to wet things. Such a crowd in masquer garb are paralleled in the animal kingdom only by capering cows and dampened hens. There is but one way to really surmount its horrors, and that is, to attend in a state of civilization; but having attained civilization the just man hies to bed. Nein: masques, pretzels, vaterland, and Gretchen are simple joys for simple souls; let us leave them to the placid Albrecht and to Fritschen—fair-haired boy.

When the shrewd small boy who is left alone in the house during the evening makes such a mess of his raid on the pie-closet that it is bound to be noticed when his parents return, he hies him to his room, puts a pillow in his bed to represent himself, extinguishes the gas, and gets under the bed. And when the old man comes up stairs, madder than a wet cat, and, without stopping to light the gas, lathers that pillow with a trunk strap, the boy yells as though he was getting it hard, and the old man goes off satisfied. That's the sort of a boy who will grow up to a future.

It is affirmed that at a recent counting of noses by a San Francisco militia company, numbering one hundred and fifteen men, it was found that twenty-five were out of employ. This count appears to show the advantage of joining a militia company to be as three to four; that of not joining, to be as four to three. Now both these ratios when added make seven; and "things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other." The problem now is: To find the square root. A year's subscription to the *Argonaut* will be awarded to the successful competitor.

The zeal of Officer Clinton defrauded some deserving shrimps of the animal juices of drunken Thomas Smith. This sort of governmental interference to protect the industry of the home worm at the expense of his fellow-craftsman is justified on the Protectionist theory.

IMAGINARY LOVE-LETTERS.

According to the New York Times, an unmarried woman in Ohio lately amused herself by writing anonymous love-letters to a great number of men, married and unmarried, in the town in which she lived. Each man, undoubtedly, fancied himself the favored object of the affection of the fair unknown. These men concealed the blissful secret, and would have kept on looking for the fair writer until this day, if the lovelorn damsel had not betrayed herself by writing similar letters to women, married or otherwise. No reasonable woman could long conceal her being drawn into such a complication. No woman of ordinary sharpness could fail to discover the writer. The men had dawdled over the matter in their rough and stupid fashion. Some of them—especially they who were married—thought it a fine thing to receive love-letters from a stricken creature; and others laughed to think that their graces and manly charms should have attracted another heedless butterfly of the softer sex. But when the women became personally interested in the affair, they went to the bottom of things in twenty-four hours. Women excel men in wanting to know all about things, especially mysterious things, and in finding out what they want to know. But we do not propose to discuss so evident a proposition as this. The point which is worthy of especial attention in this case is the woeful plight of the spinster who wrote the anonymous love-letters. It was discovered that she was not an insane person, afflicted with an abnormal desire to write tender epistles to all sorts of people. She was not beset with *cacoëthes scribendi* of the erotic variety. She was simply a tender-hearted and loving woman with no one to love. She must love somebody or something, and, in default of anybody else, her fitful affection fluttered over an entire community, lighting first on the men, as a matter of course, and then hovering over the women, when the small number of men in the village had been exhausted. This may seem grotesque, even ridiculous, to the casual observer. But it is tragical. There is a depth of pathos in the spectacle of a young woman vainly struggling with her fate of singleness, and yearning after some one to love. This is in itself a moving sight; but when we consider that the hapless woman was forced to pour out her overflowing affections promiscuously, as it were, simply to relieve her mind, there is an element of real tragedy in her case. If she had written the letters, and had burned them as soon as she had written them, she would probably have accomplished the same purpose; and this would have been much safer. She might have gone on writing love-letters to the day of her death, and she would not have discovered her painful secret if she had taken care to destroy them as fast as produced. Probably she enjoyed watching the male objects of her somewhat capricious affections as she saw them going about the streets of the village hugging themselves with the knowledge of their sweet secret. It nourished the flame of her changeable passion to regard the several recipients of her letters day after day. And it was more real to write to a real person, even if that person were a woman, than to project her tenderness into space, as it were, and "to stand apart in a sweet but secret flame." Her fatal error consisted in falling in love with other women. She was promptly brought to book when, so to speak, she tackled the superior sex. Women think they know all about men. They certainly do know all about each other. From the time of Pandora to the present, women have gone to the bottom of things when they have once begun to inquire. It is surprising that there are not more female detectives in the world. How many women are there who are overburdened with an accumulation of tenderness for which there is no market! How many unmarried women pursue the safe plan of writing love-letters to real or imaginary people, and burning them as soon as written? An American poet has fitly celebrated the fate of those who "die with all their music in them." Will nobody perform a similar office for those whose native sweetness slowly sours and hardens to worthlessness, because no channel of escape, no responding recipient, presents itself? It is sad to think that the Ohio spinster may be only an accidental example of a large class of deserving women. Her discovery was an accident. In Massachusetts, according to the statistics, there are several unmarried women to every unmarried man. So that, if every single man should immediately marry, there would yet be a great residue of women on hand, not only unprovided for, but hopeless of being able ever to find husbands. This illustration of the eternal unfitness of things is a favorite stock argument with polygamists. But it suggests a deeper woe when we consider that many of the unmatched and unmatched women may be writing love-letters and mailing them, so to speak, in the kitchen range or library fire. Women must love. Women must write letters. In default of any proper and legitimate object, they "dote" on kittens, pug-dogs, parrots, and even charities and bric-à-brac. But these do not respond to love-letters. It would be midsummer madness to indite elegant and tender epistles to a dog or pet squirrel. A man answers the purpose much better. He is more real. And, if the maiden be discreet, she need never be found out. It would surprise and pain the majority of men to know how many women, deprived of exercising their own choice by a false condition of society, go through the world with all their sweetness, as it were, hermetically corked and sealed.

The connubial management of American mothers is said to be more skillful than that of the practiced dames of the old world. The following story tends to strengthen the boast: An elder daughter had sailed from New York with a party of friends, made the grand tour of the continent, and finally settled down in Paris for a few months of rest and recreation. In that gay capital she had many suitors, two of whom were conspicuously eligible. They were so evenly matched in every respect that the young lady, feeling that she could be perfectly happy with either were it father away, wrote to her mamma that she was in the famous dilemma of the mule equally placed between two equally attractive bundles of fodder. Mamma cabled her instructions with Cæsarean brevity and Napoleonic promptness: "I sail to-morrow. Hold both till I come." Sequel: Not long thereafter mamma attended the wedding of her two daughters on the same morning, at the American chapel. She and her daughters still "hold both."

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

Before Sedan.

Here, in this leafy place
Quiet he lies—
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies.
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves.
So this man's eye is dim—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died.
Message or wish, maybe—
Smooth the folds out, and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look—she is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died! But no—
Death will not have it so.

—Austin Dobson.

A Spring Day-Dream.

The sun was sinking low in the west—
Low in the west at the close of day;
And the opal clouds, in splendor drest,
Shone crimson, and amber, and silver-gray;
And the twilight lay like a veil of white
On the face of day, at the door of night.

The spirit of Spring touched all the trees,
And the leaves broke out as they felt her pass;
Her voice was heard in the balmy breeze,
And her ankles twinkled in the grass;
The buttercups sought to kiss her feet
As she trod the daisy-lighted street.

The fragrant breath of the violets blew
On my face like a pleasant dream of rest.
Oh, the world was fair and the world was true!
And the sun was sinking low in the west,
And the twilight hung like a pall of white
On the wraith of day, at the grave of night.

And over the violet-scented sod,
Through purple beds, in the purple shade,
The maiden I love beside me trod,
And fair was the face of my lily maid;
And the tender light of her violet eyes
Dispelled the shadow that filled the skies.

We spoke no word, for the solemn hush
Of the evening lay on my soul and hers;
But we heard the song of a missal-thrush
That sang with his mate in a belt of firs;
And I knew that my heart, though unawares,
Was singing a sweeter song than theirs.

But the shadow grew, and the night came on,
And with it the hour of parting came;
The daylight died when my love had gone,
But the love-light burned with a brighter flame;
The shadow of grief was in my breast,
And the sun was sinking low in the west.

O sweet, fair face, that I love so well!
O beautiful face, that no more I see!
Must I lose the love that I could not tell,
And mourn for the hopes that die with thee?
Hast thou gone from my life like leaves that fall?
Wert thou only a dream, then, after all?

—Anon.

The Jester's Sermon.

The jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair;
The pages laughed; the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled; stag-hounds bayed; the lap-dog barked without;
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown; the cook railed at the lout;
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall;
And why? Because the jester rose to say grace in the hall.

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain;
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they were red;
But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head,
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And, waving hand, struck on the desk, and frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love.
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove.
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.

"Let no man halloo he's safe till he is through the wood.
He who will not when he may must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.
Oh! he who once has won a name may lie abed till light.
Make haste to purchase house and land; be very slow to wed.
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red."

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve).
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish—by your leave.
To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves who limp about and begs."

"Be always first man at a feast, and last man at a fray.
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.
When the hungry curate licks the knife there's not much for the clerk.
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up, the storm grows dark."

Then loud they laughed—the fat cook's tears ran down in the pan;
The steward shook so, he was forced to drop the brimming can;
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—
And why? Because the motley fool so wise a sermon made.

—Walter Thornbury.

FASHIONABLE FACTS AND FANCIES.

Primrose gloves are at present the most fashionable in New York.

The new coaching hat is the "Spanish Student." It is very handsome.

The long cords and tassels, now in use, are in memory of the Capuchin monks.

It is well to remember, in all that pertains to dress, that a good contrast is better than a poor match.

A contemporary thinks girls who are engaged ought to be made to wear a flaring red necktie to prevent trouble.

You can't suit a man any way. He will scoff at the microscopic bonnet on the street, and growl at the aspiring one in the theatre.

Imperial dragons wrought in scarlet and Chinese characters form the embroidery of some black silk gowns, which are styled Oriental.

The number of ruffles on the most recent petticoat reminds one of a ballet-dancer's frills, but they serve a good purpose in extending skirts.

Lately, many ladies have abandoned their elegant bracelets, because there are so many cheap imitations that their own rich ornaments are not sufficiently surprising.

It appears to be the fashion for distinguished men in Europe to wear their decorations hung around their necks like a woman's locket. Pictures of Nordenskjöld, the Arctic explorer, represent him with a gorgeous star depending just below the cravat, and very *chic* it is, too.

Casaquins made entirely of beads are a decided novelty. Like the Jerseys they are moulded to the figure, but the beads are so close set the foundation can not be seen. They are made in ruby, emerald, and amethyst, as well as jet, and recall the days of the Amazons.

Ladies with really beautiful necks object to covering them with high ruches, and wear the long scarfs of lace laid flat on the dress and having one end fastened on the left side of the belt, but this way of arranging the dress is very trying compared to that of muffling one's self to the chin.

Prepared seaweed, the invention of a lady, and patronized by Queen Victoria, is a novelty for ball dresses. It is made in red, white, and shaded green. It is prepared in a particular way, mounted on wire, and looks very fine and graceful. The view through it is also very fine and entrancing.

There is probably no dictum of fashion that is more aggravating to the feminine mind than that the short baby bangs must give way to the long, wavy crimps, now so essential. It is almost maddening to those who have burned their hair, so that it won't even grow in time to come.

Pretty young girls, pale with the study that is supposed to be eating out their vitality, or, more probably, with slate pencils and late hours, find the very yellow lace and pink ribbons exceedingly becoming, and the quantity of both materials that is fashioned into bonnets is really amazing. Wreaths of lilies of the valley are also in great demand.

One of the strange freaks of fashion has brought into general use by ladies as ugly a piece of attire as was ever seen. Instead of the handsome, long, and well-fitting six or eight-button glove of last season, Biarritz gloves are universally seen, concealing well-turned wrists and graceful arms with their loose and slovenly-looking creases. They remind one strikingly of stockings down at the heels. It is to be hoped they will soon be superseded by a more graceful novelty.

"I guess you're full of fleas," said a fashionable American beauty to a young English lady. The latter blushed vividly, and was about to repudiate the imputation indignantly, when it was explained to her that her interlocutor merely intended a compliment to her sprightliness and vivacity." Which is a very good story from the London *World*. It strikes one, however, that the laugh is upon Mayfair, which made the American beauty fashionable, and which prefers beauty to brains, rather than upon our vulgar country-woman.

"I have witnessed," writes a correspondent of London *Truth*, "many a strange dance, from the nautch to the can-can, and my experience of casinos ranges from the Argyll to the Mabelle; but I have never before seen so grossly indecent a step as that favored in the neighborhood of Portsmouth and Ryde, and popularly known as the 'Southsea Cuddle.' Surely, young ladies at a public ball should draw the line at biting the shoulder-cord of the uniformed partners in whose arms they are gliding round the room."

Those of the gentler sex who delight in ear-rings will be surprised to learn that the Romans regarded the piercing of the ear as a mark of slavery, which they inflicted upon the vanquished. As these ornaments also enlarge the ear, their wearers will be pleased to know that a small and delicate ear is by no means everywhere in favor. "The Chinese," says Dr. Goulin, in his work on fashion, published in 1846, "esteem large, long, and pendant ears very highly. These they pierce, and suspend heavy weights to them. In the same manner the people of Laos enlarge the puncture until it is of sufficient size for the fist to pass through. The Omagnas carry bouquets in these openings." If these statements are not correct, one must blame Dr. Goulin.

Mrs. Langtry, the great English beauty, has introduced a new garment in the shape of a flannel undershirt, which is made to fit tight to the figure and reaches below the hips. The venerable Peter C—, the noted philanthropist, upon reading this information, quietly remarked to his cashier: "Johnny, let me have a couple of dollars; I want to buy a Jersey." "I don't think they have got over here yet, Mr. C—," said Johnny, looking much puzzled, "and besides, you know, the Jersey is a lady's garment." The great philanthropist bestowed a slow and solemn wink upon Johnny, reached for his two dollars, and started for his Jersey. "I wonder who he is going to give that to," said Johnny to himself, in a dubious sort of a tone, as he deposited a tag in Mr. C's account in the till.



Gilbert! Gilbert! Gilbert! Gilbert at the Bush Street Theatre in the *Pirates of Penzance*; Gilbert at the Baldwin in *Sweethearts*; Gilbert at the Baldwin in the *Wedding March*; Gilbert in the drawing-rooms on the lips of every one. Have you seen *Sweethearts*? A simple, pretty thing; difficult to classify because of its very simplicity. It would have delighted Charles Lamb's cousin Bridget, of whom he wrote: "She has a native disrelish for anything that sounds odd or *bizarre*"; nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the common road of sympathy. She holds nature more clever." *Sweethearts* is something delightfully possible, probable, common—even commonplace. Such little, uneventful stories are taking place every day, more especially in the countries where there is a surplus female population. This shatters a little of the romance of the woman's faithful waiting; but then, you know, one really never does hear of such stories on the frontier. Besides, the parties concerned have much to do with the interest of a tale. I saw *Sweethearts* once before, at the California Theatre, a long time ago. It was played by William Horace Lingard and the third of the Dunning, who was an actress for a fortnight or so. Any performance more ineffably stupid was never presented to an audience. The idyllic little sketch given at the Baldwin, Monday, was so little like it that only its quaint, sweet, homely name identified it. Every one knows the story, because every one knows Sullivan's pretty song. Perhaps you lose the words in the melody; but you will recall their exchange of roses, the capricious girl who cast the flower aside, and the fervent lover who pressed his rose to his lips and "by yon moon did swear," etc., and how

"They met again in after years,
In life's sad, sorrowful time;
Their heads were heavy with age and tears,
And white with the winter rime.
He found the flower she scorned in play
At her faithful heart did dwell.
His flower, they say, he had cast away
Before its petals fell."

"How like a man! how like a woman!" says Gilbert in the play. By the by, what a fashion he has of furnishing up old ideas and making them not only "a la mode" as well as new, but a great deal better. He went to the "Bab Ballads" for *Pinafore*, and the "Sweethearts" ballad and the *Sweethearts* play are twins. Of course, it is, all essentially English—a pretty girl in a rose-garden playing at planting, and a young lover going to India. Somehow, English lovers always do go to India; and somehow, too, no one ever goes to India from anywhere but England. As a matter of course, when he comes back he finds his old love in precisely the same place he left her. Possibly there are no mortgages in England. At all events, they can not be indigenous. There are, too, many stories extant of people finding people in exactly the same spot after lapses of twenty, thirty, or fifty years. However, there is no Comstock Lode or stock exchange in the vicinity of these places. At all events, it makes a nice little story, and I would not ask to see anything prettier in its way than Miss Rachel Sanger's "Jennie Northcott." She is of the most pronounced English type, and I could not fancy her in a much heavier rôle; but she has the nice discrimination and the good taste which go to make these *genre* stage pictures something charming. What is there in life more beautiful than a tranquil, sweet old lady? I have always admired Dinah Maria Mulock Craik for daring to picture, in that most charming of all her stories, *A Brave Lady*, a heroine eighty years of age. True, Mrs. Craik has since almost shaken herself off her pedestal by perpetrating that latest mass of milk-soppy called *Young Mrs. Jardine*. But her *Lady de Bougainville* ensures her forgiveness. Blue blood is never so blue as in old age. Do we not all admire an old gentleman of the old school? And now and then we meet an old lady of the old school—there are not many of them—who is like a good book or a good picture to remember. They have a few of the lighter foibles left. They like rich, soft, old lace to fall over their withered hands, and soft mantles to hide their shrunken shoulders, and rich drapery to give elegance to their carriage. They are always thoroughly well appointed. Their silver hair softens their quiet, passionless, Buddha-faces, wherein is written what the Buddhist priests call the majesty of peace. Their voices, untuned by time, are yet gentle, and they have a cooing, caressing quality. Their speech has a strange, old-fashioned elegance. They are like the faded pressed roses one finds in an old book, or the disused treasures one finds in an attic. It is true there are many old women of the other kind, like her violent Grace of Marlborough, to let them down as easily and aristocratically as possible, but—Where did

I leave Miss Rachel Sanger? Ah, in the bright, pleasant youth of "Jenny Northcott." In the second act the pretty diminutive had become Jane, and she was a subdued, sweet old lady, and a delightful opposite to her garrulous chuckling old returned lover, "Mr. Spreadbrow." As for "Mr. Spreadbrow," or James O'Neill, he was never more finished than in this tiny play of two acts. What is this wild absurdity, the *Wedding March*, which follows? A long farce, laid in England, which is as un-English as it is possible to be. And it is written that Mr. Gilbert adapted it from the French. Why will people, even of Mr. Gilbert's intelligence, persist in adapting from the French? Why will they not give us a downright, honest translation? Anything French is not adaptable. Fancy an English wedding party prancing about London in that absurd way to see the sights. Funny? Of course it is funny—wildly amusing for the matter of that; but there is the humor of the Gaul in every contretemps, and not the humor of the Anglo-Saxon. The wedding party are dressed as honest country folk might have dressed in France once upon a time, while Mr. Morrison, the bridegroom, is in modern English morning dress. Everything else is equally inapposite. Miss Sanger's scene is interjected in a haphazard sort of a way, and there is a general wild disconnectedness. It is droll enough to laugh at, and if any one else had written it it might do, for the adapted situations are all amusing enough; but, from the beginning to the end, there is not a line in it worthy of Gilbert.

How different from the *Pirates of Penzance*! This is as irresistible as a contagious laugh. It is a bubbling, sparkling, gurgling mirth, with more of matter in it than appears at once. The satire is as delicate as it is keen. Do you not often listen to the various verdicts of an audience as you wedge your way through the crowd coming out of a theatre? Many of them are faithful to their first love, and still like *Pinafore* best; others will not allow a comparison. In point of fact, a few besotted individuals have dared to like the *Royal Middy* as well. But that can only be the lust of the eye for silk and tinsel. But, for a genuine canvassing of the merits of the *Pirates*, I like to hear a New Yorker and a San Franciscan get into a disquisition on the subject—if one may call the argument by so formidable a name. "Does Miss Emelie Melville sing as well as Miss Roosevelt?" asked an inquiring New Yorker the other day, who had not yet done his duty by the Bush Street Theatre. "As well!" shrieked the moderate Californian; "if Miss Melville sang that waltz in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, people would tear the house down with enthusiasm!" And so it goes. Freeman is compared with the New York "Major-General," Turner with the New York "Frederic," Miss Paulin with the New York "Ruth." Poor Miss Paulin suffers more than any of the others, for, heaven not having favored her with a bounteous and spacious person, she is miscast. It is strange, however, how some people manage to please, even against the better judgment. Every one knows that a score of points are lost by her utter unfitness, yet the little woman works with such a will that you half-forget it. As for Freeman, he is a marvel. The amount of expression which he manages to throw into an unmusical voice, and an accumulation of shaky English, is something extraordinary. Turner has waked from his lassitude, sings exquisitely, and really does act a little bit. As is usual with these partners in text and song, they give the best of everything to the choruses. And people do say that to the chorus and the orchestra belong much of the credit of the success of the *Pirates*. Why not? On Peake's best nights, when he does not get into the overdoing vein, he imparts something of his own vigor to his piratical followers, and there are some excellent voices among them. As for the basso policemen, people are going about in the most absurd manner, trying to imitate, with soprano, tenor, and other unsuitable organs, that wonderful note, miles below the line, which these fellows take every night, to the gratification of a much-edified public. Then there is the trim, sweet-voiced, pretty female chorus. How unlike they are to those old crones who used to fringe the stage with a well-defined set of collar-bones, and a singularly good view of the conformation of the vertebra. Take it for all in all, we shall not soon again have anything as good, as well played, or as well sung as the *Pirates of Penzance*.

And we are to have the beautiful, bewildering Neilson soon again. For the last time, possibly, for she is not one to face a public when her charms are on the wane, and it takes a long time to get around the world to California again. What a triumph was hers when she first came! Who does not remember her in the balcony scene, when she hung over its red-draped rails like a great, tropical tiger-lily? Her beauty, her diamonds, her "Juliet" were the sensation of the hour. They have not lost their fascination yet. It thrills us all a little to know that Neilson is coming again. It wakens people a little from their dramatic lethargy. They are beginning to inquire what is going on at the theatres. In fact, quite a number strayed up to Baldwin's last week to try to get into the habit of going once more. I am quite sure that a prospect of a season of the legitimate warmed James O'Neill up to an interest in his part in *Sweethearts*. Unhappy man! It is easy to see that he was first stage-struck by the legitimate—that his choice, his training, and his adaptability all point that way. Yet he has been obliged for so long to do emotional melodramatic society rôles—nay, even comic parts—that I doubt whether he will find himself fitting with old-time ease into the tragic garments of "Romeo."

BETSY B.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Oil-Can Odes.

Do not cry for little Georgie,
He is in the golden camp;
Gently was he wafted upward
By the non-explosive lamp.

Mary, we shall always miss you;
Gone with your pleasant smile;
Had the oil-can been much larger
You'd have gone about a mile.

Oh, You Angel!

I have watched you long, Avicé—
Watched you so,
I have found your secret out;
And I know
That the restless ribboned things,
Where your slope of shoulder springs,
Are but undeveloped wings.
That will grow.

The Canary.

There is a young lady of Lansing
Who flatters herself she just can sing
And the cats through the fence
Of her pa's residence
When she chants—'tis so very entrancing.

The Property Man.

They met; and when the fair one gazed
Upon his whiskers fine,
She felt that she had found at last
The paragon divine.
They courted through the summer months,
And married in the fall.
She gave her heart and hand, and he
Gave beard, mustache, and all.
One night they passed in pleasant dreams,
A happy wedded pair;
But ah, alas! the next morn's light
Brought sorrow and despair.
The count arose and washed his face,
But fear o'erwhelmed his soul—
The glue had started, and he left
His whiskers in the bowl.
The wife looked up; she saw his face,
Smooth as a new-mown lawn—
Save here and there a single hair.
His whiskers all were gone.
She swooned, and fell upon the floor—
Her reason overthrown.
The count secured her jewelry,
And left for parts unknown.

Love and Indigestion.

Oh! I feel so very curious—Liza Jane!
For within me there's a furious—gastric pain;
I would call up happy visions,
But they turn to sad derisions,
And the effort is in vain—Liza Jane.

I ate lobster pie for supper—Liza Jane,
With an under crust and upper—how insane!
Now it pinches and it gnaws,
As if all the lobster's claws
I had swallowed—ouch! the pain!—Liza Jane.

And All the Result of a Call.

A dashing young man in St. Paul
Loved a maiden exceedingly tall;
Two nights in the week
He would muster up cheek
And make the fair creature a call.
One day her pa shouldered his gun,
And went out to discover the son
Of a sea-cook who would
On a young heart intrude,
And say he was only in fun.
He met the young man in a store,
And blew him out through the front door.
A father-in-law jury
Let him off in a hurry,
But the boys shunned that girl evermore.

The Fan.

There lives in the land of Japan
A very lughrious man,
Who sketches with toil,
In water and oil,
Strange scenes for the Japanese fan.
He paints with a Chinaman's queue,
And uses vermilion and blue;
He delights in large berds
Of long-legged birds,
Which he makes with their bodies askew.
He strives, with the noble intent
To picture each current event;
He often spends hours
Over intricate flowers,
And receives just the eightb of a cent.

Spring Chicken.

What a beautiful time is spring,
When the woodcock begins to sing,
And the humblebee and chickadee
Carry their heads around in a sling.
When the hlack and tickling ants
Crawl up the young man's pants,
And the straddlebug and mosquito bug,
While the spiders engage in a dance.

And the birds get drunk on dew,
And offer the robins a chew,
While the great owl blinks and the sparrow winks
At the wife of the gay cuckoo.

And the coon goes off on a spree
Along with the chipmunk and flea,
The odorous skunk gets thundering drunk,
And tries to make love to the bee.

The "Pirates" in One Flat.

When the young and tender school-girl isn't thinking,
Isn't thinking,
Of the time when she'll be allowed to vote,
'Lowed to vote,
The chances are that she is coyly hinking,
Coyly hinking,
At some youth in a zebra overcoat,
Overcoat.

Sweet Fraud.

Come, gentle spring! Emerging from the damp,
Accept a sweet eulogium from the printer,
Yet—come to think—why, you're a fraud, you tramp!
You've hung around all winter!

OUR LETTER BOX.

Church Music.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT: In the *Post* of Saturday last an article appeared in regard to applicants for positions as singers in church choirs, evidently written or suggested by some organist or choir-leader, and which verifies the old maxim, that a poor workman always finds fault with his tools. I have observed church music in this city to some extent; and the reasons for its defects do not lie with the singers, but with the leaders—that is, the organists and choir-masters—and also in the want of some competent person on the music committee, able to judge not only when the singing is bad, but, also, who is to blame that it is bad. A person may be an excellent singer of love ballads, and for that very reason wholly unfit to take a prominent part in rendering the music of the church. The *Rubric* requires the clergy to suppress—with the aid of some skilled person, if he be not such himself—all light and unseemly music. Now, a piece of music may be very devotional, but may be sung in a style which suggests thoughts other than devotional. It is the duty of the organist or choir-master—here one person generally occupies both the offices—to give the style and character of expression to the music. The correspondent of the *Post* would have the singers so accomplished as to instruct the choir-master, instead of his instructing them. Again, the writer in question complains that the singers, although they have good voices, fail to sing at sight without an accompaniment, but require the piece to be played over for them. The best singers go slightly astray sometimes, and it frequently happens that it is the listener and not the singer who is at fault; but, notwithstanding all that, a good choir-master could produce, with such material, far better singing than is ever heard in one of our churches. I have lived five years in San Francisco, and I have never heard a chant well sung in this city. The fault does not lie with the singers. For it would not be tolerated that one singer should correct another. The fault lies in this: there is not in any Episcopal church in San Francisco a choir-master who has the slightest idea how to train a choir to chant. The choir-masters here verify the saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." The choirs here are fully competent, under proper leadership, to sing good, plain church music; but they murder the works of the great masters; and choir-leaders know so little that they can not perceive that that music is not sung, but simply buttered in cold blood. As to the criticism I affirm that the singers so glibly criticised are better able to perform their parts than their critic his. They have some idea of their duties, he not the slightest of his own. I know that newspaper discussion never amounts to much. But it may lead to the opening of the eyes of some of the music committees, and pave the way to a request to incompetents to step down and out.

A LOVER OF CHURCH MUSIC.

S. F., May 23, 1880.

The Success of an Idea.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It was a California woman who, a year ago, became possessed of an idea, and who has successfully worked it out. It was simply the thought that a thoroughly American school for advanced pupils, located in the most attractive center of European culture, would be a good thing educationally. The lady—Mrs. Burrage—had been successful as a teacher and in the building up of an excellent private school. She had taught, and knew the desirability of such a finish. She had traveled, and knew that American parents could not satisfactorily trust their daughters in a foreign city, removed from the influence of an American home. She had the courage horn of confidence, and announced in the *Argonaut* her plan. The reputation she had established, and the esteem in which she was held by those who knew her well, enabled her to soon gather a class, and, selecting Dresden as the objective point, she started eastward with a heavy California girls. Boston, of course, appreciates ideas—that is what it is for—and she there filled up her school to the desired number, and sailed away to the Saxon capital. Her success has been complete. She secured the best instructors, located herself in an attractive part of the city, and has maintained for the year a school-home, where progress and enjoyment have been happily blended. The advantages enjoyed in Dresden need not here be dwelt upon; whether music, language, or art be the end sought, no more favorable spot can be found. It may not be altogether modest to mention it, but Californians are kindly received in the old world. They are comers from the ends of the earth, and excite interest at first as natural curiosities. This kindness has been especially shown to our fair and courageous California teacher, and good society has not been among the wants of the school. Several of her pupils went for a year only, and accompanied by Mrs. Burrage, arrived in New York by the last steamer from Europe. Early next week she will return them to the fortunate parents, who have been able to give their children the advantages of Europe while they have remained at home to enjoy the unique social and political movements that can only be experienced in California, and to show their dexterity in standing from under a falling stock market. She remains in the city but a week or two, and then returns with another class.

A PROUD FRIEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27, 1880.

Promotion from the Ranks.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: An editorial in a morning paper, a few days ago, commending the recent act passed by the lower house of Congress, making enlisted men who shall have served continuously for fifteen years—the last five years as non-commissioned officers—eligible for appointment as commissioned officers, shows some ignorance on the subject, not only here, but in Washington. Under existing laws and regulations, any enlisted man between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, who shall have served two years with a good record, can ask for an examination with a view to being commissioned. A board of officers is then convened to examine the applicant; and this examination is such as citizen appointments are subjected to. The record of the examination is sent to the War Department; and, if satisfactory, the applicant's name is placed on file for promotion, if no vacancy exists; and he is, while awaiting promotion, exempt from trial by an inferior court-martial, and is allowed to wear a distinctive badge. The last army register shows one hundred and fifty-eight officers on the active list appointed from the ranks: two in the quartermaster's department, four in the signal corps, thirty-nine in the cavalry, fifteen in the artillery, and ninety-eight in the infantry.

H. T.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 26, 1880.

Mills Seminary Commencement.

The commencement exercises of Mills Seminary, last Thursday, were more than ordinarily interesting and successful. Many of the essays were really enjoyable—which is more than can be said of the general run of graduation productions. Essays were read as follows: "Our Lives and Time," Lottie M. Whitaker, Tomales; "The Marble Waiteth," Emma J. Allman, San Francisco; "Can we Afford It?" Nellie W. Huff, San Leandro; "Bismarck," Amelia S. Brum, Lockeford; "A Lesson from the Carnival," Lizzie G. Derby, Fruit Vale; "The Eclipse in 1900," Electra M. Camden, Oakland; "Shoes," Georgia Ray, Galt; "A Reverie," Ethel M. Watson, Sacramento; "The Seen and the Unseen," Eleanor I. Carter, San Jose; "No Birds in Last Year's Nest," Matilda Zeile, Haywards; "Le Changement de la Marée," Jeanette A. Reynolds, San Francisco; "Sign Boards," Mary D. Sagendorph Ware, Massachusetts; "The Power that Wins," Lloyd S. McAllis, Oakland; "Venus de Milo," Josephine S. Byington, Santa Rosa; "Optima Altissima Tentamus," Amelia E. Nye, Willows. A "Class Song" followed, the music of which was composed by Professor Boscovitz, and then the presentation of diplomas.

Extensive and unusual preparations have been made by the Grand Army of the Republic for the observance of Memorial Day, which has been set for Monday next. It is anticipated that the programme will eclipse anything of the kind heretofore seen on this coast. One of the tender and touching as well as beautiful features of Memorial Day is the strewing of the graves of the remembered dead with flowers; that the offerings may be abundant, the following circular has been issued by the committee:

HEADQUARTERS MEMORIAL DAY COMMITTEE,
118 DUPONT STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 24.

Memorial Day having been made a legal holiday in this State, and falling on Sunday, it will be observed on Monday, May 31, by the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in this city. The Order is making extensive arrangements for decorating the graves of soldiers, and now, as in previous years, depends upon the kind cooperation of all who appreciate and sympathize with them in this beautiful service to the memory of their departed comrades. Ladies and gentlemen in San Francisco and vicinity are respectfully invited to contribute such floral offerings, in the way of wreaths, bouquets, or loose flowers, as they may find convenient, and send the same to any of the branch post-office stations in the city, or to the headquarters of the G. A. R., No. 71 New Montgomery Street, on Saturday and Sunday, May 29th and 30th. Those living in the vicinity of San Francisco can entrust them to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agents, who have kindly volunteered to forward them to the Committee free of expense. Please send name and address with your contributions.

C. MASON KINNE, Chairman of Committee.
L. L. DORR, Secretary.

NEPTUNE AND MERMAID SWIMMING BATHS, foot of Larkin and Hyde Streets. The improvements made at this establishment—first, for the safety of its patrons, in the way of life-lines, rafts, etc.; then by the construction of roomy platforms, protected from winds and well supplied with seats for spectators, fronting on the beach, with broad steps leading to same; also, an elevated platform in front of Ladies' Parlor, commanding a view not only of the entire beach, rafts, etc., but affording a grand view of the Golden Gate, bay, Mount Tamalpais, Sausalito hills, etc.—make it one of the most desirable and pleasant places of resort, not only for bathers and swimmers, but for those admiring marine views, beautiful scenery, and aquatic sports. In short, the proprietor proposes to make it a popular and pleasant resort for gentlemen, ladies, and children who visit for bathing and swimming, and also for those wishing to spend an agreeable hour or two. Strict propriety enforced.

You have often remarked in theatres, when the curtain is down, a tiny hole in it through which an inquisitive eye inspects the audience. It is usually the eye of some little actress, who looks to see if Richard or Ferdinand remains in his chair between the acts, or goes to flirt in the lobbies. In some of our theatres there is a perpetual struggle among the actresses for a place at this little hole. This bothers the machinists, for how can they place the decorations with a tumult of young women encumbering the stage, each waiting her chance at the hole of inspection? This trouble had grown to such an excess in a Boston theatre that the machinists were obliged to resort to the following expedient: they rubbed the aperture in the curtain with garlic! And the machinists were triumphant, for not an actress would approach it.

Helen Faucit, the once celebrated English actress, by the knighthood recently conferred on her husband, is now Lady Martin. Speaking of Miss Faucit recalls this anecdote: On one occasion she had a signal revenge on an actor, who, by virtue of his being the lessee of the theatre, insisted on playing "Romeo" to her "Juliet." It was at Drury Lane. When Juliet had to address Romeo on the reason why and wherefore he was Romeo, Helen Faucit could not resist the temptation of placing the slightest accent on the personal pronoun, which was well understood by those who thought with her that Mr. Anderson was unfitted for the character. Juliet said: "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" We do not believe Anderson ever repeated the character of Romeo with such a Juliet.

Censorship of plays in Vienna seems to be carried to excess; for a farce was recently returned to a minor theatre of that city with this inscription opposite a line requesting a waiter to bring a beefsteak: "Should this piece be performed during Lent, the text of this passage must be altered to 'Bring me a dish of fish.' It is not essential that any particular fish should be specified; but, should these instructions be neglected, or violated through recalcitrance on the part of the actor, the play will be immediately suppressed."

A Mademoiselle Rabany, said to be the niece of Victor Hugo, has come out at the opera at Nice; and on the two occasions when she appeared, she gave universal satisfaction, and was greeted with great applause.

R. B.—It is "not at all necessary" to intimate that you do not understand obscure intimations. Otherwise otherwise.

"The Stage is a-Waiting for Sarah" is the title of the latest sensation in the gay capital of France. The day may come when Sarah will wait for the stage.

All these slender boys that are pimping round with thin cheeks, no appetite or ambition, that fond mammas or doting papas are doctoring to death with expensive doctors, can be made strong, hearty, rollicking boys by the daily use of Hop Bitters a few short months.

Cases in which the heart is weak and irregular in action are soon restored to health and regularity by Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites. As persons whose heart's action is feeble are most susceptible to the influence of cold, it is in the advent of the cold season its use is specially advised.

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Words by W. S. Gilbert, Music by Arthur Sullivan, authors of "Pinafore."

"Let us talk about the weather."
"It is a glorious thing to be a Major-General."
"He thought he heard a noise, HA! HA!"
"That Paradox, that Paradox."
"Oh, take one consideration with another, a policeman's lot is not a happy one."

EMELIE MELVILLE AS MABEL.

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For simultaneous production at the Union Square Theatre, New York, and at this theatre, the Latest Musical Comedy Success,

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SWEETHEARTS
AND
THE WEDDING MARCH.

MONDAY.....May 31

BENEFIT OF MR. C. B. BISHOP
"Henry IV." and "To Oblige Benson."

WEDNESDAY.....June 2

BENEFIT OF MR. BARTON HILL

THURSDAY.....June 3

DEBUT OF MISS KATE CHESTER

FRIDAY.....June 4

BENEFIT OF MISS JEFFREYS LEWIS

SATURDAY.....June 5

BENEFIT OF MISS LOUISE BEAUDET

MONDAY.....June 7

First Appearance of
MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON

SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, HAV-

ing fully established her School for American Girls in Dresden, will arrive in San Francisco early in June, with those of her pupils who went for one year, and will return in about two weeks, taking with her another class. A year's residence has enabled her to successfully realize her purpose of offering young ladies wishing to pursue an advanced course, the advantages of an American home, supplemented by the best of the old world can give. The number of pupils will be limited, and applications must be made at once to secure acceptance. Reference is made to Rev. Dr. Stebbins, and particulars may be learned from Miss West, 1001 Sutter street, or by addressing Mrs. Burrage, 819 Shotwell street.

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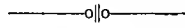
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ANCIENT CELTIC MELODY.

WORDS BY WALTER MAYNARD.



1 Moan not for me when
2. Let not the mock-er -

I'm no more, I would not have one tear Be - dim the lus - tre of bright eyes By
y of woe True sor - row's sem - blance take To coun - ter - feit a fond re - gret Not

my fu - ne - real bier, Let not sad tones of grief be heard Be - neath the sol - emn
felt for my poor sake, E - nough if lov - ing thoughts of me, Some kind heart pon - der

shade A - mong those who may ga - ther round Near there where I am laid.
o'er, And all my fol - lies be for - got When I shall be no more.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the thirtieth (30th) day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 63) of One Dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth (4th) day of June, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-first (21st) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-eighth (28th) day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 12) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first day of June, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the 21st day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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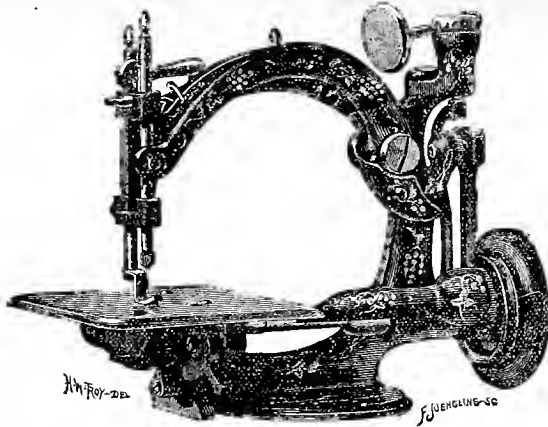
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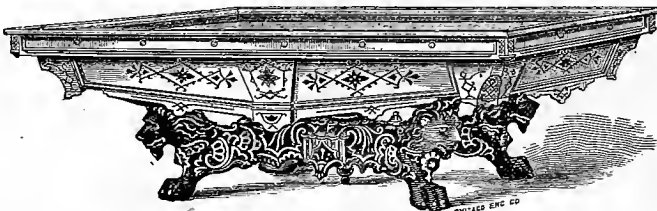
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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, May 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 55) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was declared, payable on THURSDAY, May 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 23.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 5, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

CALIFORNIA COLONIALY CONSIDERED.

The current year is the thirtieth in the course of an interesting experiment, viz., the experiment of founding on the shores of the Mediterranean a nation with personal habits, industrial organization, and social methods from the North Sea. For California is a Mediterranean country; her plains are the plains of Andaluz, of Macedon, of Trebizond; her hills the hills of Estremadura and Lebanon; her cañons the cañons of the Pyrenees and Taurus; her coast is the coast of Catalonia and the Levant; its rivers the Mæander and Guadelete; while inland we have an Euphrates; and behind the mountains new Dead Seas with their tributaries. In order to obtain old-world material for a full comparison with Californian territory we must pass into Arabia Deserta to parallel our southeastern counties. Following the Pacific Coast line north, we leave the Mediterranean to seek the type of Oregon and Washington nearer the Loire, the Mosel, or the Oder. Throughout the Mediterranean regions named, peoples are found differing widely enough from one another, but in whose outward and visible life there are traits common to all, separating them broadly from the peoples who occupy that part of Europe that sheds its water toward the north. This opposition of watershed marks an equivalent broad separation of two aspects of nature. There are features common to that face which is veined by the Elbe, Seine, and Thames, distinguishing it from the other face veined by the Tagus, Rhone, and Po. The separation is similar, both in kind and degree to that which distinguishes the regions drained by the Wallamet, Snake, and Columbia, from that of the Colorado, San Joaquin, and Sacramento. From Mount Shasta northward, the country and its climate are such as have always afforded a home to the various branches of the great Germanic race; from Shasta to the south, the countries are those which have been the homes of the Canaanite and Cushite, the Ionian, Slav, and the rest of that mixed cousinhood who parted from our Gothic stock so very long ago. Broadly speaking, then, we who have here in California intruded into the habitat of the Catalan, the Tuscan, and the Greek; have brought with us, in mature and rigid form, all the social polity, all the industrial methods, and above all, the fixed personal habits of a Breton, a Hamburger, or a yeoman of Kent; or, in other and equivalent words, of the New Englander, the Kentuckian, and the farmer from Pike. The attempt has been to use with little adaptation the old tools in new and different fields, to apply the old methods to new and different needs, to wear the old garments of habit under new and very different thermo-hygrometric readings.

It is not likely that an English tenant-farmer, set down, with his farming equipment and household brigade, on the plains of Castilla, would make much of a success of it, though the Spaniard lives there and thrives—in his way. It is quite certain that in the fairer fields of Lombardy, under conditions of labor still more strange to him, such an Englishman would fail dismally, amid Italians who were prospering—after an Italian standard of prosperity. In Armenia, that Briton would simply starve to death. Is it, then, altogether surprising that the similar experiment, now in its thirtieth year, of planting a whole population of Kentish men—or farmers from Pike—amid an environment wholly foreign to their experience, should disclose a variety of prosperous and unsatisfactory aspects? The course of things among us, and their tendency, is so plain that he who runs may read. Lacking coal, as California does, her iron ores are locked up (Washington Territory is now developing these); and the barring of those two items, under the existing conditions of production and transportation round the world, means exclusion from competition in the greater lines of modern industry. Our labor must be restricted within fields whose idiosyncrasies of soil and climate afford us a monopoly within the American nation. Thus we are thrown back upon the extra-hazardous resource of mining for the precious metals, upon the cultivation of produce the surplus of which shall be exportable in kind, and upon our flocks. In these three lines of labor we recognize at a glance the immemorial occupations of the Mediterranean peoples, while unlike them in the historic days of their prosperity, we are without a slave class whom we can rob of the profits of their

labor. The mines, wool, and wine of Spain; the wines and wheat of Southern France; the wines, wheat, and silk of Italy; the wines, wool, and linens of Asia; and the wheat of Egypt, in an endless round from earliest days, have afforded, as they to-day afford, the livelihood of those countries, where they are now produced by the labor of a peasant class who could no more survive among us in competition with the great grain growers than the hand-loom weaver could survive in competition with the power-loom capitalist. True, time was when the Mediterranean countries were also the artificers of the world, but that was in days of hand-work, and before the uncultured North had entered into competition at all—a competition which, in its established existing form, has disposed of the question of any possible rivalry for generations yet to come. The same class of questions is settled as effectually for California by the looms of Rhode Island and Georgia, as it is for Spain and Rumelia by the looms of Manchester, of Lyons, and Antwerp. Industrial activity in our day is a question of coal measures; and the colonies of New South Wales or British Columbia may become centres of manufacture before California can. There are enough points of identity in the economic conditions that attend each group of these facts to insure the same result in all the several cases. Again, the Mediterranean nations were once nations of conquest, receiving tribute from subject peoples of all climes and lands; and at times they have been the traders of the world. But the present era is not one of conquest and the receipt of tribute moneys; while the lines of modern trade are charted by screw-steamers and those leveled rails which have supplanted the mountain passes and water highways that once fixed the course of traffic. It is scarcely probable that control of these agencies will be permanently retained by a small and poor nation like California; yet we may discern in this a possible one among the few sources of great wealth that may ultimately be hers.

We apply advisedly the word "nation" to this California, which is different in interests (not diverse, but different), as it is in geography, from the remainder of the Union embracing the broad territory that sheds into the Atlantic. Compared with their numbers, this detached and isolated California is very small; compared with their wealth, it is very poor; compared with their variety of industrial resources, hers are very few. She is not free to embark a few thousands of capital in any of the lines in which their marshaled millions are engaged and stand prepared to overwhelm any inadequate competition. As California could not support the inequality of such contests, so she does not, in point of fact, enter upon them. Thus she is again seen to be thrown back upon her agriculture and her mines. The last will doubtless continue to all time, presenting the features with which we are familiar—alternations of bonanza and borrasca, of delirious prosperity and desperate adversity. But what adaptation, if any, has been shown toward meeting the conditions of profitable agriculture? The main staple must be wheat, for that can be sold abroad; and so long as there is one class of grower which can undersell all others, it appears that this class must increase while the others decrease. It is quite plain that the operator who sows by the square mile and reaps with a score of machines can undersell the plowman who plants by the quarter-section. To agricultural irrigation, associated capital is as imperative as to hydraulic mining. So much, then, of adaptation to his environment the Californian has worked out. He has shown how to produce the main exportable staple at the least cost, and that this method is such as the "farmer"—in the inherited sense of that word—can not compete with. And our State statistics do, in fact, show that within the wheat area the "farms" are growing larger—not smaller. Wine, as a Mediterranean staple, yet remains; and there is nothing fantastic in the thought that another thirty years may avail to raise its exportable surplus to an equality in value with that of wheat. But what manner of nation is it to be that shall occupy the land thirty years hence as foreshadowed by these things? May it not consist, perchance, of agricultural princes loading fleets from their own domains, vinicultural patricians at ease beneath their vine and fig and orange groves, mining magnificoes in magnanimous state, and, possibly, merchants wielding a monumental trade—albeit there are adverse influences which this class should find it hard to stem.

But here is no very good place in this scheme for the old Northern farmer, the operative, or the unskilled laborer—at least if the last is to be anything higher or better than a tramp, making wages during harvest, then drifting back to the city, as he now does, perforce, to be fed during the winter. There must always be room for a limited number of each class, but the total should be easily reached. And here we find that we have got back, by a new road, to an old Spain, or an older Rome, with its territorial grandeës, to the trade of a mediæval Florence or Genoa, with magnificent Lorenzos or superb Dorias, diversified by the mighty miners of mines—American Demidoffs of many sumptuosities. Whether, when these things shall be, or before they are, we shall experience trouble with the plebeians, and hear unpleasant things from the great army of tramps, are conundrums we need not concern ourselves to answer, for their solution rests with our children to work out. For those who believe that the presence of enormously wealthy people in any community is a good thing for it—operating to promote a high civilization and truly liberal culture—the future of the Californian people forms an attractive theme for speculation. They appear likely, on many grounds, to grow into a type exceptional among the elements of the American nation. While it would be quite idle to attempt drawing any of their specific features, it is fairly safe to assume that one element in their progress will be extreme and exceptional wealth in the hands of certain classes; and this wealth implies power. The effect of opulence on human character appears to be good; that of power, bad. Between these two opposing forces the character of the typical Californian of the future will be moulded. On which side the balance of advantage will be found to lie is one of the many questions that make sensible people wish to live another half century, that they might learn the solution.

"An American newspaper representative recently offered Bismarck \$130,000 yearly to write a weekly article for it." Wait a bit. There is matter in this beyond the cackle. Prince Bismarck, of course, declined; but the next such offer that we hear of will be an accepted one. The reason Prince Bismarck declined is, that it would be *infra dig.*—not for the imperial chancellor to write articles for publication in a newspaper, but—to take money for writing them: mere wages. It would not be *infra dig.* for him, or even for his master, to write articles with a view of effecting a diplomatic or political object. The article has become nearly the most effective tool of diplomatist as well as politician, to be wielded with art; but each can, for this purpose, usually hire a skill beyond his own. At crises, however, he may without derogation do the work for himself, and by doing it supremely well, earn a new laurel and be accounted all the more accomplished diplomatist—all the greater man in his statesmanship. Since the work itself, then, is of a sort not infringing the personal dignity of Kaiser or Pope, the thing objected to is the receipt of wages, and this objection in turn rests upon pride of tradition in its existing form. The magnitude of the price offered is not the thing to be first considered—though that will, later on, contribute to dispose of the question: the preliminary point is, whether such wages may be taken at all. May an hereditary noble (not a bohemian) write for the press for pay without loss of social standing? If a noble may do so at all, any nobleman may; if a baron may do so, then so may a duke. This last conclusion does not follow at the first flush of the novelty; a term of about twenty years would, in the usual course of things, be the natural period for it to mature; but it would mature, and mature in this trade as fully as in the score of others which the present century has seen the superior creatures condescend to with thankfulness.

The profession of arms (called "trade" by the thoughtless), the profession of the church, and the profession of landlord were the only three callings open to a gentleman sixty-five years ago. It was possible for him to take seriously to the law, but a dancing barrister was never more than a tolerated figure. During the period mentioned, the profession of arms has gradually come to cease to pay, and can be undertaken with advantage now only by individuals who command a home-allowance—i. e., who command "rent" in some form. A scion can no longer be presented with a pair of colors to go push his fortunes in the Low Countries or India. The

trade has suffered a change, and a portion of its prizes are gone. The church is far from being the trade it was. For one thing, within fifty years it has come about that an incumbent is expected to perform clerical duties—a thing unspeakably distasteful to an average younger son seeking merely to be provided for. Practically this resource may be considered closed to a majority of the class who used to avail of it. The third profession—that of landlord—has been markedly prosperous for some sixty years; but it has received a shock, and there are cracks in the foundations of it visible to the unaided eye. During this sixty years, while radical changes in the economy of things have been going on, a compensating growth in the landlord interest—an enormous increase in the rental of land—has availed to cement the old fabric and sustain it in nearly its old proportions. At last, that cement shows signs of failing. The Fates forbid that it should crumble and bring a ruin about the world's ears. But time and change have told upon it, and it can no longer be trusted to support, and it will no longer avail to support, all the superstructure it is now sustaining. During these years of change, the young gentlemen have been casting about them for the means to assure food and raiment. To supply the food of these youth, the ends of the earth are compassed, and their raiment is as the raiment of kings. The desiderated supplies rise to the dignity of financial operations. It was but a year or so ago that Mr. Punch—that judicious observer—remarked that a haronet with three thousand pounds a year and three sons, was a pauper. If he was a pauper then, what is he now?

We have come to see the young gentlemen taking to trade. A duke's son kindly went into a hanking house—his lordship's high connection was the equivalent of a moneyed capital to the business—which smoothed the way for all the rest. Already hanking baronets are plenty as blackbirds, and the difference between traffic in money and traffic in bohbins or beer is not one of kind; while as to dignity, a fine old haronetcy looks down a long way on one of your fire-new earldoms. Hence it is no more surprising to find a banker or two raised to the peerage than to mark how the list of haronets swarms with Bakers, Cookes, Jacksons, Robinsons, and Smiths. Hence right honorables appear on boards of direction to linen mills, and Lord Hugo Fitzblazon (the Marquis of Tweed's second son) is chairman of the Wheal Penrwyddllwm, and Sir Orlando Montagu-Cocks undertakes the agency of the Diamantes Brazilaos Prospectadores (limited). In all this, these nobles are merely selling their names, which possess a definite commercial value, for money. Within a few seasons past it appears that gentlemen of the first social standing, endowed with a melodious voice, or a histrionic talent, or other kindred accomplishment, let themselves out for an evening's display in consideration of an *honorarium*. The *honorarium*, in terms of sterling money, runs from twenty to forty pounds; and some undoubted aristocrats make a pretty thing of it. All this without any impeachment of dignity—in fact, with applause. The guineas themselves are knighted, and plain wages becomes *honorarium*—much as Peter Hohbs, foreman of navies, becomes Sir Peter Beech-Hohbes, of The Beeches, Hants, railway contractor.

In all this is to be recognized the pecuniary stress—the imperative need of money in society of our existing type. As civilization advances—which is paraphrase for saying as luxury advances—the need of mere money becomes more pressing, and life without enough money becomes less worth living to many people, the number of whom also increases. The condition of neediness, more than any other of the external conditions of life, undermines the higher elements of character, tends to lower the aims, to dim the honor, to how the pride, and warp the standard of right and wrong. The command of money enough contributes more than any other external condition to maintain all phases of character at the ideal standard. And at this day some of the best part of European humanity is losing ground in point of relative wealth—much of it already becoming conscious of a sense of poverty. Poverty is a relative thing as well as a relative word. We have already quoted a sense in which a haronet with three thousand pounds a year may be pronounced a pauper.

They all, to a man, write to and for the papers. But not avowedly for money—yet. Neither did, nor would, my Lord Byron accept pay for his incomparable poems—till he needed the money. The first step once taken, the rapacity exhibited by his lordship appears unsoftened by scruples as to fairness in dealing with which a little commercial training would have adorned his noble and brilliant mind. Since his time no nobleman has scrupled to take money for the MS. of a regular hook. Now the publisher of the contemporary newspaper is in position to pay more, and many times more, for a name than any hook publisher, and when the price shall reach a sufficient figure, who can doubt that

The jingling of the guinea'll
Heal the hurt that honor feels?

It will not be long ere the needy noble will begin to take money for his regular article; and his order will applaud very nearly in proportion to the price he gets. Then let no Yankee weekly repeat the offer of five hundred pounds a column to a prince (most princes are needy) unless it wants to be taken up. Nor let any one for a moment fancy that we are to wait for the year 1900 to witness this phenomenon. Before the century runs out, we can engage the *Argonaut* shall have a noble or royal correspondent in half the capitals of Europe, and run its circulation up to half a million among the fierce democracy—its daughters and wives—of America, by the contributions from names of historic nobility on its regular staff.

A literary club of ladies have been discussing this knotty problem: "How shall we bring up our sons to a political career?" We know. Hire Georgie Gorham as wet nurse.

Great domestic contest after the honeymoon: Which shall be speaker of the new house?

Two heads are better than one, but not on the same pin.

THE LATEST PARISIEN BONBONS.

"You are accused, sir, of adulterating your coffee."
"I assure you I do not. There is no coffee in my coffee. If there is no coffee, how can I adulterate it?"

Taupin gave a kiss to the lady of his thoughts.
"Pouah!" said she, "you sniell of tobacco!"
Taupin replied, philosophically:
"It seems, then, that my rival does not smoke!"

The *Figaro* claims to have received the following letter:

MONSIEUR: You have lately said a very flattering word of a certain lady, Madame B—. But probably you are not aware that Madame B— is a mother-in-law! It was a mistake on your part, was it not?
A SON-IN-LAW!!!

Between two ladies:
"Gracious! If all this that you tell me is true, the creature is simply infamous."
"Certainly it is true; for, as I am her best friend, of course I would not lie about her."

During the war in Algeria, the Comte de V—, a simple soldier, fell to the earth, his head laid open by a ball. Taken up for dead, he was carried away in an ambulance.
"He will not revive," said the surgeon; "one can see his brain!"

"Brain!" said the wounded man, suddenly opening his eyes.
"Take it out and let me see it. Heretofore I have been living under the impression that I had none."

A husband to his mother-in-law:
"Madame, your daughter is insupportable!"
"Ah, hah!"
"She has hysterics three times a day."
"Eh bien?"
"She is a flirt, exacting, ill-tempered!"
"What else?"
"Isn't that enough?"
The mother-in-law shrugged her shoulders.
"Do you suppose I would have let you have her hut for exactly those little trifles?"

A dinner is given to two or three gentlemen who are about to set out for Central Africa.

Among the toasts is a silent, dark-complexioned, and reserved little man, with blue spectacles and hair combed behind his ears.

The president lays his hand on the little gentleman's shoulder, and says:

"This young man is a doctor, whose health was just made for the murderous climate of equatorial Africa. He is attached to the expedition, and will surely send on to us the papers of the hold explorers, with full details of the appalling diseases to which they will most gloriously succumb."

The old Marquise de B— has the most agreeable salon in Paris.

"How is it done?" the young Comtesse de T— asked her. "How do you manage to do the honors so charmingly?"

"It is very simple," replied the marquise; "it is not to do them at all."

X— is a Gascon, who is continually boasting of his exploits as a swimmer. Never having seen him in the water, his friends never thought of doubting his word. Several of them invited him to join an excursion to the sea-shore. On arriving, everybody undressed and proceeded to bathe—with the exception of X—. Immediately everybody commenced to make sport of the maidenly modesty which forbade him to enjoy the sport. Piqued and impatient, he disrobed, and jumped into the sea. He went to the bottom, which was natural; but he did not reappear, which was not natural. After waiting for him till longer delay was not to be dreamed of, his friends searched for him, and brought him to the surface unconscious.

"What!" they exclaimed, when at last he opened his eyes; "you do not know how to swim?"
"Certainly I do," he said. "How strange that it did not occur to me to do so."

Bébé to her mamma:
"Mamma, will you take me to my little cousin's funeral?"
"No, child; yesterday you were at a soirée, this morning at a matinée. You have had enough amusement for the present."

The climax of distraction:
For a provincial, wandering in the streets of Paris, to return to the morgue in hopes of finding himself.

A usurer demanded 90 per cent. on a loan made to a giddy spendthrift.

"Are you not ashamed?" exclaimed the borrower. "But if there is a Providence, that figure 9 will give you lots of remorse."

The usurer sweetly smiled, and said:
"Providence sees my 9 from so high that He will take it for a 6."

Two members of a club are chatting together.
Says one: "I like neither écarté, haccarat, nor houillotte."
"The devil!" says the other, astonished. "Then at what game do you cheat?"

"If I could just learn how to touch my adversary I would be satisfied."

"Doubtless. But I cannot help you. Stay! When you get on the ground tell your opponent that you are a poor man and the father of six children. That may touch him."

Madame de Tencin, with the gentlest manners, had a heart full of malice. One day somebody was praising her sweetness. "Yes," said the Abbe Truhlet, "if she had an interest in your death she would choose the sweetest poison with which to poison you."

A TEST KISSING CASE.

The newspapers East and South are busily discussing a very important law-suit now in progress in Newbern, South Carolina. It is said to be the first suit of the kind on record, and as such is watched with great interest by the legal profession in all parts of the country. The cause of action and points involved are substantially as follows: Some time ago Mr. Finch, of Newbern, who is in the jewelry business, exhibited to Miss Waters, a young lady with whom he was on friendly terms, a beautiful set of real jet. The lady was very anxious to own the set, but was not able to buy it. In these circumstances Mr. Finch proposed a novel kind of bargain. He said that he would sell Miss Waters the set for one hundred kisses, to be paid at the rate of one kiss daily on each and every day next ensuing from the day of the date of the agreement, excepting, nevertheless, each and every Sunday thereafter. It was further provided that Mr. Finch was to call at the lady's house every morning, except Sunday morning, to receive his daily kiss, which Miss Waters undertook and promised to duly deliver to him. This contract was not reduced to writing, but it was fully understood and agreed to by both parties, and the set of jet was tendered to Miss Waters and accepted by her. The next morning Mr. Finch called on Miss Waters for his first kiss, which, as the young lady now maintains, was fully paid. On each subsequent morning for thirty consecutive days—Sundays excepted—the same proceedings were had. On the thirty-first day, however, Mr. Finch made a formal complaint that Miss Waters was not fulfilling her contract, inasmuch as she insisted upon permitting him to kiss her cheek only. He maintained that this did not constitute a legal kiss, and he demanded that he should be allowed to put his arm around Miss Waters's waist and kiss her in the highest style of the art. To this request a firm refusal was returned. The lady professed her willingness to carry out her agreement, so far as her cheek was concerned, and even offered to give Mr. Finch his choice of cheeks, but she insisted that the contract would not bear the construction put upon it by Mr. Finch, and that she would never submit to such a construction. Thereupon, Mr. Finch, in great indignation, left the house, and brought an action for breach of contract against the lady. This action raises several new and interesting questions, among the most important of which is, What constitutes, in the eyes of the law, a kiss? The testimony of several experts is to be introduced by the plaintiff; but, although all those experts will probably start out with the assertion that a kiss is that which is impressed by one pair of lips upon another pair, they will subsequently be compelled to admit on cross-examination that one pair of lips alone may imprint a kiss upon any accessible object. This seems, at first sight, fatal to the plaintiff's claim that the defendant did not furnish him with lawful current kisses, but he sets up the further plea that there is a difference between active and passive kisses; that Miss Waters promised to give him a certain quantity of kisses—not to permit him to take them—and that giving kisses is an act which requires the use of the lips. This is certainly a strong point, and though the court may decide that there is no one variety of kiss which can be held to be the only kiss known to the common law, it may give an authoritative definition of an active kiss which will be of immense service to mankind. It is maintained by counsel for the defendant that there was no contract between the parties, for the reason that kisses can not constitute a valid consideration. The decision on this point will be eagerly waited for. That a kiss is something which can be given willingly or taken by force, and that it is commonly reputed to possess more or less intrinsic value, are points which the plaintiff's counsel will eloquently maintain. Hence, it seems that a kiss may be a valuable and sufficient consideration upon which to base a contract. On the other hand, it is asserted that courts have never recognized a kiss as property capable of being stolen, and that when a kiss has been seized by violence, the only remedy of the injured person is an action for assault. It is evident that we have here a question which admits of a vast amount of argument, and that its judicial decision will mark an era in our common-law jurisprudence. There is still another defense upon which the defendant's counsel is understood to place great reliance. It is claimed that even if there was a valid contract between the parties, and if the defendant did break it, the plaintiff's proper remedy is not an action for breach of contract, but a bill in equity for specific performance. Probably the plaintiff would have been wise had he resorted to the latter course. In case of his success, he would then have received specified quantities of definite kisses of one kind or another, and would thus have gained a substantial victory. As it is, his triumph in his action for breach of contract would doubtless bring him only a nominal sum by way of damages, and would render it necessary for him to institute fresh proceedings in order to gain possession of the jewelry. Still, it by no means follows that because he may have a remedy in equity he has no remedy at law, and it is reasonably certain that if there was a contract between himself and the defendant an action for breach of it will lie. There are many ignorant persons who fancy that the law is a dry, prosaic business. This action, however, proves the contrary. The questions at issue in Finch *versus* Waters come home to every mouth in the country. There is at present a most lamentable vagueness of helief as to what constitutes a kiss, and as to its precise legal status. We shall now, it is hoped, have these questions decided.

It seems that in the midst of a general conflagration a Japanese householder can only insure immunity for his property by promptly offering a bribe to the firemen. When this is done, the latter are perfectly reckless as to the destruction of other property in carrying out their contract.

The Mule Puzzle: Draw a circle fifteen feet in diameter, place a mule in the centre, and walk around him without getting out of the circle.

When you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

A man without enemies is like bread without yeast—he never rises.

A TRUE STORY OF THE CHIMES.

"Cecilia! Cecilia!" the bells went calling along the street and among all the little alley-ways; the chime ran up the busy ways—it dropped, and down the busy ways and through the air went blossoming. In among the windows it floated, like the tuneful hum of a melodious breath, and the notes clustered like handfuls of flowers flung upon doorsteps. Sick people and poor people heard the chime, and closed their eyes to hear it plainer still. Everyone nodded and said: "It's twelve o'clock." And the swinging bells, with an odd little undertone and murmur through the anthem, went calling up and down: "Cecilia! Twelve by the clock! O Cecilia!" And then, as if kicking up their heels of bells, they tangled and frolicked about her ears.

Cecilia, under the acacia-tree, looked up through its gently tossing boughs, and smiled. All her life she had lived just under the sweet-tripping chimes, and somehow they so wandered in and out of her memories, they seemed woven like golden threads into her mind and heart. Her needle was poised between her fingers, and her thoughtful eyes upturned toward the church-tower with a wealth of devotion in their hazel depths. In a moment she rose, passed rapidly along the oft-pressed path, opened a side door, and glided within the hush and gloomy grandeur of the church. Pausing half way down the aisle, she knelt with a silent rustle among the folds of her simple garments, and began her prayers. The dark and carved vault above seemed old and quaint enough for the flitting wings of spectral swallows, the altar solemn and awful, the choral niche a lodgment for the hymn of God. Whenever the great organ began its beating drone, Cecilia's heart seemed like to burst with the ecstasy that sometimes filled it, or the burdened cry that seemed like a heavy stone.

To-day, when she had given "Amen," she rose and went into the choir, for when the choir-master, who also rang the bells, came down, they would go over a difficult Latin service, whose difficulties made it a mutual delight. Cecilia was twenty now, and it was almost a certainty that in another year or two she would marry the choir-master, and they would live forever together under the shadows of the chime. In the meantime, she was only a girl, who had never heard of gayety or romance, but half-shaped fancies beat about in her head and filled her with a great longing that nothing but her own singing seemed to satisfy and subdue. Her serious eyes, with a touch of sauciness looking out from them, grew sparkling as she went over and over the new Latin service, and her sweet voice soared up to the carvings and floated among them like the spectral swallows. Cecilia's voice was fitted to the music of the most sacred church; she could not think of it as twittering away at ballads and love-ditties. So it was consecrated to high and prolonged and fugue notes, and she toned it often by the bells.

"Good-bye for to-day, Cecilia," said John Ayres, the master, who struck the great keys above and pressed on the white ones of the organ below, listening with a true and loving ear to her voice as it followed on, loyal in its own key, firm and true, soft and sweet. It was the purity in it he loved, because it matched his own thought. He played on the stops of his own heart every day when he bade her good-bye. He always kissed her on the cheek or the forehead when they parted, and oftentimes on the tips of her small, even-nailed fingers as she sang, standing by him; but they were reverential touches, as suited the carvings, the great altar, and the long aisles. He might have longed to kiss her lips—any man might long to kiss Cecilia's lips; but John never had touched them, though they glowed in beauty near him like a cup near to a thirsty soul.

He went away and left her there, and she descended the spiral stair and went a step or two up the aisle, her half-face turned toward the side door. There was twilight throughout the church, even at noon, and it startled her as though it had been a gray and eyeless domino when a form rose and passed her. Then, as she turned to look in surprise, the stranger also turned, and she saw his pleasant black eyes looking down at her from his tall height. He bowed to her in a stately fashion, pushed the door, and then it gave a violent swing as he passed into the vestibule, settling into repose again with shorter and shorter swingings.

Cecilia took up her sewing where she had left it, in the acacia shade, and passing through a patch of grass and sunshine, went into the house. It was a strange spot of green and holiness, a strange, innocent life in the heart of the great city, both snatched from encroachments. The house was a clean, sweet, noiseless home, so still and so solemn that something struck the heart at the threshold. It was like a religion. There was Cecilia's own organ, and her books of sacred music; there was the cloth-of-gold she was embroidering with lilies for the altar; there were stately volumes of discourses and church histories; there was a vase of flowers, but the flowers also seemed solemn even in their fragrance.

The young girl, with the same silent step, passed on through several rooms, and opened the kitchen-door.

"Is brother yet in his study, Aunt Kizzy?" she asked. A woman as still as midnight was stepping to and fro in the little kitchen, where the fire even seemed to burn under its breath.

"Yes; speak to him, Cecilia," was the low-voiced answer. And then the girl's dark, waving hair contrasted with a dry, thin fringe round the bald head of a grave, thin man, who said a lengthy and impressive grace as they two sat down to the table; the woman, Aunt Kizzy, stood with folded hands behind them. It would have been a strange thing to a man who should step in from the rushing, buzzing thoroughfare just outside; but it was all Cecilia's life, and she had never known another.

She sat under the acacia again at evening, and the restless longing was in her eyes as she felt the cool, soft air of the sunset playing on her hands. This lonely life of hers was nursing a spark just waiting to burst into flames. Choir-master Ayres sat with her, and the same air of sunset played upon his strong-corded, masterful hands; but Cecilia communed with herself as though she had been alone.

"I would like to be a nun," she thought.

She did not know that a nun's life can only smother and never put out a longing. A girl's history, could it be truly written, what a fitful, fantastic, burning, racing, yearning heart—full it would be—even a simplest history! Sometimes such

a grasping hungering, reaching out from it like a hand; sometimes such a wail of tenderness, filling it and swelling abroad; sometimes such a regret or such a memory, like a smile sweeping over it as a wave sweeps; and it is all just a tide of nature rising and falling within the life of every woman, beginning with her girlhood and ending with her breath.

John Ayres had been waiting these three good years for this girl to be fit in feeling for a wife; but he had waited in vain for the woman to wake, and still he would wait and watch, though gray hairs and wrinkles came.

"I must go and ring the chimes, Cecilia," he said, by and by; and she saw him, without a throb, pass over the path and enter the side door. Fifteen minutes later the bells began to tumble and throng about over her head and call into her ears, "Cecilia! O Cecilia!" and the master was weaving into them a rhythm of love that beat against her heart, but which, try as it might, it could not respond to or interpret:

"Cecilia—my love—my dear love—my lamb—listen—to the chime—of my soul!" sang John Ayres through the bells, and he closed his eyes as they filled with the fervent tears. "Come, sweet—my heart—oh, come—as Rachel came—and Ruth—and Esther—the Queen—and Mary the Virgin—and Mother of God. Listen, as I wake—as I ring—the bells—oh, Cecilia Wells—oh, bells—and bells—roll, roll—and toll—my heart—my bells—ring, ring—and roll—and bells—bells—bells—s-s-s!"

And over the roofs the message went and flew like a dove abroad, till it lost itself in little waves and rills of returning echoes. But it lingered about Cecilia, sitting there in the sunset, and something stirred and murmured in her thought; yet, alas! she failed to know it was because of John's yearning call. Take care, take care, Choir-master Ayres; Cecilia is trembling upon the edge.

Next day being a certain saint's day, Cecilia, in her gray gown and her close hat, glided early through the small side door to avoid meeting the people in the aisles as they came in. She sat down by a corner of the organ, feeling its protection against the other singers, and, drawing aside the fringed fold of the curtain, watched the throng coming steadily in. There were the rich and the poor, brushing each other's skirts; and the shabby genteel of poverty looked shabby and scarcely genteel, indeed, by contrast with the flowing silks and the dead lustre of broadcloths. Was it to have a bonnet with a plume and to wear ornaments that Cecilia longed? She looked down, and the deep breath she took stirred her. The organ began its drone and rumble, and she felt as though she could rise and soar. Something strange and new seemed hovering in the church. Her eye ran up the aisles, and she saw the man smiling and looking back at her who had startled her but yesterday like a domino. She almost thought a bird had brushed her cheek when she espied him.

Then she shut the curtain and stood beside John, and, with the other singers, began the responses; but by and by, in the impressive parts of the new service, her own voice soared alone among the carvings, playing among the swallows, whose shadows were always flitting and flitting there. Yes, she would be a nun, Cecilia thought; she would be a nun—and a happy spot like a fire gnawed within her as every moment she remembered those shining, pleasant eyes below. Were they yet turned upon that fold of curtain?—were they listening to her song?—were they speaking silently to her above the multitude?

When the great congregation had melted away she went down the stair, thrilling and fluttering at what she felt she should meet there. And oh! there were the shining eyes, the darkly-bearded face, the gloved hands waiting at the door. How he seemed to speak she did not know, but it was like her own singing to hear him talk.

When she went through the little side door again she was not the same Cecilia, for she had changed. A great cloud, all shining and beautiful on its under side, seemed to bend over her, full with a heavy joy, wherever she went. She walked on roses into the silence of the house, and that day took up another dream. A moment later the bells began "Ah, Cecilia, Cecilia!" and that new voice ran through them like a ripple of the chime, so that she dropped on her knees and said her prayers.

Next day, half-oppressed, half-joyful, she stole into the church, and, behold! the domino smiled, took her hands in his. She felt her breath and life drawing out toward him, and all her veins rushed to her lips.

"My child," he said, gently, "you do not know me. I am Manheim, the director. I come to hear you sing. You will more and more astonish me every day, and by and by you will astonish the world. The world shall be at your feet, and it shall rain successes upon you. Oh, I promise you. You shall study and sing, and by and by you shall sing at my theatre, where all the grand singing of the country is."

He was a man of middle age; but the hero of some women's hearts must always be of middle age. The trouble is, this middle life drifts away soon into old age, which, to romance, can never be heroic. He bent toward her, so graceful, so handsome, so kind, so free, so bold, as if he held himself back with a restraint, as if he would be and yet he would not be too free and bold. And Cecilia had known no such man as this. She had known only John Ayres and grave men of the cloth, like her brother.

And so it happened that she knew Manheim, the director. Some days now she forgot her prayers in the trembling uncertainty of meeting him; and when he did not come, she remembered them and tried to pray away her disappointment. And John Ayres kindled with hope.

One day, in her joy and leaping delight, she seemed to be singing her soul away; and that night, in the moonlight, she slipped from under the shadow and protection of the bells, and Manheim held her softly by the hand and whispered her as up and down they paced the street. He was like an intoxicating drink to her. In his power she was as a thistle-down in the wind. That old cry of hers, just to be understood, was hushed. Here, finally, was one who could read, understand, and satisfy.

She kept no record of the days, for she was dead to time, but it seemed to her months and months; and then she was told that in one more month she must be ready. She must bring nothing away but herself; but she must come out from the shade and silence of the church and her home, to find the director and the world waiting to receive her. Manheim bent above her with all her heart in his eyes, her sweetness, and tremble in his voice, her music in his soul—and she

would go away with him, ah! yes, she would trust him all ways and till the end. Again, in the moonlight at the gate, she breathed "good-night." But the director laughed a low laugh, that was a caress of itself, and also passed within.

"Cecilia! little dove!" he whispered. The words ran through her ear like the rushing of violins. How strange to feel herself within his arms—to know it was his heart beating thus against her beating cheek, and then like bells to feel his kisses rain upon her lips! Here was her world, and here should be her life; just here by the director's heart—but her blood stopped then, as she remembered that these were not like John's kisses. His were angel's to these; for these were devil's, searing her thought and burning where they touched. Why, what was this monstrous thing, that had made her a living coal, from which the life was already dying? Suddenly she struck away from him, and her voice was vibrant with a fading emotion.

"I shall marry John Ayres!" she cried, under her breath. "Ah, yes—by and by, if you wish. Married or not, you shall be mine. It is you that I love."

A flood of knowledge swept in upon her—an insight into the baseness of his nature—an instinct that told her now what it meant. As by the lifting of a curtain, she saw the river upon which she had been drifting, and the dark waters into which it led. Fiercely she fought herself free of his presence. In that one moment she had come to hate, and running with swift feet to the acacia tree, flung herself in an agony upon its roots. And the sweet bells began to chant the pure and holy love of the choir-master.

"My sweet—my dear—my love—my Cecilia, sweet-heart, blossom mine—oh, come—my love—and listen—oh, now—the bells—they will tell—my heart—oh, Cecilia Wells—these bells—these chimes—my lily—my love—my sweet—oh, these bells—s-s-s!"

For the first time she seemed to hear the love in them. She had never half listened to the message they rung before; and with her dry, hot eyes pressed in her hands, as she had flung herself with her face in the grass, they bore such a burden to her ears as made her temples hammer against her fingers in her shame. In that one night, when her eyes were plucked cruelly open, how low she brought herself in her own mind! What tearless sobs burst their way from the depths of her tarnished soul! Under what reproach and revilement and scourging she buried herself!

And when, hollow-eyed, she rose from that night of penance and torture, she knew sin, and hated it; she had met temptation, and conquered it; but, all the same, her eyes had dwelt upon sin and temptation, and she felt so fallen. Could anything ever wash away that stain which, as it grew, had seemed so bright and beautiful? Ah, John Ayres, choir-master and bell-chimer at St. James, here now is Cecilia, the woman, awakened at last!

If ever a woman went to the church in humility to her prayers, surely it was now Cecilia. Yet she was better and stronger than before, for she had been through the fight, and the proof was that she did not know herself better. Her voice became filled with a wonderful fervor, and in itself it was *Glória and Ave*; it was faith and truth and laudation and penitence, and congregations bowed the head before it.

And every twilight, when she heard the bells, she abased herself. There was now no longing, lingering cry to be understood. There was just a prayer to be worthy of John Ayres, to hear always the pure tone in the bells, and to be able to forget forever the reproach and reminder they seemed sometimes to fling down to her.

And so, one day, to humble herself below the very dust, she waited beside the organ for the choir-master till the bells should be done. When he came he thought he saw a saint. Her eyes had deepened to the suffering in her soul, and round her hovered a suggestion of renunciation and the martyrdom of woman.

"John," she began, tremulously, as he approached, "there is a confession I wish to make to you, and when it is done you may cast me off. It is a story which I live over again as I tell it to you, and I writhe in spirit as I put it in words. I am not worthy of you; indeed, indeed I am not. There was no act of the body to condemn me, but I sinned in the spirit of the sin. Oh! forgive me while I speak."

Reverently and tenderly the choir-master took her in his arms. "I will not have you speak," he said, with the love of years in his voice. "Could I put my foot on the neck of my wife? Nay, you shall not speak. Not one can say he has not sinned; but the burning of the furnace maketh pure and clean. To God only open your heart and make your free confession. Not one of us but has been tempted; but to conquer temptation, that makes the hero." What a grand man was the choir-master in that speech!

The tears were springing over Cecilia's cheeks as she replied: "I could never have loved you half so well, John, had the sinful thought not startled me from dreams. I shall, I know, in after years be a better woman for this. I am prepared now for the holy, and the deep, and the strong love which before my nature was too dreamy and too weak to feel."

The carvings of the master's hand saw it all, and the spectral swallows seemed to hear it and nestle closer. The altar, with its cloth of lilies and gold, witnessed the seal the sacred majesty of the church seemed to place upon the second betrothal, and as though it had been a communion John Ayres took the kiss from Cecilia's lips.

One day of an after year Cecilia sat with a child's head in the hollow of her arm. Somewhere about her face a smile of sweet content had found its home, but whether it were on cheek, or chin, or mouth, or in the depths of hazel eyes, no closest search might tell. She had been singing a lullaby; and as but a moment before her voice rose and fell—her lovely voice, that was like the fragrance of a violet, had never made so dear a music.

And behold! the chimes began to ring:

"The mother—the child—my wife—my babe—my God—my bells—my child—oh, life—and death—and song—and chimes—oh, sing—oh, bell—and ring—oh, listen—oh, world—and turn to heaven—the poor—the rich—the weak and the strong—and the sick—and the needy—oh, the bells—the bells—the bells—s-s-s!"

And I say to you that her one glance at sin made of Cecilia a better woman, wife, and mother than ever she could have been without it.

KATE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30, 1880.

A POCKET PIECE.

In the hurry and leisure of literature, in the topics selected from the rag-bags of our ancestors (for there is nothing new under the sun), it has always seemed strange to me that the subject of pockets has not received more attention. Perhaps it *has* had its meed of thought when I was looking another way, as it were. In that case I am an unconscious plagiarist, and must receive forgiveness along with the mighty procession of my fellows. Especially does my subject-matter commend itself to my mind in the present day, when it has reached an importance equaled only by female suffrage and decorative art, with both of which it is immediately connected. At one time the period of pockets marked an epoch in the life of the boy or girl. The freckled, tow-headed youngster with his first pocket was a type of emancipation. It was then he began to live. New possibilities in the world opened up to him. He was like a poet with his fresh-baked rhyme, a young lawyer with his first case, a kitten who had caught its own mouse. He would almost forget his pockets' existence, and then all at once the sublime truth rushed on him again, and he plunged his hands into the *olla-podrida* of the magic sack and drew forth his marbles or what not, half expecting to see them put on an unfamiliar aspect, because they came out of the new, the delightful pocket. All these emotions followed in a greater or less degree the little girl with her first pocket, and until the period of her first long dress, or the boy's long-tailed coat; nothing usurps the golden recollection of the pocket.

But the times are out of joint now. Civilization-progress has brought uses and abuses, and among them that worst one, dressing children like grown people. They are no longer children—they are marionettes. And the first pocket is no longer a mile-stone in life, for these infants have pockets from the time they can use their hands intelligently. I vow I looked cautiously, the other day, over a flannelly, squirmy, six-days-old lump of flesh, not doubting that I could find, bidden away in the mass of lace and muslin which enveloped it, a receptacle of some kind to hold an infant *mouchoir* and a coral for teething. My neighbor's sturdy two-year-old comes in with his little dress perforated by pockets, and he wears an infinitesimal ulster, which has flaps and buttons, side pockets, front pockets, back pockets—which is, in short, a fac-simile of his father's. I look on the child with mingled awe and pity. Great heavens! how can a baby of two years appreciate a pocket? And when he grows older, what will there be left in life for him to enjoy? Nothing but measles and whooping-cough. Nay, even these solemn notches in the childish yard-stick do not seem half so deep as in times gone by. But from the first infantile ulster to cigar time, to side-whisker time, to dress-coat time, or to "lean and slipped pantaloon" time, the human masculine "never knoweth any lack"—of pockets. He revels in them, he overflows with them. He carries them as he does his head, and very often they are as empty.

The girl is limited in the pocket line; and those which she does possess are ill placed for comfort or convenience. In the present feminine costume I do not pretend to know where the pocket is. In fact, it isn't anywhere. It is situated according to the exigencies of the draperies or the caprices of the *modiste*, and nothing but the unerring and much-abused feminine instinct could ever find it without a clue. Reason would falter before the task. But certainly no object could be more pitiable than the careful woman trying to extract from her new overskirt the purse which she would not trust to her shallow *sacque-pocket*, while the impatient conductor waits grimly before her for "fare," and a sympathizing audience of both sexes watches the struggle. It is an agony which never loses its fascination to the lookers-on. Our fingers tingle with the desire to help the nervous martyr, and an involuntary sigh of relief breaks from our burdened hearts when her countenance says "Eureka." But when the gentle sex puts on the latter-day ulster, she flings defiance to the world on the score of pockets.

I went down town with pretty Flossy S—the other day, and it was beautiful to see the business-like air with which she took out her car-tickets from a tiny slit in her coat-sleeve. Said coat came down to her bronze boot-heels, and had a rugged, self-protecting appearance not to be sniffed at. What with the long coat and Derby hat—set well over her eyes—she was the most delicious travesty of masculinity it was possible to imagine. One could almost swear that the bulging pockets might hold a cigar-case or brandy flask. In fact, I thrilled a little when she put her hand into an inside pocket; but she only drew forth a portemonnaie, which was feminine enough to remove all previous doubts. Flossy's feminine—womanly as such a kitten can be; but she holds a condescending bearing toward her friends lately, which I believe is wholly due to her superiority in the matter of pockets; and I venture to see, in this straw, indications of the political weather: first, pockets, and then, the polls. The possession of pockets gives a certain confidence to their owner. It is a greater leveler, as regards the sexes, than all other sham fights over the suffrage problem. If woman ever comes to have a pistol-pocket, the question of her rights will be definitely settled, even if she had to stop her ears when she fired the pistol. Take away a man's pockets, and what a pitiful object he would become. Does anybody remember seeing a modest diner-out of years ago, fishing for a pocket-handkerchief in the tail of his dress-coat? And were not his contortions calculated to make one forswear polite society forever, rather than risk a like struggle? Reforms in this particular have taken place since then; but my example proves conclusively man's helplessness if he were limited in pockets. My pencil refuses to depict the ruth and ruin which would follow if he were deprived of them entirely. I don't profess to be able to give an historical résumé of pockets. Life is too short, and my brain too narrow; but I commend the topic to some more erudite wielder of the pen. Neither do I dare to say anything regarding the contents of the modern pocket, for that would be stepping outside my province. But if advice be of any avail, I would hint that it is well always to keep some silver to jingle a little, else you will fall into bad odor with your fellow-men.

KARIN BRENDT.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3, 1880.

"Unless you are on very familiar terms with a hen never call her Eddy." Nor vice versa,

THE INNER MAN.

Under the title of "The Brute's Revenge," Monsieur Emile Gondeau, a clever and eccentric author, has written for the *Revue Moderne et Naturaliste* some fantastic verses indicative of the end of all this gormandizing—showing for what we really lard our ribs:

Tu tapes sur ton chien, tu tapes sur ton âne,
Tu mets un mors à ton cheval;
Feroce ment tu fais un spectre de ta canne,
Homme, roi du règne animal.

You beat your dog, you blows the ass must take,
Your horse you bit and rein;
Man, monarch of the world of brutes, you make
A boggy of your cane.
You find a calf, and straight his liver fry—
With parsley deck his nose;
The steak, gashed from the patient ox's thigh,
Unto the gridiron goes.
Roast or (with capers) boiled the sheep appears—
The hare jugged—to your eye;
To capons you convert the chanticleers,
And Venus' doves to pie.
O tender pullet, cackling at the dawn—
O quacking duck sedate—
O gobbling turkey, ignorant that anon
Embalming truffles wait—
Upon them all you cast a baleful eye.
You spare not the spring lamb;
And the doomed porker reads upon his sty:
"Mene, Tekel, Peres, Ham!"
You fish the river, and you seine the sea;
The brook your trout-line feels;
Through you so many widower shad there be,
So many orphaned eels.
You obdurate sardines and soles shall find
To prayers they offer up.
Having in butchery breakfasted and dined,
On slaughter will you sup;
Massacre quail and woodcock in the air—
To salamis bring them down;
The while the cabbage cruelly doth glare
Upon the partridge brown!
'Tis not alone to feed, your bloody steel
Is aimed, nor at tame throats;
For you the bear, the beaver, and the seal
Are mines of overcoats.
You slay the tawny lion, 'mid the heat
Of Africa's desert red,
To make a humble carpet for your feet
Beside your lazy bed.
Murder is not enough—with torture fell
You your jaded sense revive:
"The rabbit," so your books on cookery tell,
"Pleads to be skinned alive!"
His carmine hue the lobster to assume
Boils in the bubbling pot;
And on your fork impaled to living tomb
The living oyster's shot!
But it shall come, the Day of Vengeance due,
The Night of Punishment,
When, underground, within four frail planks, you
Eternally are pent.
For you a recompense in kind shall wait;
Your crime shall breed its curse.
With joy the brutes shall pay you back your hate
That tired the universe.
The vilest of all creatures they will take—
That you would most despise;
The merciless worm shall go and windows make
In the orbits of your eyes.
On lip, tongue, palate, paunch, he'll feed his fill,
And on your skull devour
That which a week ago was Life and Will,
Pride, Fantasy, and Power!
The brutes will laugh to see the Man of Prey
Naught in the great All-become—
The Eater eaten, and a banquet gay
For the avenging worm.

Now that asparagus is fully in season, there is quite a discussion going on as to how it should be eaten—that is, the method of eating. Advocates are found for sticking a fork in it, and elevating it in this way to the mouth. Others maintain that the heads should be cut off. The general and proper method is to take the smooth, white stem in the fingers and abjure the aid of knife or fork. The latter method has its difficulties with some elderly people, however, and one old gentleman is well known who dots himself all over the face with melted butter in vain attempts to aim at the natural orifice. Properly grown, the asparagus shaft is white and polished as ivory, and the point of the shoot of a rich lilac tinge. Grown in this way it is infinitely superior to the sickly, spindling switches, with miserable apologies for pedestals to stand upon, that are cut when tottering consumptively six or eight inches above ground, barely able to sustain their own weight of bitterness and acerbity. It should be observed that the French, who grow the asparagus to the greatest perfection, generally cultivate it in trenches, and nurse it from its infancy with the utmost care. On the continent this esculent is, uniformly prepared by boiling in water until it is perfectly tender, and then served with a "brown butter gravy," or a sauce *à la Hollandaise*—eating the stalks, which are never cut at table, in the primitive manner with the fingers, and leaving the tougher base of the stalk. "To serve up green asparagus is to dishonor the table," say the French. Here are the details of an asparagus omelet that will be found very toothsome:

Boil half a bunch of asparagus, and cut the tops and tender part into half-inch lengths; season with a little salt, pepper, and butter, and put aside on the stove to keep warm while you make your omelet. Beat six eggs, whites and yolks together, with a teaspoonful of milk for each egg, a saltspoonful of salt, and a pinch of white pepper; brown two tablespoonfuls of butter on a frying-pan; pour your eggs in, and as soon as it begins to set at the edges turn them up and shake your pan to keep the omelet from sticking; it will be sufficiently cooked in five minutes; put your asparagus in, double the omelet, and serve immediately on a hot dish.

The French, says the London *Queen*, have the credit of being the best cooks in Europe, and although in this respect their merits may sometimes be overrated—and on excellent authority we are given to understand that they are on the wane—certain it is that we have learned much and may learn more from them as to thrifty and appetizing modes of serving dinners. From the Italians, too, we may learn that man does not live by meat alone, but that savory dishes of a most nutritive kind can be and are prepared from vegetable and farinaceous food. From the Germans we should

perhaps rather learn about "dinners which ought not to be given," and we may look with surprise rather than with admiration at the curious medleys of food which they devour. But here again we may gather many a useful hint as to the variety of food, vegetable as well as animal, which can be placed, at a moderate cost, on the table of a middle-class household. Then with regard to the sweets, which almost any Hausfrau can prepare with her own hands, we are of opinion that in the matter of "Torte" and "Kuchen" the German would carry off the palm even before the French *chef* himself.

School-girls who eat slate-pencils and other brain food will be pleased to learn that the former are made in Cincinnati out of soap—that is to say, soap-stone. It is ground into flour, bolted, put into tanks with certain chemicals, and boiled. When reduced to paste, it is moulded into size by being forced through a round hole, rolled down an easy incline, cut to length, placed between sheets of zinc, and dried in a temperature of two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Then they are put into a furnace and baked. When they are taken out and sharpened, they are all ready to copy examples out of a key, roll curls on, scratch the back of the head with, tickle the ear, or eat.

In *Hours with Men and Books* the morality of good living is thoroughly discussed, and the assertion made that "a man of the kindest impulses has only to feed upon indigestible food for a few days, and forthwith his liver is affected and then his brain. His sensibilities are blunted; his uneasiness makes him waspish and fretful. He is like a hedgehog with the quills rolled in, and will do and say things from which in health he would have recoiled. Sydney Smith did not exaggerate when he affirmed that "old friendships are often destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has often led to suicide." Even so intellectual a man as William Hazlitt, writing to his lady-love, could say: "I never love you so well as when I think of sitting down with you to dinner on a boiled scrag-end of mutton and hot potatoes." Justly did Talleyrand inveigh against the English, that they had a hundred and fifty forms of religion and but one sauce—melted butter. The celebrated scholar, Doctor Parr, confessed a love for "hot lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope would lie in bed for days at Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lamprays for dinner, when he would rise instantly and hurry down to table. Handel ate enormously; and, when he dined at a tavern, always ordered dinner for three. On being told that all would be ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den bring up the dinner, prestissimo. I am de company."

This is childish, but true:

When the little prattling baby is an hungered—
Just after he awakens from his nap—
Why should he look around, and call for mamma,
When the little fellow really wants his pap?

An Englishman, writing of table manners in the United States, says: "There is no conversation here, there can be none. I am every other moment interrupted by the pressing inquiry or injunction, 'Will you have some pickles?' 'Do have some jelly.' 'Try a piece of this brown bread.' No subject, however engrossing, can keep the persistent host or hostess quiet. You must answer whether you will have more meat, more potato, more jam, more pie, more tea."

Walter Savage Landor truly says, in one of his imaginary conversations: "Without the cooks there is no good digestion, and without good digestion no enjoyment of that which is falsely thought to be most remote from the dinner-table. From ill-concocted food rise ill-concocted ideas, and imagination is much indebted to that which she most despises."

A new beverage has been introduced into the polite and fashionable circles of London. It is called "rosy love," and is made of a simple infusion of cherry stalks. This cheering cup, says an English chronicler, is sweetened with quince syrup, topped by whipped cream, and iced. To the amiable mixture may or may not be added wine, and the result is a drink extremely nice and refreshing. It is served at lunch with Narbonne honey, Swiss or Aylesbury cheese, and brown bread and butter cut very thin, and enlivened by fresh water-cress. The Duchesse de Magenta has condescended to honor this novel species of entertainment with her approval, and invitations to partake of it are very properly issued under the name of "Ponche à la Maréchale" in her honor; though justice compels the admission that several of the republican ladies of France have looked upon it with equal favor.

Salads must be as old as the world, and possibly show that atavism in taste which must have belonged to prehistoric man. Does not Oliver Wendell Holmes tell us, somewhere, how the English groom, with a stalk of hay between his lips, recalls the time when his progenitors might have been herbivorous like horses? As to its derivation, the word salad may or may not come from *salada*, recalling *sal* or salt, something salted. "Hamlet," in his speech to the players, says: "I remember one said there were no *sallets* in the lines to make them savory." Voluptuous "Cleopatra" talks of her "salad days," and in *Henry IV.*, "Jack Cade," when seeking "Iden's" garden, declares he went there after a salad "to cool a man's stomach in the hot weather." Be sure of it, Shakespeare knew all about salads, and loved them.

CXXXI.—Sunday, June 6.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Ochra and Tomato Soup.
Fried Trout. Cucumbers.
Chicken a l'Argonaut. String Beans. Summer Squash.
Roast Beef. Potatoes.
Angel's Food. Strawberries, Cherries, Apples, and Oranges.

TO PREPARE CHICKEN A L'ARGONAUT.—See No. 3, Vol. 1.

TO MAKE ANGEL'S FOOD.—Take half a box of gelatine and put it in one quart of rich milk; set it on the range until dissolved, then add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the yolks of three eggs well beaten; boil a few minutes. Flavor with wine or vanilla; stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; put in moulds to cool. Serve with cream. It is better to prepare this in a "bain-marie," as it is likely to burn,

OUR LETTER BOX.

The Mystery Explained.

DEAR ARGONAUT: I fear you are inclined to be just the least bit skeptical in regard to the future state of mankind. I am, therefore, inclined, in a sort of missionary spirit, to enlighten you; and if you will have a little patience, I will tell you all about it. Our bodies—which St. Paul calls a "temporal body, a temporality, a body *pro tempore*"—will be "raised" a "spiritual body." In the days of St. Paul—and, indeed, until the time of Franklin—little was known of the nature of electricity. St. Paul knew there was something spiritualizing the body that would not return with the flesh and blood to the earth "as it was," and he could only call it a "spiritual body." It is certain, now, that the body is a compound of bones, muscles, blood-vessels, and so forth, and the nervous system, made sensitive, if not sentient, by the soul, as its messengers to will and to do. Around and pervading all these, moulded to every form and feature, is the imponderable, imperishable body of electricity, with eyes to see and ears to hear—yea, a heart to love. To prove this, you have only to brush your hair in the dark, or to slide your feet upon the carpet, to enable you to light the gas with the tips of the fingers of your electrical body. When we "shuffle off this mortal coil," the soul, with its inseparable electrical body, enters upon its new existence. Death is like the drop-curtain of a theatre—when the little bell rings, off go the flesh and blood, which "can not enter heaven," and the soul, with its spiritual body (with its form, features, and seven senses), beholds the elysian fields and golden cities of the "place" prepared for us. Our mansions are ready with open doors. The gardens blooming, the groves vocal with songs of birds. The dear old body we have left behind us lies white, and cold, and still; our loving survivors, in tears, draw around it. They press the hand, but it gives back no sign; they kiss the pale lips, but there is no response. The tongue is silent, cold, and motionless. It is dead! It returns to the earth *as it was*, and the spirit to God who gave it. But whither do we go? *Where* is this "place" "prepared" for us? A great astronomer has said: "We may conclude that *wherever* the Allwise has exerted His creative power, there also he has placed intelligent beings to adore His goodness." Any star in the heavens might be prepared for the redeemed of earth as their probation here expires; but I will tell you where it is. It is Sirius, the largest and brightest star in the universe. It is in the constellation Canis Major. "It glows in the winter hemisphere," says Burritt, "with a lustre unequalled by any other star in the heavens." It is only twenty millions of millions of miles away; which the lightning-winged soul will travel in a day! The Romans sacrificed a dog to Sirius yearly, to appease its supposed anger. Virgil writes:

"Parched was the grass and blighted was the corn,
Nor 'scaped the beasts, for Sirius from on high
With pestilential heat infects the sky."

This is the "place" made beautiful past the conception of man. We know the velocity of light; it is one hundred and ninety-three thousand miles in a second of time. But what astronomer has been able to compute the speed of electricity? Hence, its adaptability as a body to the soul in its endless explorations of the universe. Immense as is the distance of Sirius from the earth, there are stars a million times further off—*e. g.*, 900,000,000,000 miles from the earth! Thinkest thou the redeemed soul will be straitened for space and objects to occupy its eternity? But *where* will we be clothed? "Clothed in light," is the answer. You know a ray of light is a fasciculus, or bundle, of different colored threads, like a skein of worsted, red, yellow, orange, etc.—seven. A prism, or a rainbow, will show them all to you. Now the angels weave, with their fingers, these bright threads of light into rainbow-colored robes for the blessed. It is a labor of love, as a lady works slippers for a friend. Will you be good, *Mr. Argonaut*, and go to heaven? I dare not add an explanatory chapter to the Bible, but this revelation clears away all the mystery of the future state. B.
SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1880.

The Historic Muse.

The reason the ancients had their history at their tongue's end was, that it was done into poetry for them, and learned in that shape. We ourselves all recollect who the Great Marquis was because of the lines, "Come hither, Evan Cameron," etc., while we always tangle on William, Lord Russell, because we have no lines about him. As to the Carpios, though we set them right a score of times we fail to keep them so, all along of Mrs. Hemans's humming verse. I always muddle Naseby and Worcester fights, as I should not do had I first learned of either under some simple graphic form of narrative like the following:

FYTTE THE FIRST.

Near Naseby, in Northamptonshire, was played a royal venture,
Where Skippen, Cromwell, Ireton led the short-hair wings and centre.
The long-knairs ranged beside the king—Prince Rupert led their right wing,
With Langdale on the left to bear the brunt of Cromwell's lightning.

In vain those long-haired cavaliers, their royal standard raising,
Assailed the crop-eared musketeers, their God of battles praising.
Charges in vain the Palatine while thundering squadrons follow—
They charge a more than royal king who heats mere Stuarts hollow.

His pikemen, round him like a wall, bear hack the surge of battle,
And the gentlemen of England bolt, unsparing of their cattle;
Their king found business elsewhere—down southward, toward Dover;
King Cromwell drew the muster-roll, and called his saints' names over:

"Be-steadfast Ginger, Weep-not Fish, Replenish Great-head"—
Here, sir!

"File-fornication Bucklehoofs"—All safe, and never fear, sir;
"More-fruit Blow-horn, Return-cocke, Lamentation Cancer,
Thankful Crackshield, Wholesome Cheese"—We're every one at hand, sir;

"Go-before Drawsword, Experience Dust"—Experience has dusted;
"Redeemed Dandeyan, Tribulation Crump"—That crumpet's crust is dusted;

"Meek Downyhead, Livewell Barefoot"—Thy servant lives well yet, sir;

"God-be-glorified Drybread, Thankful Ashes"—He's thankful still, you bet, sir.

"Now, praise God who th' elect hath plucked from out the hand of Baal,
And pray he'll yield the Man of Sin to lie within our gaol."

They caught the man; in Whitehall wall they knocked a hole that led off
Upon a scaffolding, and there they hewed his sinful head off.

The above unpretending lines have a great deal more truth than poetry in them, as real history ought to have. And the queer names—every one of which is genuine—might kindle an interest in the subject of English surnames and their significations, than which I know no more fascinating topic. Or take an important episode in our own annals, *e. g.*:

FYTTE THE SECOND.

In the year of our Lord seventeen eighty-nine
The old thirteen States in an Union combine,
And their President primal elected—
Videlicet, George Washington—dignified soul—
Six feet one in his pumps, and as straight as a pole,
Just as every one had expected.

And again, in the year seventeen ninety-three,
Once more they elect him unanimously—
An occasion impressive and solemn.

His small-clothes were buff, his eyes a gray-blue,
His waistcoat gold-laced, while his hair in a queue
Hung straight down his vertebral column.

To run him in seven-and-ninety they plan;
When he tells them he is not that kind of a man,
And their slate is quite shivered in atoms.

While, sitting right down on that first third-term boom,
He afterward steps down and out to make room
For the bald, stout, and stumpy John Adams.

Now I affirm that there is as much of the real meat of history in those unpolished rhymes—the stuff that sticks by the ribs of memory—as in any chapter entitled "President Washington's Administration" in any school manual. Or suppose we want to impart an incident of local interest, such as the visit to this coast of Sir Francis Drake. Listen:

FYTTE THE THIRD.

Sir Francis Drake was a sailor bold
Who sailed the salt seas over
In quest of Spaniards, in quest of gold,
And aught he might discover.

Off Mazatlan a turtle he caught—
Off the Farallones a Spaniard,
Harpooned the first, the second fought
Till lashed a-lee with a lanyard.

He killed his Spaniards out of hand,
A way they had in those days—
Then went aloft and sighted land,
The same that we call Point Reyes.

He landed on a strip of beach—
No fences then, nor houses—
Below where Shafter's dairymen
Now feed and milk his cowses.

Sir Francis Drake soon sailed away,
Nor claimed he rancho after;
McMillan bought the grant of it,
And he conveyed to Shafter.

You remark at once how simple verse like the above may serve to impress its narrative on the plastic mind of youth, by connecting with it associations of a familiar even though homely sort. However, I am not proposing to write a history, but merely to show how school history ought to be written. S. S. G.

Sounds from Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parks' compliments for Friday evening, May 21st, inst., at nine o'clock. Soiree dansante.

Mr. and Mrs. Parks outdid themselves in hospitality. The elite of the town were there. There was some singing, of course; that orchestra in Mrs. Goodwin's little white throat again being called upon, and again winning loud applause and its certain encore from clamorous hands, for

"When she speaks, you think each minute
Tis the thrilling of a linnnet;
When she sings, you hear a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness, like a thrush,"

that is simply irresistible. We noticed many familiar faces—among them the sweet, dainty face of Mrs. Bingham, née Lizzie Filkins. What a sweet, happy, joyous, loving, and lovable little woman she is anyhow! The party, by the way, was given out of compliment to Miss Lulu Parks—daughter of R. F. Parks, of San Francisco—and to Mrs. Bingham. We saw the kindly face of Mr. John H. Jewett, the fun-loving phiz of Judge Keyser—his judicial brow unrent for this occasion—the benevolent-looking Judge Belcher, and the happy faces of the wives of these and other gentlemen. But the heaving visage of Mr. W. C. Belcher, of San Francisco—"the wee and winsome Willie," as he is called, most attracted my attention. He reminded me of Hawthorne's old man, whose face was so sunny that when he went upon the streets the authorities were compelled to follow him up with a sprinkling cart. He had not been here for a long time, and, as he sometimes lived here, the hostess naturally asked him how long he intended to stay. "Never happier," his answer was ready on the instant: "Till three o'clock, madame, if you will permit me."

The warm spring days have come, and pretty little Marysville is dressed in her fairest garb to greet them. The air is redolent with sweets. Last Sunday, while the church-bells were making catholic the morning air, I slipped out of town to perform my devotions in the primitive way. Outside and all around—

The fields are bent
With a full content,
And the amber cups hold a precious scent
Of bread in the lustrous stalk;—
And the bright cherries hang over the wall,
And the bluebird echoes the yellow bird's call;
And the sun lies goldenly over all
As the happy rustics talk.

I pass on and wander up the bank of the Yuba—up past the places where the daisy-beds and the long, bright patches of grass were, up past the places where the hare and the antelope slept in the shade of its pleasant trees, and where flowers of every hue and shape looked down upon it from green and grassy banks that bordered it, for all of these places are now hurried fathoms deep under the debris of the miner's enterprise. Man forgot the beauty of nature, or rather did not choose to remember it, and to-day the trunks of blasted trees and long stretches of sand mark the grave of what were once the fairest, most fertile, and most valuable meadows in California. Equally mournful is the history of the river—an unwritten poem, worthy of reading over and over, striking in detail, and powerful as a whole—a poem of sadness, for it is made up of strange elements: waste, death, and deformity. All the hills that border on the stream are parts of the poem. Every winding ditch, every forgotten flume, every pile of boulders in the rugged gulches; every uncovered mountain breast, sometimes red with blood, sometimes white with death—all these are so many stanzas of the poem, full of vivid interest. Many a ruined and forsaken cabin is a paragraph, having for its lines the fragments of that earlier home life and industry which have come down to us in various but imperfect forms. Inscriptions, too, are a part of the poem—written with steel on the gray rocks on the hillsides, or cut in the trees that line the river banks. And the graveyards—the lone, forgotten graveyards, where nobody cares to weep—up on the rocky hillsides, in the broad glare of the sun; down by the pleasant rivulets hastening to the stream. Close by the stream itself, that sings an incessant requiem; sometimes two or three in a group, marked with no enclosures, having no tombstones to tell of the silent sleepers, with no flowers save those that God has given them, and with now and then a rough cross to mark the faith of the dead in his lifetime. Oh, all of these things are so many passages of touching pathos, that stir the heart-strings like the solemn sounds of a *de profundis*. For here is erected the monument to Nature, who lies buried here—slain by the hands of them to whose needs she ministered; and over her dead face is written this legend of tears and bitterness: "Ichabod! Ichabod!" OMNIUM GATHERUM.

MARYSVILLE, May 27, 1880.

The opening of the Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, will be celebrated this evening by a hop, a large number of guests from this city participating. The hotel is a marvel of elegance, convenience, and comfort; the surrounding grounds and drives very attractive, and the indications for a brilliant season all that the projectors could desire. In fact, Monterey and the Hotel del Monte will be the fashionable rendezvous for the summer months.

In a lengthy obituary notice of a prominent Western man, the leading local paper makes this remarkable statement: "The corpse was elegantly clad by direction of his devoted wife, and his casket was made to conform, as far as possible, with the comforts he was wont to surround himself in the home he had left."

ALL ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The spring suits of Chicago women are mostly for divorce.

The worst virago resembles a flower—she shuts up when she is asleep.

Bear in mind that a glove on the hand is worth half a dozen on an undecided bet.

King Theebau's mother-in-law tried to poison him recently. Now she sleeps in the valley.

The most intellectual women are not those who talk best, but who make others talk well.

A Nevada Indian maiden is going through life with the beautiful name of Drifting Goose.

Love is said by a late explorer to be "a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a deal of lying."

There is a young woman in Arkansas so sweet that she has to wear a wire net to keep off the honey bees.

Alabama girls are the shyest about eloping. One of them waited till she was seventy-nine before she felt equal to it.

An Illinois woman who had her corset torn off by lightning says that the sensation was something like being tossed over a fence by a cow.

A young lady just home from boarding-school, on being told by the servant that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed: "Why, what has happened to the goose?"

Women have never forgiven Lady Mary Wortly Montague for saying: "The only satisfaction I have in being a woman is that I shall not be compelled to marry one of my own sex." Her sin is unpardonable.

They settle love affairs peremptorily in Arkansas. One young "lady" was incensed at the action of another, rode to her house on horseback, called her out, and plunged a Bowie knife through her throat.

Rogers did not like the wife of one of his friends. He explained that the Italian banditti wanted to carry off his friend, but his wife flung her arms around her husband's neck. "Rather than take her too they let him go," said Rogers.

A noted parson said last Sunday: "I have known well-dressed people who were good church-members, and poorly-dressed ones who were anything except Christians." And Mrs. Shoddington in her new hat cast a look of withering contempt at Mrs. Phillaber.

A Philadelphia man, just married, says that he was first induced to seek the society of his wife by the beauty of her arm. He adds that she presented a three-quarter view at the moment when the fascination seized him. She was washing the front windows, probably.

She asked him if he didn't admire the dust-brown tint of her hair, and he said he didn't know it was that color—thought it was more the color of cold roast lamb. There was such a sudden coolness in that room just then that she neglected to ask him to take his overcoat off.

A stepmother in a recent novel is presented in this light: "The mainspring of her character is an almost, if not wholly, insane craving for affection, which manifests itself in a complete indifference to the happiness and comfort of the persons who are unlucky enough to be objects of her troublesome love."

A Philadelphia lady is so opposed to anything suggestive of card-playing that she will not even have a deal table in her kitchen. And she wants to be translated, like Elijah, so that she may escape "shuffling" off this mortal coil. And she can't bear to hear any allusion to Gabriel's "last trump," and won't have a "tray" in the house.

James Smith hugged and kissed a girl against her will in a Galveston street, and she had him arrested. He was fined fifteen dollars, which he paid, and went home congratulating himself that he had got out of the scrape easily. But he was mistaken. His wife met him at the door with a rolling-pin, knocked him down, and pounded him until he was insensible.

To Miss Mary Anderson a Western poet has addressed some lines beginning:

"Fair flower of the lea,
And hearty rare,
Sweet wavelet of the sea,
Are you still there?"

A girl at Stenbenville, Ohio, aged sixteen, was horse-whipped by her father for receiving attentions from a young man. The girl's mother and a married sister interfered, and were themselves severely castigated. The affair caused a great sensation—in places. The man's wife declares she will leave him, which will deprive him of the benefit of twenty thousand dollars recently inherited by the wife and daughter.

A Louisville woman bought some Louisville and Nashville stock at thirty-eight. It advanced to forty-one, and she desired to sell out, but she had mislaid the certificate and could not find it. The price kept on rising till it reached one hundred. She employed a lawyer to try to obtain a new certificate, but the proceedings were delayed. At length she found the document, just as the stock was quoted at one hundred and forty-one, at which figure she sold, and then fainted.

THE SECRET OF THE EBONY BEDROOM.

I.—AFTER THE BALL.

It was eight o'clock of a dreary winter's day. Monsieur Lecoq, on special duty at the Grand Opera ball, was on his way west past the Grand Hotel when he met a policeman who informed him that there was "something up" in the Rue Canmartin. However much he merited repose, Monsieur Lecoq quickened his steps. But he had been anticipated by the ward commissary of police. A crowd was at the carriage gateway of No. 35, the mansion of the Count of Montfort Ste. Croix.

The first room on the first floor had been barricaded by a heavy piece of furniture which it had taken two powerful men to move back. The castors had been removed to prevent it being rolled away. Not a thing in the dining-room was disordered. The doors of a reception room were open, and a ball dress was spread over three chairs. In the sleeping apartment were the policemen, servants, and public commissary. The latter glanced around and recognized Lecoq with some relief in his eyes, but the new-comer did not return his salutation. He could not. Accustomed though he was to sights of bloodshed and crime, the present scene shocked him into silence and immobility.

The room was very large and lofty, hung with maroon, and paneled in ebony and gold. In the very centre lay stretched the lifeless remains of a beautiful young lady—the countess—only partly covered by a table-cloth, which she had clutched and dragged over her in her fall. The corner of the lips was still curled in a smile, as if to mock at the idea of the fate which had abruptly overtaken youth and beauty. The superb and sombre decoration, in the very latest taste of that day, was most appropriate to the picture. The boudoir door was open, and everything was topsy-turvy there. The graceful body had stiffened in a lace *deshabille* which had cost the Brussels nuns some years of spider-like toil. Her long, fair tresses formed a golden pillow under her head, and half-veiled a small sword-wound on the bosom—the egress of the blade, for she had been run through from behind. The carpet was crimson, and hardly betrayed the blood, but a white fox rug was horribly dabbled. A wax candle stood on the floor, nearly burnt out. A very long, thin rapier, with a chiseled bowl, whose place was vacant in a trophy of arms on the wall, lay on the rug. It was the count's ancestral sword. The bed bore no trace of a struggle there. Suddenly a little rosy froth effervesced on the lady's lips, which parted, and the eyes, if possible, stared a trifle wider. The cold air brought in by Lecoq had mechanically affected the corpse. But the servants started in terror.

"I have had no time to do anything," said the commissary, after the detective explained how he came there. "I have sent for a magistrate. Nobody is under arrest."

It was an appeal for him to begin the inquiry. The first thing manifest was that the murderer or murderers had not left the house in an ordinary course. The porter had let no one out since his mistress came home from the ball. The next to arrive were the coachman and the lady's maid, who had been to the opera ball also, but not together, and had not known of each other's presence. On going up stairs, they had heard footsteps in their mistress's room. The barricaded door had baffled them. The porter had helped the coachman to remove the block, and then all three had discovered the dead woman. But not a glimpse of her assassin.

At Lecoq's suggestion, they were put under arrest and guarded, separately.

"In fifteen years," said Lecoq, growing more and more serious as he found jewels and cash untouched, "I have met no crime so obscure."

They examined the servants individually, but their statements tallied. The countess was haughty, but not to her domestics. She could hardly have made an enemy in the house. She had given leave for the coachman—as her escort came for her in his carriage—and maid to spend the night out. The count had mining property in the Alps, and was at Geneva engaging an engineer.

"He should be telegraphed to at once," advised Lecoq. "Betsy, as they call you," he proceeded, to the tiring-woman, "did you see your mistress at the ball?"

"She did not go to the opera ball, sir," was the answer, "to my knowledge, but to the masquerade at the Spanish banker's—Hermanoz."

"Who was the gentleman who called for her?"

"She did not know. But the porter knew. The Marquis de Medranc's carriage had come, and had brought her back. She had gone up the staircase alone—alone, beyond a doubt."

"The marquis has the next house," observed the commissary. "Can we ask him to assist the inquiry?" Lecoq considered.

"The magistrate's order would do it. But let us risk it. Let Gerold request his presence."

Meanwhile, they resumed the search for articles from the apartments, other than those visible.

The Marquis de Medranc was prompt in responding to the summons. He was in evening dress. He was good-looking, and had been a fop a few years back. He was pale. He had heard the news from his servants, no doubt, or the crowd at the door would have enlightened him. He knelt down by the dead body a while in silence. But there was nothing unnatural in his not expatiating upon the dreadfully sudden death of his recent partner in the waltz. Every feature had been attentively regarded by Lecoq and the police official.

"We understand you accompanied the countess to a ball," began the latter.

"It was to Monsieur Hermanez's. My poor friend, whose husband did not wish her cooped up in his absence, requested my arm and carriage, and having spent the early part of the night, I brought her to her door. I went to my club, but I was too tired to play, lost a few napoleons, and came home."

"Did you see the lady to this door?"

"This? No, no! She would not even let me leave the carriage. I may say, whatever value the information possesses, that the windows were lighted up when I came home a second time."

"Can you form any opinion about this crime?"

"Really, I know so little about the Montfort family—"

"Excuse me, my lord," said Lecoq, with pretended bluntness, "but we know your lordship to be quite in the world of fashion. Who has been accused of being this poor lady's *cicisbeo*?"

"The Count of Montfort," answered he, testily, turning red after paling, "is a splendid fellow. She idolized him. Why, this will break his heart when he learns it. But who will impart the news?"

"That has been done," answered the official.

An hour after, the body having been placed on the bed, a magnificent mass of rare flowers came from the marquis, which Betsy, released as guiltless, arranged with taste.

By the midnight train and a cab driven at reckless speed, the count arrived. His wife, surrounded by the blossoms and lying upon black velvet in that gloomy room, seemed only sleeping. Betsy had plaited her long flaxen tresses. Gontran de Montfort strode up to the bed, having kept his countenance up to that moment; but then, nature having been overstrained, he fell on his knees, embracing the clay-cold idol, and sobbed her name. The servants repeated through the mansion, in a tone which testified to the rarity of the event: "My lord had tears in his eyes!"

In the morning Monsieur Lecoq called to say that he had been specially entrusted with the case.

"I am sorry to tell your lordship, though," he remarked, "that the affair is inexplicable so far. But we are bound to pierce the mystery."

The nobleman looked at him sadly, and answered:

"It is useless for you to look after the murderer of my loved one. He is no common criminal. I have no other aim in life now. And when I meet him, believe me, I shall not call in the law to execute him."

This speech seemed out of place on the lips of a Breton gentleman, a race noted for religious and law-abiding traits.

II.—BEFORE THE BULLETS.

Like all rich capitalists, Marquis Hector de Medranc found himself half ruined by the Franco-Prussian war. He hastened to Paris the moment the gates were opened, from his Italian retreat, and found his house property—nearly all centrally located—in good preservation. Absorbed in his preparations, he was in Paris on the 18th of March, 1871.

The marquis had hidden in his hotel of the Rue Canmartin. The gates were solid, his servants well paid. He heard the firing in the Parc Monseau with joy, as it betokened an advance of the government troops against the insurrectionists. It was at this juncture that a young woman in the red zouave dress of a *vivandiere* of Flourens' Avengers presented herself at the gates—her name, Assie Koragon. A Breton girl from his own estates passed her into his presence.

"My lord," said she, "I heard at the council of the Commune, in the Expiatory Chapel, that you are known to be here, and a detachment is on the way to take you out. They are enraged that you should have lived here a spy so long."

His laugh of contempt was cut short by one of those knocks at the guarded door which seldom come to noblemen's portals—either from a king's lackeys or the people's. It was a dozen musket-butts. Some one fired a shot from within.

"That's a fool!" cried the marquis; "against my order! Those men of mine will be massacred."

"And me, too," said the girl.

"Don't you tremble, my lass; the old fox has more than one gap to his burrow."

The listener smiled secretly, with unaccountable joy.

Meanwhile the door had been broken down. A dozen shots were fired. A crowd of men invaded the mansion. The girl clung to the gentleman in trepidation.

"Make haste! This way," he said.

There was a suit of armor on a panel. He pressed one of the hundred ornaments on the frames, and the whole panel turned round so as to disclose the countess's boudoir, of Montfort House. As soon as they entered there, the marquis closed the second panel.

They could hear indistinctly the uproar of the Federals seeking the fugitives.

"Hiss away, vipers! You have lost your prey."

But suddenly a powerful voice thundered on the other side of them in the ebony bedroom:

"Shut that door; we have enough here already."

"My father!" exclaimed the girl, joyfully.

"Koragon!" added the marquis, with equal glee. "So the Versailles troops have arrived already."

A gray but hale peasant, in rustic attire, but with a scarlet band on his left arm and in a military cap, appeared on the boudoir threshold, Remington rifle in hand.

"You see, father, I have kept my word," cried the girl, ranging herself by the new-comers and drawing a revolver.

"Betrayed!" exclaimed Medranc. "What! a Breton, who believes in the saints, on the side of these atheists and disrespecters of property and family!"

"My lord," rejoined the old peasant, by force of habit, "you are a Breton, but you forgot the saints when you displaced my son from his humble curacy; and where was your respect for property when you stole away the affections of Lady Montfort?"

"And where was yours for family when you murdered the poor lady here—here! in the night!" cried Assie Koragon, furiously. "Brothers, this is the murderer of the Countess of Montfort. He came in by this secret way and slew her because she rejected him. Slay him, or I myself will do it!"

"Fire!" cried Koragon. "Fire on a hater of the people!" A dozen bullets shattered his breast. But the volley was drowned by the tumult in the street. The regulars had taken the chapel, and were clearing the streets.

Half an hour afterward Count Montfort, colonel of the second battalion, Gardes Mobiles, entered the bouse, where he understood there had been fighting, but he noticed little damage. In the ebony chamber lay a huddled-up figure.

"A man shot!" cried the soldier, unconcernedly.

Gontran stooped over the body. A paper was pinned, as only a woman pins papers, to his tattered breast:

The Marquis de Medranc—shot for firing on the people, and for the murder of the Countess of Montfort.

Witness:

ASSIE KORAGON.

"Assie! My wife's fond sister. Medranc here, the murderer of my poor wife. This is the hand of retribution!"

The panel had flown open at the explosion of the guns. The secret of the ebony chamber was laid bare.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

In Memoriam.

On the bosom of a river
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,
On the star-lit stream forever
Sailed a vessel light and free;
Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot—beaming
In the flush of youth—stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious seeming
Like an angel from above;
Through his hair the breezes sported,
And, as on the wave he floated,
Of the pilot, angel-throated,
Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks, so brightly flowing,
Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands anon were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold;
Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple wave divided,
And a rainbow arch abided
On his canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts, with fond devotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Praying that no wild commotion
Might the elements might rise;
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water-crag's corolla
Trembled at his music's sighs.

But those purple waves enchanted
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell, that daunted
Every comer to her shore;
Night shades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marble statues, numbered
Where the lotus-eaters slumbered,
And woke to life no more.

Then there rushed, with lightning quickness,
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dew in fearful thickess
Gathered o'er his temples fair;
And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lively southern summer,
As the beautiful pilot came
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver
O'er the star-lit stream forever,
On its bosom, as before;
But that vessel's rainbow banner
Gleets no more the gay savanna,
And that pilot's lute drops manna
On the purple waves no more.

—George D. Prentice.

An Allegory.

When Eve had led her lord astray,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another
To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the world its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

"A million sleepless lids," said they,
"Will be at least a warning—
The flowers can keep watch by day,
The stars from eve till morning."
O'er bill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers keep watch from redd'ning dawn
Till western skies are burning.
Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
Some turn as white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

And when the patient stars look down,
Their light on all discoverers—
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
And lips of lying lovers,
They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

—Anon.

The Patient Angler.

An Angler sat by an old saw-mill,
And angled away in the flowing rill,
Dreaming of fish that, traditions say,
Deep in those waters bide away;
Pickerel, perch, eels and bull-pout,
And, legend whispered, a speckled trout.
This last named fish must be taken on spec,
No man ever saw his head or his neck;
One man had seen the end of his tail
Going down stream like an express mail.

But to our tale. As I said before,
The patient Angler sat by the shore,
And the tools of his trade around him lay—
Hackles, dun, brown, red, speckled, and gray,
And flies artificial, of every hue,
Millers, grubs, and grasshoppers too;
And good old Walton's *Angler Complete*,
The fisherman's Bible, lay at his feet.
As thus he sat and angled away,
He gently spoke to this fisherman gray:
"Holloa! my friend, how goes the fight
With the finny tribes? Hadst e'er a bite?"
"Not yet," he sighed, and whispered low:
"I've only been here a day or so."

Time rolled on, and I passed that way;
There sat the Angler, old and gray.
The bormet had built a nest in his hat,
His shoes were the homes of the sportive gnat,
And yellow-jackets were coming to rest
Within the folds of his peaceful vest;
Earwigs, horseflies, and beetles brown
Were sporting around his snowy crown;
But there he sat by the old saw-mill,
Happy, contented, and patient still.
As thus he sat and angled away,
He gently spoke to this fisherman gray:
"Holloa! my friend, how goes the fight
With the finny tribes? Hadst e'er a bite?"
"Not yet," he sighed, and whispered low:
"I've only been here a month or so."

—Guy H. Avery.

BOAT LIFE IN SIAM.

[A lady once resident in Siam has favored the *Argonaut* with the following interesting account of boat life in that vaguely known land.]

Before one can understand Siam and its people, it is first necessary to appreciate that the greater part of the country is one vast swamp, at least during October and November, at the close of the rainy season; only the highest knolls remaining entirely above the floods caused by both the rain and the sea. This, added to the clayey soil—which, during the rainy season, may be cracked and dusty one hour, and ankle-deep in mud the next—makes much road-making quite impracticable. The four parallel rivers, and the network of canals and bayous, are the natural highways of the country. Many of these canals are dry at low tide; consequently amphibians abound—alligators, caymen, water-snakes, water-rats, crabs, prawns, a little silvery fish which lies, apparently comfortable, on the mud in the broiling sun until the next tide, a lively creature resembling a lizard with only two legs, etc. The Siamese themselves are often called amphibious by foreigners, and certainly the lower classes seem as much at home in the water as the boys at Aden; and in boating, some say they are not equaled anywhere in the world. Many are born, live, and die in boats not twenty feet long. These people are not of a different race, as in China; the next month they may have rice-fields or fruit-gardens, or be house-servants of their masters or of foreigners. But men, women, and children of the lower and middle classes can almost always row and paddle.

The number and apparent variety of the craft on the river at Bangkok is bewildering to strangers, but the native boats are of a few classes—all being dug out of teak, that being almost the only wood used in the country. I have seen one skiff so small and light that two little girls were in the habit of carrying it to and from the river, some rods from the house; it was less than seven feet long, less than two feet wide, a thin dug-out, with neatly tapered ends, spread in the middle by steaming and driving wedges. There was a board, perhaps four inches high, along the top of the sides, else the side-centres—so spread—would have dipped water. In the stern was a seat, where the owner sat, carefully upright and motionless in body, plying a short paddle, sometimes entirely on one side. Boats like this, only from ten to fifteen feet long, are now seen everywhere, and are remarkably swift and manageable in the hands of the Siamese; but if a European ventures, ever so carefully, to set foot in one, it promptly tips over, and goes to the bottom in a trice. Chinamen sometimes manage them very well. Another kind is several inches above water, wider, with a loose deck. The gulf fishermen put their fish inside, and four men row standing, going with the rising tide twenty-five miles up the river, to Bangkok, each crew striving to be first at the fish-market, where their fish must be counted or weighed, and duties paid, before they can be sold. Gliding dimly through the morning fog, or silhouetted against the evening glow, on the broad, rippling river, these flat, bare boats, with the four sinewy, dark figures swaying in unison, are strangely fascinating. A similar boat has the deck taken off the middle. Another boat, still higher and wider, indeed almost oval in shape, drifts quite helplessly about, loaded with something for sale—Chinese earthenware, European lamps and drinking-glasses; cloths—white, blue, and Turkey red; small figured prints; Chinese ready-made clothing; boatmen's suits and hats; white jackets and Siamese waist-cloths; dark-green and orange arica-nuts; light-green cocoa-nuts or pumbeoes; neat packages of bright betel-leaf; piled high with great pale-red water-jars, shaped like the old Roman jars found at Pompeii; palm-leaf thatch, or bunches of grass for horses and elephants; salt firewood from the sea-shore; or sapan and rosewood for the ships. It looks impossible to tip these boats over, but why nothing ever falls off is a mystery, especially as all other boats push them about. In still another boat families live, and in a nicely-made variety of them the nobility formerly traveled, before steam-launches were imported. This style of boat may be from fifteen to twenty-five feet long, and four to six feet wide. The ends have a deck of loose boards; the central half is covered by a straight-sided, flat-topped house, of wood-work, or a barrel-shaped one of close basket-work, thickly covered with *damar*. The inside of this house may be open to the hull, except a bench on each side; or may be decked like the rest, with loose boards; other upright boards, sliding in grooves, close the ends, unless one end is permanently closed, with a round or square window scarcely more than a foot across. The easy, matter-of-course way in which men and women go from one end of the boat to the other through this window is astonishing. It looks impossible to a new-comer, but before he can say that the thing can not be done, out comes one foot, and then the head, and the whole supple Asiatic body glides through. They think it much easier than going over the roof, which is only about four feet from the keel and six feet long. Europeans and Chinamen sometimes vault on one end and slide off the other. This is very well on a flat-topped house; but the rounded, varnished roofs are not so easy to sit upon, especially as the boats are generally cranky. In this house, and between decks, are the family, and all their clothing, furniture and merchandise.

By observing one family for a day some understanding may be gained of their life. Yesterday they bought sugar-cane cheaply of a Chinaman (who must always have his poll-tax ready, just as in California); and at another farm-house they found a few plantains of a kind that are rare at this time of the year. They spent the night a mile outside of the city, for greater safety. The first part of the night the son sat up on the deck and watched for thieves, and sang in the moonlight. When the moon set he fell asleep. When the morning star rose the father rose also, and waked the son, who said he had not slept and had almost caught some thieves. It is now morning. The mother comes out. There is no trouble about her toilet, for the single garment which is essential is a cloth reaching from the waist over the front of the knees—alike for both men and women, and worn day and night. The man, finding the morning air cool, puts on an old white cotton jacket, and his wife wraps her shoulder-cloth around her; originally it was pink, but repeated washings in the muddy streams have made it mud-color. The younger children are not troubled with clothing. The tide is not quite high enough, and it is decided to breakfast now. Lifting

some deck-boards, they take out the coarse, unglazed earthen fire-place, rice-pot and curry-pot, and the fire-wood or charcoal, and make a fire. They call that indispensable foreign luxury, matches, "wood-scratch-fire." The fire-place is like a very large plate, with a rim a few inches high running half-way around it. One bulb-shaped pot is set on the rim, and the other beside it; the rim saves heat and makes a draught. Steamers are sometimes used, or a kind of gem-baker, with a little cover, or waffle-irons—all earthen. A fish is caught, cut into lumps without dressing, and put in the curry-pot with a quart of water, a handful of peppers, and perhaps some astringent leaves or aromatic seeds. This compound is simmered a little, and the rice is steamed until it is white and a little softened; then the rice is dipped into small bowls, the curry placed on the top, and the thumb and first and second fingers of the right hand roll it into balls and put it in the mouth. Formerly the man ate first and alone; now, usually, all eat together. All wash their own bowls, then rinse the mouth and rub the teeth with the forefinger, and drink heartily. The oars are now brought out. They are long, with a piece across the small end, like the bottom of the letter L. One hand takes hold of this; with a loop of tough bark, called *pace*, the oars are swung and twisted on the oar-posts, about eighteen inches high, just inside the gunwale. There are two oars before and two behind the house.

The father takes the stern oar, managing the horizontal tiller with his foot. The long bamboos driven in the mud at stem and stern, to which the boat is fastened by a ring of *pace*, or an iron chain and hook, are pulled up, and they row away, standing much like Venetian gondoliers. Finding many market-boats, they wink at each other, and follow them to the floating market. A large, old traveling-boat is anchored there, and the owner pays a high rental to the owner of the land opposite for the right to levy a tax on the boats which swarm there in the early morning to sell fruit and vegetables. There is no small noise and commotion here from six to eight A. M. The boats are of the three kinds described, the larger ones anchored stern to the shore, the smaller ones drifting about; and very picturesque they are with their many-colored wares and tawny owners, and here and there a small awning or colored umbrella or queer Siamese hat. Moving warily in the crowd this family begins selling, but soon the sharp eyes of the market farmer discover them, and he orders them to pay the tax or leave—they choose the latter, and drift down the river. The children fret and are quieted with sugar-cane; the brittle bark is stripped off with a knife—the remainder is cut into mouthfuls, which are chewed till the juice is all extracted, and the woody fibres are spit out into the water. A foreigner coming up, observing the keen relish with which the whole family enjoy it, determines to try it; they see he is a stranger and set the price accordingly, and he goes away with two sticks a foot in length, for which he has paid the value of their entire stock. This piece of good luck so elates them that they must do something extraordinary; and the father and oldest boy determine to go to a cock-fight. They moor at a temple landing; the whole family plunges into the water, and have a fine frolic; when they have had enough of this, they stand in shallow water, and rub themselves with mud for soap, then rinse it off; the baby is well washed and taught to float—they sometimes swim before they can walk—then they scramble aboard. Dry cloths are then brought out, one is laid over the dripping garment, which is then loosened and falls around the feet. This cloth is eight feet long and two and a half wide, of dark, small-figured chintz, with broad bordered ends. It is first folded around, then the remainder is rolled into a broad strip which goes from the waist in front down between the knees and up to the back of the waist, where it is tucked in—except the end, which is allowed to hang like a tuft; the two sides in front being twisted and tucked in a strange fashion, and another tuft hangs there. They dress—according to their peculiar ideas of comfort and elegance—with a few twitches. Those who did not wash the mud off their feet as they came into the boat, now sit on the edge and swing their feet in the water till they are clean. The large piece of thatch or basket-work which has been lying on the roof is now dragged forward, until one end rests on the roof and the other is propped by a bamboo; and under this awning they sit—serenely, deliciously moist and cool. Cigarettes are smoked, and fresh quids of betel prepared. The hair is combed with a wooden comb; the parents wear their hair in the old style—that is, the head is shaved, except a large dense tuft above the forehead, and the woman has also an I-shaped lock in front of the ears; the children's hair is coiled above the forehead, but the young man wears his in the new fashion, parted in the middle, two or more inches long. They all use coconut oil for dressing the hair. Father and son now climb the landing, and take their way to the nearest cock-fight. The mother puts everything away, and leaving two children to take care of the boat, she takes the two youngest, the baby astride of her hip, and goes for a stroll in the markets. Returning, they unmoor, and drift down stream, selling most of their remaining stock. About sunset they moor for the night, bathe again, and have rice and curry; the latter made this time of fleshy, mucilaginous, and somewhat fragrant flowers the mother picked while ashore. Tired by their unusual walking, all sleep early and soundly. About two o'clock come the dreaded river-thieves, three or four men in a light skiff silently drifting alongside; the deck boards are quietly lifted, and the rest of the sugar-cane, and firewood, and rice-pot are transferred to the robbers' boat.

Imagine miles of river and canals swarming with every variety of the boats described, and other kinds undescribed—the foreigners' house-boats, usually painted white, made of planks, slow and heavy, but safer for the owners; steam launches and traveling-boats, of every imaginable size and style and many colors; canoes, covered in, the owner plying a long two-bladed paddle; ship's gigs, European sail-boats, post-boats, steam yachts, gunboats, ocean steamers, ships, barks, schooners—English, American, Italian, French, Dutch, Danish, Portuguese, German; lorchas, Chinese junks of all varieties, from a European model to the Hainan junk with high poop and vermilion bows—all with mat sails and bright flags and a great eye on each side of the bow ("no have eyes, how can see? no can see, how can go?"). All these give one some idea of the great mixed multitude of many nations which are always to be found in Bangkok. M. H. JONES.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1880.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Frances Burney: Generosity without delicacy, like wit without judgment, generally gives as much pain as pleasure.

Anaxagoras: Nothing can be known, nothing can be learned, nothing can be certain, sense is limited, intellect is weak, life is short.

Bulwer: Nothing is so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity as the application of a rough truth.

Madame de Rémusat: No human passion is so easily aroused or grows so rapidly as vanity.

Bulwer: If ever the consciousness of strength is pleasant, it is when we are thought the most weak.

Bolingbroke: What a foe not only to life, but to all that dignifies and ennobles it, is time!

Winwood Reade: The passion for praise is innate in the human mind.

Jeremy Taylor: Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air—common to all the world; but tyrants and evil customs, wars and want of love, have made it proper and peculiar.

Colton: Nothing is so blind and suicidal as the selfishness of vice.

Herschel: Knowledge is not, like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected.

Sterne: The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Landor: Men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Canning: Any man may be occasionally mistaken as to the means most conducive to the end which he has in view; but if the end be just and praiseworthy, it is by that he will be ultimately judged, either by his contemporaries or by posterity.

Hutton: What the mind is bent upon obtaining, the hand seldom fails in accomplishing.

Barbault: Most of the unhappiness in the world arises rather from disappointed desire than from positive evil.

Koran: A mountain may change its place, but a man will not change his disposition.

Emerson: A great man is the greatest of occasions.

Herbert Spencer: Volumes might be written upon the impurity of the pious.

Dr. Deems: It seems as though it would forever be impossible for us to determine how near a probability can approach a certainty without becoming identical with that certainty.

Goethe: One must weigh men by avoirdupois weight, and not by jewelers' scales; as, unfortunately, friends too often weigh one another in their hypochondriacal humor, and in an over-exacting spirit.

Froude: To the commonplace man the uncommonplace is forever unintelligible.

George W. Kyle:

Words are but words, and words are cold—
When many are written but little is told;
For a thirsty heart finds but little drink
Angling for words in a pool of ink.

Sir Philip Sidney: Youth will never live to age unless they keep themselves in breath with exercise and in heart with joyfulness.

Italian proverb: A good knight is never at a loss for a lance.

Longfellow: Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear.

Madame de Staël: Frivolity, under whatever form it appears, takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.

Addison: Mere bashfulness without merit is awkwardness; and merit without modesty, insolence. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

Edwin Arnold: The thoughts ye can not stay with brazen chains a girl's hair lightly binds.

McCosh: The book to read is not one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think.

Bailey: Great thoughts stand up like church spires 'mid village cots.

Emerson: Thought is the poetry of those only who can entertain it.

D'Aubigne: Ideas make their way in silence, like the waters that, filtering behind the rocks of the Alps, loosen them from the mountain in which they rest.

Bailey:

The beautiful are never desolate;
Some one always loves them—God or man.
If man abandons, God takes them.

Daniel Webster: Accompany your own flag throughout the world under the protection of your own cannon.

Byron:

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

S. J. Wilson, D.D.: Adhesiveness is a great element of success. Genius has glue on his feet, and will take hold of a marble slab.

Gough: Eloquence does not require mellifluous words and long sentences. It is often found in rough, uncouth garb, just as the lightning often gleams from rugged thunder clouds.

Bancroft: Style is the gossamer on which the seeds of truth float through the world.

Anon: From the woman's side we derive our intellectual faculties; from the man's we derive our moral.

Alfieri: Imperceptible is the line which separates the germ of our virtues and vices.

FA', M. P.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1880.

At this writing—Friday noon, and our hour of going to press—the grand Republican tournament at Chicago is in full and exciting convention, the political knights in the arena, lances in rest, and every visor down. Between the two great contending plumes—Grant and Blaine—there has been a series of tilts that presages the inglorious defeat of the Cæsarean crest. Grant will not a third time be nominated for President of the United States. This seems to be pretty generally conceded. The machine has been badly ditched in the preliminary work of the convention. Conkling and Logan, and the rest of the Grant manipulators, have been beaten at every turn. The following private dispatch from Chicago—the publication of which may be anticipated, however, by a nomination—gives an epitome of the situation:

CHICAGO, June 4, 12 M.

The whole drift of the convention is anti-Grant, and the sympathies of outsiders are in the same direction. A test shows Grant's strength to be less than two hundred and seventy-five votes. Blaine's leaders—Hale and Frye—confident. They have a splendidly organized fight. It is generally believed that Conkling can not hold his delegates, and that in any break-up Blaine will gain. The Grant programme is to weary the convention by balloting "all summer," if necessary. The hope is that Sherman delegates will prefer Grant to Blaine. Garfield is strongest as a third candidate. Edmunds is suggested, and will probably be the choice of the Grant delegates in a close issue with Blaine. I think Grant defeated. Am not sanguine of Blaine's nomination. PIXLEY.

The platform of the convention recites and extols as usual the deeds of the Republican party; points out the necessity for maintaining its principles and its control of the Government in the interest of human rights and material prosperity; declares against further land grants to railroads, or subsidies in any form; approves Hayes's administration, and arraigns the Democratic party for its past, as well as present, attitude, spirit, and purposes. The anti-Chinese plank, for the introduction of which the Pacific Coast delegations have assiduously worked, has been modified somewhat, to better suit puritanical notions; and is in the form of a declaration, substantially as follows: "While we offer a home to all who wish to cast their lot with the American people, yet we are assured by our fellow-citizens of the Pacific Coast that grave dangers arise from the unlimited influx of a strange people, who, without any sympathy with our civilization and free institutions, seek our shores, not for a home, but merely to get money to take back with them to the homes they left; and we therefore invite the earnest attention of the Government of the United States to a careful consideration of the evils arising from such immigration, with a view to make such treaties and enact such laws as will avert the dangers complained of." While it is the intention of our delegates to demand something more radical than this, it is doubtful if it is approved of by the convention. New England even shakes its head at the declaration, and can not understand or tolerate the idea of an anti-Chinese plank in the light of the "man and a brother" doctrine.

What seemed like a fair prospect of settling all the difficulties between the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the Mussel Slough settlers has fallen through, under circumstances most lamentable and bungling. At the request or intimation of W. W. Stow, the well-known confidential attorney of the company, a meeting of the settlers was called, to see if they would agree to compromise upon a basis of twenty-five per cent. reduction from the graded price. After a long and hot discussion, the desire for peace prevailed, the meeting decided to accept these terms, and a committee was appointed to come to San Francisco to formally ratify them. It was natural to hope that the whole ugly business was thus settled. To be sure, Mr. Stow had explicitly stated

that he had no authority to make an offer of compromise; but his relations with the railroad are such that no one could dream that the company would refuse to accede to a proposition which he intimated that the settlers should formally consider. Yet when the committee came to see Mr. Crocker, the proposition to settle at a discount of twenty-five per cent. was rejected, and they were informed that twelve and a half per cent. was the largest discount that the company would agree to. Thus was the opportunity of compromise defeated, and new bitterness added to the dispute. We do not wonder that the settlers feel that they have been trifled with. As for W. W. Stow, he occupies anything but an enviable position. Either he has been used as a cat's-paw, or he has been officiously and mischievously meddling. We are sorry this chance for compromise has thus been brought to naught, for the question is an ugly one. The railroad company has probably the legal right to the lands, and the law must be maintained even if it takes the whole power of the nation. But, on the other hand, there is certainly much to be said on the settlers' side. The lands for which they are asked to pay from sixteen to twenty dollars per acre is land which they have made valuable by hard labor. There is no doubt that at least the majority of them went on the land expecting that they would not be asked to pay more than two dollars and fifty cents per acre for it, even should the company succeed in establishing a title. In short, this is one of those cases in which something is to be said on both sides, and which, therefore, should be settled by compromise. According to their ideas, the settlers certainly went much more than half way when they agreed to pay three-fourths of the price asked, and it is questionable taste and policy on the part of the railroad company in refusing to meet them.

A most beautiful lot of official gophers have been unearthed in Kern County. Assessor, tax collector, auditor, and school superintendent are all charged with forgery and fraud. An investigation shows also that some of the ex-county officials are implicated. Accounts have been kept on shirt-cuffs long ago worn out or sent to the wash. No grand jury convened for two years. No check on anything, or supervision of anybody. The treasurer is the only man in the whole county who seems to have had any respect whatever for books or bookkeeping. It is said that these officials are less guilty of crime than amenable to the charge of ignorance and carelessness. A good excuse: a splendid excuse. One that will be appreciated by the taxpayer. One, too, that explains the splendid majority rolled up by Kern County for the new Constitution—and against fraud.

We have some remarks to address to that part of the people of this city which, not performing manual labor, is regarded and regards itself as constituting San Francisco; the people who, when they say to one another, "San Francisco has lost her grip," mean that they, the interlocutors, have lost their grip; who look on the Committee of One Hundred or the Council of Fifteen as representing them. The readers of this publication are found in this class; the *Argonaut* itself is an unit of it. Hence it now speaks as to brethren. We are talking to our own crowd. And if our premises are sound and our conclusions just, if our remarks are true—and we know that they are true—it behooves those to whom they are addressed to take them to their hearts; and if the seed, whereof they are but the expression, shall thereafter fail to bear fruit, the event will prove the worse for all of us. There has been trouble in *this* camp, and there is more coming. There will continue to be trouble until the cause of it is sought out and eradicated. Some man or some men among us are responsible for this trouble, and we need to ask the question—Who is he? or they? We need also a truthful answer to it—not necessarily for punishment, but necessarily for prevention. Who, then, is the responsible culprit among us? The Hebrew Scriptures have answered the question:

AND NATHAN SAID UNTO DAVID, THOU ART THE MAN.

It is upon ourselves—the responsible people of San Francisco—that the responsibility for our past troubles rests; and it is we ourselves who are responsible for those that are coming. It is due to the lowness of the plane of intelligence from which we have observed these troubles growing and ripening, or to the supine selfishness in which those among us who foresaw the end, withheld a staying hand. We have seen the decline of the power of law among us, and have aided it; and have so aided out of unadulterated cowardice. Separately and individually the few among us—still numbering some hundreds in all—who, as grand and petit jurymen, have been given the opportunity to act, have shrunk from acting, and shrank out of cold cravenness. They dared not. The one man who most conspicuously contributed to undermine our law, and whom we consciously abetted through fear of him, was the other day shot down in the midst. His shooting was the fruit of a law older than that of the Medes—more changeless than that of the Persians—viz., that when the written law faileth, society resolves back into its elements, and man becomes a law unto himself. Who, then, is responsible for that killing? The man who did it? He, indeed, is to answer for it; but we who are now seeking the recondite source and root of our ills need to go behind the Kallochs,

Draw the rolls of the grand and petit juries of the past ten years—the names of the responsible citizens who failed to indict and convict libelers, who out of fear of them failed to enforce the written law against them, and we have the names of those who, in very truth and fact, did shoot down Charles De Young. Theirs were the nerveless hands that dropped the pistol against his life. But our responsibility neither begins nor ends with the episode of a shooting; it extends wide and far from that event—both behind it and forward. Who are responsible for the Sand-lot, with all that it implies? The answer is, we ourselves—we, the people of property, of intelligence (as we think), and of education—as we call it: Though God save the mark! if we are to estimate the quality of that education by the fruits of it.

We—this educated class—saw Kearney discovered and created. He did not create himself. As he stands to-day, and as he has stood throughout, he is a mere product of the printing-press—produced as a speculation in aid of "our circulation," contributing to and enhancing the value of "our advertising columns." And we stood looking on. With the outcome of it plain to be seen—not a few among us plainly seeing it—we consciously abetted the transaction. We continued—the collective we—to buy our paper and advertise in it. We continue to do both still. Kearney, who is the Sand-lot, is to-day a portion of the stock in trade of at least one prosperous newspaper. Yet that publication could not live a day but for us; Kearney, the agitator, could not live a month but for it—or another like it. It will not do to try and hold Mr. Pickering or Mr. De Young to an exclusive accountability for either the agitation past, or that which is still to come. If the seller of goods is to bear an exclusive responsibility for all the consequences of his traffic, we need to reverse our systems of jurisprudence, and to fine the whisky-dealer standing behind his bar instead of the "drunk" standing before that of the police court. But this is not the practice or procedure that we recognize as fitting, whether to enforce the obligations of law or of extra-legal social observance. And our practice is right in principle. By every enactment of our Criminal Code, or the criminal codes of civilized peoples, the fundamental principle of accountability is one that places on our own shoulders—the consenting and abetting parties—a full responsibility for this agitation. It is our fault that it exists. The remedy lies within our power, and we have withheld it. We withhold it still. The fact that there will be a Sand-lot agitation and demonstration next winter depends exclusively upon the fact that at that time the *Call* will continue to be a remunerative property to Mr. Pickering, and the *Chronicle* to Mr. De Young. In this situation the agitation had its birth, has lived and moved, and now has and will continue to have its being. Nor are we—the collective we—in position to assume any attitude of moral loftiness toward Mr. Pickering or Mr. De Young. They both know their customers. They make their papers to sell, and do so successfully. We who buy them are no better than they reflect us. If we were, there would be an end to the matter; for the sources of the disease would die out. They are not thorns intruded into our flesh; they are part of the living organism. They were bred there—not imported. They are native. They are a symptom of disease, now become also a source of it: gangrenes—spreading and threatening—but their origin lay in a corruption of the blood. They now perpetuate and diffuse the poison whereof they first were bred; nor will it out until they shall be cauterized.

Things were not always thus with us. Time was, we had a grip—that same grip we now talk of having lost. Time was, we knew how to bring our law to bear. It laid hold upon an *American Flag* once, and laid its editor by the heels to cool them in jail. He had a *Jolly Giant* for his company. Thomas H. Selby was foreman of that grand jury. There was a man! We have not always been, as now, a divided crowd. Time was, we could pull together—whether for the common need or the common good. Gentlemen down town could and did once combine to build themselves a Merchants' Exchange that should be, as it is, an ornament to the town they felt proud of. Could they do it now? Are they as proud of that town now? More has been lost in these late bad years than can be measured in money. Mutual trust has been lost; public spirit, state pride, and civic fellowship have gone. The character is changed, and for the worse only. It has developed a petty, envious, and mean side that was not conspicuous among the men of '60. Yet many of us are the same men. It is we ourselves who have changed and have grown smaller. There was a time with us and a sense in which the lines were partially, at least, true, but are no longer so—

When none was for a party; when all were for the state;
 When the great man helped the poor, and the poor man loved the great.
 Now, Roman is to Roman more hateful than a foe.

And this hatefulness is a many-sided aspect of character that has been fostered and bred among us, watered and fed, of the steady detraction and calumny—the low and truculent tone—daily distilled into our ears, which have come insensibly to color and bias that habit of thought which constitutes

mental attitude one toward another and each toward all. It is a miserable state of affairs. It is unworthy of grown men. It implies the spitefulness, the meanness, the cussedness of tea-drinking, scandal-mongering old women. It is not merely unmanly—it is disreputable. We challenge reference to the public expression of a single generous sentiment—a single elevated principle—a single unorded purpose in this city within the past two years. There has been not one. We repeat it, and challenge the proof. Nearly the whole wretched ten-years' story of the life of San Francisco, on its public or civic side, appears as a tissue of mean-spirited detraction, obstruction, distrust, or indifference. At the one or two crises of affairs, the people have risen resistlessly. The rich have contributed without stint to the need of the hour. But for this, it would have appeared that the entire active virtue that once inspired our civic life had died out of it. We have shown that enough of it is left for at least spasms of effort. But in the seat where we have seen Selby and Alvord and Otis, we now see Isaac Kallach. In that contrast may be read a partial measure of the kind as well as the amount of change that has been wrought among and in us. It is of the first-fruits time has borne us. What will be the next we are to gather?

In four months from this time the troop of Sand-lot tramps is to be again dealt with. It needs to be remarked that were a plague in the interval to remove Mr. Pickering, our evil would not be cured thereby. Disease gone chronic is not cured by such mere chance and happy accident. Besides, the happy accident is expected not to occur. The mischief would still remain. The blood will go on corrupting, as it is now doing. The gangrene will continue to spread, as it is now spreading. What are we going to do about it? And let us not rest too trustfully on the plan of allowing the humor to come to a head, expecting and intending then to apply the knife. The evil may be likened rather to a fire smouldering in our house, and which we will not be at the pains to stamp out until after it shall burst into flame. He needs to be more than a prophet who shall point out exact bounds where that flame will submit to be stopped. "Extinguish it in blood," answers one very young gentleman, whose hairs are white; he must be young, for it is plain he is intellectually in swaddling clothes. By all means, extinguish it in blood. But whose blood? Some gouts of blood have already been applied, and they were drawn from a most unexpected quarter! But these are fool's answers—to say, let the disease run its course, and when the crisis comes we shall find means to deal with it. Such are the answers we have allowed to satisfy us these years past, and crises have come, and we have found sweet means to deal with them! We beat the Tramps' Constitution, probably? or did it beat us? Instead of our finding means to deal with the crises, they have rather found the means of dealing with us. They are continuing to deal with us now. Another Sand-lot next winter lies dead ahead of us—one hundred and twenty days off, and day by day we are driving down upon it. We know how the men of '56 worked out their problem, and how they strangled the voice of the spoilers even while they punished the person. We know that were the printed voice of our agitation choked out of it, it would be resolved again into its elements of a harmless drayman, a smirched parson, and some tramps who would be taken care of by the police. We know that we have the sinews to take the mouthpieces by the throat, and squeeze the last wheeze and whistle of Sand-lot wind out of them. But the sinews "have lost their grip," and the *Argonaut* fears—and thinks it knows too well—that they will do nothing of the sort; nor anything else till they shall be once more strained in self-defense—less to assail the offending windpipe than to protect their own.

A rumor is current in the East that James Gordon Bennett is about to start a chain of two-cent morning papers, extending across the continent from New York to San Francisco, which are to have the benefit of the *Herald* telegrams and correspondence, and to be under the general management of John Russell Young. There is nothing improbable in this. It is the next step in the development of the newspaper business; and that James Gordon Bennett has not attempted it before is probably rather because that energetic individual has had enough irons in the fire than that he has not perceived the great opportunity for thus utilizing in new profits the enormous expenditures of his paper. The New York *Herald* has a larger and more profitable business than all of the other metropolitan newspapers combined. It has its own special correspondents everywhere, and spends enormous sums for special dispatches. But it only realizes in full the return for these expenditures within the comparatively limited area where it can be distributed on the morning of publication. Outside of that, the *Herald's* news becomes the capital of local papers. But a chain of *Heralds* in all the principal cities across the continent could all avail themselves of the enormous expenditure of the parent paper, and could in each city, with the advantage thus given, distance all competitors and concentrate the business just as the *Herald* has done in New York; while, in return, the income which they would yield would permit even more lavish expenditure for

news. With intelligent management—and the younger Bennett has always shown great judgment in the choice of his lieutenants—there would be no risk at all in the operation. His means are amply sufficient; for not only does the *Herald* yield a net income of something like a million a year, but, outside of the *Herald*, Bennett is a very rich man. And these papers would not start as experiments, but with the whole weight of the prestige, organization, and machinery of the greatest newspaper in the country, and, in fact, in the world.

Whatever truth there is in this rumor, it is probable in itself, and certainly indicates the next step in the newspaper business. That business is being concentrated, just as railroad ownership is being concentrated, and the great local newspaper which has too great a start to permit local competition must in its turn give way to the great combination of newspapers. Nor do we see much to regret in the prospect. One great despot is better than a number of local tyrants. In all respects, James Gordon Bennett would be better than the Fitches, Pickering, and De Youngs who have so long tyrannized and bedevilled us. We would get an infinitely better paper in respect to news and literary ability, and, what is more, an infinitely cleaner paper—one which would be too great to deal in petty slander and backbiting, to put up petty jobs, and gratify petty revenges. And while there is something startling in the idea of a man wielding such a vast power, as there is in the idea of one corporation controlling such vast lines of rail as the railroad combinations now making will control, we are inclined to think that this concentration in the business of supplying news will but hasten a classification in journalism of which there are already abundant signs. In the little village, dry-goods and groceries, drugs and hardware, are all kept in a single store; but as the village grows into a city the selling of each variety of goods becomes a special business. So, too, in the infancy of journalism, news matter and literary wares are mixed together in the columns of the same paper. But the literary journal has already been differentiated from the newspaper, and in the natural course of development the paper of opinions must soon be distinct from the paper of news. We will no more think of a Republican or Democratic newspaper than we think of a Methodist hardware shop or an Episcopalian dry-goods store. Great papers of the *Herald* type, telegraphing the letters of special correspondents from all parts of the world, and reporting local events without color or bias, will furnish the news, while journals specially devoted to opinion will supply comments upon it. The change will be a healthy one. Let it go on. We shall be sorry to lose the wonderful editorials of the *Call* and the more ponderous lucubrations of the *Bulletin*, but even our regrets on this score will not stay the march of development.

At last a step has been taken in the settlement of the vexed question of water rates. Last Tuesday evening, by a vote of nine to three, the Board of Supervisors passed the Bayley water-rate ordinance, which reduces the cost to consumers twenty-five per cent., and puts that amount of the burden on the city, where more of it really belongs. And it is a wonder almost to those who have watched this water controversy for now these years and years that even this much has really been done. The inquiry into the equity of the matter has been attended with a deal of annoyance. Besides the unearthing of facts and working the labyrinth of figures, the committee—and Mr. Bayley, the chairman, in particular—have been subjected to a species of persecution that has anything but assisted to conclusions. And this, too, in the face of all the courtesies that could be extended to those having objections to offer. For as the chairman, in his remarks before the vote was taken, said: "We have invariably invited the public and the press, and latterly, since the publication of adverse criticisms by two of the journals of this city, have specially invited the gentlemen of the press, in order to place before us such information of which they might be cognizant as would be in the interest of this community. After waiting patiently for more than two hours without a person appearing, the committee adjourned. I do not propose to take up any time in discussing the motives of journalists who are so ready to criticise, but fail to face the issue as individuals when requested in the interest of the public."

But despite all these yelpings, and fault-findings, and misrepresentations, and attempts at intimidation, the committee have secured the bottom facts in this water business. Mr. Bayley has particularly distinguished himself in the business-like way in which he has informed himself and put the question. The most difficult task for the committee was to agree upon a definite basis of valuation, which was finally set at \$14,500,000—some millions less than the actual cost of the works as reported by the experts. On this amount the ordinance intends to allow something like nine per cent. interest plus the operating expenses. This is claimed to be a fair and reasonable rate for this particularly hazardous investment. Regarding the plan of taking the market value of the stock and paying six per cent. on that, as the *Bulletin*

proposed, Mr. Bayley declared "that it would be a practical confiscation; for every succeeding board would have to place a lower value in accordance with the decline of the stock, and ultimately the stock would be valueless." And further he argued: "I do not believe that the public expect anything of the kind. Among many of our best citizens, men who pay large taxes, will be found persons who have invested in this property, assured of its safety, and looking to a reliable revenue upon the investment. It would appear that they have some rights which should be respected, and I don't propose to arbitrarily take such action as will destroy the value of their property. The high rates heretofore paid by rate-payers have, in a great measure, been caused by the unjust system of discrimination, now happily abolished by the new Constitution; and, according to the opinion of legal minds, the city will no longer be deadheaded at the expense of consumers, and a more equitable distribution of the burden be inaugurated. Free water is a snare and a delusion, and is solely in the interest of property. The water furnished to the city, and the increased necessary expenditures of the company for fire protection—in the matter of the number of reservoirs, and their altitude for the required pressure, the increase in the size of their mains—all add to a considerable extent to the cost of water, for which the company must be compensated in some form; and, therefore, if not remunerated by the city, must inevitably be added to the rates of consumers. If half the people of the city were from some cause entitled to receive their water free, it would follow, as a matter of course, that the rates of the other half would be doubled. Out of a list of ninety-eight cities in these United States, seventy-five are paying directly for the water used for all municipal purposes and the extinguishment of fires. In one instance, property is taxed twenty-five cents on the one hundred dollars, and pays all the cost of water."

It is this same bugaboo of free water that has kept up this continuous warfare between the corporation and the people. There is no such thing as free water. It is, indeed, "a snare and a delusion." San Francisco is the only city to-day, even under the new ordinance, that escapes with one-fourth of the burden. London, a city supplied like our own by a private corporation, pays three-fourths of the cost of its water supply. The water rates there, as specified in the water clauses act, "shall be paid by and be recoverable from the person requiring, receiving, or using the supply of water, and shall be payable according to the annual value of the tenement supplied with water; and if any dispute arise as to such value, the same shall be determined by two justices." Imagine such a rule obtaining here. More than this, ten per cent. on the investment is allowed the corporation, and this interest in a market where rates only run from two and one-half to five per cent. Taking all these facts into consideration, Spring Valley has by no manner of means been liberally dealt with. The valuation of the works is far below their cost; the rate of interest allowed, according to the testimony of some of our best business men, is not what it should be for so hazardous a business; and property does not yet bear its just and proper proportion of the burden. But so long as the city has not been swindled or imposed upon, and inasmuch as the corporation is not in love with the provisions and requirements of the new ordinance, we do not know that there is any good and sufficient reason why both tax and rate-payers should not be thoroughly satisfied with what the Supervisors' Committee have accomplished.

Founded as the British civil service is, on the corner-stone of competitive examination, and free, as it is, from the baneful system of rotation, its practical workings appear altogether lovely—especially when clothed in the prismatic tints which distance lends. For example: The London *Times* says: "In November last, while the Indian Council was paying thirty-four to thirty-five shillings per ton for carrying rails to India, the Indian Peninsula Railway Company was only paying twenty-five shillings per ton. In other cases, discrepancies of five shillings per ton between the charges in government contracts and those of private companies are too numerous to mention." John Bull has evidently much to learn. It appears that these rails were actually carried. An American contractor would have had seventy shillings per ton, and would not have carried a rail. The retail spirit of this Indian fraud is not creditable to England. We fear that real talent is getting scarcer there. There is no imagination. The recent Glasgow Bank success was an effort of Scottish genius.

It appears that whatever Kearney is or is not capable of accomplishing, he is an experienced band at striking his adherents for coin. Last Sunday afternoon, after a profuse adulation of Judge McKimstry, and reminding his Sand-lot clients that the learned judge occupied his judicial position through the grace of Kearney (redivivus), he proceeded to send around his slouched hat, and collected therein \$108.75 to take him to the Greenbackers at Chicago. But this not being sufficient, the agitator gave the Sand-lot lemon another squeeze, and lo! and behold \$183.30—and not in greenbacks either. The third and last squeeze was a dry one.

SEVENTEEN YEARS.

All of seventeen years, you say?

Seventeen years since that winter's rain,
When, out in the church-yard, "clay to clay,"
Spoke to our souls, and life was pain.

And since that seventeen years, thank you,
Hath she not moved from her hallowed mould?
Hath not the spirit, well loved and true,
Stood by our sides, as in days of old?

Nay—we know not, we speak our thought;
But ere the words can be fully said
Our knowledge slumbereth, and is brought
Face to face with that field of dead.

That was the husk, but sure it held
Something we loved that was not clay;
Something that stronger love compelled
Than human beauty to fade away.

And surely, somewhere, beyond the ken
Of this world's knowledge, that soul divine,
That hath passed so long from the haunts of men,
Will hold commune with this soul of mine.

Again we stumble, and knowledge fails,
Facing the silence of our hopes;
Facing the stillness that prevails
In the border land, where the spirit gropes.

Seeking some point of certain truth
From which to gaze on the years to come;
When this, my soul, will renew its youth,
And speak the thoughts that are now sealed dumb.

DUBLIN, Ireland.

HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

WHAT SECTARIAN EDUCATION CAN DO.

In a certain rustic village of Old England, fifty years ago—only fifty years ago—the value of sectarian education was fully illustrated. No doubt but very little advance has been made in that time, and the same primitive simplicity prevails there to this day. Indeed, sectarian education cherishes all these old landmarks.

It was a good-sized village of two thousand people. In America it would have two live newspapers, five churches, numerous schools, ward clubs, and lively politicians. But not so there. One little old church edifice, of five hundred years' standing, did duty in the most orthodox fashion. Its rector was the electric light of that community. He was at once the spiritual guide, the civil magistrate, the one official, scholar, and gentleman of that rare community. No lawyers lived nearer than the distant county seat; and the one doctor of the burg was only a sort of apothecary, who ventured to give advice to the poor. Even he bowed most obsequiously to "his reverence."

There was a school—sectarian, of course. It was cheap enough, surely. A two-cent piece was all that was required as a weekly payment. And yet the children of the poor were not there. They had not the money, or the time, or the clothing to go to school. The farmers', shopkeepers', and tradesmen's sons and daughters were there. The teacher was paid four dollars a week, and was a good, pious soul—promoted to that work because he had mastered the church catechism, the spelling of easy words, and the mysteries of the four first rules of arithmetic. He could make a pen, and write what you could read; but then he had a thousand copper-plate copies that were far ahead of anything that the best clerk in town could do.

He kept a praying-school. It was opened with prayer and closed with prayer. The church catechism was the one sole thing that must be learned. All tests, all promotion, all rewards for good conduct turned on that binge. In other respects, if the finished scholar could read the catechism, prayers, hymns, the Bible except the hard words, and do a sum in long division, he was reckoned a marvel of proficiency. The rector was lord of all in this school; he browbeat the master, and held the rod of respect and discipline over the heads of the scholars with so tight a hand that to be suspected of laughing at him behind his back was like the sin against the Holy Ghost—never to be forgiven.

The principal tavern-keeper of the place took a weekly paper, which he meekly sent unopened to "his reverence," that he might learn the news. He could not read it himself, though tolerably well up in the catechism. Then it was laid away for a chance guest, who might happen to have learning as well as curiosity. To all others he related what it contained, as detailed by the rector. The sectarian schools had done this much for the whole country. Oh, it was a nice, sleepy place, that little town! Six days a week, and twelve hours a day, did nine-tenths of that people over twelve years of age labor for their daily bread—some of them laboring quite as long who were less than ten. There was little labor-saving machinery then. Even the trades-people were up early and late at their counters. Sunday was a day of rest. The weary lay in bed; the ragged and dirty kept out of sight. The poor were glad to rest, or do up some needful work for which they had no time during the week. The church bell rang, and the pious and respectable walked to church. The rector knew them all, and not to be there, without having some valid excuse, was to live in a cloud of doubt, and to accept a lower rank in his respect during all the following week.

And, oh, how quiet were those Sundays! Not a sound above a whisper, save the church bell and organ and choir. Deserted streets; silent the market-place; hushed the mill. The very brook seemed to creep along as if afraid of being heard. Only the cows, pigs, and chickens did not know that it was Sabbath. The dogs and the work-horses did know. You would have thought the dogs knew the catechism, so humbly did they imitate subdued bumanity. But to the work-horses it was a real Sabbath; they kicked up their heels in the pastures, and made their glee resound all over the valley.

On such a Sunday, about noon—church being out—a singular individual entered the market-place, took his station near the town pump, removed his hat, and, after standing a moment, knelt down and began to pray. The people stood afar off, in wonder. Presently he resumed his feet, and began to sing with a loud and assured musical voice. It was a church tune, and so the people took courage, and gathered afar off, attracted by this strange conduct.

The singing done, he began, in a loud voice, to preach.

And they came closer; they listened, and he taught them in plain, blunt English. He was gray-headed, without beard, kind, and venerable. He wore a plain brown suit, with a broad hat; and so demure and gentle in his speech, and withal so impressive and eloquent was he that they were charmed and riveted to the spot. He said, in effect:

God is good. He is good and wise. It is not His will that one of His little ones should perish. He made the earth, and poured out the horn of plenty upon it. There is enough and to spare for all. Why, then, do your children lack bread? Why do you labor and toil, and taste not the good things, while others gambol and play and fare sumptuously every day? Why are the sons of toil in rags, while the oppressor is clothed in purple and fine linen? God is no respecter of persons. These are contrivances of men. They are not of God. The government is not of God. That poor old church is not of God, though built in His name. The rector who preaches there is not of God, though he is called "divine," and "his reverence," and makes long prayers. Were he of God he would ask for justice for you, for bread for your children, for right and brotherhood for all. Alas! he is not there for God. He is there for the tyrant and the oppressor—to excuse their wrong, to persuade you to patience under your miseries. He is no divine, but a part of the black and abominable scheme by which you are defrauded out of your inheritance, and your children are heggars. He dare not say that God is bad, and helps these tyrants; but he does tell you that the devil will get you if you rebel, if you are impatient, if you refuse to work and to starve. He would have you afraid to help yourselves to justice. But he is not afraid of the devil. Those who employ him are not afraid of the devil. They do all these wrongs, they pile all these miseries on you, and yet they are not afraid that the devil will catch them. Why should you be? In truth, there is no devil. There is only God, who is good, and knows all your trials and all your sufferings. Did you ever see a devil? Did you ever taste a devil? Did you ever smell a devil, save the devils of this world? Therefore, there is no devil to make you afraid. Be resolute for good. Stand up for right. Be temperate, frugal, industrious. Wrestle for your own in this world. Defend your children from the tyrant. Be men! There is no devil, and God is too good to condemn you for doing your duty.

He went on more at length in the same strain. The people marveled at his doctrine. It was new to them. Some said it was but Sabbath-breaking to preach out of church; and some were ready to stone him to death, as they did Stephen of old. In the meanwhile the constable of the parish had heard these words about the devil, and, hurrying off to the rector for orders, returned to arrest the itinerant vendor of this heretic specimen of sectarianism.

The poor man obeyed meekly, glad perhaps to escape the anger of the mob in the secure clutches of the law. After a night spent in the town jail, he stood before the august and reverend magistrate, even as Christ was led to the slaughter. He opened not his mouth, but waited patiently to see what might be charged against him. The rector listened to a host of witnesses. They detailed how he had asked if they had seen the devil. And the dominie glared at the culprit with true sectarian fire. He inquired if he had asked these questions meaning to infer that there were no devil. And when the culprit bowed his head in assent, the rector said it was enough, he had confessed his guilt. Addressing the prisoner, he said:

John Doe, the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England declare and affirm that Satan goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. These good lies of our sovereign lord the King, William the Fourth—God bless him!—are commanded to believe the same, on pain of his displeasure and of God's vengeance. It is a part of the law of the land so to believe. It is my duty as a spiritual pastor so to teach, and as a magistrate to guard and protect these honest lies from all heresy, schism, and rebellion. You have said, and do still say, that you have not seen the devil, meaning thereby to affirm that there is no devil; all of which is contrary to the pleasure of our lord the King, his crown and dignity. You are committed to the town jail for three months, as a rogue and vagabond. Amen!

The poor man was carried to jail. He was a species of Quaker, and bore his sufferings meekly. He spoke at last in his defense, but the rector was decided, and only commanded that he be removed.

It was soon noised abroad among that benighted people that a man had been sent to jail for three months because he had not seen the devil.

The constable and the school-master—who were oracles in their way, because they sometimes talked with his reverence—related at the tavern that night, among the farmers and the plow-boys, all the particulars of the trial.

"Six months, sir!"

"For not having seen the devil."

"Why, who has seen him?"

"Not I!"

"Nor I!"

"All liable to three months!"

So said the constable and the school-master. And forthwith the poor denizens of that sectarian-educated village began to contrive how they could escape this great condemnation. They went home, and the news spread. And forthwith stories began to arise of how this one and that one had really seen the evil one. They feared arrest if they did not give out some certain sign of innocence. And the devil was seen in all manner of shapes. He was a cat, a rat, a donkey, a goat, anything that was uncanny. And within a month, from all accounts, Satan had made himself busy and promiscuous in that neighborhood, till timid folks did not dare to stir out at night; for although those who had told the stories knew themselves to be merely inventing to escape the penalty, they seemed to think all the rest told the truth.

This was very satisfactory to the rector for awhile. It vindicated the faith. It gave the flat denial to the poor man he had condemned. But he was a sectarian, too, a graduate of a sectarian school, and not quite certain but that the devil was around, as stated. And the tales came so thick, were so stoutly maintained, and utterly undenied (who would risk three months by contradiction?), that at last it became "simply awful." For miles around each had his separate story of how the dark spirit had appeared. People were being driven out of their senses.

And still that poor man lay in jail, condemned now of all, and regarded as the fell demon whose stout denial had brought on them these infernal visitations.

In all that community there was just one young gentleman who rose above local prejudice and the sectarian school. He had traveled. He had been among intelligent cosmopolitan people. He interviewed the poor prisoner. He found him an enthusiast, and, like the rector, a sectarian. But of a different sect, that was all. He interviewed the rector, and found him just as intractable as the prisoner. They were both graduates of sectarian schools, and had no mercy, no consideration, no toleration for each other. The rector would willingly have dragged what he deemed a rebellious

heretic to the stake. And the heretic would have died, denouncing his persecutor as a son of Belial and a servant of sin.

So the young man, having potent influence in London, wrote to the Secretary of State, pleading for the release of the street preacher. And the rector, true to his sectarian education, wrote to the Lord Bishop of Exeter, sitting in the House of Peers, to vindicate his course and assert the supremacy of sectarian rule. The bishop was also a graduate of a sectarian school, and showed how utterly it unfits a man for public business, or for any business requiring sound common sense. He rose in his place, and, understanding that the Secretary of State was about to release the culprit, denounced that officer as recreant to his duty, to the crown, to the church, and to God. He said that the thirty-nine articles were a part of the common law; to doubt them was treason, and to denounce them rank rebellion—first to the crown, second to the church, and third to God. The crown, that is the king; the church, that is the Church of England; and God, last of all. An orator from the school of science and common sense would have inverted this column. He would have said God, the church, and the king. But the sectarian always puts his idol first; his particular creed is above all.

And the noble lords were astonished. They were intelligent. They marveled at the stupidity of the rector, and they laughed at the ludicrous result in his benighted parish. They commended the good sense of the Secretary of State for ordering the release of—at worst—a harmless lunatic. The Marquis of Normanby observed that he had never seen his Satanic majesty, and if such law was to prevail, he should be afraid to appear in that section of England, lest he too should get three months in the common jail. Lord Melbourne, then in the first place in England, said he would have to confess to the same want of actual ocular proof that the thirty-nine articles were true. No doubt the bench of bishops were better informed, and had a more distinct understanding of the matter, for they stuck to these articles of faith with as much tenacity as though they were axioms in mathematics. They had perhaps seen the evil one himself. But for him, he must confess that that pleasure was yet to come. He was simply in the same condition as that poor preacher, and just as liable to arrest and chastisement. The great Duke of Wellington ventured to say that common people should be careful of their words, and by no means question the Christian religion, as established by act of Parliament. But as to this particular matter, he could not think it was an offense not to have seen the spirit of evil. He had been as far down in the dark valley of the shadow of death as most men, had seen evil and strife and death enough to appall the stoutest hearts; but the veritable devil himself had never met his gaze. It might be his misfortune, but he could not regard it as a crime. He thought the poor man should be released.

And so he was. The rector received a kind note from the Home Secretary to the following effect:

The Council desires me to express to you its thanks for your zeal in behalf of religion, as established by act of Parliament. But while we here in London are as rigid in our faith as you, in our wider contact with the world we have learned to respect the rights and the opinions of others, and to take a higher and nobler view of the convictions of others. It is not a crime, by the statutes of England, not to have seen the devil, nor even to assail the whole thirty-nine articles of the church. You must learn to distinguish between the rector and the magistrate. As a pastor of the Church of England we expect you to be strictly orthodox and sectarian. But as a magistrate you must rise superior to creed, to local prejudice, and sectarian bigotry, and administer the law with liberal, impartial, and kindly consideration. You will release your victim. Make him such amends as will make him feel that he has suffered no injury. Take occasion in your discourses to inform your deluded people that their fears are groundless, and these frequent visions of Satan the work of the imagination; and, as you value your commission, avoid the narrow path of the sectarian as soon as you step down from your pulpit. It is the hope and desire of the Council that every gentleman in the Commission of the Peace will divest himself of all bigotry, local prejudice, and sectarian animosity, and rise up into the higher atmosphere of common sense and justice.

And this event was a great educator. It let in light on that poor people. It cleared the air of ghosts, and visions, and hobgoblins. They began to explain, and they soon found that excited and ignorant minds can be persuaded to anything; and that sectarian education is the poorest possible defense against fraud and imposture of any kind.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30, 1880.

K.

A white man was arraigned before a colored justice down in Arkansas the other day, on charges of killing a man and stealing a mule.

"Wall," said the justice, "de facts in dis case shell be weighed wid carefulness, an' if I hangs yer, taint no fault ob mine."

"Judge, you have no jurisdiction, only to examine me."

"Dat sorter work 'longs ter de regular justice, but yer see I've been put on as a special. A special hez de right to make a mouf at Spreme Court ef he chuses ter."

"Do the best for me you can, judge."

"Dat's what I've gwine ter do. I've got two kinds ob law in dis court, de Arkansas an' de Texas law. I generally gins a man de right to chuse fur hissef. Now, what law does yer want, de Texas or de Arkansas?"

"I believe I'll take the Arkansas."

"Wall, den, I'll dismiss yer for stealin' de mule—"

"Thank you, judge."

"And hang yer fur killin' de man—"

"I believe, judge, that I'll take the Texas."

"Wall, den, I'll dismiss yer fur killin' de man—"

"You have a good heart, judge."

"An' hang yer fur stealin' de mule. I'll jis take de 'casion heah ter remark dat de only difference 'tween de two laws iz de way yer state de case."

Spurgeon said in a recent sermon: "The worship of the golden calf is pretty general now. There is too much bowing and cringing before it in all classes of society. No end of dodges are tried to get a scraping of one of the creature's hoofs."

"I defy the lightning to strike me!" said an Indiana man during a thunder shower. Next moment a bolt of heaven's fire danced down the chimney and killed a dog for which he had paid \$25.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS.

Sweeping generalizations are usually regarded as affording presumption of ignorance, and we can only conclude it is because man is profoundly ignorant of women that he is in the habit of making such round assertions concerning them. Few things appertaining to women have been spoken about with more confidence than what are called female friendships—the popular opinion being that they are hollow affairs, and are, as a rule, only a correct name for jealousy and intrigue and disloyalty. Indeed, to name a female friendship is to raise a smile on the face of a person who piques himself on being exceptionally sagacious. We must run the risk of incurring the pity of these superior persons by venturing on the opinion that true, sincere, valuable, and lasting female friendships are by no means rare. No doubt there are plenty of them that are frail, unreal, and very short-lived, just as the number of blossoms that bear no fruit is considerable. Yet the world is not, on that account, one barren fig-tree.

Rousseau shrewdly remarks, in his *Emile*, that the basis of friendship is not similarity of opinion, but similarity of sentiment. Nevertheless, very decided and notorious difference of opinion on subjects of importance will keep people so far apart that they never have a chance of discovering whether their sentiments are alike or not. This fact keeps many men in conditions of antagonism to each other, who, had they known each other earlier, would, in all probability, have become, from kinship of temperament, fast friends. If they become friends from the latter circumstance, before antagonism of mere opinion develops itself, they will probably remain friends after its development, unless one or other happens to be very cantankerous, and not a man of the world.

But the qualification we have felt bound to make with regard to Rousseau's first *dictum* serves to show that the chance of becoming friends from a similarity of sentiment is greater in the case of men, since most women have no opinions at all. In all the great and thrilling subjects of the hour very few of them take a genuine interest, and hardly any of them hold opinions concerning them with the passion, tenacity, and enthusiasm evinced by men. Accordingly, when women of kindred sentiments meet, there is no barrier of hostile opinion to keep them apart. There is nothing to prevent them from falling into each other's arms at once. Moreover, they have a host of trifles upon which they can expend their identity of tastes and feelings; and such friendship as we are speaking of is fed rather by community of feeling on a number of little things than by identity of sentiment on one great matter. Two female friends begin by talking together, sitting very close to each other, and finally still closer. Soon they will talk holding each other's hand. They go out shopping together; and before very long they arrive at such a stage of friendship that they would think it disloyal for either to choose a gown or purchase a bonnet without taking the other into her confidence, or asking her advice. In time, and often in a very short time, neither can do anything without the assent and coöperation of the other; and if they live in the same neighborhood, they are in and out of each other's houses all day long. The proximity of their homes does not render it superfluous for them to go and "stay with" each other every now and then, and, at last, we can only describe them by the words of "Cecilia," in *As You Like It*:

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, ate together,
And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still, we went coupled, and inseparable.

Is this friendship? It is female friendship; and, we submit, it looks like the genuine article. It is surely Nisus and Euryalus in female form, if not quite Goethe and Schiller; and, as long as it lasts, it is a pleasing spectacle. We assert that it often does last a very considerable time; though, no doubt, there comes a moment at which it is imperiled. One of the friends at length excites the amorous propensities of some young swain, and it becomes an interesting question whether she is disposed to reciprocate the tender sentiment she has inspired. Then will it be made apparent whether the friendship is a real or spurious one.

Some persons appear to imagine that one of the offices of friendship is to speak unadulterated truth, however disagreeable, to your friends, to be always telling them of their faults, and warning them of their dangers. We may at once say, we are fully convinced that human nature is so constituted that it will not stand that sort of friendship. There are some things no true friends will say to you, even if they happen to think them; and friendship of the right kind will always put the most disagreeable truths in the least disagreeable form. When a girl is fallen in love with, and returns her lover's fancy, her female friend, if sound at heart, will not hasten to weigh the young fellow's qualities in a nice or exact balance, but will extend to him some of that leniency, and even some of that partiality, of judgment, she would display in his favor if he were her own lover, instead of the lover of her friend. Friendship shown at such a moment is not quickly forgotten; and sympathy from her friend, her particular friend, is what a girl most craves for, when she has once promised herself to a man. She wants some one to whom she can say *everything*, for it is plain she cannot as yet say everything to him.

Many a lover is a little bit annoyed at the female friendship which he thinks interferes with the exercise of his own rights, and the monopoly to which he deems himself entitled. But if he only knew that, when the "two friends" have their heads together, he is the subject of their colloquy, he would not be so foolish, and would away with his misplaced and ridiculous jealousy. If the female friend acts properly on the occasion, and shows herself judicious in her treatment of the other's lover, she probably saves the friendship even after the marriage has taken place. She is the first guest after the honeymoon; and her friendship for wife and husband assumes a permanent character. If she herself shortly becomes engaged, she too has a friend to go to, and a friend peculiarly wise; and she will be more than repaid for her own past amiability. Thus may be laid the foundation of even a quadruple friendship. We are aware that we have been taking a favorable and, perhaps, roseate view of the relation; but it is not an untrue one. There are other views more ill-natured, yet not absolutely false. We have preferred, however, on this occasion, to gaze upon the golden side of the shield.—*London Truth.*

INTAGLIOS.

Only a Line.

Only a line in the paper
That somebody read aloud,
At a table of languid boarders,
To a dull, indifferent crowd.

Market reports and a marriage,
And the reader read them all;
How could he know a hope died then,
And was wrapped in a funeral pall?

Only a line in the paper,
Read in a casual way,
But the glow went out of one young life,
And left it cold and gray—

Colder than bleak December,
Grayer than walls of rock;
The reader paused, and the room grew full
Of laughter and idle talk.

If one slipped off to her chamber
Why, who could dream or know
That one brief line in the paper
Had sent her away with her woe—

Away into lonely sorrow,
To hither and blinding tears?
Only a line in the paper—
But it meant such desolate years.

—Anon.

A Night Thought.

As I hear the hreath of the mother
To the hreath of the child at her feet
Answer in even whispers,
When the night falls heavy and sweet;

And the thought of the other dear ones
Comes down from their cradle above;
'Tis not with the spirit only
Of hope and confident love.

For over each head in the darkness
A hollow-eyed thing hangs near,
And I know that my treasures tremble
On a thread of gossamer.

O life! what art thou that holdest
What is more than life to thee,
By the tenure of thine own hours,
Thine own fragility?

And each breath is a sigh, that nearer
Brings the long farewell to me,
O life! thou shouldst be life truly,
Or else thou shouldst not be.

—F. T. Palgrave.

Decreed.

Into all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some teardrops start,
Whether they fall as a gentle shower,
Or fall like fire from an aching heart.
Into all hearts some sorrow must creep,
Into all souls some doubting come,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep
From the dimpling water to seething foam.

Over all paths some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp thorns spring,
Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds,
Or entering the heart with their bitter sting.
Upon all brows rough winds must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross be lain,
Bowing the form in its lofty height
Down to the dust in its cruel pain.

Into all hands some duty thrust,
Unto all arms some hordens given,
Crushing the heart with its dreary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.
Into all hearts and homes and lives
God's dear sunlight comes streaming down,
Gilding the ruins of life's great plain,
Weaving for all a golden crown.

—M.

In a Box.

I saw them last night in a box at the play—
Old age and young youth side by side;
You might know by the glasses that pointed that way
That they were—a groom and a bride;
And you might have known, too, by the face of the groom,
And the tilt of his head, and the grim
Little smile of his lip, he was proud to presume
That we men were all envying him.

Well, she was superb—an Elaine in the face,
A Godiva in figure and mien,
With the arm and the wrist of a Parian "Grace,"
And the high-lifted brow of a queen;
But I thought, in the splendor of wealth and of pride,
And in all her young beauty might prize,
I should hardly be glad if she sat by my side
With that far-away look in her eyes.

—J. W. Riley.

Just Too Late.

The dusky shadows filled the empty chamber,
And played at bo-peep with them where they stood—
Stood watching how, with each slow-dying ember,
Faded the old time and the ancient good.

Prone down upon the floor they sat; the fire
Cast a rich glow over her bended head;
And to himself, "What bounds to the desire
Tam cari capitis?" he softly said.

"What did you say?" she asked. "Nay, nothing—only
That when you go the world is cold and wide,
And I, I think, will be a little lonely."
Then they both ceased from words, and either sighed.

Out of the darkening corners now, grotesquer
Than e'er before, the shadows peered and peered;
And, one drew near, like some gray-hooded masquer,
Among his gayer fellows shunned and feared.

And, looking at her under furtive eyelids,
He saw her tender mouth droop, and mused there:
"Is it for me? Now if she raise those shy lids
And glance this way, I wonder if I dare?"

O faint and fearful heart! thine hour is over,
Which not for human doubt doth pause or wait:
"What, children! all alone?" Ah, foolish lover,
For life's supremest chances just too late!

THE WINES OF FRANCE.

The New York *Tribune* compiles a pleasant article on French wines and vineyards from a superb illustrated volume by Monsieur Bertall, entitled *La Vigne—Voyage Autour des Vins de France*, recently published at Paris. The author classifies the wines of France in three chief categories—white wines, blue wines, red wines—the French national colors. The white wines, says Monsieur Bertall, are wines of luxury and of exceptional use in ordinary life—from the Chablis and the Saumur, which moisten the oysters and enliven choice dinners, to the grand champagne, which sparkles in the glasses at *diners de fête*, and the grand Sauterne, which diffuses its golden amber radiance on festival occasions. White wines are the wines of the rich. Red wines are the French wines par excellence, the wines of custom and of good taste, those which especially rejoice the heart and the brain, enlarge the mind, and give everything a roseate hue. To them belong the warm and transparent color, and the delicate, elegant, and delicious bouquet. Blue wines are the wines of the poor, of the mechanic and the laborer. They are warm in the stomach, but sharp in the throat; they revive the body and the mind if taken moderately, but if drunk in excess they exasperate the vital forces and destroy the play of thought.

The question as to whether the red wines of Bordeaux or those of Burgundy deserve the first rank is an old one, and is no nearer a settlement than it was a hundred years ago. "Your wines are simple drinks for sick people," say the Burgundians. "Yours are head-splitting beverages," retort the Bordelais. "Ours can travel with impunity," say the first. "Ours improve marvelously with age," declare the second. Most consumers are like the president of a Paris tribunal—a fine epicure after the manner of Brillat-Savarin—who was asked at a dinner party, by the lady of the house, whether he preferred Bordeaux or Burgundy. "Madame," replied the magistrate, in his gravest tones, "this is a case which has occupied me for a long time, and which I am desirous of deciding; but I experience so much pleasure in examining the evidence on both sides that I postpone my decision from week to week."

The finest of the Bordeaux wines is the Chateau Lafitte, and close after it rank the Chateau Margaux and the Chateau Latour. These alone are classed as of the first quality. The second quality includes Larose, Rouzan, Leoville, and a dozen other brands less known in American markets. The third, fourth, and fifth grades in the Bordeaux classification include few names that would be recognized in this country. Probably the wines of these grapes are generally labeled for American consumption with names they have no right to. Below all these grades are three other classes, called, respectively, Bourgeois, Artisan, and Peasant wines. The Chateau Lafitte estate was bought by the Barons Alphonse, Gustave, and Edmond Rothschild in 1868, on the death of the Count Duchatel, for four and a half millions of francs. In ten years' the profits of the wine it produced returned the entire purchase-money to the new owners. The wines vary considerably in excellence and value from year to year. After the sale of the property there was an auction in the cellars of all the accumulated stock. The highest price was paid for twenty-one bottles of the famous Comet wine, so called from the fact that it was produced in 1841—the year of the great comet. It brought one hundred and twenty-one francs a bottle. The great variation in the value of Chateau Lafitte was shown by the sales of the product of recent years—wine of the year 1864 bringing eighteen francs a bottle, while that of 1863 sold for only seven. In good years the vineyards of Chateau Lafitte yield only one hundred and eighty casks of wine. The whole product, save what the Rothschilds reserve for themselves, is sold in bulk to a single wine-merchant, who disposes of most of it to the English nobility. Most of the so-called Chateau Lafitte sold in Europe and America is Bordeaux of the second or third quality, falsely labeled.

The king of all Burgundy wine is the Clos-Vougeot. A little before reaching Dijon [says Monsieur Bertall], the train from Beaune passes on the right a long hill-side bathed in sunlight, of mountainous aspect, but carefully cultivated. Upon its slope stands a huge, bare-looking structure, dominated by two massive square towers.

All at once the countenance of my traveling companion, usually so gay, assumed an appearance of exceptional gravity. He respectfully removed his hat.

"Uncover," said he.

I hastened to imitate him.

"But what for?" I asked.

"Salute the Clos-Vougeot," he replied, with earnestness, "the most precious gift heaven has made to our country."

It was an ancient custom, I learned. When a regiment passes on the road, the colonel orders the drums to beat and the troops to present arms. In fact, too much honor cannot be paid to this exceptional product of the generous soil of Burgundy. *A tout seigneur tout honneur.*

The Clos-Vougeot vineyard contains about one hundred and twenty acres, and gives an annual average yield of fourteen thousand gallons. It is probable, says the author, that at least ten times as much apocryphal Clos-Vougeot wine is sold as genuine. The chateau was built by a brotherhood of Bernardine monks in 1551, and remained in the possession of the order until the revolution, when it was confiscated and sold.

The best French white wine is the Chateau Yquem, the product of a vineyard near Pujols, in the Department of Lot-et-Garonne, the property of the Marquis de Lur-Saluces. Chateau Yquem, called by the people of the Gironde the king of wines and the wine of kings, is not a celebrity of old date. It began to be famous about the close of the last century, and is said to owe its excellence to particular processes in the making, introduced by an ancestor of the present marquis soon after he came into possession of the estate in 1785. Although the vineyards cover nearly five hundred acres, they have never produced more than one hundred and twenty casks of wine in a single year. So it is probable that most of the lovers of Chateau Yquem never tasted the genuine article in all their lives. The price of the new wine at the cellars averages about six thousand francs a cask. A cask of 1847 was sold in 1859 to the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia for twenty thousand francs.



A week of benefits is always uninteresting, notwithstanding the fact that each beneficiary selects that part which he or she thinks to be his or her best. Thus, Bishop very properly plays "Falstaff," since he has always shone his best as a Shakspearean comedian; Jeffreys-Lewis gives "Camille"—partly, perhaps, an experiment—and little Beaudet selects the "Lady of Lyons." She does not seem to have lost the idea of burlesque while abandoning opera bouffe. Does any one ever go to benefits? Time was when they were really rather popular affairs, but, like

"Merciless disaster,

They followed fast and followed faster,"

and came to be a decidedly unpopular form of entertainment. Therefore, the past week has not been one of thrilling interest. But the next? *C'est autre chose*. Neilson opens in *Cymbeline* as "Imogene," whom the commentators declare to be the most charming of the Shakspearean sisterhood. Every one remembers what a beautiful picture she made in her white page's suit in the cave scene, and though her "Juliet" is not a jot worn, perhaps it is good policy to commence with this delightful part. At the Bush Street, the delightful *Pirates* is to be withdrawn, and taken to the country, with Turner, Peakes & Co., and we are to have *Boccaccio*, an opera by the popular author of *Fatinita*, and we are promised a set of most enchanting costumes, and Emelie Melville is to be a boy again; which is very nice, although she seems to speak the truth in *The Royal Middy* when she sighs for a skirt. So we shall have quite a gala week next week in the theatres, and every one who has not gone to the country will be out again, and we shall see the boxes brilliant once more. And oh, how much brighter and better and more prosperous the poor theatres do look with a lot of rich people sitting around in all the glory of their war paint! BETSV B.

Some o'er-charged and sentimental chap indites the following lines in the New York *Tribune* to Adelaide Neilson, the fair creature now at the Baldwin:

A voice that mocks a laughing mountain brook;
A smile as swift as summer swallows fly;
And eyes that drain the beauty of the sky
To fill our hearts with but a single look;
But, lack of lovely words! For if I took
A thousand pages whereupon to try
To paint her perfect, yet my pen were dry;
For "Beauty," only, could adorn the book.
Still may you find her spirit hid in flowers,
Her womanhood in yonder steadfast star,
Her winsome graces in the wandering stream.
And, oh, thou perfect Poet of all hours,
Methinks I hear thee, saying from afar,
"This Rosalind is worthy of my dream."

Neilson disposed of some of her cast-off dresses and jewels in New York previous to her departure for San Francisco. It was her original intention to sell them here at the close of her engagement. Let us see what we missed. The sale of costumes realized \$539, and that of the jewels, \$2,243.50—in all, \$2,785.50. A purple velvet dress with a trimmed skirt and over-dress was bought by a lady for \$12.50. A "Beatrice" dress, pale green gros-grain silk, elaborately trimmed and embroidered in gold, excited considerable competition, and was finally sold for \$47.50. An Indian cashmere dress was most admired, and brought \$65. A handsome blue satin dress trimmed with swans-down, worn by Miss Neilson in the character of "Juliet," was bought by a dealer for \$55. One of the costumes used in playing "Pauline" and "Lady Teazle" was sold for \$29. It was a white gros-grain silk, embroidered with moss rose-buds in silk and silver. A white satin "Juliet" dress brought \$16, and a green satin costume, with a gold-embroidered overdress, \$17. One of the costumes worn by Miss Neilson in the character of "Julia," in *The Hunchback*, brought \$23. The remaining lots sold at prices varying from \$5 to \$10. They included satin dresses, satin fronts, boy costumes, and veils. One of the boy costumes used in playing "Rosalind" went for \$5. The sale of the jewels excited more interest. As each piece of jewelry was offered it was passed through the audience to those desiring to examine it. A colored gold bracelet with a pearl and diamonds brought \$52. Another bracelet, colored gold with one diamond and fifteen pearls, brought \$66. Considerable competition was stirred up over a pair of earrings with two pearls and twenty-two diamonds. The highest bid was \$240. A gold bracelet sold for \$27; a pearl and diamond lace pin for \$35, and an elegant diamond star for \$125. A wide gold bracelet, on which "the word" "souvenir" was inscribed with diamond brilliants, was sold for \$185; a pendant with diamonds, pink coral, and pearls, \$67. A ring with a large oblong sapphire surmounted with diamond brilliants brought the highest sum, \$445. A pair of earrings, large turquoise and twenty-two diamonds, went for \$320—the next highest price—and a bracelet to match for \$210. A magnificent pendant, valued at \$5,000, was offered on condition that a bid of \$2,500 should be received. But as there were no bidders it was withdrawn.

A New Jersey colored man, whose wife had left, said: "She would come back if I frowed her some sugar, but I ain't frowin' no sugar, do you heah?"

A TELEPHONIC CONVERSATION.

As Reported by Mark Twain.

I notice that one can always write best when some one is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's, down-town. I have observed, in many cities, that the sex always shrink from calling up the Central Office themselves. I don't know why, but they do. So I touched the bell, and this talk ensued:

Central Office [gruffly]: "Hello!"
I.: "Is it the Central Office?"
C. O.: "Of course it is. What do you want?"
I.: "Will you switch me on to the Bagley's, please?"
C. O.: "All right. Just keep your ear to the telephone."

Then I heard k-look, k-look, k-look—klook-klook-klook-look! then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping female voice: "Y-e-s?"

[Rising inflection.] "Did you wish to speak to me?" Without answering, I handed the telephone to the applicant and sat down. Then followed the queerest of all the queer things in this world—a conversation with only one end to it. You hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise, or sorrow, or dismay. You can't make head or tail of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following series of observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted—for you can't ever persuade the sex to speak gently into a telephone:

"Yes? Why, how did that happen?"

Pause.

"What did you say?"

Pause.

"Oh, no, I don't think it was."

Pause.

"No, oh, no, I didn't mean that. I meant put it in while it is still boiling—or just before it comes to a boil."

Pause.

"WHAT?"

Pause.

"I turned it over with a back stitch on the salvage edge."

Pause.

"Yes, I like that way, too; but I think it's better to baste it on with Valenciennes, or bombazine, or something of that sort. It gives it such an air—and attracts so much notice."

Pause.

"It's forty-ninth Deuteronomy, sixty-fourth to ninety-seventh, inclusive. I think we ought all to read it often."

Pause.

"Perhaps so; I generally use a hair-pin."

Pause.

"What did you say? [Aside] Children, do be quiet!"

Pause.

"Oh! B flat! Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat!"

Pause.

"Since when?"

Pause.

"Why, I never heard of it."

Pause.

"You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!"

Pause.

"Who did?"

Pause.

"Goodness gracious!"

Pause.

"Well, what is this world coming to? Was it right in church?"

Pause.

"And was her mother there?"

Pause.

"Why, Mrs. Bagley, I should have died of humiliation. What did they do?"

Long pause.

"I can't be perfectly sure, because I haven't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: Te-rolly-loll-loll-loll-loll-loll-loll, O lolly-loll-loll-loll-loll-loll! And then repeat, you know."

Pause.

"Yes, I think it is very sweet—and very solemn and impressive, if you get the andantino and pianissimo right."

Pause.

"Oh, gum-drops, gum-drops! But I never allow them to eat striped candy. And of course they can't till they get their teeth, anyway."

Pause.

"What?"

Pause.

"Oh, not in the least—go right on. He's here writing—it doesn't bother him."

Pause.

"Very well, I'll come if I can. [Aside] Dear me, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she'd—"

Pause.

"Oh, no, not at all. I like to talk—but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs."

Pause.

"Visitors?"

Pause.

"No, we never use butter on them."

Pause.

"Yes, that is a very good way. But all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And he doesn't like them, any way—especially canned."

Pause.

"Oh, I think that is too high for them. We have never paid over fifty cents a bunch."

Pause.

"Must you go? Well, good-bye."

Pause.

"Yes, I think so. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Four o'clock, then—I'll be ready. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Thank you ever so much. Good-bye."

Pause.

"Oh, not at all—just as fresh—Which? Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that. Good-bye."

[Hangs up the telephone, and says: "Oh, it does tire a person's arm so!"]

A man delivers a single, brutal "good-bye," and that is the end of it. No so with the gentle sex. I say it in their praise—they can not abide abruptness. —*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

"Well, that's a woman I pity! Get out of your easy chair;
Look out of the window—that woman in black, with
glory of red-gold hair."
"Why does she carry a primrose cross, and what has
her misery been?"
"She has only lost her child, my lad, and is going to
Kensal Green."

We prate of our little troubles, we men of muscle and
brain;
We curse if our pipes of peace won't draw, and howl
at the wind and rain;
And those of our band who scribble a bit are instantly
down in luck
If they're stabbed in the back by an ignorant fool who
hasn't a grain of pluck.

It's grim to feel you're honest—no doubt, possessing
a soul to save—
When editors bribe some dissolute cad to hound you
as cheat and knave.
"Tis God will winnow the false and true, who knows
what our sins have been,
But think of poor innocent Margaret Gray, who is
walking to Kensal Green."

What is her story? Well, light your pipe, and sit you
down in your chair.
Two chapters: one, it is headed "Of Love," the other
is marked "Despair."
I have seen some joy, but the Park at Knole was never
in spring so gay
As when Margaret Welsh in Sevenoaks Church was
married to Bernard Gray!

"Twas a runaway match in the Weald of Kent that
was blessed by the parson prim;
His life was given to art—the stage, and hers was
given to him;
Never a man have I known so pure, and never a girl
so brave,
As were married that day in Sevenoaks Church,
when the primrose covered the grave!

They talk of love in an empty way; but this was the
crown of life
When Bernard seemed in a dream, and shook at the
touch of his sweet-voiced wife.
Whenever they kiss'd, their eyes for love were brim-
ming with tears of joy,
And the prize of happiness came next spring with the
birth of their baby-boy.

What had they done to deserve God's wrath? In
the old mysterious way
Death stretched his fingers out, and felt for the heart
of Bernard Gray.
Life was too happy for him, poor lad! he'd been
fading for years, they said;
And the mother and child were asleep one night
when Bernard Gray lay dead!

Down like an avalanche swept despair through the
house where love had smiled,
Crushing the innocent mother alone by the side of
her only child—
As you make your bed you must tumble down, is the
rule of our worldly life,
And there wasn't a soul to pity the fate of the des-
tute actor's wife.

For six long years, as I live 'tis true, in the midst of
the city's din
She slaved and starved for her baby-boy, and her soul
was free from sin;
And at last they said for the actor's child they had
found on the stage a part,
So she said: "The gift that an artist gave I will dedi-
cate pure to art."

They took him away from his mother, and her heart
was sick and sore,
Though her baby-boy was the life and soul of *Her
Majesty's Pinafore*.
Whenever the theatre rang with cheers and echoed
with wild delight
A heart in the gallery shook with fear for the fate of
the Midshipmite.

For the boy was odd, old-fashioned, and over-clever,
'twas said;
He was full of the strangest fancies, and complained
of an aching head;
And one day, half in earnest, and possibly half in fun,
He asked, "Who will help us, mother, when the
Pinafore's ceased to run?"

'Twas the close of a heartless winter that changed
to a cheerless spring,
With wind in the east that struck with a chill the
child at the draughty wing,
When the mother found, to her horror, the boy was
too ill to sup,
And he said in his curious manner, "The *Pinafore*
run is up!

"Give me a kiss, my mother, and put me away to bed;
For my limbs they ache; I shiver; I've pains in my
throbbing head.
I feel to-night so weary." And, out of his tene-
feful store,
He murmured the airs, in a childlike way, of *Her
Majesty's Pinafore*.

"Oh, say that you love me, darling!" she whispered,
pale with fears,
But he murmured "Hardly ever," as he kissed away
her tears.
And then, as a nightmare vision the mind of a sleeper
haunts,
He said: "You'll be kind to my cousins, my sisters,
and my aunts."

On the ship that had been his playground he sailed to
his rest at last,
With a cheer for his baby comrades, as he clung to
the yielding mast.
And he moaned out, racked with torture, as the sand
in the hour-glass ran:
"Well, in spite of all temptation, your boy is an Eng-
lishman!"

They buried the little sailor, quite close to his father's
side,
Seven years from the day when in Sevenoaks Church
his mother was made a bride.
So, there's the story of that which is! God knows
what might have been.
And this is the reason why Margaret Gray is walking
to Kensal Green!

—*Clement Scott*.

Did you ever see a pretty girl with a neat waist
basquet?

At the recent Royal Academy banquet Mr. Bret Harte did not make a great impression. Unlike the majority of his countrymen, he is not a fluent speaker. He read his speech, and did not read it well. His head being bent over his manuscript, his voice did not "carry;" except by those near his seat, it was not heard. The toast in reply to which Mr. Bret Harte was called upon to speak was "Science and Literature."

"I presume I am selected to answer to this toast as a native of a country which reads more English books and pays less for them than any other nation. [A laugh.] Certainly, representing as I do a free people—who of their own accord read four volumes of Tennyson to one of Longfellow [a laugh]—I might claim a hearing here. [A laugh.] But I recognize in your kindly greeting the same welcome extended to Hosea Biglow, Hans Breitman, Artemus Ward, and Mark Twain. [Cheers.] I recognize your appreciation of what is said to be distinctive American literature—a literature which laughs with the American skies, and is by turns as surprising and as extravagant as the American weather. [A laugh.] Indeed, I am not certain that these cyclones of American humor that cross the Atlantic are not as providential as the American storms that mitigate the austere monotony of the English climate. [A laugh.] For it has been settled by your reviewers that American literature is American humor, and that this American humor is a kind of laughable impropriety, more or less scantily clothed in words. It has been settled that you are a sober people, and that nobody in America takes life seriously—not even a highwayman—and that our literature is a reflex of our life. But I think that a majority of this Academy are kind enough to recognize some principles of art underlying this characteristic. And I consider that no higher compliment has been paid American humor than that the type of American drawn by your greatest English humorist has been supplanted by types drawn by Lowell, Artemus Ward, and Mark Twain. [Applause.]

How dear to my heart is the school I attended
And how I remember, so distant and dim,
That red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended
And carefully put on the bench under him!
And how I recall the surprise of the master,
When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin
So high that his bullet-head-busted the plaster
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy!
That loud-shouting Billy that sat on a pin!

The *Parisian* tells of a woman who found out a way to prevent wrinkles. She squeezed out the juice from the bulbs of several white lilies, until she had obtained about seventy grammes of liquid, to which she added an equal quantity of the best honey, and thirty-five grammes of pure white melted wax. These substances, being well mixed, formed a pomade, with which she delicately rubbed her face night and morning.

What two words in the English language have brought the most peace, comfort, health, and joy to the homes and firesides of America? "*Hop Bitters*" are these words.—*Ed*.

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THIS SATURDAY MATINEE, June 5th, at 2 o'clock,
Last Performance of
HENRY IV.

This (Saturday) Evening, June 6, Benefit of MISS LOUISE BEADET.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

Mr. James O'Neill as "Claude Melnotte;" Miss Louise Beaudet as "Pauline."

NOTICE.—In consequence of the elaborate preparation necessary for the proper and perfect production of Cymbeline, it has been deemed necessary to close the Theatre on Sunday evening, June 6, for full dress and scenic rehearsal.

MONDAY, June 7
Engagement of
MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON!

Her farewell and final leave-taking of the San Francisco public previous to retiring from the stage. Positively her last appearance in San Francisco.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

In consequence of the enormous expense attending the engagement of Miss Neilson, the prices of admission will be as follows:

Admission to Dress Circle and Orchestra.....\$1 50
Admission to Balcony.....1 00
Reserved Seats.....50 cents extra
Gallery.....50 cents

The Box Sheet, for the sale of seats for Miss Neilson's engagement, will be open every morning 'till nine o'clock.

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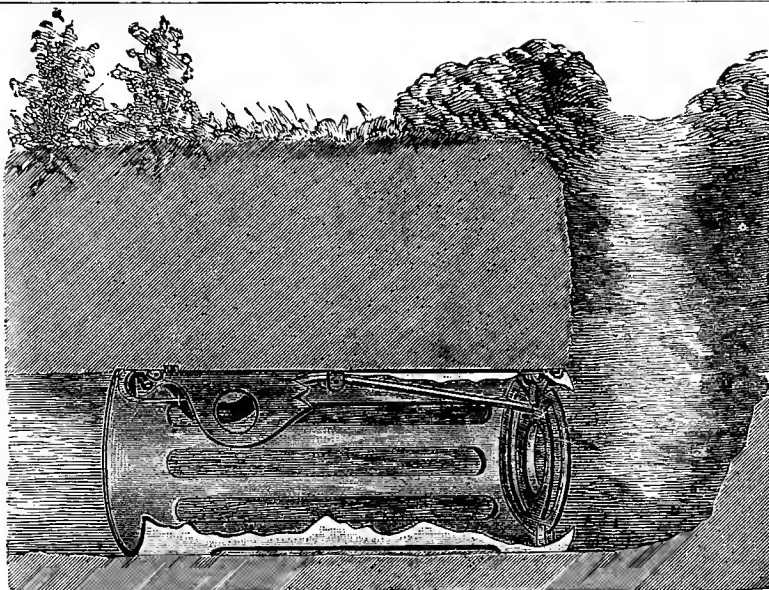
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Push the spring door back until it passes the end of the rod, which it will do only when the back end of the rod is close to the back of the trap; then also push down the front of the rod until the back end rises to the shoulder on the inside of the back door, on which let it rest but very little, that it may be set light, so as to spring easily. Set the trap with spring on top. Steel springs will always break more or less, particularly if small and under water or in damp ground, hence a quantity have been made for free distribution.

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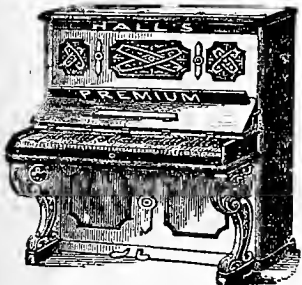
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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the thirtieth (30th) day of April, 1880, an assessment (No. 63) of One Dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth (4th) day of June, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-first (21st) day of June, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.
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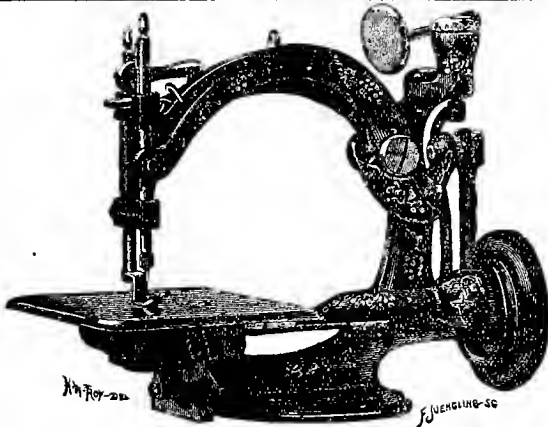
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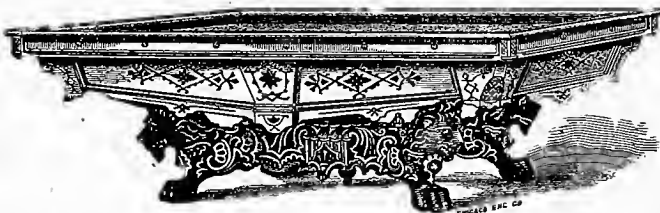
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the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., June 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 16, of Seventy-five (75) cents per share, was declared, payable on SATURDAY, June 12, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary. Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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VOL. VI. NO. 24.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 12, 1880.

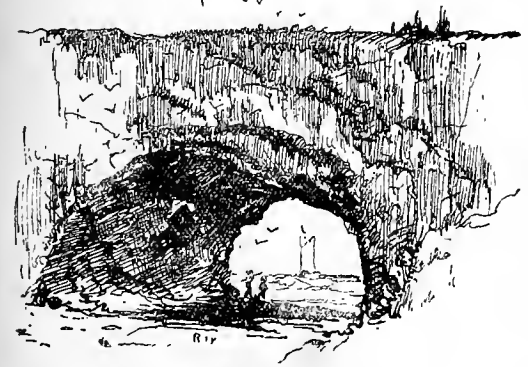
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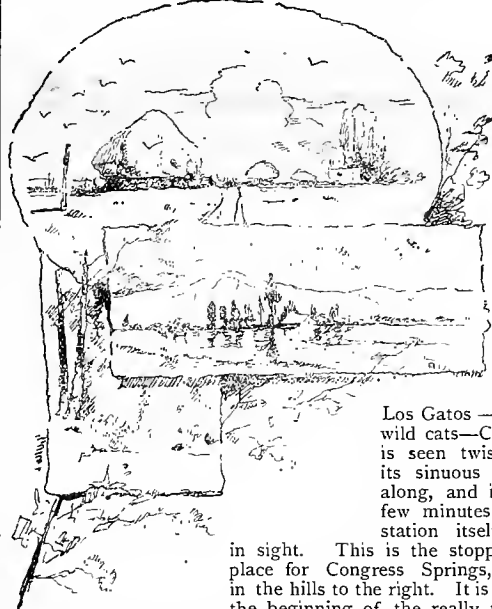
It was a Saturday morning in early June that I stepped aboard the Alameda boat for a run down through the mountains and the fragrant redwoods to Santa Cruz beside the sea. I had been often to the snug little town before. Sometimes by the sea-sick steamer that crawled—oh, so tediously!—down the uninteresting coast; sometimes by the roundabout rail route through the dusty bake-oven valley that ends just beyond Gilroy; sometimes by the San José and Santa Clara stages that climbed lazily up one steep slope of the intervening Coast Range mountains, to slide as leisurely down the other. All these routes involved a whole day of dust, and discomfort, and at times disgust. Now, leaving the city at 8:45, I was to lunch at the Pacific Ocean House in Santa Cruz after less than four hours' ride over one of the most perfect and picturesque little railroads ever built. Truly time works some very considerable wonders—and this narrow-gauge is not of the least. Along its entire length it is a picture. The boat—superb in all its appointments—trails along for a few miles across the bay, and up the Oakland Creek lands at a slip where the compact little train in waiting is promptly off for its destination. Straight ahead, across a bit of marsh, it enters a gap or gateway in the low-lying line of oak trees near the water's edge, and glides swiftly through the Encinal, by the bathing establishments and Schutzen Park, along the most beautiful railroad avenue in the world. Yes, the whole world can safely be challenged for a prettier railroad street than Central Avenue in Alameda—in the spring-time—from Schutzen to and beyond Park



THE NATURAL BRIDGE—SANTA CRUZ.

Street station. Gardens to the right, and the left, and all around; flowers that burst in the bud, and break the stems in their bloom, and fairly fling their fragrance; trees whose close

and dark green foliage, and even growth and height, make a mat between earth and sky that gives the whole peninsula the look of a two-storied lawn; and through all this a long, wide pathway of glistening gravel with double lines of ringing rails. High Street station passed, and we are in the open country, almost at a bound. The drifting oaks, and swirling gardens, and waltzing flower-beds give place to well-tilled fields of tomatoes and potatoes and long rows of spinach and lettuce, wildly mixing themselves up with endless processions of young cabbages and gay caravans of carrot and onion tops. We have passed from the great flower to the great vegetable garden of the city, and the squares and rows and patches of salad green can be seen zigzagging and twirling over the black loam surface, and fading away into the distance of the bay on the right and the rounded hills on the left. Then there is a dash over a few trestles and creeks; and a swift coursing over a good road-bed by San Leandro, Russell's, Mt. Eden, Alvarado, and Hall's—all pretty little stations, with choice bits of hill and bay and plain landscape interspersed between; just such scraps of scenery as the French etchers so love to depict. A few minutes after ten the train pulls up under the covered depot at Newark, the town so extensively laid-out and advertised a few years ago. A splendid situation, and a place that has a future before it yet. From here the cars are off down the valley for San José like gazelles. The track is as straight as a string, as level as a floor, and the drive-wheels on the little engine—as a young Santa Cruz graphically and enthusiastically remarks to his mother—"just go woundy, woundy." Mowry's, Alviso—the old-time landing-place at the lower end of the bay; then Santa Clara, with its broad barley and wheat fields, and acres of strawberries and tree-fringed drives; and, finally, pretty and prosperous San José—the garden city. Here a few minutes' stop, the tumble of trunks and express packages; and then through and across the shaded and sprinkled streets, among the nicely laid-out and tended gardens, the road strikes to the right directly for the hills. It is a narrow iron thoroughfare over the fertile plain, through vineyards and grain-fields, and almond orchards of thousands of graceful trees. Just beyond Lovelady's station



Los Gatos—the wild cats—Creek is seen twisting its sinuous way along, and in a few minutes the station itself is

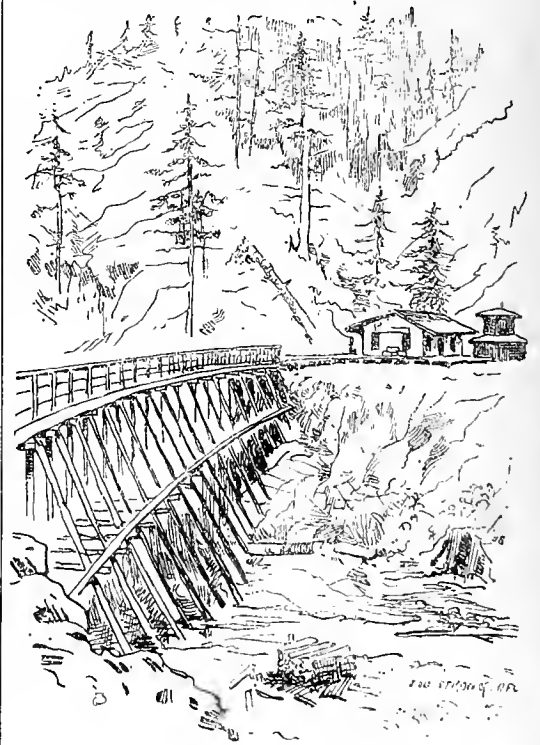
in sight. This is the stopping-place for Congress Springs, up in the hills to the right. It is also the beginning of the really picturesque part of the ride. Here are to be seen the great six-mule freight-schooners with following trail loaded with lime and quicksilver, and one thing and another, from the Guadalupe and New Almaden mines. The hills have been reached. On either hand they round up and away, steep and scraggy with chaparral growth. The only pathway now is beside the bed of the Los Gatos, and, winding as only a narrow-gauge can wind, the road follows the purling water into the very bosom of the mountains. A few miles above Los Gatos there is a truss bridge across the stream, and the rounding of a point of rocks that makes as wild and rugged a picture as one could wish to see. Below the bending bushes fringe the water-way, and above the track the flume of the San José Water Works squirms in and out of the gulches like an immense black snake. Tunnel No. 1 is a hole in an abrupt ridge, through which, however, the sunlight now shines. Beyond the road runs, hugging the banks to the left like a timid child, till it reaches Alma, a station in a bit of a meadow in a spreading of the hills. At this point are petroleum oil tanks and a pipe-line that runs for some miles to an oil gulch to the right of the stream, where there are several pumping wells of a capacity, it is said, to keep supplied with crude petroleum the large refining works now in course of construction at Alameda point. Above Alma there are five miles of scenery that will just make you wild. Abrupt and instantaneous views; delightful ins and outs of the embankment; grassy slopes, and tiny meadows and vistas up and down the stream, where willows wind-whip the limpid

pool, and boulders in froth and foam contest the waters right of way; ravines solid-full of wild blossoming lilacs,



ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL NO. 2.

lavender streaking the mountain-side with fragrant stripes, and an atmosphere so invigorating and healthful that a last-gasp and thoroughly-resigned consumptive would be inspired to knock down and annihilate the incoming undertaker. In fact, way, way up on a hill-top, so far that it was a mere speck, one of the passengers pointed out to me from the rear platform of the train a cabin and a clearing. "There," said he, "lives a woman who only a few months ago was brought down from San Francisco so far gone with the doctors and consumption that she had to be carried. Her hold on life was by the slimmest kind of a thread. She had an idea that if she could get and stay on one of these hill-tops she would live. It was one of those cases where the husband wanted the woman to live. So he bought that place up there, and made the cabin comfortable.



WRIGHT'S STATION AND TRESTLES.

I helped take his wife up from Alma, and I didn't think that even a mountain-top would save her. But I'll be hanged if she isn't out and scratching around in her flower garden up

there to-day, and she is going to live and get well. She says she don't want any more of the city, and is happy and con-

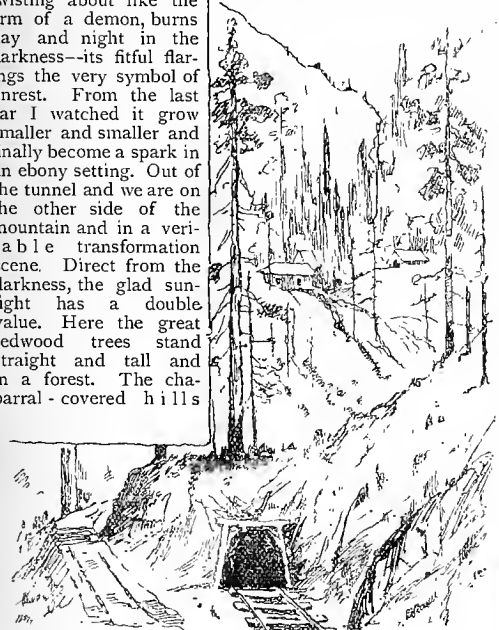
ten minutes, changed for the heavy timber growth, and darker tints, and bracing atmosphere of the Upper Soquel. There

pipe are evidences that they made themselves very comfortable therein. In another part of the grove are shown the remains



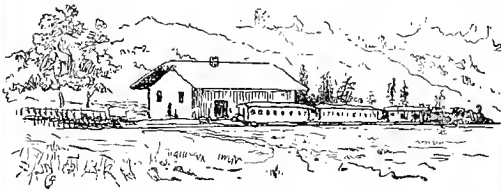
BRIDGE AND ROCK POINT ON LOS GATOS.

tented where she is." The invalid's name was mentioned at the time, but the incident is sufficient to show the quality of the climate. Wright's Station, the next stopping-place beyond Alma, is directly at the mouth of Tunnel No. 2, and the point where the Los Gatos turns away to the left and the bold barrier of the mountain rises. It is rather an interesting place. Wild and rugged gulches here seam the steep slopes, and come down to meet the Los Gatos like the ribs of a great fan. Across the creek there is a long trestle leading to the station, and a grade that connects with the toll-road and Wright's Hotel and the Hotel de Redwoods far up on the mountain top. These isolated places are great resorts for sportsmen, for all over this county there are game and fish in their season in abundance. Just beyond the railroad trestle there is the saw-mill, and the boarding-houses, and the various shanties erected while the tunnel was building, located either beside the stream or peeping out from among the trees. The mouth of this, the longest tunnel on the line—six thousand one hundred and fifty feet, or about a mile and a quarter—is very unpretentious and innocent-looking. Like the diminutive dot on the fair face of the apple, it gives no sign of the great worm-hole of civilization that is boring its uncompromising way through the very heart of nature. The tunnel is heavily timbered throughout, has a slight grade each way for good drainage, and near the centre, where the oil seam was struck, the ever-escaping gas is caught in a receiver; and from an iron pipe a great yellow and red flame, twisting about like the arm of a demon, burns day and night in the darkness—its fitful flarings the very symbol of unrest. From the last car I watched it grow smaller and smaller and finally become a spark in an ebony setting. Out of the tunnel and we are on the other side of the mountain and in a veritable transformation scene. Direct from the darkness, the glad sunlight has a double value. Here the great redwood trees stand straight and tall and in a forest. The chaparral-covered hills



EXIT TUNNEL No. 2.

have been left on the other side of the divide. The delicate shrubbery, and lilacs, and grass-greens, and semi-tropical climate of the Los Gatos are, in less than



LOS GATOS STATION.

is a smell of the sea and the savor of salt in the air. Beside the tunnel's portal are ruins of a Chinese town; two cabins are stuck on the steep hill-side above the opening; and beside the track the stream once more, running now, however, toward the western horizon. At Christmas Gulch—so named by the surveyors in honor of their Christmas dinner—there is a Chinese camp that for picturesque arrangement and beauty of situation could not be surpassed. It is located on two sides of a triangular gulch, through the apex of which tumbles a mountain spring in a succession of clear cool pools. The tents are pitched directly into the steep hill-side, facing out, with a broad terraced walk running in front of them all, and crossing the stream at the intersection on a bridge of logs. The high embankment of the railroad forms the base of the triangle, and the enclosed area is a wild tangle of underbrush, through which the streamlet filters. Here the celestial, who are employed as wood-choppers and on the construction trains, eat and sleep and wrestle with each other in the long twilight evenings at dominoes and tan, with not the least appreciation of the beauty of their surroundings. Beyond this camp there is a primitive-looking saw-mill; and then, one and a half miles from the last underground exit, the locomotive whistles for Tunnel No. 3. This is constructed in the same manner as No. 2, is five thousand eight hundred feet long—over a mile—and penetrates the divide that separates Soquel and Bean Creeks. The run is now down the course of the latter stream, through the virgin forest to Glenwood, a station in a bit of a meadow. Here connection is made by wagon with the Magnetic Springs. Thence the road winds away among the trees again, by Dougherty's Mills, where great redwood



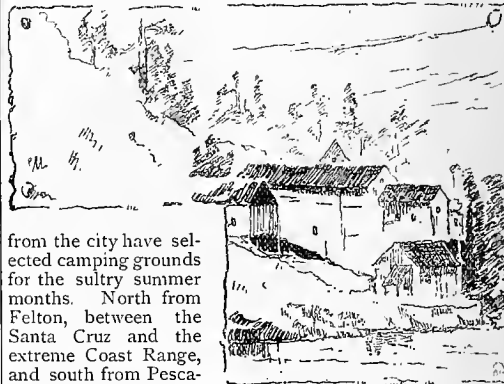
NATURAL DEPOT—BIG TREE GROVE.

logs are scattered about on the hill-sides like jackstraws, and piles of wood are corded up in every direction, through Tunnel No. 4—nine hundred and ten feet in length—to the waters of the beautiful murmuring little Zianthe; thence through ferns and redwood fragrance to Felton, the San Lorenzo, and the famous Big Tree Grove. Here the railroad has really something to brag of—a natural depot. An aisle between great stalwart redwood stems, whose tops look disdainfully down on the threads of steel, and the toy engine, and the pigmy passengers. But they shade from the sun all the same, and are dignified enough to be admired. In this grove there are eighty-five big trees, with a hundred or two in lower grades. The "San Lorenzo Giant," the big fellow who wears a great corset of cards from time to time to him by visitors, in height, with a more of a top—in a storm some is 62 feet in circumference 2 feet is 20 feet 8 inches, and the straight shin his first limb. House tree, as it feet high, 49 feet in circumference, and by an was burned hol-early days. The room 16 feet by high, and closely fifty people. known to have as early as 1835, 1846 Fremont, from San José to Santa Cruz and Monterey, occupied it with his twenty-five men. Subsequently he built a cabin near the grove, remains of which are still to be seen. For years this tree was used as a dwelling by a man and his wife, and the square window-hole and place chopped through for a stove-



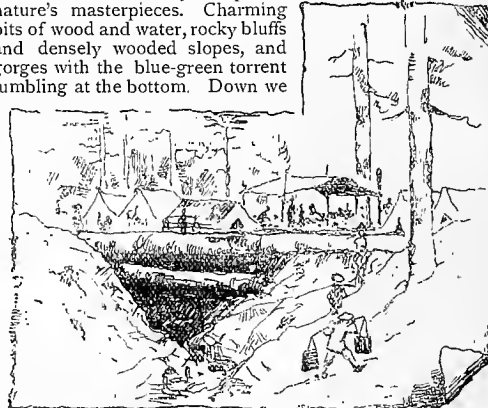
SAN LORENZO CANYON.

a beautiful state of decay, the whole arrangement of the works can be plainly seen. Another attraction is the stump of a fallen giant that must have been forty feet in diameter, and in the main grove are burned-out trees that have a history and an interest. At this grove, or station, there is a hotel, and the place is fitted up with all the conveniences of a pleasure-ground. It is a very pleasant spot to spend a summer afternoon, or join in a picnic, or caper about in a moonlight dance. Everything is sweet-smelling, fresh, and free. All about the great grove is pretty, too. At one side flows along the San Lorenzo, and across it a rustic foot-bridge leads to points commanding beautiful views up and down the stream. A mile or so above is Felton with its flumes, and tramways, and lumber industry. In this neighborhood many parties



OLD BUILDINGS AT WRIGHT'S.

from the city have selected camping grounds for the sultry summer months. North from Felton, between the Santa Cruz and the extreme Coast Range, and south from Pescadero, there is a vast unexplored tract of thousands and thousands of acres, called the Great Basin, a sombre solitude watered by streams that run down into the sea through an impassable gulch. In this wilderness there are to be found all species of game—bear, and deer, and raccoon, and wild-cats, and the streams are filled with fish. But back to the narrow-gauge. From the Big Tree grove, the route is now down the famous cañon of the San Lorenzo. We cross the river by a truss bridge, and along a curving trestle among the trees the train takes the right-hand bank for the run into town. We are but eight miles from it and the sea; but eight such miles as I never saw from a railroad train before. It is down grade all the way, and as the last car slides around the curves a series of pictures present themselves, any one of which would be worthy of a place on the line in the salon of nature's masterpieces. Charming bits of wood and water, rocky bluffs and densely wooded slopes, and gorges with the blue-green torrent tumbling at the bottom. Down we



CHINESE CAMP—CHRISTMAS GULCH.

go through the short tunnels, Nos. 5, 6, and 7, and the powder works are seen in the flat to the left, with the white house of the superintendent perched high on the opposite bluff; and then over the mesa or plain where the cañon ends we catch a first

and a grand view of the Long Branch of the Pacific, the blue, the beautiful bay of Monterey beyond; and while we marvel, and rhapsodize, and try to take it all in, there is a warning whistle for the eighth and last tunnel, of nine hundred feet directly through the loins of the town, and when again the light succeeds the darkness we are right at the depot, and in the very heart of Santa Cruz beside the sea. And how much more comfortable the trip has been than those of the past, when the journey had to be made by stage or steamer—both reaching the city late in the afternoon. As now provided with traveling facilities by the enterprise of the projectors of the South Pacific Coast Railroad, Santa Cruz is one of the best served and most accessible cities in the State. It has, as it were, a line all its own. You can leave San Francisco any day at 8:45 A. M., reaching Santa Cruz at 12:35 P. M., giving you the whole afternoon. At 3:30 P. M. another train leaves, reaching Santa Cruz at 7:20 P. M.; and Saturdays at 4:30 P. M.—long after business hours—you can take a late train, that will whirl you in the cool of the afternoon, and through the sunset and the twilight, and set you down beside the sea at twenty-five minutes past eight o'clock. From Santa Cruz you can leave on Mondays as early as 4:30 A. M., reaching the city at 8:50 A. M.; and on other week days at 6:03 A. M., and 2:37 P. M.; reaching the Market Street ferry-landing at 9:50 A. M. and 6:35 P. M., respectively. Sundays a train leaves San Francisco at 7:40 A. M., reaching Santa Cruz at 11:45 A. M., admitting of a few hours' stop at



A CONSTRUCTION GANG.

that we have for the nonce run away from. In the early evening all the places of business are gay; there is a flood of gas-



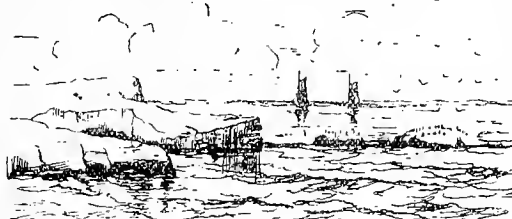
TRAIN No. 9—CONDUCTOR—BRAKEMAN—BAGGAGE—WELLS FARGO

light, and crowds on the sidewalks. The stores have prettily-arranged windows, and neat-looking shelves, and tasty displays of goods; and more than all this, the people are cheerful-looking, good-natured, and obliging. And this year they have really been enterprising, too. Determined not to be left in the lurch by their rival, Monterey, they have exerted themselves in the matter of improvements. One hotel has been remodeled and renovated, another has been enlarged, and the private boarding-houses have added to and improved their accommodations. Pacific Avenue has been macadamized its entire length; side streets have been smoothed for carriage-wheels; open and commodious street cars have been built for the beach lines; and, best of all, a new and superb drive—the Cliff Road—has been opened along the ocean bluff, around by the light-house point.



A REWOOD AISLE.

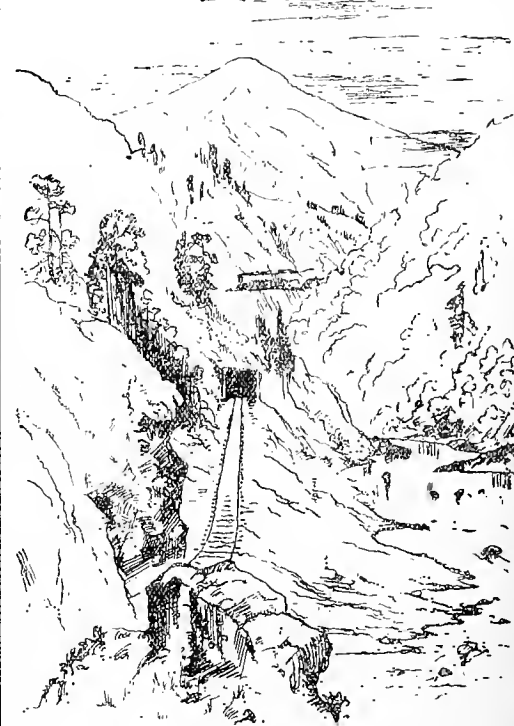
is of itself a recreation and a rest. Here, sitting in a phaeton, or reclining on the cliff sward—which, by the short-stemmed yellow daisies, appears to be upholstered with buttons of gold—one can see the great swell of the Pacific come in, lifting the beds of kelp and the mats of sea-moss, and either shaking itself into shreds and showers of spray, or else sobbing its very soul away in the little echoing caves. It all depends upon the mood of the salted waters as to its motion. Sometimes, though the day be clear, the white horses charge with a roar, and against the rocks get up the greatest kind of a boom for themselves. Then again, the rollers are good-natured and peacefully inclined, and lounge and loaf themselves out of existence, and croon soft little lullabies, and at night swing themselves in the moonlight like ribs of molten silver. Again, under the white shroud of the fog, they are petulant and sad, and moan with a voice born probably of some far away distress "deep in the bosom of the ocean buried." Still again, when the winds are abroad, and gales are on the war-path, and there is trouble and disturbance on the outside water waste, the waves, loosening the strings of their temper, lash the resisting shore with the besom of destruction and the venom of the storm. Then the whole coast trembles with the cannonading and concussion of the liquid great guns. The caves boom, and the great outlying beaches drip and roar, and the isolated rocks, where the sea-birds generally roost, are tufts of foam. Along the Cliff Road there is the shaking of a great curtain of



ROCKS OFF LIGHT HOUSE POINT.

spray that is broken just off the light-house, to reappear again at the rock point at the mouth of the San Lorenzo; thence by the points at Aptos and Soquel; then like a fleecy roll of cotton fading away down the scimitar edge of the bay. It is really fascinating to see old ocean in a tantrum. It reminds somewhat of the human disposition—now calm, passive, insinuating, attractive, and altogether lovely; then cold, repellant, uncompromising, aggressive, destructive, damnable—like people we have known. It is a splendid study. To those of you who go down to the sea for solitude, and who like to be alone with your own thoughts, and go wildly insane with your own imaginations, I cordially recommend this place for meditation. Here, with a book, in a sunny nook in the shelving rocks, you can think all the things possible to stimulated—not over-stimulated—thought. Here the weary can sigh, and the lover lie. Here you can put to yourself fairly and squarely the question: "Is life worth living?" and if it isn't, it is a splendid place to commit suicide. But even if not morbidly inclined, there is plenty to interest. The coast formation is a very light sandstone, and the constant chafe of the waters has worn it into every conceivable shape. The shore outline looks like a great comb. In the cliffs are all manner and sizes of caves, that can be explored at low tide. One of the largest runs entirely

under the Cliff Road and out into a neighboring plain. Another crops out near the drive, with a blow-hole that sends

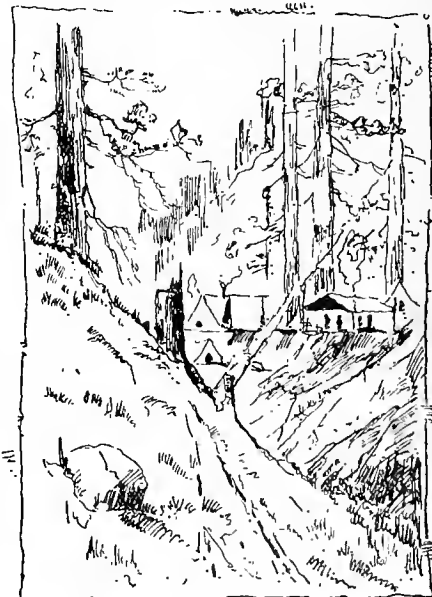


TUNNEL NO. 1, AND SCENE ON LOS GATOS.

aloft, when a strong swell rolls in, a stream exactly like that from the head of a spouting whale. There are pockets and seams and boom-holes everywhere. Further up the coast is Moore's beach, with arches to be seen at low tide, and natural aquariums, and all manner of curious inroads in the strata made by the sea. Still further along is the Natural Bridge—shown in first page sketch—and to which point it is, I believe, the intention to extend the road as soon as funds and the right of way can be obtained. When this is done, it will be an ocean drive that the people of Santa Cruz can refer to with pardonable pride, and one that for healthful atmosphere and varied interest, beauty, and extent of view can not easily be duplicated. Another improvement that ought to be made in the way of drives is the opening of what some call the Pogonip road, leading from Cowles by the limekilns, and along the crest of a beautiful ridge to a point on the Big Tree grade, just above the powder mills. At present it is a private way, and permission must be obtained to travel it. But some arrangement should at once be made to do away with its gates, make it public, and put it in condition. For it is as necessary to the bringing out of the beauty of the town and its surroundings as the Cliff Road to the enjoyment of the ocean shore. It is one of the prettiest short drives imaginable. Direct from the upper plateau of the town an easy grade takes you to the top of a ridge from which the flash and sheen of the ocean can be seen for miles and miles; then with gentle curvings, with a pretty wooded slope to the left, and a broad and generous and cultivated



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CHINESE CAMP ON ZIANTE.

plain to the right, you encompass the valley and wind up into the cañon of the San Lorenzo. You can see everything in



DOUGHERTY'S MILLS.

Santa Cruz or the big trees, and a return to the city for dinner. The late train Saturday night gives all day Sunday in Santa Cruz, and the Monday morning train will get you back here in ample time for business. As to the cost of the trip, the excursion rates are exceedingly reasonable. Tickets, good until the following Monday, are sold from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, for:

Santa Clara and return.....	\$2 50
San José and return.....	2 50
Los Gatos and return.....	3 25
Congress Springs and return, including stage.....	4 25
Alma and return.....	3 50
Wright's and return.....	4 00
Glenwood and return.....	4 25
Felton or Big Trees and return.....	4 50
Santa Cruz and return.....	5 00

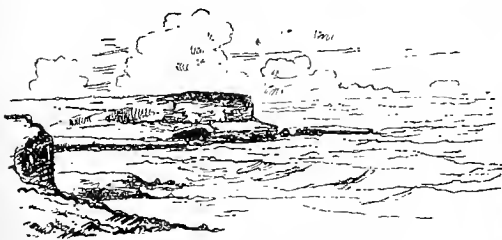
From Santa Cruz, Aptos, and Soquel, and the Capitola camping-grounds, can be reached by rail quicker and cheaper and more comfortably than by any other route. So much for the new narrow-gauge, and its picturesque beauties, and its facilities for travel, and many recommendations for a pleasure trip. Now for Santa Cruz itself. For five successive seasons I have visited the town, and with its other summer visitors enjoyed the beauty of its surroundings, the invigoration of its sea baths, and the inspiration of its incom-



THE OCEAN SHORE—CLIFF ROAD.

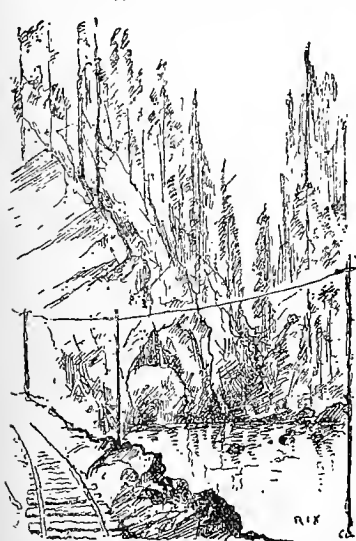
parable atmosphere. I have been pleased to see it improve and prosper year by year; for it is such a cheery little place. Just enough bustle on its main street to remind of the city

about Santa Cruz—the houses in and among the trees, the bridges across the winding and willow-fringed stream, outlying farms and gardens and orchards, and fields of hay



POINT OF ROCKS—CLIFF ROAD.

and grain, and, just beyond the projecting point on which the reservoir is located and nestled at the base of the ridge, a little cemetery, with the white slabs and marble monuments

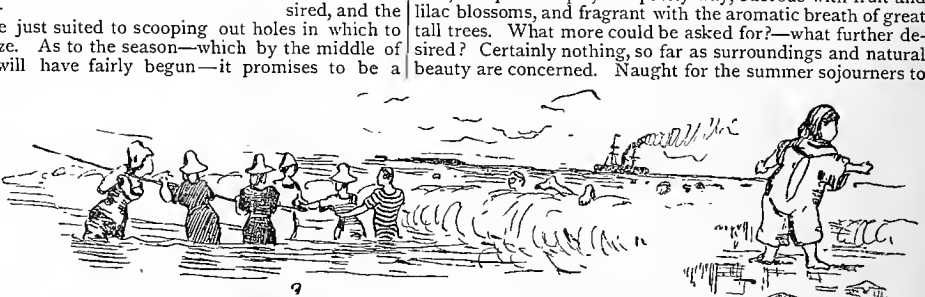


VIEW ON UPPER SAN LORENZO.

showing here and there through the natural forest trees. Far away to the right, and across the broad expanse of bay, the Monterey line can be distinctly seen, with the range of hills running down to the Point of Pines. Straight to the south and east is the gap of the fertile valley of the Salinas, smoky in its great distance; while inland, to the left, the peaks of the Santa Cruz Range rise with ruffles of fog toying with the distant tree-tops, and shifting and drifting themselves into absolute nothingness. And then the sunsets! Viewed from this road, or from Graham Hill, or points still further up the cañon, they are as nothing that you have ever seen before. If the day has been a bit smoky, and the sea-breeze is not too strong, the conditions are especially favorable. First, tints of purple and hues of amethyst begin to tinge the horizon as hints of the glory blaze. Then there is a gradual blending and deepening of shades, a mighty mixing of all the ingredients of the atmospheric color-tubes on the great, broad palette of the ocean by the Master's hand; and then, when the canvas of earth, and ocean, and fretted sky are illuminated by the perfect work, the sun, shorn of his rays and shaped like a great golden orange, dips suddenly out of sight—literally rocked to his diurnal sleep in the cradle of the deep—then the twilight, and the cool, comfortable evening, and the night, in which there is a bonanza of sweet and refreshing sleep. The morning succeeds the night, and its early hours bring new attractions. Then there is a tingle in the air, especially if you are in the saddle, as you

ing skin, whence it is immediately telegraphed to the interior. It is health, and health is bodily wealth; and with wealth of this descriptive richer than kings. It is exercise of tion that tite of a spe-nishes its own lays up treas-the lower ribs. ally comfort-a buoyant clined to palm to the beach. It is is none of ous and undertow that where, and not so strong can be buffet-and children stant clinging For expert deep water in hood of the could be de-soft sands are just suited to scooping out holes in which to sun and snooze. As to the season—which by the middle of this month will have fairly begun—it promises to be a

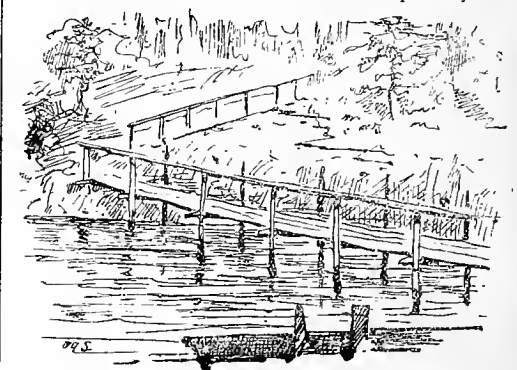
FREMONT'S CABIN—BIG TREES.



what is to be done with the crowds that will on Saturdays and Sundays seek the pleasures that this sanitarium grants. Last year, during Fourth-of-July week the town was so overflowing full that hundreds walked the streets all night, and there was a lively skirmish for something to eat. This year greater accommodations will be provided—but greater attractions will be offered. Santa Cruz boasts the fastest and best mile track in the State, and I understand that stock is being shipped there for running races all through the summer months. The fact, too, that the railroad ride alone is worth the whole cost of the trip will bring thousands. So I see, but one thing for the town to do, and that is to build a hotel as large and attractive as the swell affair across the bay. Santa Cruz is bound to be to San Francisco what Coney Island and Brighton beaches are to New York. All that is wanted to accomplish it is a little nerve, a great deal of public spirit and enthusiasm, and—a big pile of money. Everything costs, however, and enterprises of this kind can not be handled in a retail or conservative way. What has been done in other places can be done by Santa Cruz for

half the outlay. For right at hand she has lime and lumber, with which to build; mountain streams and gushing springs, with which to water; and dairies and farms and fisheries, with which to feed. So if the town, in the race of watering-places, ever takes or accepts a secondary position, it will not be for lack of natural advantages to more than hold its own in any rivalry. For nature has certainly endowed it with

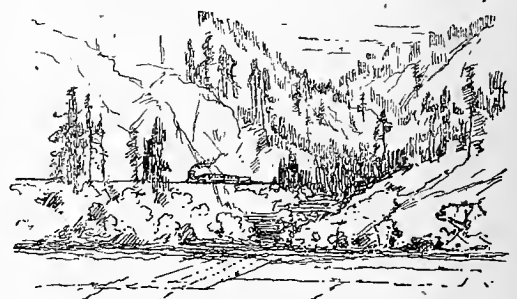
and bridle paths in the cañons, glens and groves in the hills, and gorges in the mountains. It has an iron pathway to it



FOOT-BRIDGE OVER SAN LORENZO—BIG TREE GROVE.

from the teeming city that is a ninety-mile panorama—a cool, and picturesque, and pretty way, odorously with fruit and lilac blossoms, and fragrant with the aromatic breath of great tall trees. What more could be asked for?—what further desired? Certainly nothing, so far as surroundings and natural beauty are concerned. Naught for the summer sojourners to

clamor for but those creature comforts for which, as a rule, they are always willing to pay—clean beds, towels, table-cloths, and napkins; plenty of well-cooked, wholesome food; fresh milk, fresh butter, and tranquillity. Given these, and there will flock to this accessible haven such a migration of the toilers in the great town as has never before been possible. Men who have been treading in the mill till the thing has all but ground them to death; women who, for want of freedom and exercise, have been fattened and rounded out of all sym-



LOWER SAN LORENZO CANYON.

metry and shape; young men and maidens seeking that opportunity for flirtation which their limited, and perhaps orthodox, home circle does not grant; widows in weeds, and old maids with memories to hold, and tongues to amplify and tell, all the stored-up gossip of city society segregated during the year; clerks and book-keepers and brokers' boys, and the indiscriminate throng, will, with the saved-up ducats of a wise economy, and a general shake of the cares and the scenes that generally environ them, all go down in the



THE BATHING BEACH—SANTA CRUZ.

ought to be. Then the gardens are their gayest, and the rose-bushes are bouquets, and the climbing vines thrill in every tendril. But I forget the bathing. Great as are all the other attractions of the place, there is nothing so thoroughly satisfying as the sensation of the salt water when you take a header through one of the lounging rollers on the bathing-beach. It is a delight that is participated in by every nerve and fibre that comes in contact with the outly-

a liberal hand. It has a climate that is not only a tonic, but so tropical in its quality that it fairly smothers the gardens with flowers, grows flaming hedges of geraniums, shades with trees, bends low the boughs of the orchards, and stacks up the bearded barley and the heavy-headed wheat. It has ocean drives, and sounding caves, and pebble beaches, and shifting sands, and sea mosses as delicate and full of color as the loosened snood of a mermaid's hair. It has drives,

little narrow-gauge cars to the sundown sea, and there, among the scenes that we have so superficially and imperfectly described, and in the full and complete enjoyment of the situation, they will—if they have any appreciation or style about them—fervently and earnestly and honestly thank God that they are alive. For, as a Mills Seminary girl would naively and pathetically put it, it's "an awfully awful interesting" condition to be in sometimes.

F. M. S.

IDEALLY UNATTAINABLE.

I am introspective. I am also intuitional and prehensive, knowing beforehand what is likely to take place; I dislike and can not tolerate subsequent persons who never know a thing till after it happens. Why is anybody subsequent? It would save a world of trouble if everybody were precursory, prehensive, prefatory, and foregoing, for then a great many unnecessary things that we do would be omitted, and all lives, all stories, and all histories would come right down to the naked, necessary facts, and be completed painlessly and to just as good a purpose. I take it—take what?—that in a story, the purpose of which is to develop characters, description of nature and her doings is out of place. You have a villain to work up; nature, you say, has made him tall and dark, or short, florid, and fat; what has that to do with his character? Two lovers meet—moonlight, stars like loving eyes looking down; lovers gazing into each other's eyes, clasping hands, laligagging—that is a pure Greek word, from *lalein*, to talk lightly and soft, and *agein*, to do. What of it? Souls, and it is in souls that love exists, and souls that you are after—they don't need hands and arms soft and white, do they? Oh, go to work and describe your characters and have done with it. It is men and women that interest us, not rain pouring in torrents, or the young summer lying panting and athirst in the bosom of the dale. Here my maid—my middle-aged widow—what is a whole-aged widow?—came in and said there was a gentleman in the parlor who would like to see me.

"Tell him that I will be down directly," said I, glancing at his card, on which was written "John P. H. Cassowary." So I ran lightly down stairs, humming a tune with a purpose, or I wouldn't have said that I hummed a tune at all. As I entered the room John P. H. Cassowary rose, and, bowing profoundly, said:

"Miss Agnes Maskelyne, I believe." I inclined my head gracefully, and said that I was she.

"And do I then behold at last her whom I have so long loved in silence; whom I have never seen before; whom I have never even heard of—yet whom I have loved passionately, aye, devotedly, for the last three months and twenty-seven days, not to speak of the odd hours!"

"Perhaps you do," said I; "I don't know. Sit down and tell me all about it. Perhaps you may be the gentleman to whom, though unknown and unheard of, all my spirit in its maiden freshness has been clinging wildly for about four months and a little over." We both sank into chairs.

There is no description or roundaboutness in this writing you will observe. It is all pure character and characterization. Souls, souls, dichotomy, *und die Ausklärung der Ewigkeit des Unbewussten doch Wahren*. Oh, often have I said that I would devote my life to one long worship of the genius of Goethe—when I find time, I shall do so.

As I have said, we both sank into chairs. Now, I am lean and lank and brown—no, not brown, but blonde—as is the ribbed sea sand. Mr. Burne-Jones would like me, and so would Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. When I sink into a chair it is to some purpose. I don't tumble down, like an avalanche into a Swiss valley, but I fade away and blend my nature with that of the chair; so that when I am fairly seated one can hardly tell which is chair and which is I, except for the fact that I lend length and a certain tenuity to the general appearance, giving it a spidery outline which is beautiful and graceful almost beyond toleration. Having blended myself with the chair, I put my eye-glasses on, and reiterated:

"Now, tell me all about it."

Mr. Cassowary gazed upon me with his soul in his eyes. "Yes," said he, "I feel that you are she whom I have now been seeking for the long length of time which I have mentioned. And you—how is it possible that so far-removed a being, one whose thoughts are as gossamer as the web the spider weaves his way along; you, all whose intuitions are of the most charmingly vague nature; you whose soul is as limpid as a lake lying in the sunlight—how, I say, is it possible that you should ever happen to think of me?"

"You do not answer my question," I replied, "but in the long run that is neither here nor there. As I have sat in the solitude of my chamber in the evening after pa has gone out, I have often, I presume, thought of you, for, unless I am greatly mistaken, you are the creature of my dreams. It matters not what business you may be in or who are your backers. If, as I take for granted, you are he for whom I have longed at the midnight hour—why, that is all I want."

"Ah!" said he, burying his face in his handkerchief. "Ah! who can tell! Because I have sighed for and dreamed of you, and because now at last I have met you, who shall say that you are the being that I was after? Are you unattainable, for instance?"

"I do not know," said I. "Sometimes it seems to me that I am unattainable, and again I have my doubts." Of course, I feel all those Heine fantasies that most girls feel, and dream my vague dreams, but did it never occur to you, who have known and loved so long the quality of woman that I am, that perhaps after all I am an unusually playful bubble on the ocean of existence? I am and I am not. 'Tis the old story. What do you make of it, anyhow?"

"Now I, for instance," replied Mr. Cassowary, "am a practical person, and have long been in search of the ideal. You, my pet, my pride, my only joy, are one of the women whom I take to be unattainable, and hence is my interest in you. Do I love you? Of course I do. Now, to use the common expression, will you love me? I ask you, as a mere question of curiosity, will you be mine?"

"Well," said I, "that depends altogether upon whether or not you are acquainted with some higher thoughts. I do not care for you personally, but I thought that perhaps you were my ideal. What do you know, think, and feel?"

Poor fellow! I felt sorry for him. When thus put to his trumps, what do you think he said? He murmured something about a *lost ideal*; and when I explained to him that if I were really unattainable I was lost to him, he flopped right over and began to reverse the picture upon me, saying that I had avowed that he was the unattainable. Presently, of course, I grew disgusted with him, and to this very day—would you believe it?—we remain unattainable to each other.

I am growing old and my hair is falling out, but still I dream of that young man who might have been mine if, unfortunately, we had not both been dreaming dreams.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Prayer of a pious Italian who is playing 4—11—44 in the lottery of the morrow:

"Kind heaven, grant that I may win the capital prize, and I solemnly vow that I will give half of it to the poor. But, if you have any doubts of my honesty, distribute to the poor their half yourself and give me the second prize."

In the morning by the bright light the careful housewife discovers that a great majority of the contents of a keg of cognac deposited in a pantry has leaked out upon the floor.

"Justine," she says, with some severity, to the *bonne*, "your room is right alongside of the pantry. You must surely have heard the brandy dropping during the night?"

"Yes'm; but I thought it was only the vinegar!"

The finesses of the tongue French:

The uncle Thomas to his nephew, young gummy, who burns to make one end.

"See we, which loveth thou the better—of Alice Durand, who is pretty but poor, or of Jane Dumont, who is ugly but rich?"

The gummy, with a sigh:

"I love better Alice, but I prefer Jane."

On learning that the undertakers of Avignon have struck, Calino exclaims:

"What I must advise the people of Avignon to do would be to do no more dying until the strikers give in. Just let them hold out a few weeks and they'll bring the undertakers to their senses."

"Why is it you never go to see old Drinkhard any more?"

"Oh, the road home is so abominably long."

"It isn't any longer than the road there."

"Oh, but it is; the road there is straight, coming home it is crooked—n'a ram's horn."

A worthy banker has separated from his wife, who is recklessly extravagant. Presently he falls ill and she sends to inquire after his health.

The maid is ushered into the dying man's chamber, and begins her message: "My mistress has sent me to ask—" "For how much?" says the dying man, with a sigh.

An honest peasant presents himself at an employment agency in search of work.

"Any children?" says the employer.

"Two, monsieur."

"Minors?"

"Not yet, monsieur; they are not old enough, but they drive the coal-wagons down in the levels."

A lady was speaking of a one-time admirer of hers whom at the present she does not admire at all.

"Don't mention him to me," she cries; "I have no patience with him. He has such a sinister look—the face of a—" "

"Of a convict—so I have always thought."

"Oh, no; I would not be so unjust as that. Of an ex-convict, let us say."

In a capital case before the criminal court the counsel for the defense desires to call two witnesses not yet subpoenaed.

"Does my learned brother think," says the court, "that they can help us to ascertain the truth?"

"Oh, certainly; I'm sure of it, in fact," cries the counsel; "I haven't had any communication with them whatever."

Amateur criticism at the salon:

"Ah! how faithful a likeness this portrait of my father is! What a pity it shows but one side of the face."

"Ah, how beautiful painting is. Am I not right to always tell papa I would much rather learn painting than drawing?"

"In this portrait there is a purity of lines, a savoury of tones that reminds one of Horace Vernet's battle-fields."

General B. not long ago was invited to address the pupils of a military school. Said he to them:

"At school nothing ever conquered me—neither geography, neither history, geometry, or topography; and I have become a general of the highest rank in the army. And that shows what awaits you all, if you work well!"

A speculator says to his fond bride:

"Good-bye, sweet love, till dinner time. If stocks go up you shall have that coronet of diamonds."

"And if they go down?"

"Then we will borrow five francs of your brother."

A workman who asked a large manufacturer for employment, said pitifully:

"Monsieur, I have fourteen children."

The manufacturer, who is a political economist, shrugged his shoulders, and answered:

"In your situation it is absurd to have so many."

This remark was heard by the manufacturer's son, a boy of eight years. Several days later he was walking with his father, when a poor little girl begged charity of them, saying:

"I have eleven little brothers and sisters."

The boy gave her a sou, but, moved by ideas of political economy, said:

"In your situation how dare you have so many as that?"

A lawyer meets one fine evening the judge who that morning had ruled against him and made him lose a case, and can not restrain himself from addressing to the magistrate sundry discreet reproaches.

"You are right," says the judge. "Just after my ruling I suddenly reflected that the decision of the court of appeals was not in favor of the plaintiff, but against him. However, with a warm squeeze of the hand, 'don't let any one know about it; I'll make it square with you the next time you have a case before me.'"

HEBE HEARD FROM AGAIN.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, June 10.

At last the people of the Pacific Coast have a seaside hotel which throws most of the Atlantic caravansaries into the shade even. But I take it for granted that your readers have perused the many descriptions of this elegant establishment which have from time to time appeared in the newspapers, and that they would only be indifferently well pleased with a repetition. Let me say, however, that, to my liking, the Hotel del Monte is the prettiest, breeziest-looking, and most handsomely furnished watering-place house in the United States. It is situated so delightfully, too, in a grove of pine and oak; and the sun shines so gloriously into every part of it; and the atmosphere is so pure, and soft, and elastic; and there are so many walks and drives, and other means of recreation and enjoyment, that I doubt not, when its superior attractions are widely known, and the unrivaled equability of temperature of the location is made apparent to the Eastern valetudinarian, this hotel will be a winter Mecca as well as a summer resort, and fashion and frolic, good living and good cheer, will bere hold high carnival from January to December. Standing upon the veranda of the new hotel Saturday night last, the delicious evening air impregnated with the breath of harvest and of aromatic shrub, my mind wandered back to those periods more than a century ago, when, upon the decline of some fair day, Father Junipero Serra strayed, with violin in hand, among the very trees through which the bewitching diminutendos of Ballenberg's rendition of the ecstatic "Beautiful Blue Danube" now chase each other like lights and shadows for mastery. How could I help comparing the melancholy strains of that old fiddle to the musical crash and dash of "Whoa Emma"? I can see that old Christian standard-bearer, in my mind's eye, cadaverous-looking and ily-clad, bending over some new dogma of sacred ceremonial, with only the ghastly gleam of a puny tallow-dip to add honor to a scene not calculated, at best, to inspire poetry; his only hope or ambition being, outside of his calling as preceptor to sluggish souls, to some day gaze upon a splinter from the Holy Cross, or to kiss the stone that contains the sacred footprints of the noble Nazarene when he met St. Peter on the Appian Way, or touch the steps of the mansion of Pilate, down which the suffering Saviour descended after judgment. The Hotel del Monte was formally opened on June 3d—the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the arrival at this harbor of Father Serra and his companions. On the evening of the 5th instant the initial hop was given, which was well attended. With good music, sweet flowers, and lovely women, all components were attendant for felicity, and accordingly measured grace of festivity ruled the hour. It was an entertainment, indeed, to gaze upon bud and blossom, and those fairer human flowers whose combined excellences Milton so glowingly depicts in the portraiture of their common mother. (Some shabby chap will add: "Yes, that's all very well; but Milton was blind." Well, I don't care if he was.) Your readers will want to know who are here and who are coming. Well, Colonel J. P. Hoge's family is here, comprising Miss Bella, Miss Blanche, Miss Octavia, and Charles J. Hoge, of San Francisco; besides these are Mr. L. B. Wetherbee—of the Mercantile Library—Mr. C. J. Foster, Mrs. Thomas Magee and family, Miss English, Mrs. W. A. Stuart and son, Miss Annie Pedler, Charles Miller and family, I. Levi and wife, L. Dinkelspiel and family, A. L. Tubbs and family, Mrs. J. Barron, Mrs. B. C. Truman and daughter, D. Cahn and family, S. F. Gashweiler and family, and several gentlemen whose names I have not learned. Among those who have secured apartments, and who will shortly arrive, are the following: E. L. Freeman and family, next Tuesday, the 15th; Mrs. G. G. Smith and family will arrive to-day, Henry T. Scott and family on the 15th, Drury Melone and family on the 19th, Mrs. A. Greenwald and family on the 25th. Among others who have engaged suites, and who will occupy them some time between the 19th and 26th, are R. M. Graves and family, H. Schmiedell and family, Mrs. Peters, A. E. Head and family, F. F. Low and family, Captain Lawton and family, Doctor McNulty and wife, S. P. Dewey and wife, William E. Brown and daughter, Mrs. Hall and two daughters, and others. The management has made arrangements for music for hops every Saturday evening, and for other evenings if agreeable. The ball-room is spacious, being thirty-six by seventy-two feet, and will only be used for dancing; it lights up very beautifully, and is nicely ventilated. There will be no liquors sold on the premises, a place for that purpose having been erected at a convenient but proper distance from the hotel. A stable that will house sixty horses and as many carriages is in close proximity. HEBE.

CXXXII.—Sunday, June 13.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup—Bouillabaisse.

Broiled Squabs, on Toast.

Green Peas, Asparagus.

Beef à la Mode, Saratoga Potatoes.

French Artichokes—Mayonnaise Dressing.

Raspberries, Whipped Cream, Sponge Cake.

Fruit Bowl—Apricots, Cherries, Apples, and Oranges.

TO MAKE BOUILLABAISSE.—The real Bouillabaisse is made in Marseilles. They make many imitations of it in other parts of France and on the continent; but, like Welsh rarebit prepared out of Wales, it is inferior to the real.

Put a gill of sweet oil in a tin saucepan, and set it upon a quick fire; when hot add two onions and two cloves of garlic sliced; stir, partly fry them, and then take from the fire. Put also in the pan three pounds of fish, such as halibut, turbot, sea-bass, rock-cod—of all, if possible; but at least two kinds—also a dozen mussels taken from the shell. The fish is cut in pieces about two inches long, and rolled in flour. Add one gill of white wine, a bay leaf, two cloves, two slices of lemon, the juice of a tomato, salt, pepper, a pinch of saffron. Cover with cold water, and set the pan upon a brisk fire. After half an hour add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; boil ten minutes longer, and it is done. Cut some stale bread in half-inch slices, fry them golden brown, and put them into a soup tureen with the fish, and strain the soup over.

There are an hundred ways of making a bouillabaisse. There are also about as many ways of spelling the same.

BLUEBEARD AND FATIMA.

A True Story from the Record of our Swell Society.

"If I go," said Fatima, firmly, "I *must* have a new dress." Bluebeard raised his newspaper two or three inches higher, and pretended not to bear; but when he started down town half an hour afterward, and stooped to touch his wife's cheek with his traditional ultra-marine whisker, she said, carelessly: "What about my dress, dear?"

"Your dress?" with well-feigned indifference. "For Mrs. Alfalfa's party," murmured Fatima with a sigh. "Haven't you something you can make over?" said Bluebeard, as an ominous wrinkle crept down between his eyes. "Where's that green silk? You always looked well in that. Why you certainly have plenty of dresses. It's hard times, I tell you—*darned* hard times. I don't see how we'll come out of them, either."

"I have not been anywhere for so long," said Fatima, patiently, "that my dresses are beyond fixing. They are all too soiled to do anything with. It would not be good economy to spend money on them."

Bluebeard wriggled as if he were an eel in a fish net. "Well, well, we'll talk about it some other time; I have to meet a man at the office at nine o'clock. I guess you can get up something out of what you have," and he was gone.

After Fatima had heard the cook's daily report, sent the children to school, written an acceptance to Mrs. Alfalfa's invitation, gone to market, ordered the coal which Bluebeard forgot, and done seven hundred and seventy-one other things, she set about looking over the faded party wardrobe. Sickness, and Bluebeard's cuckoo-song of hard times, and his lack of interest in society, bad kept them out of the world for several years—long enough to wipe even their memory from the minds of their acquaintances. Now, there was a certain pathos in resurrecting these souvenirs, but, oh, how shabby they looked!—how old-fashioned! Fatima's heart sank within her. She turned them over, and planned and plotted, until Bluebeard came home and found her in the midst of the chaos.

"Well, here's finery enough, I should think, for half a dozen women."

Then Fatima tried to convince him that, plan as she would, the result would only be "a dowdy thing, like a pieced quilt." "Perhaps we'd better not go at all," she said at last.

"Oh, yes, we *must* go. You accepted?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, I'm mixed up with Alfalfa in some business affairs, and I have to keep on good terms with him. I thought you *wanted* to go. How much do you want for a new dress?"

"I can't tell exactly until I decide on the material," said Fatima, wearily.

"Will a hundred dollars do?" Fatima looked at him with a queer little smile, which he intercepted on its rapid retreat. "Two hundred? That ought to be enough."

Fatima was silent. She knew that Mrs. Alfalfa's party would be the event of the season, for which every woman had saved all her splendor; and Fatima was womanish enough to desire that at least a modest halo should be shed from her own attire. It was not vanity or extravagance; it was a natural, feminine pride, which Bluebeard would have missed in her sooner than would any one else. Fatima was so used to this wearisome farce of begging for what ought to have been freely bestowed, that she went through it mechanically.

"There are twenty other things beside my dress," she urged. "If I went to parties often, I would have these things. But it has been so long—"

"Well, we'll see about it." And Bluebeard buried himself in the evening paper.

"But there is such a short time," pleaded poor Fatima.

"Oh, hang it, can't I have a few minutes' peace? It's a pity a man can't be let alone when he comes home after working hard all day. Get what you want, and send in the bills—I'll have to stand it." And, having made Fatima feel perfectly comfortable and satisfied, he again immersed himself in his political bath-tub.

I pass over Fatima's trials for the next few days. Knowing that Bluebeard was amply able to gratify her most expensive whim, it was a little—just a little—hard to haggle and cross-question and economize, lest the dreaded bills bring down wrath on her head. But at last the time and the dress came.

"A pretty big price to pay for that thing," growled Bluebeard. "Why didn't you get some other color?—something like that dress Mrs. Esterlee [a pretty widow] wore to dinner here. That was very simple, and yet rich."

Fatima smiled. "It cost four times as much as this."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But she told me the price."

Bluebeard still looked incredulous. "Well, come along. It's time to be going. Confounded bore *having* to, anyhow." And that was the beginning of the end of Mrs. Alfalfa's party from Fatima's outlook.

* * * * *

"You've seen it all now, haven't you? Isn't it about time to be going home?"

Bluebeard delivered these queries in a tone something between a snarl and a growl. They had been at Mrs. Alfalfa's about half an hour, and already he looked longingly toward the outer door. Poor little Fatima had not had time to see whether her friend Rose Mary's dress was made over or new, or whether Mrs. Lobelia's diamonds were as large as report said they were. She had just begun to enjoy herself. It was like coming into a new life to meet her acquaintances, to see the sparkle and shine, to feel that there was a world outside her castle walls. But Bluebeard tapped his foot impatiently, and followed her everywhere like Mary's lamb, until she turned reluctantly away to bid her hostess farewell.

"Going?—so soon?" said Mrs. Alfalfa, with her pruned-and-prisms smile; and then Fatima put on her wraps, was bundled into the carriage rather unceremoniously by her liege lord, and they drove off with the passionate wailing of "flute, violin, and bassoon" following them afar. Fatima checked a sob, and turned it, by some feminine manipulation, into a sigh.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?" mumbled Bluebeard, with his hat over his eyes.

"I wish we could have stayed just a little longer," said a tremulous voice from the corner.

"Well, why didn't you stay? I was willing to stay as long as you liked; but I don't see what pleasure there is in that sort of thing. Those rooms were infernally hot, and every minute somebody poked his elbows into your ribs. I don't see why a man will try to put twice as many people in his house as it will hold. There's no enjoyment in going to such a place—not a bit."

"Well, why do you go?" retorted Fatima, with a spurt of spirit.

"Go? Why I go to please you." And before the magnificent audacity of this assertion Fatima quailed and was silent. She did not care or dare to say, "You miserable old humbug, you insisted on our accepting this invitation because you wanted Mr. Alfalfa to grind one of your rusty axes. You never do anything for my pleasure unless under protest. You made me so uncomfortable by your impatience while we were there that it took all the nice out of the entertainment." Fatima did not say any of these things, because, in the first place, she knew from experience the folly of arguing with such an inconsistent iconoclast as a tired, sleepy man. She was a gentlewoman, and she would not quarrel. Moreover, she did not allow herself to think out these things squarely. They only flitted through her mind in a vague way. Lastly, she knew that Sister Anne (who made her home with them) was coming back from a visit on the morrow, and Bluebeard disliked Sister Anne. Fatima had to break the news gently, and coax the tyrant into amiable acquiescence; so she gulped down her tears, her regrets, her pride, all in a mouthful, and changed the subject to one which would please her fastidious audience of one.

"Ah—h—this is a good deal better than going to parties, isn't it?" grunted Bluebeard, after a struggle with the boot-jack. "Home is the place after all."

Fatima surveyed her figure in the glass—the dress which had cost her such vexation, and the elaborate coiffure; and she thought that the game *was* scarcely worth the candle.

The next day brought Sister Anne and a house divided against itself, for Bluebeard could not understand why Fatima should need any counselor or confidant beside himself, any more than he could know why she wanted to stay longer than half an hour at a crowded reception. His mind was so big that he could not squeeze it down to a size which could grasp these infinitesimal facts; so he dragged Fatima away from her fête, and made himself as obnoxious as possible to Sister Anne, who was considered charming by everybody except Bluebeard. It was always when Sister Anne was there that he scolded the servants, found fault with Fatima, lectured the children, and set his foot, so to speak, on any kind of table-talk; or he sulked perseveringly, as only a man can sulk. At any rate, he made of himself a vast social extinguisher, which shed gloom over Bluebeard Castle. And what sight could be more pathetic than Fatima struggling against the inevitable, trying to be cheerful, to hide Bluebeard's faults from Sister Anne, and turn away the sardonic wrath of that impetuous sympathizer? She was glad when Sister Anne went away on another visit, although she loved her so dearly. And Bluebeard never thought it necessary to apologize for his outrageous behavior; on the contrary, he put on the air of a martyr, and would not "come round" till Fatima conciliated and flattered him into negative good-nature once more. For, no matter what went wrong, Fatima must always be cheerful. No matter if stocks were down to zero, with assessments and Bluebeard to match—no matter if the children, or Bluebeard, or even Fatima herself were sick—no matter what sorrow, or grievance, or private worry she had—*she* must be bright and happy. Had she not a comfortable house and respectable clothes?—servants, a carriage, a husband? What more could any woman want? Nothing, of course.

And she must have been wholly free from duties of any kind, else why would Bluebeard so persistently declare the fact of her having nothing to do. "Anybody can keep house," said Bluebeard, grandiloquently, "you only need to be systematic." Bluebeard's home was always in order, his guests were always gracefully entertained. His favorite dishes were always on the table, and as—according to Bluebeard—Fatima did not look after these things, he must have had some benevolent fairy godmother who played housekeeper just for fun. When Bluebeard came home at night he sat down on the easiest chair in the most comfortable room in the house, and, after finding fault with every dish at dinner, he smoked his cigar, and then lay down on the lounge and slept till bed-time. The Bluebeards never went to any place of amusement, because Bluebeard thought amusements a bore, and after all, to a dutiful wife, what entertainment could be surpassed by the sight of the recumbent and easeful husband? What concert could be equaled by his vigorous snore?—now *crescendo*, now *piano*, now *tremolo*. It was certainly very weak and selfish of Fatima to wish for other pleasures. In fact, I'm not sure that it was not actually sinful.

Sister Anne usually spent her evenings in her own room, since, if she and Fatima talked together, their conversation seemed to disturb Bluebeard; and the dear girl's delicacy was rewarded by hearing Bluebeard rate Fatima about so much gas being used unnecessarily. When Bluebeard first met Fatima he was charmed with her gay little, artless ways. He knew she was not clever, but he disliked clever women. He knew she loved society, but he liked it himself then. And when Fatima promised to be his, he would have given her his heart's blood. He was her slave. He loved her whole family; he begged Sister Anne to come and make her home with him; he promised her the life of a princess in Queen Fatima's court. A rose-cloud came down, and tinted earth and sky alike. It was beatific. I wonder if Sister Anne, in her attic room, ever thought of all this. I wonder if Fatima, sleepily watching Bluebeard's slumbers under the mellow drop-light, ever turned her glass of Time backward, or wished that she might shiver it altogether and scatter its sands. Perhaps they did: neither of them were very clever, but they were women, and women think queer thoughts sometimes.

Whether Fatima ate, or drank, or had Bobo's hair cut, or went calling, she felt that the eye of her master was upon her. Every motion was made a point of interference; but woe betide Fatima if she so much as ventured to inquire about

any of Bluebeard's commercial speculations. "I never tell my wife anything about my business," he said, royally. "I don't want women gossiping over my affairs." So Fatima never knew positively whether they were on the verge of bankruptcy, or rolling in riches.

When Fatima was first married, she was a proud, sensitive little creature, who shrunk from an unkind word, and asked no favors. But fifteen years of steady "nagging" had hardened her, had made her sullen. Once she was the soul of truth; but fifteen years of fault-finding had driven her into equivocal and outright deception. She was not strong enough to defy Bluebeard. In fact, there was nothing to defy; for he considered himself a model husband. And I am not sure but he *was* an average one. He never came home to Fatima with besotted face and unsteady legs, as did some other Bluebeards she knew; he did not intrigue with adventuresses, as did still other Bluebeards. But he wore Fatima's soul out by rubbing on it his own miserable, old grumpy soul; and that was bad enough. And as there was nothing to defy, she learned to endure. The ill-temper and selfishness of a heartily ill-tempered and selfish man make about as good a school wherein to learn endurance as can be found, for a woman who once loved the aforesaid man, and who is tied to him by law, by pride, by honor, and whose wrongs are untranslatable. There are a few things which compensate partly for the suffering which is every woman's heritage; and if these things be denied her, it is indeed a poor sort of life which she holds.

Bluebeard went into the secret chambers of Fatima's heart "just as he pleased;" he read her letters; he craved her very thoughts; but he did not even give her the key of his deadly closet. Fatima had never been jealous, had never been curious, and she did not try to know what grinning skeletons might hang there. To be sure, there was no sbiny scimeter hanging over her head—only one weary day after another, when she dressed, shopped, called, and smiled, and went her round of duties, and knelt down to Bluebeard because he suffered her to live—because he gave her enough to eat and wear, and let her wait on him. There was only a never-satisfied hunger for sympathy, and unselfish love, and generous praise.

Fatima was not afraid that her head would be cut off; she only feared she might not be strong enough to do her wifely duty as her conscience wrote it down day by day. Behind her lay fifteen wasted years; before her, endurance. And Sister Anne, sitting in her watch-tower, could not help her; could not see even a dust out of which might rise the good brothers hurrying toward Fatima and deliverance. Sister Anne had to endure, too, so many things, that she grew to question sometimes the propriety of living at all; and, as she was a loving sister, she felt Fatima's wounds along with her own.

But one day Bluebeard, toiling in his office to find Plutus face to face, fell stricken by an impalpable shape—a mysterious something which the minister, preaching his eulogistic funeral sermon, called the hand of Divine Providence; which the doctor called serous apoplexy; which a materialistic friend called a debt to Nature. The orders of which Bluebeard was a member framed black-rimmed copies of their cut-and-dried "resolutions;" and society sent funeral wreaths and notes of condolence; and the widow put on deep mourning, as did Sister Anne also. It was found that Bluebeard, contrary to all precedent, had left a goodly sum behind him, and made Fatima sole legatee. Poor little Fatima! she had been so carefully shut away from all practical knowledge that she was as ignorant of bonds and stocks and realty as Selim, the baby. After the house was cleared of the funeral flowers, and the first shock was over, a tiny wave of reaction came into Fatima's heart. Neither she nor Sister Anne could realize that they might sit down to breakfast without a jangle of harsh reproof. The newly acquired liberty was too broad to be appreciated all at once, but gradually it spread into a comfortable sense of relief. No, I am not hard-hearted; neither was Fatima when she blossomed again into something like her old-time joyousness; neither were the children, who did not even feign any grief.

Nobody was sorry when the cloud of dust lifted and disclosed the good brothers galloping up the road, or when they battered down the castle door and cut off Bluebeard's head with his own curved and glittering blade. We all applauded mightily, and thought it a very fine story. And who shall cast the first stone at Fatima when I say that she was bewildered by her sudden freedom, and let her wealth slip through her fingers all too easily, while her sons sprang up into fast, foolish young men, and made Fatima sometimes unhappy. All Fatima's wealth could not bring back her lost years; but she and Sister Anne enjoyed the world pretty well; and the memory of Bluebeard, and the hours of misery he had caused her, faded away together, and she remembered nothing but that she was free.

But Fatima has learned to know a Bluebeard whenever she sees him; and the other day, when Mustapha and his wife were dining with her, and Mustapha was telling one of his inimitable stories, Fatima said, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes, "Oh, Mr. Mustapha, I wish I could have you at every dinner-party I give. Is he always so delightful, Mrs. Mustapha?" And that lady hesitated just an appreciable instant before she replied, with a smile: "Oh, yes, of course." Fatima's very face clouded as she noticed the minute's pause, and she murmured to herself, "Bluebeard!" And then Mrs. MacCarty, who lives in the alley round the corner, came in to wash, and tried to hide the bruises on her arms, which Mr. Mac had sportively tattooed thereon with a broken table-leg, in one of his "jamborees." Fatima looked at her wistfully, and sighed "Bluebeard." She sees homes which are the fulfillment of her girlish dreams, but she has not yet ventured to build one for herself on the ruins of Bluebeard Castle. However, the chroniclers never wrote what became of Fatima the First after her rescue, and neither can we tell what *our* Fatima may find in the life which is before her, to make her remember that there are husbands who are not Bluebeards, and wives who are not Fatimas.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1880.

KARIN BRENDT.

Very few politicians who begin well enough know where or how to end a speech. The place where the audience says "Sit down" or "Shut up" is considered by many as a proper place to finish.

WHEN WE WERE IN QUARANTINE.

The good ship *City of Peking* left San Francisco in the midst of a big small-pox scare. She brought back with her another and a bigger one. How it came about no one could tell, for the amount of virus laid in at Yokohama was enough to cleanse Chinatown itself. The Japanese have but recently discovered the virtues of vaccination, and, although small-pox is not a pestilence peculiar to them, they have, with their usual eagerness to be up with the times, and their usual thoroughness in their way of doing things, started a virus farm in Tokio. Rather an odd pursuit the raising of virus, but that it was good virile stuff every one on board will testify. There were perhaps eighty of us in the cabin, and it is safe to say that we were not more than one week out of sight of beautiful Fusiyama before there were seventy-five as fine large scabs floating about the ship as ever delighted the medical faculty. Scabs is not a pretty word, but that is what they called them, and that is what they were. Every man, woman, and child was on guard. Nothing less than a yard and a half was deemed a respectful distance for conversation. Any one who dared to talk or think of anything but vaccination and small-pox was deemed an unfeeling brute. Spooning of all kinds ceased absolutely. The captain and doctor were asked at distractingly frequent intervals if the danger were passed, and every time that Captain Morse thought any one a little uneasy, he went below, and got vaccinated again. It satisfied the passengers, and did not seem to trouble him. The area to traverse was something vast, but when we got ashore he must have been pretty thoroughly carved and tattooed with Tokio's latest product. As for the Chinese, they kicked and howled and protested, but they were held down and vaccinated willy-nilly, until at last, one fine day, it fell that not a soul of perhaps three hundred on board had escaped the saving knife.

It was at this juncture that the Chicago man—who ever went anywhere that there was not a Chicago man on board?—with that shrewd attention to business which distinguishes these people, suggested that it would not be a bad idea to collect the vaccinations, mount them as scarf-pins, and sell them in the Grain City as Japanese curios. The collection was not made. Every man took too great a pride in his individual vaccination. Jealousies arose because some scars were bigger than some other man's scar. Wagers were made, and pairs were frequently seen to seek the seclusion which the cabin granted to decide the vexed question.

But at last fevers, and peevishness, and all the attendant ills of vaccination disappeared. People hob-nobbed with each other, walked side by side without words of warning, and all went merry. Old sailors began to sniff the land. The ship was made deliciously clean to come into port. Paint and tar and other dreadful stuff glistened everywhere. Nobody could be clean but the ship—but that mattered little. The deck was slippery as ice, with its cleaning, and no one dared go near the rails. We held the perpendicular painfully but cheerfully, for all this care and trouble meant home. And at last, on a beautiful, clear Sunday afternoon, we steamed through the Golden Gate with not a soul on board with so much as a cold in his head, so far as any one knew. We all actually crowded over the quarantine officer when he boarded us. With most good-natured disdain we suggested that he pursue the second course of General Jackson's men. And we of California, who saw our friends in another tug ten minutes away, turned to them with outstretched hands and shouts of welcome, only to be dismayed by the yellow shadow which fell on their faces from the quarantine flag, which we turned to see going up at the fore-mast. It is an ugly flag in itself. Ugly? Nasty is the only word which applies to it. It is more menacing than the pirate's black flag, with its death's head and cross-bones. It means anything which is foul and pestilential. Its very yellow is unlike any other yellow in the world—it is so much more vividly, so much more rabidly yellow. But no one knows how ugly, how nasty, how awfully yellow it is till it floats from their own ship. We were indeed in quarantine.

How childish impressions stay with one. I had read once in that far-away time some story of the long Mediterranean quarantines, and some of the effects of the big, unfamiliar word lingered with me yet. It suggested pestilence, and lazaretto-houses, and horrible things without end. We all felt as if we had been accused of some dreadful crime of which we were innocent, and the mere thought of being imprisoned made us beat the bars impatiently. The quarantine then promised to be only for one day, in order that the stipulated time might expire after the putting ashore of a suspected case in Yokohama. There was some mild wrath expressed, some peevish discontent, and a generally unsettled state of affairs. We could not devote ourselves to anything in particular. Even the poker game flagged, and the whist-players did not meet for their rubber. But the real human nature of the multitude did not come to the surface till next morning.

What a very odd feeling it is to be aboard a ship which is going nowhere, yet the routine goes on—breakfast, lunch, and dinner, turn in, turn out, games at night, deck promenades through the day—yet nothing is as it has been. All the familiar noises have stopped; and in the strange stillness caused by the stopping of the machinery all the sounds become intensified. The babies squeal with a shriller shriek, conversation seems to be carried on at a higher pitch. You catch drifts of marital confidences, you hear whisperings, you know the very sound of your neighbor's brush on his teeth. It is very unsafe for any one to talk about any one else. Therefore it came to pass that next morning, before any one was up, we all knew that a sailor on board had broken out with small-pox. He had passed muster the day before, but this morning he had gone to the doctor, lifted a hyperion lock from his brow, and disclosed a fine line of pustules. Then how the mild wrath disappeared. How the passengers cursed him; how they railed at him; how they questioned his right to have the small-pox at all. He was put off in a small boat, in a pitiless, tearing rain-storm; and he pulled an oar like a good one, poor fellow; but, owing to some piece of red tape missing, the boat was not allowed to land, but lay in the bay in all the storm for hours. We could see him from the deck, and we all took turns at the glass—marine glass—and anathematized him, and hurled vindictive conversation at his unheeding ears, and told him it served him right, and did and

said all manner of foolish things. They were obliged, finally, to put back to the ship for provisions, and the sick sailor very discreetly wrapped himself in a sail, although the small-pox was still located under the hyperion lock and invisible to us. We hung over the rail, a solid phalanx of eighty, as near to the disease as we could get on that wild April day, and indulged in a series of apostrophes to the sick sailor, which in the matter of invective were quite Macaulayan, but were otherwise unworthy of preservation in English literature. But the sailor could not have heard them, for he continued in the most malicious manner to have the small-pox. When the vocabulary of abuse was exhausted, the first day of quarantine had passed.

Meantime our friends had come down upon the sea in tugs many times. Our welcomes were roared at us across an angry chasm of water several yards wide. We were obliged to shriek our deepest emotions across this billowy waste. The whole eighty hung over the rail every time anything came alongside, and listened with most flattering silence to every word uttered. As soon as the tug departed, seventy-nine of them asked the other, one what was the news, as if they had heard nothing. It was an excellent arrangement, for it made conversation. People went about button-holing each other, and asking each other, in the most confidential manner, "When do you think we shall get off?" The questioner was quite as irresponsible in the matter as the questioner, but people seemed to derive a certain amount of comfort from finding out other people's opinions.

The second day it began to look as if we were to stay a long time in quarantine. Then the passengers directed the batteries of their wrath against the people of California. The tumultuous emotions aboard divided themselves off something in this manner:

- 1st, The captain and officers;
- 2nd, The business men;
- 3rd, The travelers;
- 4th, The nervous woman;
- 5th, The nervous woman's husband;
- 6th, The ladies;
- 7th, The midshipmen;
- 8th, The missionaries;

The captain and officers tried to present a cheerful front, and smiled constantly in a ghastly marionette sort of manner. It was not cheerful. The captain made many and many a trip forward, with an anxious look in his eye, to know the worst, if there were any worst. There were no more hyperion locks worn. Not a bang on board. People took pains to wear their hair combed straight back from the brow, like the bric-à-brac poets of the new school. The business men eyed Telegraph Hill with a vindictive look, as if it represented the entire State. Their fury was something tremendous to look upon.

"What do the people of California mean by detaining me from my business?" they cried. "I have a peanut contract in Fiddletown, or a life policy in Gravetown, or a divorce case in Bridgetown waiting for me, and every moment is precious. What is it to me if the people of California get the small-pox? What right have they to detain me from my business to prevent themselves from getting it?"

Then the travelers, the real globe-trotters, fumed: "What right have the people of California to stop me in order to prevent their getting the small-pox, when I had counted on being in Yosemite on a certain date? I will not go to their blessed old Yosemite at all, and see how they like that. When do you think we will get off?"

Then the nervous woman cried: "Oh, how can I endure life in this dreadful place, and with such a horrible lot of people on shore who won't take the small-pox—the nasty, mean things!"

Her tears fell fast on the remains of a *pâté de foie gras*. A wreck of succulent, tender asparagus stems (worth perhaps a dollar a stem in that weather) lay before her. She was just annihilating a strawberry as big as a plum, and a fresh Charlotte Russe awaited her delicate attention. This was the sort of fodder with which the unhappy Pacific Mail Company sought to make the quarantine endurable. "I always heard that the Californians were a dreadful race of people," she cried, through her nervous tears. "I knew they killed each other every morning, and carried knives and stocks, and raised big beats, but I did not suppose they were barbarous enough to have a quarantine. When do you think we will get off?" The nervous woman's husband spent considerable time on deck railing at the people of California for not putting the flags on the shipping at half-mast because his wife's nerves were a-twitter.

Then the ladies began their attack. The idea of these barbarians of the West daring to detain them on account of the small-pox! They had always heard the women of California were a year behind New York, and two years behind Paris anyhow. It was an outrage, and they would never pass through California again. Now!

Then there were the midshipmen. Eight of them hung over the port-rail, gazing city-ward, and asking if the top of the Bush Street Theatre was visible from Mission Bay. The *Royal Middy* was running full blast, and they might not see it. Some of the pictorials illustrating it had been their reading matter all the way from China, and to know that it was just a half hour away and they might not go to it, made life in quarantine very hard.

Then came the missionaries. Poor, patient souls, not a word escaped them of murmur from first to last. He is the butt of jokes, the subject of all good stories, and the stories are legion. He is a creature apart. Indeed, while both in China and Japan the foreign residents are obliged to live in districts apart from the natives, the missionaries have districts to themselves, and mingle but little, if at all, with their Christian brethren. The custom, peculiar to all people who live by the gospel, of having very large families, is strictly adhered to in the East. The Conference at one time gave the missionary \$100 per year extra for every additional child. But one fortunate fellow raised a family of fourteen in such an incredibly short space of time that they were obliged to recall him, and they have ever since reduced the extra salary to \$60 per year. Our missionaries had their quivers as full as did Rogers of Rhode Island, but they never raised their patient voices in complaint.

The third day all hands directed their batteries of wrath against the Pacific Mail Company. The next time they were all going home by the Indian Ocean, and they actually

gloated over the paralyzed and shattered condition in which the Pacific Mail Company would be left if seventy-five people, through many coming years, should transfer their patronage to the "Messageries Maritimes." But they desisted for very shame as the cheery, if anxious, face of Mr. Williams appeared alongside three or four times a day to tell us of what was being done for our release. It did not at all detract from the dignity of his appearance that he was surrounded on such occasions by boxes of limes, oranges, apples, bananas, asparagus, crisp lettuce, meats and fish, ice cream—everything, in fact, that makes life a very nice affair on shore, and quite endurable in quarantine. "Lone-Fisherman" looking fellows were constantly floating through the gangways with these goodies. It began to dawn upon people by and by that these things cost the company something, and they changed their tactics. Besides, we had a new sensation. A Japanese boy, who had been acting as nurse-boy in the cabin, had been a subject of great interest to the children coming over. He was so deeply pitted with small-pox that the babies used to amuse themselves by poking their pudgy little fingers in the pits to see how far they could go. On this day the Japanese boy was discovered to have a pimple. The whole ship was in arms. The Jap was sequestered and put in the smoking-room, to await the coming of the health officer and quarantine officer. Every one gave up hope. It was the small-pox, of course. People usually had it only once; but a man who had spent two days in Japan told us that the Japanese were liable to be taken down with it any moment, any number of times, and in the most unprovoked manner. A pall of despair settled on the ship. The Japanese boy was kept in confinement until it was officially discovered that all he had was a cold sore.

Their next day's attack was upon the Board of Health. A firm conviction had rooted itself in their minds that the Board of Health was composed of Denis Kearney, the Rev. Mr. Kallach, and the editor of the *Morning Call*. They would listen to nothing else. It was useless to assure them that Denis Kearney was in the House of Correction. They would not bave it. They raved and railed and tore till night, when they suddenly concluded to pursue a peaceful policy, and they sat down and drew up a most rational, sensible, and pathetic appeal to the Board of Health. This course acted like a charm. Definite action brought peace to their turmoilled emotions. In a half-hour after the meeting there was heard once more the popping of corks, the buzz of conversation, the flip of the cards on the saloon tables. Next morning one wrinkle of care relaxed in the captain's cheek, and he was heard to growl, in a deep bass, aside:

"Thank heaven, they are beginning to have some fun. The champagne and the beer gave out last night, and a requisition is the first thing on the programme this morning."

But peace came at last, and neither champagne nor beer brought it. All those long days many things had been brought to us all through the pouring rain—books, magazines, papers, candies, caramels, flowers, music, Jews-harps, everything but bicycles. At last it chanced that some great mind provided us with a box of fifteen-puzzles. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. But this was a homeopathic instance. The people were already mad, and the fifteen-puzzle cured them. A great peace fell upon every one. There was silence as on a phantom ship. Groups of two and three sat around on the hawseers, puzzling away at the blocks. Groups of three and four held the benches, similarly employed. In all the well-known nooks and crannies of the deck the busy students of the puzzle were solemnly and silently evolving its mysteries. Down in the saloon every table was filled with preoccupied-looking people, who did not know you as you passed by. A few who had the entrée to the captain's cabin strayed in there, to secure utter quiet and seclusion; and it was frequently whispered that the brave old tar himself had been seen wrestling with the puzzle. The dinner gong beat almost in vain, till clamorous nature asserted itself.

After dinner, which was gulped down with undue haste that we might return to 13, 15, 14, habit made us look toward the Pacific Mail dock, where we had cast so many longing glances through so many long days. What was this coming over the waters to us like a fairy boat, with its circle of glancing lights? There were Rembrandt shadows and Flemish lights falling on familiar faces as she rounded the stern of our big ship, and we felt that we had indeed come back from the effete civilization of the East as we heard once more the familiar strains of *Pinafore*—

"Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B."

The faces of friends looked strangely unreal in the conflicting lamplight and moonlight; and could this shadowy, lamp-lit, poetical-looking barge be the black, smoky tug we had learned to love to welcome? The night has a strange power of transforming to beauty, and surely nothing was ever more beautiful to that band of weary voyagers, with whom hope long deferred had made the heart sick, than this moonlight serenade on the water. The well-known voices of the Bohemian Club chorus sounded never sweeter or richer than then. When they sailed away amid the fizz of rockets on their own little boat, and the blue fires on our big ship outlining our tall masts against the moonlit sky, they sang "How Can I Leave Thee?" We did not want them to, and we wondered how they could, but they had brought a delicious whisper with them that we were to get off next morning.

What a merry humor we were all in then. A punch was brewed which was unexampled for strength and flavor. Every one drank everybody's good health. Speeches were made by people who never got on their legs before. Songs were sung by people who never sang a note before. "Auld Lang Syne" was given with as much spirit as if we were all the oldest of friends. All the small jealousies and divisions of a long sea-voyage disappeared. There were no cliques or whisperings. We had crossed the sea together from a strange land, which was home to none of us. For almost a month we had lived together, fed at the same table, slept under the same timbers. The ship had been our mutual home. But from the moment the first foot touched the wharf next morning we parted, to meet all together never, never again.

BETSY B.

Our ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant after all. They were all educated in the different branches.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1880.

Every great achievement costs a sacrifice. We lost a knight, but we checkmated a king. And the game is ours. The Republicans of the United States resented the idea that the existence of the party or the life of the nation depended upon one man. They were justly suspicious of the trio who marshaled the forces of Grant. The party had become restive under the lash of Conkling, Cameron, and Logan, and anxiously awaited the supreme moment when they could overthrow and defeat the self-constituted "bosses" of the Republican party. It would have been a grave and fatal mistake to have nominated Grant. A campaign that depended for its success upon whipping in unwilling adherents would indeed have been a cold, spiritless, and unsuccessful one. General Grant could never have been elected to fill a third Presidential term. It was the mistake of his life that he did not adhere to his intention never again to become a Presidential candidate. He lost the grandest opportunity ever presented to a human being to make himself the most devoted and patriotic as he is now the most renowned citizen of this republic. He is the victim of his friends, as he always has been since he entered the arena of politics. He became identified with that most hateful and odious thing in politics called "the machine," and allied himself most unfortunately with those who most unscrupulously pull the wires. He will never again be presented to the American people as a candidate for any political office. The so-called third-term bugbear is dead—dead and damned forever.

The "electric" James G. Blaine, with his quick eye, strong heart, and ready will, with a wisdom superior to his adversaries, brilliantly plucked victory from defeat by suddenly joining the scattering forces of Sherman, and literally naming the nominee. It was a bold, dashing, characteristic, and successful move, and serves very materially to assuage the grief and solace the sorrow of his warm-hearted but deeply disappointed followers. James G. Blaine may never be President of the United States, but, like Henry Clay, he will ever be the idol of his party. He is eloquent, bold, audacious, and heroic in debate; he has that splendid courage which arises from conscious strength. He has a noble and manly bearing, and a magnetic presence that inspires his comrades and followers with his own courage. But his very power was an element of weakness in his candidacy for the Presidency. No famous orator was ever elected President. No famous advocate ever became a calm and dispassionate judge. The advocate must be quick and ready; the judge must be slow and deliberate. The advocate is forced to act under the fire of passion and amid the beat of conflict; the judge must coldly and judiciously balance conflicting arguments. The advocate *must* be a partisan; the judge *must never* be a partisan. So, throughout life, we are confronted with the stern fact that a limit is set upon the capacity of even the greatest human mind. Blaine is a formidable advocate, a great debater, but he does not possess a calm, deliberate, methodical mind. He is what he is—a "Rupert of debate," a gallant "plumed knight" of the arena. Like all great party leaders, he must be content with the glory of the arena, and must set a limit to his ambition. Paraphrasing the noted saying of Henry Clay, Blaine may well ejaculate: "I would rather be great than President."

That superior Anglo-Saxon wisdom that in this country so often breaks through the meshes of partisanship, rises above self-interest, sacrifices individual preference, and in spite of all influences does the right thing at the right moment, asserted itself at Chicago, when the National Convention nominated General James A. Garfield. Of course, it was entirely unimportant. The delegates did not go there to nominate

Garfield. They nominated him not because they wanted to, but because they were forced to. When it was ascertained that the stolid forces of Grant would not yield, but were intending to follow the example of their illustrious leader, viz., to "fight it out on that line" if it took "all summer," then it was, and not till then, that it became necessary to choose the most available candidate. Sherman was a methodical financial man, without an ounce of personal magnetism, and had entered the field as a contestant against the two principal candidates. Of course, he could not be thought of. Edmunds hailed from a sure Republican State, and nothing could be possibly gained by nominating him. Washburne "made Grant." There was a suspicion that to nominate him would be to re-inaugurate "Grantism." Garfield had not antagonized either of the contending factions. His judicial temperament had shielded him from the poisoned shafts of malice; his upright conduct from the envenomed tongue of scandal, and his kindly manner and modest bearing from the bitter fruits of envy. He had the advantage of at least a brief record as a soldier, and a by no means limited experience as a legislator. The possession of these qualifications of "availability" made General James A. Garfield the nominee of the Chicago Convention.

The ratification orators and the morning papers have already most vividly pictured and rapturously dwelt upon the "noble career" of "the humble canal-boy," who has so suddenly developed into "the renowned soldier, the great statesman, the eminent scholar, and the finished orator." One ratification orator (we believe it was the Rev. Hallelujah Cox) said: "Grant is a renowned warrior. Blaine is a great statesman and orator. Sherman is an accomplished financier. But Garfield is a warrior, a statesman, an orator, and a financier all in one. I wonder that we had not thought of him long ago." It is indeed astonishing what a reservoir of facts these orators have stored away in their imaginations, and how soon they trot them all out. It was really "electric" to see the *Post* and *Alta* and *Chronicle* handspring into the Garfield line. It was better than any emotional drama we ever witnessed to behold the bitter and vindictive howlers for the "old soldier"—the boys in the post-office and the custom house and in office generally, who ran with the Grant "machine"—so readily drop their idol and fall enthusiastically into each other's arms. Aside, however, from these wild expressions of padded enthusiasm (which are perhaps essential to whoop up the party), there is every reason to believe that the nomination of Garfield is a "clean" one. He is a moderate, conservative, and scholarly man, and undoubtedly represents the very best type of American statesmen. But let us be careful about saying too much for him at the start. Wait until the Democratic detectives have shadowed him and ferreted his tracks from his cradle to his nomination. Wait until the reporters have interviewed all his neighbors and his neighbors' wives, and secured his family history. It will be time enough then to indulge in panegyrics.

We say this, not to throw a wet blanket, or cool the fire of patriotism, or rake to life again the embers of strife so happily covered out of sight; but to caution against the "boom." We are free to admit that *we do not like the boom*. It is a noisy, and an interesting, but a misleading thing. Like the long loaded ratification gun, it is generally a flash of powder behind a very big wad, resulting in a smell of sulphur and a deal of smoke, but it hits nothing. It may kick the gunners to death, and by a premature explosion scatter the whole platoon of patriots where they can not even vote, but there is not in the enemy's camp the thud of the solid shot. No! the boom has not a good history. Grant "boomed" all over the world—away from Philadelphia and back through the Golden Gate. He "boomed" into Chicago "the first citizen of the republic," and "boomeranged" out again a defeated candidate. Four years ago, we "boomed" for Hayes with all the noise in us, and all the whoops in the throats of the Invincibles. And when the pie was opened, and we were all prepared to sing, behold a majority of the popular vote for the other man. That we secured the upper crust does not affect the "boom." We "boomed" against the new Constitution, and when we were perfectly sure that we had everything our own way, the tramps stood in the streets and "boomed" our figures back at us—with insolence. We "boomed" Kallach into the Mayor's office, and Kearney into the House of Correction, but could not get the one out again, or keep the other in because of the Superior and the Supreme Courts that we did *not* elect. All our "booms" have been bad. Politically the Democrats can beat us at the business. They understand its philosophy better. While we pay for halls, and torches, and bands of music, and impecunious orators, and put on all the style, they are just vulgar enough—in this State, at all events—to crowd up to the polls and vote early and often, putting their loose change "where it will do the most good." Their "boom" is generally on the last day. So, while we believe that the Republican party is the party, and that its nominees will win, we desire to caution against the "boom." For there be "booms" and "boomerangs." The time to shout is after the battle—not at the first flash of the skirmish line. There is hard and earnest work ahead.

There is a most refreshing and conspicuous absence of the "bloody shirt" in the National Republican platform, as well as an equally painful and conspicuous absence of a distinct and well-defined national policy. Even among its achievements no allusion is made to the "million lives" consecrated by the Republican party to saving the nation. We are also spared the harrowing recital of the "brutal outrages" perpetrated by the still "unrepentant" rebels against the "innocent and helpless colored people recently held in slavery." The platform commences by calling attention to the work of the Republican party in "restoring the national credit," and reducing the national debt (the exact figures being set out in the platform). It next affirms: 1st. That the national credit must be preserved (whether by the payment of our debts in gold, silver, or paper does not appear). 2nd. That this is a "national government," and not a mere "confederation of States." 3d. That popular education must be encouraged and guaranteed by the national government. 4th. That the Constitution should be so amended as to "forbid the appropriation of the public funds to the support of sectarian schools." 5th. That the tariff should be so adjusted as to "discriminate in favor" (?) of American labor; that no more land grants shall be made to aid in the construction of railroads; that polygamy, like its twin sister slavery, must die; that American citizens must be protected everywhere; that the water-courses must be developed, but that no subsidies shall be voted to private corporations; that the soldiers who fought for and saved the nation should not be forgotten, even though fifteen years have elapsed since they saved it. 6th. That unrestricted Chinese immigration is an evil of "great magnitude, and involves the exercise of the treaty-making power to restrict it. 7th. That the administration of Hayes has been an honorable and efficient one. 8th. That the Democratic party is inspired by no patriotic motives, but solely by lust and greed for office and patronage; that the Democrats are mere obstructionists; that they have devised fraudulent election returns; tried to unseat legally-elected members of Congress, and attempted (in Maine) to occupy seats of trust and honor given to others; that by vicious methods they have attached partisan legislation to appropriation bills; that they have "basely endeavored to obliterate the sacred memories of the war, and overcome its inestimable results." It is tolerably safe to say that the Democrats, in their national convention, will, in the most solemn and decorous manner, perform the same literary service to the country, and in even stronger language, if possible, declare their adherence to the same set of principles, with the exception of that clause which declares that this government is a "nation," and not a "confederation." The Democratic doctrinaires will have to exert their utmost skill to draw a declaration on this point which will please the northern war Democrat and at the same time satisfy the Southern States-Rights disciple of Calhoun. But, after all, who cares for platforms? As Tom Shannon well said: "They are molasses to catch flies."

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE COOLE CORHAM.

Politically, he was a little Black and Tan.

The eyes of the nation are upon the Democracy. The unexpected nomination of Garfield by the Republicans has swept from the field all the "dark horses" of the Democratic party, and has made it necessary for them to present a man of equal prominence, character, and ability. The Democratic party is not overloaded with Presidential material. They can not afford to enter the race with an unknown candidate against Garfield. He is entirely too strong and pure for the smirched and hackneyed Tilden. He has already demonstrated his ability to beat Thurman in Ohio. Hendricks is a relic of the past, and is out of the question. Bayard, who is really a scholarly statesman and an upright man, unfortunately hails from the small and insignificant State of Delaware, which does not count sufficient electoral votes to make him available. He could only have been useful in the event of Grant's nomination to attract the anti-third-termers from the Republican ranks. These are the base and vulgar considerations which control the political managers in selecting Presidential candidates. The choice of the Democrats is therefore literally limited to Horatio Seymour, of New York, and (from courtesy, we add) Stephen J. Field, of California. The latter, however, has not the ghost of a chance of securing the nomination, for various reasons, among which are his noted record as a duelist, making him a dangerous candidate, if not a "bad man from Bitter Creek" to his adversaries. Seymour might possibly carry New York against Garfield, handicapped as he may be by Arthur, the friend and protégé of Conkling—the man who "actively engaged in political matters," in violation of Hayes's Instruction No. 1. After all, it is not quite so bad to "actively engage in political matters" as to steal the public revenue.

No charge of corruption has ever yet been made against Arthur, which leads us to remark that a man may form very bad political alliances and yet may be an honest man and a "good fellow," as instance the case of General Grant and other distinguished Republicans—as well as many extinguished but highly aristocratic Democrats.

"I will tell you," said a friend of the *Argonaut*, discussing the Chinese question from the Eastern standpoint, "who is the coming man: John is the coming man." And he proceeded to marshal the facts that are making the struggle for life so very hard to the laboring classes throughout Christendom; and then to argue that the combination of qualities possessed by John—his industry, patience, intelligence, docility, and unmatchable frugality—conferred on him the foremost position in the race. If the race were one run against hunger (as it is in some countries—a race that John has run for generations on his own soil) the proposition would be quite true. In that race he is qualified to distance competitors. But in America the race is not run against hunger. There is bread for all, and to spare; nor bread alone, but cheese and potatoes and meat. That is not the kind of struggle that goes on on this continent, or that need be expected for generations to come. The struggle among ourselves is one of bettering our condition; not one of sustaining life by securing a sufficiency of food. We have not only no apprehensions on that score, but every individual distinctly proposes to himself the securing of superfluity beyond even tobacco and beer—the acquisition of landed property and funded stocks. Now, when it is argued that John is the coming man, the meaning is that John will have come to the exclusion of other men—that is, that he alone, in his sphere, will possess the land. But that conclusion could only follow if it were true that the plane of existence on which the competition is proceeding is one on which John alone is qualified to survive. But this is so far from being the fact, that in truth nineteen-twentieths of our Christian fellow-creatures exist—and exist hopeless of any amelioration in their condition—on a plane so far below that represented by a wage of one dollar a day in California, that it is difficult to express the distance except by using terms that would appear extravagant.

The brother of a German friend of ours, who has lately cut short a visit he was making in the old country, writes from New York that the immediate motive of his return was to escape the scenes of misery there, which he was unable to ignore and powerless to relieve. We who speak English are apt to hear a good deal of Irish misery, which is of an exuberantly vocal sort anyhow. Meantime, there is a worse famine in progress, dumbly, in Silesia. But we must not select scenes or periods of famine in order to get an idea of the real condition of a population. They are to be seen under their nearly average aspect. That of the unhappy Irish cottier is too familiar to need repetition. But here is a companion sketch from a German pen that will be novel to more of our readers:

The customary fare of the rural laborer is altogether insufficient to keep a man in health and working condition. Mashed potatoes and *guaré* (whey cheese), hardly ever any fat, with sour and badly baked rye bread, and not an over-abundant supply of that, has for years past been the customary fare. * * * The mid-day meal is just ready. Potatoes, boiled in their skins, are turned out on the table; beside them lies a herring and salt on a wooden plate. The noise made by a wooden clapper on an iron plate in the courtyard of the manor has just announced dinner-time. The laborer enters, and the meal is taken sitting or standing. In reply to questions, we learn that the man earns five pence a day in summer and six pence a day in winter.

This writer—a German—insists that this is no exceptional case, but that the widespread misery of the laborers has escaped public notice on account of its chronic character. And this sort of a peasant, after his transplantation to America, quite naturally develops into a Workingman who scorns to work for a dollar a day (that is to say, for just ten times as much as he ever before earned in a day); perhaps rises to be a leader, like Steinman, or goes to the Legislature, elected by a constituency of his kind. So long, however, as it remains true that Europe has on hand some millions of the white material, eligible to American citizenship, whose condition is truthfully pictured above, it will be premature to pronounce John Chinaman the coming man merely because he is able to support existence on a plane of privation unknown to American experience.

If the real aim is to protect American labor by the exclusion of competition at the hands of a "degraded population whose wants afford no criterion of the necessities of the American laborer," then there are other foreign treaties that need revision besides the one negotiated by the late Mr. Burlingame. We do not, of course, think that the time has yet come for a change in that part of our national policy which invites free immigration from Europe; but at a time when it is proceeding at the rate we now witness, it is instructive and profoundly suggestive to examine the prospective fellow citizens in their native cabins. We read that in the countries whence much of this immigration proceeds, there are threatening political heresies abroad and doctrines dangerous to society and the state. Might it not be as well to give some attention to their importation—like small-pox—into this country, and erect some trifling barriers around our institutions

against this political yellow fever? Meantime, and while we continue in all earnestness and zeal to oppose the influx of John, it is needful from this time on to take especial pains to drop all cant on the question, and refrain from supporting our policy by any considerations that are capable of being advanced with superior force against that portion of the immigration from Europe which is justly described as both degraded and dangerous. For that immigration will be allowed to continue, and we can not hope to establish a discrimination against John unless upon grounds that are peculiar to himself. Our real conflict *re* John is with transcontinental sentimentalism; and, in order to convert that, we must coerce its judgment even against its will. To coerce its judgment, we must take care not to forge any weapons that can be successfully turned against us. The hideous and grotesque denunciation that has been lavished on John among ourselves, to fire the popular heart, has now survived its usefulness, and had better be hidden away along with Doctor O'Donnell and his favorite and kindred objects of disgust and horror. Atlantic sentimentalism inspects John, and doesn't disgust worth a cent. It does not find his person smelling bad—as it does some other people of the superior races. It does not find him drunk. In short, it can not be persuaded nor will not be persuaded of John's unfitness as an immigrant except on a few high political and social grounds. The sooner argument is raised to that plane and kept there, the better it will be for the cause. We are inclined to beseech most of our contemporaries to abandon it at once.

The historian has done but imperfect justice to one large and influential class among all modern nations—viz., the tramp. The career of the privileged, the learned, the artisan, the peasant classes since the crusades is fairly known to us—its record is at least accessible. Yet down all the course of that dark human current we catch but imperfect glimpses of one blacker stream—the tramp: sometimes as little more than a thread, and at others welling up from the depths in threatening volume, to be overmastered and submerged again. There have always been peripatetic artisans, migrating laborers, Gypsies, adventurers in many sorts; but no one of these is the tramp. Laborers by thousands cross the Irish Sea to England every harvest-tide, and they tramp it, but are not themselves tramps; they are, in fact, the antithesis and reverse of the tramp. While the personal habits, material condition, and intellectual equipment of all other classes have been revolutionized, those of the tramp have stood unchanged. He remains

* * * one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel.

He is not the mere vagabond—he is nothing half so harmless, or picturesque, or engaging. But, having now sufficiently distinguished some of the classes from which he stands apart while sharing with them the single habit of bodily translation, let us lay resolutely hold of his ill-savored person and inspect him. There is the more need, for that he will be found to make one of the "dangerous classes," perhaps the most dangerous of them all—being willfully what he is, and incorrigible, and usually keeping himself on the hither side of the criminal code.

It is not worth while to go back to the peasant revolt under Wat Tyler, or to Jack Cade's insurrection, for a specimen. While the feudal system was in act of falling, there were radical changes in the tenure of land and the organization of industry; and no doubt many a "valiant beggar" and "sturdy rogue" sat in the stocks, or was whipped at the cart's tail, who would have settled to honest work could he have found it. We may begin an investigation within the scope of times essentially like our own—after the old had already been torn down and the materials worked up and consolidated in the new. Daniel Defoe has caught a tramp for us of the date 1704. "I affirm," he says, "of my own knowledge, that when I wanted a man for laboring work, and offered nine shillings a week to strolling fellows at my door, they have frequently told me to my face they could get more a-begging. There is nothing more frequent than for one to work till he has got his pockets full of money, and then go and be idle or perhaps drunk till it is all gone, and perhaps himself in debt; and ask him, in his cups, what he intends, he will tell you honestly he will drink as long as it lasts, and then go to work for more. . . . The reason why so many pretend to want work is, that, as they can live so well on the pretense of wanting work, they would be mad to have it and work in earnest." Is not the picture complete? Do we not know him—this unkempt, unwashed, hard-drinking citizen? A gang of sixteen of him will accompany three out of every five threshing machines in California from next month till November. From nightfall on each Saturday the boss is willing to give them money, till the following Monday morning, they are howling drunk, or lying in the road, under our blistering summer sun, sleeping it off. Do we not meet the machine and its rig, when shifting quarters, the header-wagons strewed with the screaming, fighting crew? At the season's end all arrears are paid up at one of our thrifty inland villages, and there the pack abides in debauch till the season's wages are spent;

then tramps to the city to swell the mob of "unemployed workmen" fed by charity, bunking at free quarters, endangering peace, threatening order, and destroying prosperity. He has not changed one feature in one hundred and eighty years. The remedy then proposed, and at last faithfully applied, was, that he should not be fed till he had worked for it.

The presence of the tramp was anticipated and early provided for in these American colonies. Idleness, lying, swearing, and drunkenness were visited with various penalties and marks of disgrace. "John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks. Thomas Petit, for suspicion of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped." But the country was too spacious for the natural tramp to develop fully among ourselves till within recent years. At any earlier period, the condition of things so obviously afforded no sort of excuse for his existence, that it is safe to say his presence would not have been tolerated. With all the West open to him, and at a time when the Genesee valley and all Ohio were still a part of that open West, so anomalous a nuisance as the tramp must have been anywhere abated by summary process. But as the nation has grown bigger it has grown unwieldy and helpless. Vermont (or New Hampshire, we are uncertain which) alone among the States appears to have had the nerve and the public virtue to take the tramp firmly in hand. She convicts him of vagrancy, and then, with equal goodness of heart and sense, sets him to work in a channel profitable to the State. He is decently lodged, fed, and at the end of his term turned loose with some few coins of his own earning. As a consequence, there are reported to be no tramps in that wise State any more. But during the period that we in America remained free from the pest, England had to go through the experience of Luddite and Chartist riots, with their incidents of wrecked machinery and blazing ricks; to put them down with bloodshed, and transportation, and infinite loss from disorganized industry. At length the taint in our own blood came to a natural head in the great tramp riots, for which the railroad strike served merely as an opportunity. Of this episode in the history of free and self-governing America, a wise and friendly foreign critic remarked that it was the one supreme misfortune of this century that had befallen the cause of popular liberty in Europe.

But whatever steps other States may take, we in California, and in a special sense we in San Francisco, can not blink a particular phase of the tramp question which we have made permanently our own. Our adopted system of agriculture is such (and it will not change) that some thousands of tramps—tramps by habit and in grain—will be discharged from work at the end of each harvest season, to winter in this city. They will arrive penniless—having riotously away their wages—and therefore to be provided for. Some equivalent of the expedient of the "Bush fund" will be a recurring necessity. Instead of giving a dollar a day, a half-dollar is ample. The end and aim of the fund should be to furnish, in exchange for work, and on no other terms, food and shelter—not beer and tobacco. Half a dollar will provide the first. It is not a bad idea to provide extensive premises where these men can bunk-down. Those at least might be under police supervision, but beyond that the city, through its ordinary municipal machinery, can not be trusted to have anything to do with the business. If it were made city business, not one dollar a day, nor yet two dollars, would long content the "unemployed workman." Having got his hand into the public purse, he would emulate others and plunge in to the elbow. Yet the only alternative appears to be to provide the funds, as has been done in the past, by private gift. Certainly this method is wrong in principle, and likely to prove unequal and uncertain in practice. There appears to be but one other alternative, viz., the Vermont plan. But, granting there were nerve enough and public spirit enough in San Francisco to attempt putting it in practice, that plan is not open to us; for we have not any system under which to apply this large stock of labor profitably to public uses. A considerable change must be wrought in our own temper, and as a result of that change, a considerable improvement must take place in the quality of the men we put in office, before it would be judicious to entrust them with all the powers that are essential to any thorough remedy for our tramp nuisance. Recognizing this, then, as the plain state of affairs, it will probably appear to all that the best course open to us—the only safe course—will be to continue as we have begun, raising annual "Bush funds" for our winter contingent of tramps. If the matter be taken in hand in season, and with system, the money may be made to go twice as far as heretofore. Circumstances indicate that the field of operation should still be our park.

One of the gratifying features of the Chicago Convention was the prominence gained by the Pacific Coast delegations, and particularly that of California. Heretofore the Pacific States have had but scant courtesy in national politics. Now, however, it is beginning to be realized of some consequence.

TRAY, SEVEN, ACE.

A Moscow Romance of the Faro Table.

[FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER SERGIEVITCH POUCHKINE.]

"What! Did you bet on the red all the evening?"

"Yes, I rarely change my play."

"You are the most impassive gamester I have ever seen."

"What do you think of Hermann, then, for self-control?"

He never in his life touched a card or made a bet, and yet he will watch us play till morning, such is his love of it."

"True," said Hermann, "it interests me, but I never play."

This dialogue took place at the quarters of Naroumoff, a lieutenant of hussars. It was late. Play had been heavy, and potatoes deep.

"Ah, well," cried Tomski, "Hermann is in the engineer corps, and therefore economical—that is all. But for a curiosity, just look at my grandmother, the Countess Fedotovna. She is rich, she is a woman, and she is eighty years old—yet she never plays."

"It is indeed strange," said Naroumoff, "but what is the reason?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. You must know that sixty years ago she was at Paris, and created a furore by her beauty—they called her the Muscovite Venus. Those were the good old days, just before the fall of the monarchy in '89, when every one, ladies and all, played at faro. One evening she lost a large sum to the Count de Provence, the king's brother. On her return she took off her patches, disheveled her hair, and, thus tragically prepared, informed her husband of her ill luck. My defunct grandfather (peace to his ashes) was a species of financial secretary to his wife. He feared only her and the devil—the last the least. But when she confided to him the amount she had lost, he almost rose to the ceiling, flew into a terrible passion, and refused to pay a single franc. My grandmother acted like a woman of spirit—she slapped his face, and passed the night in another chamber. The next day, however, she returned to the attack. Tears this time. But it was useless. Her long-suffering husband declared that she had already wasted half a million, and it might as well end one time as another.

"Fortunately for her, an idea occurred by which she did not fail to profit. There was at that time in Paris a certain strange individual who was known by the name of the Count de Saint Germain. You have doubtless heard of him. He was looked upon as the Wandering Jew, and was reputed to possess the secret of the philosopher's stone, and of the elixir of life as well. Despite the mystery surrounding him, he was much sought after, and was universally liked. Well, she wrote to him, requesting him to grant her an interview. The old gentleman hastened to her house, and found her plunged in despair. She related to him her misfortune, the cruelty of her husband, and begged him to assist her. After reflecting a few moments, Saint Germain replied:

"Madame, I can easily lend you the money you require, but I well know you will have no peace until you repay me. I do not wish to extricate you from one dilemma only to plunge you into another. There is but one course open to you—you must win the money back again."

"But, my dear count," said my grandmother, "I've already told you that I haven't a franc."

"You do not need money," he replied; "listen"—and then he confided to her a secret for which any one of you, gentlemen, would give ten years of his life."

All the young officers listened with intense interest. Tomski paused a moment, lit his cigar, and continued:

"That evening she went to the queen's game at Versailles. The Count de Provence was banker, the game faro. She told him some feminine fib or other for not having yet paid her debt, and then began to play. She staked a large sum on her first card—she won; she doubled it on the next—she won; the third time again she doubled—again she won."

"Pshaw—pure luck!" cried one of the officers.

"A fable," said Hermann.

"But," said Naroumoff, "if you have a grandmother who possesses secrets like that, my dear fellow, why don't you induce her to confide in you?"

"That is the devil of it," replied Tomski. "She had three sons beside my father—desperate gamesters all. Not one ever succeeded in gaining the knowledge they so ardently desired. But you remember my uncle, Count Ivan Ilitch?—he was a favorite of the old lady's. Well, one day he lost to Zoritch three hundred thousand roubles. He was reduced to beggary. The old countess took pity upon him, and, after exacting a pledge upon his honor that he would never play again, she told him the mystic series of cards. He sought Zoritch, and demanded his revenge. His first bet was fifty thousand roubles,* his second—but it's five o'clock, gentlemen; time to break up. You all know how it turned out—he ruined his opponent, who blew his brains out. My uncle never played again."

The old Countess Fedotovna was seated in her chamber, before the mirror. Her maids surrounded her, holding rouge, powder, and patches. The ancient belle had no longer any pretensions to beauty, but she retained the habits of her youth. Her "companion" was engaged in fancy-work.

"Grandmother," said a young officer, as he entered the room, "I have a favor to ask," and he stooped and kissed her withered hand.

"What is it, Paul?"

"I want to present one of my brother officers, and to beg an invitation for him to your next ball."

"Bring him to the ball, and present him there. Were you at the princess's last night?"

"Yes; a splendid affair—we danced until five o'clock. What a charming creature is the Countess Eletzki!"

"Oh, my dear Paul, you are easily pleased. You should have seen her grandmother, Princess Petrovna! She must be very old now."

"The Princess Petrovna!" cried Tomski, unwittingly, "Why, she's been dead these seven years!"

He checked himself immediately. Lisabeta, the companion, was signaling to him. He had forgotten that it was forbidden to speak of the death of any of the countess's aged friends.

*A rouble is about seventy-five cents.

"Dead!" said she, "well, well! I did not know it. We were ladies-of-honor together, when we were girls. I remember the first time we waited upon the empress—" and the old lady sighed as she thought of her vanished youth and beauty. Then, her mood changing—"Paul," said she, "talk with Lisabeta while I am dressing. Tisanka, where is my snuff-box? Help me to get up, Lisabeta," and the old countess passed behind the screen.

"Who is this officer you wish to present to the countess?" asked Lisabeta Ivanovna. "Is he in the engineers?"

"No—in the hussars. His name is Naroumoff. But why do you ask?"

The companion smiled, but did not answer.

"Well, I must be off. Good-bye, grandmother. Good-bye, Lisabeta. Why did you ask if he was in the engineers?" And, smiling meaningly, the young officer withdrew.

Lisabeta Ivanovna sighed, and recommenced her work.

The young girl's life was an unhappy one. To eat another's bread is always bitter, but who could paint the miseries of companion to a lady of quality? When she made the tea, the countess abused her because the servants stole the sugar. When she read to her, the countess held her responsible for the author's dullness. When she went out with her, the countess scolded her if the weather was bad. Often she would retire, after a day of misery, to her little room, and weep bitterly over the affronts she had endured.

One morning, a few days before the scene just related, she was seated at her window, working, when she perceived a handsome young officer gazing at her from the street. She averted her gaze, and applied herself with redoubled assiduity to her work. After a few moments she looked up, and he was still there. For some time he continued to gaze at her window, and finally disappeared. The next day he was there again. The day after, as she and the countess were about getting into the carriage, she saw him standing, muffled in a large fur cloak, watching her. His bright black eyes followed her every movement. Lisabeta smiled, despite herself. From that moment a correspondence of glances was begun.

Hermann (for the reader will have guessed that it was he) had a small fortune, but for an officer was poor. In order to preserve himself from debt, he had resolutely determined never to play, and lived within his income. He was very ambitious, and very taciturn. Under his reserve, however, smoldered the most violent passions. He possessed great self-control, and, though a born gamester, he never touched a card. He often passed feverish nights before the green cloth, devoured by the passion for play, but never indulging it.

The story of the Count de Saint Germain's three cards had made a vivid impression upon his mind. He could think of nothing else.

"Ah," he said to himself, "if the old countess would only tell me her secret—if she would but tell me the names of the three winning cards! I must be presented to her—I must gain her confidence. She is eighty-seven years old—eighty-seven. She might die this week—she might die to-morrow—and her secret with her!" And he dug his nails into his palms as he thought of it.

But he was a man of iron will, and did not falter in his determination to possess himself of the secret. He observed the pretty young girl who served as companion to the countess, and resolved to use her as a tool to further his ends. Not for a moment did a thought of the misery he might cause her make him falter. He used every means to open a correspondence with her. He bribed the servants. He confided notes to the modistes who waited upon the countess for orders. At last his perseverance was rewarded—Lisabeta answered him. Her first letter was a somewhat cold note, chiding him for his rash persistence. But the ice was broken. His protestations of love were soon reciprocated, and at last she consented to a rendezvous. With the rashness which timid women sometimes have, she appointed the countess's house for the place. In her letter she said:

"This evening there is to be a ball at the German ambassador's. We will remain there until two o'clock. As soon as we start for the ball, which will be about eleven, the servants will immediately retire to their quarters. But one will remain, the footman at the door, and he will probably be asleep. Enter as soon as you see us leave, and mount the stairs. If you find any one in the antechamber, ask if the countess is at home; the answer will be that she is not, and you must resign yourself and go. It is not probable that you will meet any one, however. When you are in the antechamber, take the door to the left, and you will find yourself in the countess's boudoir. There, behind a tall screen, you will see two doors: one opens into a closet, the other upon a staircase, which leads to—"

Hermann's eyes glared like those of a beast of prey as he read the note. Already he saw dancing before his eyes the heaped-up gold and bank-notes, the cards, the green cloth of the gaming-table. He saw himself in imagination sweeping in fantastic treasures such as he had never dreamed of. He awaited with feverish impatience the arrival of the hour.

At eleven o'clock he was waiting in front of the countess's door. The night was stormy; the wind moaned fitfully; the lamps gave forth an uncertain flicker upon the falling snow and the deserted street. From time to time the footfall of a belated passer-by sounded upon the stones. But Hermann felt neither wind nor snow. At last the carriage appeared. Two lackeys deposited the muffled form of the countess within it, and following her came the lithe figure of Lisabeta, as she sprang upon the step. The slam of the door smote his ear, and the dull sound of the wheels as they rolled over the snowy street. The footman shut the carriage-gate, the windows became dark, and silence soon hung over the household.

Hermann approached a street lamp, and by its feeble glimmer examined his watch—twenty minutes after eleven. It was past the hour. He opened the gate and entered the vestibule—no footman there. With a firm step, he mounted the grand staircase, and found himself in the antechamber. On the floor lay a snoring servant. Passing quickly by him, Hermann entered the countess's chamber.

Before a little altar in the corner, covered with images, burned a perfumed lamp of gold. On the walls hung portraits, attired in the fashion of fifty years before. One—that of a handsome man in uniform—seemed to follow him with its cold gray eyes as he moved about the room. Hermann resented the look involuntarily, and then smiled at his folly. On the mantel stood porcelain vases and a marble clock; about the room were scattered countless bijoux. He passed behind a screen at one side of the room; there were the doors. He opened the one to the right; it was the stair-

case which led to the room of the poor girl who loved him. He opened the one to the left; a closet revealed itself, into which he stepped.

The minutes crept slowly away. The house was profoundly silent. The great clock in the hall struck twelve, and its echoes died away. Hermann waited. One o'clock. His pulse beat slowly—he was calm. Two o'clock. Silence. Then came the distant rolling of carriage wheels. For the first time he felt some slight emotion. The carriage rapidly approached, and the servants, warned by the sound, hastened to receive their mistress. Three maids entered, and lighted up the boudoir; a moment after, the countess appeared, preceded and followed by lackeys with lights.

Hermann eagerly watched what was passing through the slightly opened door. The old lady fell into an easy-chair, and the maids began to remove her ornaments. Then Lisabeta passed immediately in front of him. He could have touched her as she passed. He heard her light footstep on the stairway; he heard her door shut to. For a moment he felt something which in another man would have been remorse, but he stifled it. His heart was stone.

The maids continued to remove the countess's ball-dress. When they had taken off her wig, her diamonds, her patches, and her brocaded gown, and replaced them with a wrapper and cap, she looked a little less hideous.

Like most very old people, she was troubled with sleeplessness. Therefore, instead of going to bed at once, she had her chair wheeled before the fire, had the lights extinguished, and dismissed her women. The flickering fire-light fell upon her yellow, wrinkled face, as her head nodded from side to side, and its vacuous look revealed the absence of thought. But suddenly her expression changed; her lips trembled, her eyes lighted up. The figure of a man appeared between her and the fire.

"Fear nothing, madame," said the stranger, in a hoarse whisper, "fear nothing. I do not wish to harm you. On the contrary, I come to beseech you to grant me a favor."

The old countess looked at him in silence, as if she did not understand. Thinking that she was deaf, he placed his lips to her ear, and repeated what he had said. Still she was silent.

"You, madame," continued he, "can assure the happiness of my life without the least trouble to yourself. You can tell me the names of the three cards that—"

He stopped. Her lips moved. She evidently understood him.

"It is a jest," said she, "I swear to you it is a foolish jest."

"No, no!" cried Hermann, passionately, "it is no jest! Think of Count Ilitch and his gains—"

He stopped again. The countess's working features seemed for a moment to betray some emotion, but only for a moment.

"Why do you wish to keep this secret? For your grandsons? They are rich already. Besides, they would not profit by it. They are born debauchees, and had they the devil himself at their orders, they would die beggars. I know the value of money—the secret would not be thrown away upon me."

The countess remained dumb.

Hermann threw himself at her feet. "If your heart be human, if you have ever loved, I implore you to tell me this secret! By all that is holy in this world or the next, I beseech you, tell me!"

The countess remained dumb.

"Stay—perhaps some awful sin stains your soul. Perhaps you have made some compact with demons to obtain this secret. If so, bethink you—you have not many years to live. I am ready to assume with the secret all its pains—ready to take upon my soul all its sins. Speak—speak, I implore you!"

The countess remained dumb.

Gnashing his teeth, Hermann leaped to his feet. "Curse you, old hag!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his breast, "speak you shall, or die!"

For the second time the features of the countess displayed some emotion. Her aged head trembled—she extended her hands feebly, as if to ward off the weapon—she fell back in her chair.

"Enough of this!" cried Hermann, brutally clutching her arm, "for the last time—will you speak or no?"

The arm felt strangely limp and lifeless in his grasp. He approached, and examined her face by the light of the fading fire. A look of haughty determination was upon the withered features, but the eyes were dim. Anna, Countess Fedotovna, was stark and dead.

* * * * *

Three days after this scene the obsequies of the countess were celebrated in the Cathedral of Vasil Blazhennoi.* Hermann entered. Although he felt no remorse, he could not deny that he was her assassin. Faith he had none—superstition had forced him thither. He fancied that the dead woman would exercise a malign influence over his life if he did not appease her manes by assisting at the funeral. The cathedral was crowded. The body lay upon an imposing catafalque, under a velvet canopy. Around the bier were gathered the three generations of her numerous family. No one wept—tears would have been considered an affection. The countess was so old that her death had long been regarded as probable at any moment.

After the funeral oration, the relatives and friends defiled slowly around the bier, to look upon the features of the dead woman. Hermann, also, advanced. He reached the catafalque, mounted its steps, and bent over the coffin. He recoiled, with a stifled cry. He fancied he had seen a movement of the eyes of the corpse, and a mocking smile play over its cold lips.

All the rest of the day he felt a most extraordinary uneasiness. At the restaurant where he took his solitary dinner he drank deeply, contrary to his custom, in the hope of shaking off the gloom which oppressed him. It was in vain. The wine only inflamed his imagination, and gave new activity to his working brain. He walked the streets of the city until he was exhausted, then returned to his quarters. He threw himself upon the bed, fully attired, and in a few minutes a leaden slumber settled on him.

*St. Basil the Beatedified.

When he awoke, a flood of moonlight streamed from the window to his bed. He looked at his watch. It was half-past three. He could sleep no longer. He began to think on his failure to obtain the secret, and of the escape of the old countess to the other world, bearing her secret with her.

Suddenly he looked up. He thought the door was moving. Could it be his servant? No—not at that hour. The door slowly opened, and he could dimly distinguish, in its background of darkness, a figure in white. The figure advanced toward him, with a gliding motion. It reached the yellow band of moonlight. It entered the moonlight. Hermann's hair rose upon his head. It was the countess.

"I come against my will," slowly said the apparition; "but by your will it is that I am forced to come. Tray, seven, ace—played one after the other—these are the cards. Farewell!" The figure glided toward the door. As it reached the door, it turned, and Hermann fancied he could discern in the darkness its mocking smile.

* * * * *
Tray, seven, ace! Tray, seven, ace! This was the secret. The words were branded upon Hermann's brain. He could think of nothing else—he could dream of nothing else. The cards appeared in a myriad mystic forms. He saw vast forests, whose nodding branches wove themselves into trays. Mighty cities reared themselves before him, whose gothic gates were strangely like to sevens. Monstrous aces dangled from the skies like spider-webs. The clock ticked "Tray, seven, ace."

There was at Moscow a famous faro-bank, frequented only by the rich. The banker was named Tchekalinski. His life had been passed at play, and he had amassed an immense fortune. His magnificent house, his excellent wines, his elegant manners, had succeeded in attracting to his doors the golden youth of Moscow. They deserted the ball-room for the gambling-hell; they neglected the smiles of beauty for those of the fickle goddess Fortune.

Naroumoff was in the habit of frequenting this place, and Hermann requested him to conduct him there. They passed through a number of rooms, filled with obsequious servants. All were crowded. Generals and diplomatists were playing at whist. Young men were extended upon divans, smoking Turkish pipes. At last they reached the main room. At a long table in the centre was seated Tchekalinski, dealing faro, surrounded by a score of players. He was a man of about sixty, with a noble head, crowned with snow-white hair. His countenance shone with good humor and good living. During a pause in the play Naroumoff presented his friend. The banker greeted him with a brilliant smile, bade him not stand upon ceremony, and commenced another deal. The bets were numerous; the deal lasted long. At its close Tchekalinski began shuffling a new pack for a fresh deal.

Hermann deposited a check upon the table.
"What!" cried Naroumoff, laughingly, "at last, O man of iron, you have yielded to the temptation! Well, I wish you good luck."

"How much?" said the banker, peering at the check, "I beg your pardon, but I cannot see the figures."
"Fifty thousand roubles," replied Hermann.

At these words all eyes were fixed upon the young officer.
"He is mad!" thought Naroumoff.

"Allow me to observe, sir," said Tchekalinski, with his polite smile, "that your play is somewhat heavy."
"I know it," said Hermann, with a slight sneer, "you can decline to play against me, if you wish."

"That is not my desire," said the banker, with a still sweeter smile, "but you will pardon me for saying that when I play for such large sums I prefer to deal with the money before me. It facilitates calculation."

Hermann drew from his pocket a bundle of bank-notes, and placed it upon the tray. The banker examined the notes with a glance, and began to deal. To the right came a ten, to the left a tray.

"Tray wins," said Hermann.

A murmur ran around the table. For a moment the banker's brows contracted, but his smile at once reappeared. He placed upon Hermann's pile of notes a similar pile.

"Do you leave it there?" he asked.

Without replying, Hermann placed the entire sum upon the seven. Tchekalinski dealt. To the right a jack, to the left a seven.

"Seven wins," said Hermann.

The usually impassive banker was evidently ill at ease. He counted one hundred thousand roubles in notes, and placed them upon the mass of wealth.

The news had spread through the gambling-hell. The old men had left their whist, the young men their divans. The servants had quitted their posts. A throng of feverish gamblers and bedizened lackeys surrounded Hermann and his silent opponent. The young man placed the two hundred thousand roubles upon the ace. A profound silence reigned throughout the room.

Tchekalinski prepared to deal. His hands trembled, despite himself. To the right, an ace; to the left a queen.

"Ace wins," said Hermann, extending his hand toward the money.

"I beg your pardon," said the banker, in honeyed tones—"I beg your pardon—ace loses."

Hermann glared at the cards. On the banker's pile was an ace; on his, the QUEEN OF SPADES! He shuddered, and turned sick. He fancied he could see in the painted face upon the card the features of the old countess, and her malignant smile.

"Curse her!" he shrieked, "curse the old hag! May ten thousand devils torture her lying soul!" His voice died away in a hoarse scream. He foamed at the mouth. The banker made a sign to the servants, and they advanced and removed him.

Tchekalinski smiled his most brilliant smile upon the assembled gamblers. "Make your bets, gentlemen," he said, and began to shuffle the cards.

* * * * *
In the Ouboukhof Asylum for the Insane, at Moscow, is a very old man. He is known only as "No. 17." He is harmless, but will reply to no questions put to him. He repeats incessantly, day after day, year after year, the words: "Tray, seven, ace—tray, seven, queen; tray, seven, ace—tray, seven, queen."
JEROME A. HART.
SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1880.

INTAGLIOS.

The Two Brides.

I saw two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet;
One in her wedding robe,
And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
The sacred rites were read,
And one for life to Life,
And one to Death was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,
In loveliness and bloom;
One in a merry castle,
And one in a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain,
But the other was happier far,
And never awoke again.

Roses and Thorns.

The young child Jesus had a garden
Full of roses, rare and red;
And thrice a day he watered them,
To make a garland for his head.

When they were full-blown in the garden
He called the Jewish children there,
And each did pluck himself a rose,
Until they stripped the garden bare.

"And now how will you make your garland?
For not a rose your path adorns."
"But you forget," he answers them,
"That you have left me still the thorns."

They took the thorns and made a garland,
And placed it on his shining head;
And where the roses should have shewn
Were little drops of blood instead.

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

A Subterfuge.

"What is a *beso*, Will?" she said,
As from her book she raised her head,
A look of deep perplexity
Ruffling her brow's convexity.
"A *beso*, Mary," Will replied,
As he stepped softly to her side,
"Means something very tinglish;
Implying contact osculate
Of things opposed, yet duplicate.
Producing a peculiar thrill
And slight paralysis of the will."
"You're teasing me," she answered him;
"I'm vexed at you. I'll go ask Jim.
Now, really, Will, if you do know,
Please tell or show me—don't act so."
"Well, I will show you then," he said,
"The meaning of the word you read:
A *beso* is—there, just like this—
It's only Spanish for a kiss."
The silly geese—what pains they took!
And *beso* was not in the book.

—Anon.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

I could not hear all that they must have said;
But as I sat beside the little stream
I watched them part, with just one angry word.
She passed me quickly, with a down-drooped head,
Red cheeks, eyes flashing with a scornful gleam,
A hasty step, as by deep passion stirred;
She did not turn, nor look back where he stood,
But vanished quickly in the thick green wood.

I watched him sigh, then noted how he gazed
At her retreating form; he whistled low
And softly to himself; in deepest thought
He whispered, "Is she vexed?" then was amazed
That 'twas in truth she really meant to go.
He looked once more, as if indeed he sought
To bring her back, but on she went that day;
Then he went, too—but 'twas the other way.

They never met again; but oft I see
The girl, a woman grown, come by this seat,
And gaze into the stream with tear-worn eyes.
And then I wonder why such things should be—
If she had turned her head, or stayed her feet,
Life would have altered, love's bright, sunny skies
Shone o'er her ever. 'Tis but things like this
That form our lives, and make our woe or bliss.
—All the Year Round.

Tit for Tat.

"Good mornin', Miss Katie," said young Mickie Fee,
"Good mornin', again; it's yourself shure I see,
Lookin' bloomin' as iver. But Kate turned away
As she said, 'Mister Mickie, I wish you good day.
You're a heartless desaver—now don't spake a word!
Pretty tales about you and that Norah I've heard.
You know you danced with her the day of the fair,
And praised her gray eyes and her very red hair.
You called her an angel; quite in love with her fell;
And at night when you parted you kissed her as well!"
Then young Mickie gave a sly wink as he said:
"I desaved her, my darlin'—this way turn your head—
Yes, faith, I desaved her; my darlin', it's true;
For I shut both my eyes, Kate, and fancied 'twas you!"
Yes, that's what I did;
Katie, it's true:
I shut both my eyes,
And fancied 'twas you!"

"Well, I've no time to stay, so good-bye, Mickie Fee.
You may desave ber, but you don't desave me:
I'm not to be blameyed, Mick, a word in your ear:
You had better be off, for my dad's comin' here."
"Oh, your dad's comin', is he? That's not him I see
Now bobbin' behind that old blackthorn-tree?
For it's Paddy Mahon!" "Oh," said Kate, with a sneer,
"You've got your eyes open at last, Mickie dear.
And shure you are right; 'tis my own darlin' Pat,
So take my advice, Mick, and get out of that;
For he's comin' to court me. Now listen, my lad:
When that boy kisses me, oh, won't you be glad!
For when his lips meet mine, why, what will I do
But shut both my eyes, Mick, and fancy it's you?"

That's what I'll do
Mickie, it's true:
Shut both my eyes,
And fancy it's you!"

—Tinsley's Magazine.

WINE GROWING—SELECTION OF VINES.

Experience has demonstrated that the best "all round" vine for red wine is the Hungarian Zinfandel—by which term we mean the best for white as well as red wine, as well as for blending with others, and for depth of color when properly handled; moreover, like Scyras and Hermitage, it makes itself at home nearly equally well in hot situations and comparatively cool ones; and, on the whole, it is a reliable bearer. And in this place one feels tempted to express regret that its produce should be called—as it is universally—"claret," instead of by the name of the vine. But on this matter of nomenclature we shall have a good deal to say on a future occasion. This particular vine, however, might justly find a place in every Californian vineyard. The white wine made of it has already proved, as a last season's wine, superior in its keeping properties to a considerable number of other white kinds. Of the selection of white varieties, it is more difficult, at present, to speak with safety, because situation and climate have so marked an effect both on them and their yield. We speak now from observation, information, and analyses of many samples during two years. For districts such as Sonoma, Napa, and all others of like climate and exposure, the three best have proved to be Riesling, Flaming Tokay, and that one of the Chasseltas family which yields the wine called Gutedel—a product second only to Rhenish hock. Now, for such climates as those of Fresno, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, and the sunny hills and valleys of the south generally, beyond the Zinfandel we have hitherto seen none superior to Berger for firm, light, white wine. All through these dry, sunny districts may be found a home for Spanish and Portuguese varieties. And if ever a gallon of real Manzanilla is to be grown in the State, Fresno is the place. There, both day and night, for months together, when the grapes are ripening, the climate is all that could be desired—probably equal to that of the hot, sandy plains of San Lucar or the Alemejo. But at present the suitable vines are not known to be in the country, at least the best of them. The Mission is certainly one; so is Pedro Jimenes, if the true vine be here. But Temprana, Palomino Blanco, and Doradilla can nowhere be heard of; and until they shall have been introduced and brought into bearing, no one can tell whether the wine will prove to be like true sherry or not. Thus much is certain—many thousands of acres have been planted with those varieties in South Australia, and have been in bearing for more than a quarter of a century. They bear prodigiously well, and enjoy a climate even greater than that of Fresno; yet to this day not one gallon of their must has turned out to resemble any known variety of Spanish sherry. That Palomino Blanco and Temprana yield a delicious wine, which ripens rapidly, is certain, but it is not Manzanilla. The characteristic bitterness of that prince of wines is lacking altogether, and frequently the color also.

The white wine made here and called sherry—for the most part a hot, poor, highly-branded article—is a very caricature of Spanish sherry. Among the useful teachings of the Board of Viticulture we expect to find that of accurate nomenclature of vines and wines. Meanwhile, experience might instruct vintners, for their own advantage, that the vignerons of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope received their chance of a market all over the world by insisting on calling their white wines "sherry." The expression "Cape sherry" is a by-word in every good wine-cellar the world over; and it is certainly not inferior to California sherry. All that we have said of sherry, *mutato nomine*, may be predicated of port. The port-wine grapes are not in the State, and so port wine can not be made.

Lying before us is one of those exhaustive investigations into the wines of Spain and Portugal by the most experienced of wine students, Mr. J. B. Keene, of the English Customs Department, London. Until within the last three years, when he was sent to investigate adulterated teas, nearly all his public life has been devoted to that one work. The present report covers 1,265 samples, of which 554 were Spanish and 457 Portuguese. Now, the reader of this article will do well to ponder over the following sentence, and, for the credit of the State, act in the spirit of it, keeping their wines pure and natural, and not the deleterious stuff so often met with:

Of the total number of Portuguese wines, 381 were in their natural state, having, so far as I could discover, no trace of added spirit, while 49 were evidently fortified, some having as much as 40 or even 50 per cent. of proof-spirit; of the red wines, 318 were natural, and 25 fortified; of the white, 63 were natural, and 24 fortified. Those from the district of Porto (the Alto Douro) were the lowest strengths of any; none belonged to the category of what we are accustomed to call port wines.

The average of strength, including both the fortified and the natural, is only 26.72 of British proof—or alcohol 15.26 per cent. Plenty of the natural wines of this State far exceed those figures. The above may seem a digression, though not so in reality. If there be a good sale in the Eastern States for artificial port and sherry, let them be as like the original as possible—at any rate, let them be made from the Spanish and Portuguese grapes of the kinds alone used for wines of those names. No more useful work could be done with a part of the three thousand dollars, just voted by the Legislature for experiments at the university, than the procuring of cuttings from Spain and Portugal, and causing them to be planted at several dissimilar localities, besides the nursery at the university. Cuttings must be obtained, not seeds. Seeds are sure to be hybridized; such is the fault of the Mission vines. They belong to the Beni-carlo family, but are not pure.

He saw a petite and handsome young lady coming down the street, whereupon he began to admire and to stare at her in a way entirely new to the lady. It proved, on closer inspection, to be his wife in a new spring suit. He was so disgusted at his disappointment that he threw an orange peeling at her, and walked away in an opposite direction. It simply shows the power or habit some men have of adapting themselves to all manner of circumstances.

The first almanac was printed in 1460 and 1880 contains several of the same fresh and that appeared in the first number.



How very strange it is that an Italian writer who lived his little life out half of a thousand years ago, and even then got into the world haphazard, being but "a light o' love," as the Irish would say, should have such an enduring fame. Giovanni Boccaccio! The name has not at any time a strange sound, and within the week has become as familiar as the mayor's; for Boccaccio himself is disporting in tights and tunic at the Bush Street Theatre, and Boccaccio, filtered through a Shakspeare's transmuting fancy, reigns at the Baldwin Theatre. Honest Will Shakspeare! How well he knew what he did not know, and went to the Italians for the pith of his tales whenever the manager called for a new play; how the critics would annihilate him if he lived to-day with charges and proofs of plagiarism. As for the story-writers themselves, they have died out of the memory of man long, long ago. And if, of them all, Boccaccio's fame alone be yet green, it is because—model though he be of wit, satire, and elegant simplicity of diction—every one in his time has been forbidden to take the big red-backed hook down from the shelf. The primeval taste for forbidden fruit yet lingers on the palate.

You must have seen *Cymbeline*, and do not like the play, I know. Pruned and trimmed and cleansed and readjusted as it is, it is yet sometimes ineffably tiresome. It would not be safe for any but a superlatively beautiful woman to attempt to bring it out of the closet. Charming as the character of "Imogen" may be—wifely, womanly, dog-like in constancy, Griselda-like in patience—it is yet, after all, but a posing part. Through two acts—nay, three—"Imogen" has little to do but stand about the stage in graceful attitudes and look beautiful; no woman who walks the boards can do thus much more satisfactorily than Adelaide Neilson. But she can also do more; and in *Cymbeline* one grows actually impatient, waiting for her to begin. For it is in the lighter parts of a play that Adelaide Neilson's faults—she not being "one entire and perfect chrysolite"—are most conspicuous. She is essentially a tragedienne. Her passions are attuned to high pitch. She is cramped for room on the little stage at Baldwin's. She learned her stride, perhaps, at Old Drury, for she can cross the Baldwin in three steps; and when she begins to plunge straight down the stage in one of her headlong courses, you can see every one in the line, from the orchestra leader to the man in the mezzanine box, shrink involuntarily as if to get out of the way. She carries you with her in these whirlwinds and gusts, and when she has a shock you have it too. Did you watch the house as she read "Posthumus's" cruel letter to "Pisanio," the other night? When the bolt struck her heart, and she went down like a shot, every one in the audience jumped as if he had been hurt, too. And yet it could not have been unexpected. A woman reading her death warrant, signed by the bands of a husband whom she loves and suspects herself to be loved by, is not apt to retain any extraordinary degree of self-possession. A faint is the most natural thing in the world under the circumstances. But who else faints as Adelaide Neilson does? She becomes on the instant as limp as a piece of worn satin ribbon. She falls as noiselessly as a tiny avalanche, and as prone as the dead. She does not seem to cast a fainting horsepoe beforeband. She does not take an inventory of distances and probable bumps. She does not bend in sections, like a pocket rule. She falls as one might under a heart-thrust—suddenly, unresistingly, and without forethought or reckoning. Here's a lot of talk about a faint; but then the faint is one of Miss Neilson's *pieces de resistance*. She has quite a stock of them. You have seen the ready tears rise to her great black eyes, and roll in big beads down her cheeks. They were there when "Pisanio" raised her from the ground, and she cried, realizing between them that that "drug-damned Italy had outcrafted" "Posthumus," who, by the way, was very much of a cad in any case, and did not deserve to be upheld by such a woman. Miss Neilson is excessively stagey. Her voice is not exceptionally fine, and as an elocutionist she does not so widely excel. But she is as beautiful as any woman needs or has any right to be. She is the most thoroughly trained actress on the stage. No woman better understands the grace of drapery. Her tears are big and real, and honor any demand. Her faint is like the falling of a snow-drift. She is as fervid as a south wind in the tropics; she has a delightful way of storming you into surprise; and a stage embrace—well, one would be apt to drift into breakers, speaking from an adjective point of view in attempting to describe it. See that small wonder that any one sits patiently

through a Neilson night, even though the performance drag when she is off the stage, as *Cymbeline* inevitably must. Of course her best scenes are her repulse of "Iachimo," and the receipt of "Posthumus's" cruel letter to "Pisanio." But it is worth waiting simply to look at her as "Fidele" in the cave scene. In all the glitter of gems and gewgaws, in all the trailing satins and rich stuffs which she so well knows how to wear, she is not so irresistibly beautiful as in the simple white tunic of "Fidele." As for her timidity, in this scene, it is exceedingly natural, proud, undaunted "Imogen" though she be. Any woman of fiery spirit will defy a king and court, and go uncomplaining, for sake of the man she loves, through countless tribulations, but she is always afraid of a dark place and a bugaboo. You can not terrify her with trials and sacrifices, but she will run shrieking at sight of the barrel of an unloaded gun, and turn pale with fear of the edge of a blade, if she carry the knife in her hand. There was something, therefore, comfortably real about Miss Neilson when she came down off her tragic stilts to play this bit of timidity in the most real sort of way. The company gave most excellent support, notably Bishop as "Cloten"—a character which Halliwell says must have been "taken from life, it is so daring a flight for an author to take without precedent." And are we to be afflicted with Compton throughout the entire season? He is a magnificently incompetent young man, whose distinguishing features, so far as may be gathered from his "Posthumus," are a strapping pair of legs, and long, depending Moorish moustachios. Possibly he had a cold, for he displayed no voice; and perhaps he is an amateur, for he does not seem to know very much about acting.

Talking of amateurs, have you been to the amateur carnival at the Bush Street Theatre? What a jolly time of it they must have, such a lot of them together. What would become of *Boccaccio*, were it not that it is magnificently mounted and costumed, and that Miss Emelie Melville carries the opera—if opera it is to be called—upon her own shoulders? For Max Freeman has failed to help her this time. His "Pietro" is really too loud and too hoisterous to be agreeable. The stage itself is quite a picture, with its quaint and curious costumes, and with nothing—anachronisms and all—more than two or three hundred years out of the way, and that, from our distant point of perspective, is a mere trifle. There are very few of us capable of quarreling over the fashions of the fourteenth century as compared with those of the sixteenth. In any case, there was nothing which really looked very much out of place but a great, green carpet-bag; and perhaps, indeed, Giovanni Boccaccio himself carried just such an one when he went traveling. At all events, the little Bush Street Theatre looks eminently historical just now. Emelie Melville, with a courage which does not usually distinguish a blonde, has tinged her skin to a dark Italian swarthinness, and, if she does not look the handsomer for the stain, looks at least more picture-like. Her philosophy on these points is eminently sound, as she proved with her Titian locks in the *Pirates*. People are always calling for novelty, but a familiar face changed is more fascinating than a new one. I remember once reading a magazine story of an impressionable young man, sojourning at a watering place, who fell in love with a series of young ladies of various complexions, who all turned out to be one young woman who rejoiced in the possession of a set of wigs, which she wore as fancy dictated for the purpose of concealing her own red hair. This, however, was before fashion had made red hair a crown of glory. As for Miss Emelie Melville, this simple change made so much talk that I believe some people actually went to the theatre to see how she looked in red hair. Miss Melville's costumes in *Boccaccio* are rich and handsome, and she looks well in them. The music brings into play her lower notes, the richest and sweetest in her voice; and some of the music is extremely pretty. In fact, all through the first act the music is simply delightful, and the curtain goes down on a well-pleased audience. The second act is inexcusably bad; the third insufferably stupid. The opera has been much condensed since the first night, and surely no text ever offered fairer field for cutting. It is but kindness to the amateurs and to the public to have clipped their wings in their ambitious flight. There is, first, a Miss Mulbach who seems to have an at-home feeling on the stage, but who can not sing. Then there is a Miss Danforth who requires prompt extinguishing as an actress, but who has two or three contralto notes. Then there is a Miss Gerrish who is similarly endowed, but who, between the dazed expression of countenance and the extraordinary arm movement with which she signaled her operatic debut, seemed to be going about in a high wind. Then there was a Mr. Florence J. McCarthy, as the bills definitely put it, who hovered between two harrowing uncertainties, as to whether he was engaged as baritone or bass, and settled definitely on neither. There were a few lesser lights floating about, who seemed to be breathing unfamiliar air, but they were not sufficiently prominent to be amusing. However, when these people were permitted to lose their individuality in the chorus, they sang excellently well, and the concerted music of *Boccaccio* is something delightful to listen to. The first act is worth the price of admis-

sion. After that the music declines—in quantity at least—and the dialogue becomes prolix, and abounds in *double entendres*. It is reported better since the cutting, but in any case it is not clean. I have heard more than one say that no other artist in her line on the stage could play the part of this prince of rakes with so much modesty as Emelie Melville does. To say truth, she makes the part as clean as a white page. Perhaps the illusion is assisted by the appearance of "Fiametta," who, though the original was a very naughty princess indeed, appears in the hands of Miss Gracie Plaisted like a little child. Miss Gracie Plaisted is a tiny little woman, with a tiny little voice, which she uses very well, and who may be remembered in *A Trip to the Moon*. Her marvelous self-possession was the theme of general comment at that time, and it has not left her. In addition, she has a candid way of inviting an encore, which is only excused by the fact that she does sing very sweetly. They have dressed her in a charmingly simple style, and she is just the foil for the dashing "Boccaccio." Go to see it. The first act will induce you to enjoy the second. But see the third. In any case, the stage and people are well worth the seeing. It is so much easier and pleasanter and more vivid than to read a chapter or two from history. And, beside, you should see him, for he is an old friend, and in his new guise you will find him a delightful fellow, this same "Giovanni Boccaccio."

BETSY B.

The Zeitska Institute.

The graduating exercises of the Zeitska Institute held at the Metropolitan last week were very complete and successful. The attendance of guests and relatives and friends of the pupils was large, and the programme varied and interesting. Four young ladies graduated and received their diplomas—Miss Emma Spinney, Miss Mollie Coleman, Miss Lola Rodriguez, and Miss Sarah Platscheck. The salutatory, an essay entitled "First Impressions," was read by Miss Spinney; a French essay, "La Californie," by Miss Rodriguez; "Die Dichter Deutschlands," a German essay, by Miss Platscheck, while Miss Mollie Coleman presented as the valedictory an essay on the "Monuments of Time." The other exercises, consisting of music, recitations, and the presenting of prizes and diplomas, followed. After the set programme at the Temple a serenade was given at the school building to Madame Zeitska, under whose intelligent management this private and fashionable academy has been so popular and successful. It was a graceful tribute to an accomplished lady—one in every respect deserving and appreciative of the compliment. The next term of the Institute, which has now something like one hundred and twenty-five pupils, begins some time in the early part of July.

A curious gaming case has lately come up in Paris. Mlle. Gibert is a gambler, passionately devoted to her cards, and not ashamed of her passion. She is well to do, and in her spinster boudoir, in the Rue Richemance Mals, has many a little game for the benefit of certain dear friends of her own sex and tastes. Up to a month or so ago these games were restricted to hazard, baccarat, and the like. Then noticing that her guests wearied of short cards now and again, Mlle. Gibert invested in a superb roulette wheel and lay-out. Somehow or other, the police got wind of this, and one afternoon a descent was made on the place, and a dozen aristocratic ladies, including the proprietress, marched, like so many ignoble felons, before a magistrate. The zealous police got a bluff at the very start, however. It was proved that Mlle. Gibert's game was a strictly private one; that its only patrons were the most intimate friends of the hostess, and that such close acquaintances who called were not permitted to enjoy it unless it was agreeable to all the parties. Moreover, Mlle. Gibert's losses effectually disproved the charge that she ran her establishment for purposes of gain. She is notoriously unlucky, and her passion costs her the bulk of a handsome income. There being no law against any one's playing games of chance for their own private amusement, the fair prisoners were released with an abject apology. Having ascertained that the charge against her was based on information furnished by a lady whom she had denied the privilege of playing, Mlle. Gibert has instituted suit against her for slander.

A Chicago reporter lately went one afternoon to "do" a cattle fair, and at night to "finish up" a grand hall. The next morning the office was besieged by thirteen enraged husbands, seven big brothers, and dozens of sisters, cousins, and aunts, each holding a copy of the paper, and pointing to this paragraph: "Miss Alice B., a beautiful blonde heifer, cowbell, and diamonds, etc. Miss Betty C., charming brunette, pink silk, and pearls; second prize; short horn. Mrs. Sarah Eliza X., a beautiful matron arrayed in Durham satin, embroidered in Alderney pink, cowbell set in diamonds, real lace, and weighing 1,039 on the scales; first prize, \$500." The rest of the report was similar in style.

Colonel Higginson says of Mrs. Jackson: When some one asked Emerson, a few years since, whether he did not think "H. H." the best woman-poet on this continent, he answered, in his meditative way: "Perhaps we might as well omit the woman;" thus placing her, at least in that moment of impulse, at the head of all. He used to cut her poems from the newspapers, as they appeared, to carry them about with him, and to read them aloud. His especial favorites were the most condensed and the deepest—those having something of that kind of obscurity which Coleridge pronounced to be a compliment to the reader.

A young fellow tried to scare a Brooklyn widow by appearing to her as her husband's ghost. But as he was in the house before twelve o'clock at night, and didn't appear drunk, she detected the fraud at once, and thumped the intruder on the head with the fire-shovel.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Love's Symbols.

Pass the butter gently, Mabel,
Shove it lightly through the air;
In the corner of the dish, love,
You will find a nut-brown hair.
What fond memories it awakens
Of the days ere we were wed,
When upon my good coat collar
Oft was laid your little head.
Lovingly I stroked those tresses
In the happy days gone by;
Now I strike them every meal-time
In the butter or the pie.

Will Bear Investigation.

Full many a gem of spurious ray serene
The spotless shirts of hotel clerks do bear!
Full many a simple, ignorant sardine
Believes them purest stones of value rare!
And that's where they're fooled!
—Argo.

The Simple Truth.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one.
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Gliding into and out of the hand!
The fisher drops his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one,
And the maiden dreams her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And the dreaming dreamer always wakes!
—Boston Advertiser.

The Complex Truth.

The tide comes in and the tide goes out,
And a hundred tides are the same as one;
For who can say what I'm writing about?
And what is it all when all is done—
But dipping my pen in ink—and then?
Oh, nothing but taking it out again.
For people must read a great deal of rot—
And rubbish and rot are the same as one.
They may as well read what I write—why not?
But what is it all when all is done?
Some lines of type, and a metre rough,
And not an idea in the whole of the stuff.
—Harvard Lampoon.

Rough on the Old Man.

An Oil City boy, whose old father
Is an able attorney at law,
Was telling some chums last evening—
With many a loud guffaw—
Of the show. "And," said he, "I'm going.
I don't care Adam Forepaugh."
—Derrick.

There was a young girl in Chicago,
And she said: "If you don't let my paw go,
Your eyes I will scratch,
And your hair I will snatch!"
And swiftly she made every claw go.—Anon.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A young lad rang the door-bell
Of a newly-married pair.
"Don't you want a boy?" he said,
Shyly pulling at his hair.
"Want a boy?" she repeated;
"Why, you impudent scapgrace!"
And she gave the door a slam
In the youth's astonished face.

Kathleen, Brace Up!

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill!
If you do not arouse after all of this shaking,
I'll dose you with water—b-vk thunder, I will!
Oh, hast thou forgotten no breakfast awaits me?
Oh, hast thou forgotten my work at the store?
You know when I'm late how the gov nor berates me;
Then Kathleen, dog on it—oh, heaven, a snore!"
—Anon.

The Circus Parade.

The circus! the circus! The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band-wagon comes,
And the clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street.
In the circus parade there is glory clear down,
From the first spangled horse to the mule of the clown;
And the gleam and the glitter and glamour and glare
On the days of enchantment are glimmering there.
For here are the banners of silvery fold,
Caresing the winds with their fringes of gold,
And their high-lifted standards with spear-tips aglow,
Are the helmeted knights that go riding below.
Here's the chariot wrought of that marvelous shell
The sea gave to Neptune, first washing it well
With its fabulous waters of gold, till it gleams
Like the galleon rare of an argonaut's dreams.
And the elephant, too, with his undulant stride,
That rocks the high throne of a king in his pride,
That in jungles of India shook from his flanks
The tiger that leapt from the Jujube banks.
Here's the long, ever-changing, mysterious line
Of cages, with hints of their glories divine,
From the little barred windows, cut high in the rear,
Where the close-hidden animals' noses appear.
Here's the pyramid car, with the splendor and flash,
And the goddess above, in a fluttering sash
And a pen-wiper dress; oh, the rarest of sights
Is this Queen of the Air in cerulean tights!
Then the far-away clasp of the cymbals, and then
The swoon of the tune ere it wakens again.
And the capering tones of the gallant cornet
That go dancing away in a mad minuet.
The circus! The circus! The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band-wagon comes,
And the clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street.
—Indianapolis Sentinel.

BAD VENTILATION.—The bad air of workshops, court-rooms, and places of amusement poisons the blood no less than if the same poison were taken into the system by eating or drinking it. To expel this poison with certainty and celerity, Hop Bitters should be taken.

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At a parish school: "What is the wife of a prince called?" "Please, ma'am, a princess." "And what is the wife of an emperor called?" "Please, ma'am, an emperress." "And what is the wife of a duke called?" "Please, ma'am, a drake."

We have received from H. P. Hubbard, of New Haven, Conn., a copy of *Hubbard's Right-Hand Record and Newspaper Directory*, a work giving, in alphabetical order, towns in each State, with population, papers in the same, with circulation, space for recording contracts, and other data valuable to advertisers. The work also contains a complete list of all American newspapers, and a list of the leading journals of the world. As a book of newspaper ready reference it is indispensable. Price, \$1.50 with card, and \$2.50 with board covers.

In Heine's eyes Madame De Staël was "the passionate woman in all her turbulence of soul, a veritable hurricane in petticoats, sweeping through our peaceful Germany, and everywhere exclaiming rapturously, 'What a refreshing stillness breathes over this land! How delightfully cool it is in your woods! What reviving perfume of violets! How peacefully the green finches warble in their German nests! You are a good and virtuous people, and can have no idea what corruption of morals prevails among us in the Rue du Bac.'"

Mrs. Aurelia Burrage has nearly completed her class for the coming year at Dresden, and will leave the city in a few days. Her present address is 819 Shotwell Street.

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 2. I'll dance and I'll sing..... and my laugh shall be

hair, The li - lies so pale and the ros - es so rare, The mys - tle so bright with an em - er - ald
 gay, I'll cease this sad weep - ing, drive sor - row a - way, I'll live yet to see him re - gret the wild

hue, The pale ar - o - nett - a with eyes of bright blue. I'll think of him ne - ver, I'll be wildly
 hour, That he won and neg - lec - ted this frail wild-wood flow'r. He told me he lov'd me, he promised to

gay, I'll charm ev'-ry heart and the crowd I will sway, Tho' my heart may be break - ing, He ne - - ver shall
 love, Thro' ills and mis - for - tunes all oth - ers a - bove, But an - oth - er has won him, My mis - ery to

know, That his name made me tremble, and my pale cheek to glow.
 tell, He left me in silence, not a word of fare-well.

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THE LIGHT RUNNING
SEWING MACHINE.
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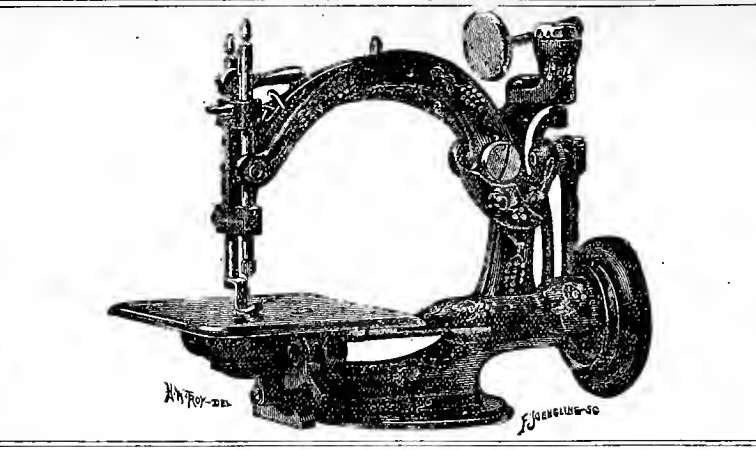
OPHIR SILVER MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth (4th) day of June, 1880, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth (9th) day of July, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-ninth (29th) day of July, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, June 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 55) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was declared, payable on THURSDAY, May 20, 1880. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.
W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Northern Belle Mill and Mining Company, San Francisco, June 10, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, Dividend No. 32, of Fifty Cents (50c.) per share, was declared, payable on TUESDAY, June 15, 1880. Transfer books closed on Friday, June 11, 1880, at 3 o'clock P. M.
WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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Billiard and Pool Tables. Sole Agents for the United States for the Hyatt Billiard and Pool Balls.
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Commission Merchants,
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Liberal advances made on consignments.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., June 2, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 16, of Seventy-five (75) cents per share, was declared, payable on SATURDAY, June 12, 1880, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE
Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."
MACONDRAY & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.
\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 25.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 19, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS.

A Striking Chapter from Zola's "Rougon-Macquart Family."

Leaving Plassans by the Roman gate on the south side of the town, after passing the scattered houses of the Faubourg, one finds one's self on the road to Nice, and on the right a vacant space, known under the name of Saint-Mittre.

Saint-Mittre is an elongated square, separated from the highway merely by a strip of worn turf. On one side is a lane which terminates in a cul-de-sac, and is bordered by a row of dilapidated huts. At the left and rear it is shut in by two moss-grown walls, over which wave branches of the tall mulberry-trees on the great estate of Jas-Meiffren, which has its entrance lower down in the Faubourg. Thus shut in on three sides, Saint-Mittre is like a square which leads nowhere, and which is only crossed by pedestrians.

Formerly this spot was a cemetery under the protection of Saint-Mittre—a Provençal saint much honored in the country about. The old inhabitants of Plassans, in 1851, talked of having seen the walls of this cemetery standing for years. For a century this spot had been used for interments, until finally the authorities of the town were compelled to open a new cemetery on the other side of the town, so full had this one become, and Saint-Mittre was abandoned and overgrown with crisp dark grass and weeds. The soil—which could never be upheaved by shovel or pickaxe without bringing to the surface human remains—was appallingly fertile.

From the highway, after May rains and June suns, the herbage was seen overtopping the walls; while within it was like a sea of dark green with dashes of strangely brilliant flowers, while the damp earth smelled of the decaying humanity which nourished this rank vegetation. One of the curiosities of this old burial-ground was a huge pear-tree with gnarled and twisted branches, laden yearly with enormous fruit which no housewife in Plassans would touch. Everybody spoke of the gigantic fruit with disgust, except the school-boys of the Faubourg, who were troubled with no such scruples of delicacy, and climbed the walls at twilight to steal these pears long before they were ripe.

The glowing life of these trees and this herbage had long since devoured all the dead bodies in the old cemetery of Saint-Mittre; and now as one passed along by the wall, only the penetrating odor of the wall-flowers was to be perceived, and this had been the case for several summers. About this time the town awoke to the fact that this property was lying idle, and they wished to utilize it. They tore down the walls, rooted up the grass, and cut down the pear-trees. Then they proceeded to move the cemetery. The bones they dug up were heaped in one corner, and for a month the children alternately grieved over the loss of their pear-tree, and played ball with skulls, and some of the older lads went so far as to be guilty of the very poor jest of one night hanging tibias and femurs on all the door-bells in the town. There was a constant repetition of this scandal, of which Plassans still preserved the tradition, until the bones were thrown, all together, in a great ditch in the new cemetery.

But in the provinces such labors are executed with strange slowness, and the inhabitants for many days were regaled with the sight of a huge cart, transporting human remains as if they had been loads of plaster.

This cart traversed the length of Plassans, and the wretched cobble-stones of the streets jostled out bits of bone and handfuls of rich earth all along the road. Not the smallest religious ceremony took place. It was merely a slow and brutal cartage through an insensible town.

For many years this ancient cemetery was looked upon with horror. Open to all comers on the side of a great highway, it was soon again overgrown with wild flowers and grass. The town had expected to sell it and to see houses erected upon it, but they found themselves mistaken—the remembrance of the carts laden with human bones weighed like a nightmare on the people; or it may have been simply the indolence of the provincial, and the reluctance they always feel in undertaking new enterprises. At all events, the town kept the land, and, after a time, seemed to lose the desire to sell it.

The authorities did not even fence it in. Any one entered it who pleased, and by degrees all the inhabitants of Plassans became accustomed to this empty corner—wore narrow paths across it, and sat on the grassy banks. When the paths were well defined, and the beaten earth was gray and hard, the old cemetery looked like a public square badly cared for and neglected.

For more than thirty years Saint-Mittre has had a most peculiar appearance. The town, too indifferent and sleepy, finally let the land for an absurdly small rental as a lumber-yard. At this very day huge beams lie here and there on the ground like broken columns, and are a perpetual joy to the children, who clamber over them with unweary activity, and play there the livelong day.

Another thing which gives to this spot a character of its own is, that all birds of passage, all wandering Bohemians, establish themselves there. As soon as one of those mansions on wheels, containing an entire tribe, reaches Plassans, they settle themselves on the area of ground known as Saint-Mittre. The place is rarely empty; there is always some band of wild, fantastic-looking people—tawny men, withered women, and beautiful children, living a strange out-of-door

life—boiling their pots in the open air, eating nameless things, washing and drying their ragged garments, quarrelling and fighting—dirty and poor.

The old burial-ground, where once the bees buzzed around the gaudy flowers in the glaring sunlight, has thus become a noisy spot, resounding with the sharp voices of children and the quarrels of the wandering Bohemians. A saw-mill of primitive construction in a sheltered corner served as bass to the sharper tones, and for hours two men worked it with the regularity of machines.

From the old tombs, warmed by the hot suns, rose damp odors, and in all the country about Plassans there was not a place so quiet, so peaceful, and so solitary.

One Sunday evening, about seven o'clock, a young man passed, entered Saint-Mittre, keeping close to the wall, and emerged near the saw-mill. It was early in December, 1851, and excessively cold. The moon was at the full, and had the excessive brilliancy peculiar to winter; the saw-mill lay silent and motionless, flooded in this white light.

The young man stood still for a few moments, and looked about him doubtfully. He held, half-hidden by his overcoat, a musket, whose muzzle, turned toward the ground, glittered in the rays of the moon. He pressed the musket close to his breast, while he intently examined, one after the other, the black shadows projected by the piles of timber. They were almost like a checker-board in their regularity.

In the centre, on a bit of bare and level ground, stood the saw-mill, like some monstrous geometrical figure roughly drawn with ink on paper. The beams and logs—in this wintry moon, in this frozen stillness—had more than a vague suggestion of the dead in the old cemetery.

The young man looked about him. Not a human being was to be seen. The solitude appeared absolute. Several dark shadows in the distance disturbed him, however; but, after another investigation, he hastily crossed the lumber yard and reached the alley running along the wall. There his feet made no sound as they trod the frozen grass. He seemed more at ease, and no longer appeared to fear any danger. He ceased to conceal his musket. The moon, shining between piles of boards, lay in strips of light at his feet. All—light and shadow alike—was buried in profound slumber, sweet and sad.

Nothing could be imagined more peaceful than this path. The young man traversed its whole length. At the extreme end, where the walls of Jas-Meiffren make an angle, he stood still and listened, as if for some sound from the next grounds.

Then, hearing nothing, he stooped, thrust aside a board, and hid his gun amid the pile of timber. In this corner an old tomb, that had been forgotten in the days when the cemetery had been moved, made a comfortable seat. Rain had worn away the edges, and moss and lichens were slowly invading it. But in the moonlight the remains of an epitaph engraven on the face of the tomb were to be seen:

"Cy—gist—Marie—morte—"

Time had effaced all else.

When he had concealed his gun the young man, listening, but still hearing nothing, stepped upon the tomb. The wall was low, and he stood leaning upon it. Beyond the row of mulberries he saw only a plain of light. The Jas-Meiffren estate, flat and treeless, extended under the moon like a huge web of unbleached linen, while, a couple of hundred yards away, the house and its outbuildings lay in silent whiteness.

The young man fixed his eyes on this last with evident anxiety. The village clock struck seven, slowly and solemnly. He counted each stroke, and stepped down from the stone with an air of mingled surprise and relief, and took his seat with the air of a man resigned to a long period of waiting. He did not seem to feel the cold. For a half hour he sat motionless, with eyes fixed as if dreaming. He had taken his seat in a dark corner, but as the moon rose higher it touched his head and brought out each feature of his face.

He was not more than seventeen, and wonderfully handsome, of vigorous build, with an expressive mouth, and the delicate skin and coloring of his years. His face was thin and long, and chiseled as by some powerful sculptor. The high forehead, the arch of the eyebrows, the aquiline nose, the well-moulded chin, gave to the whole head a singular vigor, which as years went on might become too pronounced; but at this hour of puberty the sharpness of outline was softened by the down on cheek and chin, and by a vague childishness of expression. The eyes were velvety black, and very gentle in expression, imparting sweetness to this energetic physiognomy. All women might not be attracted by this youth, for he was far from what is usually called a handsome fellow; but his face was so full of energy, so sympathetic and strong, that the girls of his province—those warm-blooded southern girls—dreamed of him whenever they had seen him pass their door on July evenings.

He sat, musing, on the tombstone, unheeding the moonlight now shining full upon him. He was of medium height, and somewhat squarely built. His arms were muscular, and his hands were those of a workman already hardened by labor. His feet, encased in stout leather shoes, looked large and strong. All these members, and even his listless manner of sitting, indicated that he belonged to the people; but the carriage of his head, the flash in his eyes, told a clever observer that he revolted against the stultifying manual labor which was already beginning to round his shoulders. His mind was quick and intelligent, but weighed down by his

race and his class; one of those exquisitely tender natures that suffer in not being able to cast aside their outer husk. Thus, in spite of his real strength of character, he seemed timid and uneasy—ashamed of his own incompleteness, but not knowing in what way to finish himself, if we may be allowed the expression.

He was a brave fellow—ignorant and enthusiastic—a manly heart guided by boyish reasoning abilities—self-sacrificing as a woman, and courageous as a hero.

He was dressed in pantaloons and jacket of ribbed velveteen. A soft felt hat, pulled down a little in front, threw a light shadow over his brow.

When the half-hour struck from the neighboring clock he started. Discovering that he was bathed in the full light of the moon, he looked anxiously about him, and with a sudden movement retreated into the shadow; but his train of thought was hopelessly lost; he realized that his feet and hands were like ice, and became impatient. Again he stood upon the tombstone and scrutinized the Jas-Meiffren estate, where all was silent and vacant. Then, not knowing what to do to kill time, he descended, took up his gun once more from amid the pile of boards, and amused himself with that.

This gun was a long and heavy carbine, which had doubtless belonged to some smuggler. By the thickness of the butt end, and the dimensions of the barrel, it was easy to see that it had once carried stones, and had since been altered by some country blacksmith.

The youth ran his hand up and down his gun caressingly, put his finger into the barrel and examined it carefully; by degrees becoming fired by youthful enthusiasm, in which there was a touch of childishness, he shouldered the gun, and stood like a conscript going through his first drill.

The clock was on the stroke of eight. He stood thus for several minutes, when all at once a voice, soft and low as a sigh, came from Jas-Meiffren:

"Are you there, Silvère?" asked the voice.

Silvère dropped his gun, and leaped upon the flat tomb. "Yes," he replied, in a voice that was equally low; "wait a moment; I will help you."

A young girl's head appeared above the wall. The child, with singular agility, had climbed like a cat into the trunk of a mulberry-tree. By the rapidity and ease of her movements it was easy to see that this strange path was not new to her.

In the twinkling of an eye she was seated upon the edge of the wall. Then Silvère lifted her in his arms, and placed her on the turf; but she resisted.

"Let me be!" she said, with the air of a child playing some romping game; "let me be; I can get down myself."

Then, when she stood fairly on her feet, she continued: "You have been waiting for me a long time, have you not? I ran so fast that I am entirely out of breath."

Silvère did not reply; he seemed in no laughing mood. He took his seat by her side, saying, gravely: "I wanted to see you, Miette, and would have waited all night for you. I leave to-morrow morning at daybreak."

Miette saw the gun lying on the frozen grass. She, in her turn, grew very grave, and murmured: "Ah! you have decided then; and there is your gun."

Then came a long silence.

"Yes," answered Silvère, in a trembling voice, "that's my gun. I preferred to leave the house to-night. To-morrow morning Aunt Dide might have seen me take it, and that would have worried her. I intend to hide it somewhere here, and come for it just as we start."

As Miette seemed unable to take her eyes from this gun, which he so foolishly left full in sight, he took it up, and slipped it again among the boards.

"We learned this morning," he said, as he seated himself again, "that the insurgents of La Palud and of Saint-Martin-de-Vaulx were on the march, and that they spent last night at Amboise. It has been decided that we shall join them there. This afternoon a band of workmen from Plassans left the town; to-morrow all the others join their brothers."

He uttered the word "brothers" with boyish emphasis. Then, with increasing animation, he continued:

"The conflict is inevitable; but right is on our side, and we shall triumph."

Miette listened to Silvère, looking before her with wide-opened, unseeing eyes. When he ceased speaking, she said: "It is well."

And at the end of a moment she added:

"You told me so; but I hoped—I could not but hope. But now it is decided."

They could say no more. This quiet spot breathed the most intense melancholy. The only moving things were the shadows thrown by the swaying branches of the mulberry-trees over the moonlight which flooded the grass. The group formed by the two young persons on the tombstone was as if sculptured from marble.

Silvère slipped his arm around Miette's waist, and she leaned against his shoulder. They exchanged no kisses. She gently submitted to his brotherly embrace.

Miette was wrapped in an ample brown cloak with a hood. This garment fell to her feet, and enveloped her entirely, so that only her head and hands emerged.

The women of the people—peasants and work-women—still wear in Provence these large mantles, which they call pelisses, and the fashion of which dates from time immemorial.

Miette had thrown her hood back. She lived out of doors,

and never wore a hat or cap. Her well-shaped head stood out against the wall, whitened by the moon. She was a child, but a child who was soon to become a woman. She was just at that charming hour of indecision when the frolicsome child is transformed into the girl.

At that time there is always with all adolescents the delicacy of an opening bud—the full, voluptuous lines of womanhood are indicated in the slender, childish form. Some girls at this period develop too hastily; they grow tall and thin, like weeds or unhealthy plants.

But for Miette—for all those who are rich in blood and who live an out-of-door life—it is an hour of grace and sweetness which is never theirs again. Miette was thirteen, and though tall and well-grown, no one would have thought her older, so radiant was her face with childish gayety.

Thanks to the climate and to the healthy life she led, she was rapidly becoming a woman. She was almost as tall as Silvère, and like him would not have been called beautiful by the majority of people. No one could have thought her ugly; but she was odd in her appearance, and totally unlike most young girls.

Her black hair was superb, growing in heavy masses over her brow, and falling in rippling waves upon her shoulders. It was so thick that she did not know what to do with it. She twisted it in several coils, each as large as a child's arm, and massed these coils at the back of her head.

She had little time to think of her coiffure, and it often happened that this enormous chignon, hastily made without a mirror, had a certain classic grace.

Seeing her with this mass of hair, and the short curls on her forehead and on her neck, it was easy to see why she always went bareheaded—unheeding rain and cold.

Her low forehead, her large, somewhat prominent eyes, her short nose, with wide, expanded nostrils, the somewhat full but scarlet lips, might have seemed defects taken one by one. But in the pretty round face, each detail formed an ensemble of remarkable beauty. When Miette laughed, throwing her head back, and leaning a little toward the right, she resembled an antique Bacchante, with her firm, full throat, her cheeks rounded like a child's, her beautiful white teeth, and her massive hair, while her face, bronzed by the sun, had on certain days and in certain lights almost a soft amber tint.

A fine black down gave a light shadow to her upper lip. Manual toil had begun to deform her little hands, which would have been, had they remained idle, adorable and dimpled.

Miette and Silvère sat for a long time in silence. They contemplated the unknown future, and, in their fear and dread of the morrow, they pressed closer to each other. Both fully realized the uselessness and cruelty of any audible complaint, but the girl was the first to speak, and in one phrase revealed their mutual and paramount anxiety.

"You will come back?" she murmured, with her arms around Silvère's neck.

Silvère, not daring to reply lest he should weep with her, kissed her on her cheek in a brotherly sort of way. They then relapsed into silence.

Miette shivered. She was no longer leaning against Silvère's shoulder, and felt excessively cold—colder than ever before in this deserted spot, where she and her friend had spent so many peaceful hours.

"I am cold," she said, drawing up the hood of her pelisse. "Shall we walk?" asked the young man. "It is not yet nine o'clock."

Miette remembered, with a pang, that this was the last of the evenings for which she lived through long weary days.

"Yes; let us walk," she replied. "Let us go as far as the mill; I can stay with you to-night as long as you choose."

They left their seat, and stood in the shadow of a pile of boards. Miette opened her pelisse, which was quilted in small squares and lined with scarlet cotton, and threw one end of this full, warm mantle over Silvère's shoulders, wrapping him as well as herself in the same garment. They each passed an arm around the other. When they were thus confounded, as it were, and had drawn the pelisse around them so that they were one shapeless mass, they began to walk slowly toward the road, no longer afraid of being recognized in the clear moonlight. Miette had wrapped Silvère in her cloak, and he had submitted to her doing so—in a matter-of-course way, as if the pelisse had often before rendered them the same service.

The road from Nice, on the two sides of which extended the Faubourg, was bordered in 1851 with century-old elms—huge giants, half-decayed, but too full of vigor to be then replaced, as was the case by the city authorities not long since, by small plane-trees.

When Silvère and Miette reached these trees—the shadow of whose monstrous branches was thrown all along the sidewalk—they met several black figures moving silently in the shadow of the bouses. These were lovers wrapped in one mantle like themselves.

This fashion of walking is peculiar to these towns in the south. The young men and girls, belonging to the people—those who intend to marry each other some day, and who wish to see each other and exchange a few kisses previously—are often at a loss how to do so. Were they to meet in a room they would soon be the talk of the town. Nor have they time in the evening to fly to the solitude of the country.

They have, therefore, adopted a third plan: they wander through the Faubourg, the vacant lots, the winding lanes—all the places where there are few people to be met; and, as all the inhabitants know them, it is considered advisable to make themselves unrecognizable, and so wear those huge mantles which will shelter an entire family. Parents make no objection to these walks; the rigid morals of the provinces do not seem to be alarmed by them, for it is distinctly understood that the lovers never seat themselves, nor linger in any of the corners.

Nothing can be more charming than these lovers' walks, nor more characteristic of the south. They are absolute masquerades, full of expedients within the reach of the poorest. The girl has but to open her mantle, which is an ever-ready asylum and concealment for her lover. She hides him next her heart, as the little bourgeoisie hides her gallant under her bed or in her wardrobe. Forbidden fruit has here an especially delicious flavor: it is eaten in the open air amid indifferent spectators. The certainty of being able to embrace each other with impunity before the world, to spend

whole evenings in each other's arms without any risk of being recognized, or of having the finger of scorn pointed at them, is especially precious. One couple is a brown mass precisely like the next, without the smallest individuality. To the belated passer-by, who catches a fleeting glimpse of these moving shadows, it is simply Love that passes—nothing more. Love without a name! Love that one guesses at, rather than sees.

The lovers feel themselves, as it were, at home. They talk in lowered voices, and oftener walk for hours in silence, happy in being wrapped in the same folds of cloth.

This is at once voluptuous and innocent. The climate is the only guilty party, for it invites lovers to an out-of-door life. On lovely summer evenings no one can walk through Plassans without discovering in each sequestered alley or sheltered corner a hooded couple. Certain places—Saint-Mittre especially—are peopled with dark dominos, loitering slowly along in the sweet dewy silence. They are like the guests of some mysterious ball given by the stars. When it is too warm for pelisses, the girls turn their upper skirts over their heads; while in winter they laugh at frosts and chills. And Miette and Silvère walked on the road to Nice without remembering that it was December.

The young people crossed the sleeping Faubourg without exchanging a word. They were absorbed in the charm of their proximity to each other. Their hearts were very heavy, for their parting was near at hand, and the present moments were at once bitter and sweet.

Very soon the houses became more scattered. They had reached the end of the Faubourg, on which opened the avenue of Jas-Meiffren—protected by a huge gate, between the bars of which could be seen a long row of mulberry-trees.

After leaving Jas-Meiffren the highway descends gently to the valley, which serves as a bed for a little river—the Viorne—which is a brook in summer and a torrent in winter.

On this December night the land, freshly turned over, lay gray and dark in the moonlight, while the rush of the Viorne was all the sound that disturbed the great peace of the country.

Miette's thoughts returned to Jas-Meiffren, which they had just passed.

"I had great difficulty in making my escape to-night," she said. "My uncle was shut up in his cellar, where I think he was burying his silver, for he seemed terribly frightened this morning at what he heard."

Silvère held the girl with a firmer grasp.

"Keep up your courage," he said. "The day will come when we can see each other at all times and seasons."

"Ah!" murmured the girl, sadly, "you are more courageous than I. Some days I am very sad. It is not that I am dismayed by the hard work that is imposed upon me. On the contrary, I am sometimes glad that my uncle is so stern. He was right to bring me up as a peasant girl. Sometimes I believe myself to be accursed, and then I wish I were dead. I think of—you know what I think of."

The child's voice broke here, and she sobbed convulsively. Silvère interrupted her hastily—almost harshly:

"Hush!" he said; "you promised never to think of that. It was not your crime."

Then he added, in a gentler tone: "We love each other, do we not? When we are married you will never be unhappy."

"I know," murmured Miette, "that you are good, and that you will help me. But I am afraid, and at times even rebellious. It seems to me that a great wrong has been committed toward myself, and then I feel wicked. I can speak openly and frankly to you. Each time that my father's name is uttered, I feel myself grow hot all over. When I pass the children in the street, and they call out after me, 'There goes the Chantegreil!' I am furious, and would like to beat them."

She relapsed into gloomy silence, which she broke with these words:

"You are a man—you own a gun and can use it! You ought to be very thankful."

Silvère allowed her to speak without interruption, and then said, in a sad voice:

"You are wrong, Miette; your anger is unworthy of you. You should not rebel against justice. I am going to fight, it is true, but I have no private vengeance to gratify."

"Do you think I am happier than yourself? If my grandmother had not brought me up what would have become of me? With the exception of Uncle Antoine, who is a working-man like myself, and from whom I have learned to love the republic, all my other relatives act as if I were a disgrace to them, and look away when I pass them."

He became excited as he spoke; he stood still in the middle of the highway.

"God is my witness," he continued, "that I neither envy nor hate a human being. But, if we triumph, it may come to pass that I shall have some truths to tell to these fine gentlemen. Uncle Antoine knows all. You will see when we return. We will then live free and happy!"

Miette drew him gently on. They resumed their walk. "You love your republic very dearly," said the child, with a piteous effort at a jest; "do you love me as much?"

She laughed, but with some little bitterness. Perhaps she thought that Silvère found it too easy to leave her.

The youth replied, gravely:

"You are my wife. I have given you my whole heart. I love the republic—you see—because I love you. When we are married it will bring us much happiness, and it is to secure this happiness that I am going away to-morrow. You do not advise me to stay at home, do you?"

"By no means," answered the girl, eagerly; "a man should be courageous—courage is a splendid thing. Forgive me for being jealous. Would that I were as strong as you; you would love me more then, I am sure!"

She was silent for a moment, and then added, with artless innocence:

"Ah! how gladly, how eagerly will I embrace you when you return."

These words touched Silvère profoundly. He took Miette in his arms and kissed her cheek. The girl struggled a little, with a faint laugh, but tears were in her eyes. The country was spread before them, cold and cheerless. On the left, upon a slight elevation, stood the ruins of a wind-mill. This was the point which the young people had fixed on as the limit of their walk. They had moved on, with hardly a glance to the right or the left. But when Silvère had kissed Miette, he looked around and saw the wind-mill.

"I had no idea we had come so far," he said. "It must be half-past nine; we must return."

Miette made a wry face.

"Let us go a little further," she urged. "Only a few steps. Come—"

Silvère put his arm around her waist with a smile, and they moved slowly on. They no longer feared observation, for, since passing the last houses, they had not met a living soul; nevertheless, they were still enveloped in the pelisse. This pelisse seemed their natural nest—it had sheltered and hidden them for so many happy evenings. The soft folds reassured them, and narrowed the horizon at which they looked, relieving them from that sensation of isolation which weighs down human nature so often when a wide extent of field and sky is seen.

It seemed to them that they carried their house with them, enjoying the landscape as through a window.

They ceased to talk; they held each other's hands, and uttered an occasional exclamation. Silvère forgot his republican enthusiasm. Miette thought of nothing except that her lover was to leave her in an hour for a long time—perhaps forever. They still moved on, and reached the little path which led from the highway to a village on the banks of the Viorne. They did not stop, although this was the spot where they had determined to turn back. They pretended not to see this path, and it was several minutes before Silvère said: "It is late, and you must be tired."

"No, I am not tired. I could walk leagues with you in this way," answered the girl; and then, in a coaxing voice, she added: "Can we not go to Saint-Claire? Then we will certainly turn."

Silvère, lulled by their measured pace, slept with his eyes open, and made no objection. They walked on at a slower pace than before, putting off the evil moment when they must turn their faces homeward; for this was the signal of their cruel separation. The slope of the road was very gradual. The valley is an extent of meadow land, running to the Viorne along low hills, called the Saint-Claire meadows. "We will go as far as the bridge," now said Silvère.

Miette laughed gayly, and threw her arms around her lover's neck with a hearty kiss.

The long avenue of trees led just where the hedge begins, and two enormous elms stood a little apart from the others. From this point to the bridge was less than four hundred yards, but the lovers took more than fifteen minutes to walk this distance. In spite, however, of all their tardy movements, the bridge was reached at last. There they stopped. Miette and Silvère had walked a good league. They looked down as they leaned over the bridge. The Viorne, swollen by the recent rains, ran swiftly past with a dull, continuous roar. Up and down the banks they could see the black lines of trees. Here and there a ripple caught the moonlight, and looked like the glittering scales of some monstrous fish. The young lovers knew this place well, for on warm July evenings they had often come there in search of cool breezes, and spent hour after hour among the willows on the left bank.

Miette looked longingly toward the opposite shore. "If it were only warmer," she said, "we could rest there a while." Then, with her eyes still fixed on the place she had learned to love so well, she added: "Do you see that dark spot, Silvère? That is the place we sat on last Corpus Christi."

"Yes; I remember," answered Silvère, in a low voice.

It was there he first ventured to kiss her on the cheek, and this remembrance, gave them both pain and pleasure. They saw, as by a flash of lightning, the happy evenings they had spent together. And even as they dwelt on the Past, they thought of the unknown Future; they saw themselves walking side by side through life as they had walked on the highway—wrapped in the folds of the same pelisse.

Then, eyes looking into eyes, they smiled.

Suddenly Silvère lifted his head, and throwing back the pelisse he listened intently. Miette, much surprised, imitated him, without understanding why.

They heard a confused noise among the hills amid which wound the road to Nice. It was the rattle of many wheels and wagons. The roar of the river drowned this noise for a time. But it soon grew more distinct, and the heavy tread of a body of troops was distinguished. Suddenly a black mass emerged from among them, and the "Marseillaise" burst forth, sung with inconceivable and formidable fury.

"It is they!" cried Silvère, enthusiastically.

He began to run, dragging Miette with him, until he reached a slight eminence crowned by a clump of young oaks, upon which the two climbed.

The young girl, when they were safe in this spot, looked sadly down on these men, whose distant voices had been enough to tear her lover from her arms. It seemed to her as if the whole body of troops was now between her and him. They were so happy only a few moments before—so closely united—so alone in the soft moonlight; and now Silvère did not even seem to know that she was there.

The band swept on. Nothing could be imagined more superb than the irruption of this mass of men on the dead and frozen peace of the scene. The highway was a living, rolling torrent, that seemed exhaustless, and the air was full of the voices of this human tempest. When the last battalions appeared, the "Marseillaise" filled the sky and echoed through the valley. The whole country shivered, as it were, and repeated the notes of the national hymn. The very trees and bushes joined in the chorus, and the wide valley seemed peopled with invisible crowds who joined in the chorus of the insurgents—all along the Viorne, in every mysterious shadow, hidden voices caught up the refrain with indignant anger. The whole country clamored for vengeance and liberty! While the little army descended the hill-side, they continued to sing until the very stones under their feet reverberated.

Silvère, pale with emotion, listened and looked.

"I thought," murmured Miette, "that they would not go through Plassans."

"The plan has been changed," answered Silvère. "We were to have marched by the Toulon road, leaving Plassans and Orières on the left. They left Alboise this afternoon, and must have passed Tulettes in the evening."

The head of the column had by this time reached the young people, and the small army was characterized by more order than one would expect in a band of undisciplined men. The quotas from each town formed distinct battalions, and must have numbered some three thousand men.

As they defiled past Miette, she instinctively drew closer to Silvère, and leaned her head against his shoulder. Her face, framed by the hood of her pelisse, was very pale, and her eyes were fixed on this rapidly moving crowd and on the strange faces transfigured by enthusiasm, whose mouths were filled with the avenging cry of the "Marseillaise."

Silvère, feeling her tremble at his side, leaned over her and whispered in her ear the names of the various contingents as they presented themselves.

The column marched in lines of eight. In front came tall fellows with square heads, who looked as strong as Hercules. The republic had in them blind and intrepid advocates. They carried over their shoulders huge axes freshly sharpened, whose steel glittered in the moonlight.

"Those are the wood-cutters from the forests of La Seille," said Silvère. "They have formed themselves into a body of sappers. Upon a sign from their chiefs, these men will hew down the gates of every town between here and Paris, just as they would the old cork-trees on the mountain sides."

Behind the wood-cutters came a band of workmen, with heavy beards browned by the sun. "The contingents from La Palud, which was the first bourg to rise," whispered Silvère. "Those in the velvet jackets are the charcoal-burners from the mountain gorges. Those huntsmen there knew your father, Miette. They have good arms, which they know how to use. Ah! if all had as good; but the workmen, you see, have only clubs."

Miette did not reply. When Silvère spoke of her father, her cheeks flushed angrily, and she watched the men with a feeling of strange sympathy. From this moment she seemed feverishly excited by the words and music sung by the insurgents.

The column swept on, as if blown by the mistral. To the people from Palud had succeeded more workmen in blouses, among whom many bourgeois in coats were to be seen.

"Those are the men from Saint-Martin-de-Vaulx," resumed Silvère. "That bourg was the next to rise after La Palud. The masters joined their workmen. They are rich men, Miette—men who could live comfortably at home, and who yet risk their lives in the defense of liberty. Look, Miette! those men who have a red scarf tied around their left arms are the chiefs."

"And here come the insurgents from Alboise and Tulettes! I see Burgat, the blacksmith. How fast they go!"

Miette leaned forward, choked with emotion. At this moment a battalion better drilled and better disciplined than the others came in sight. There was a suggestion of a uniform in their blue blouses and red scarfs around their waists. In the centre was a man on horseback, having a sabre at his side. The greater number of these soldiers had guns or old muskets, once belonging to the National Guard.

"I do not know who those are," said Silvère. "The man on horseback must be the chief of whom I have heard, and he has gathered up his men from various places."

Behind this battalion came groups of ten or twenty—all wearing the short jackets of the peasants. They brandished pitchforks and scythes as they sang; some even carried shovels. Each hamlet had sent its men.

Silvère named them with feverish excitement.

"The contingents from Chavanoz," he said. "There are only a few of them, but they are strong fellows. Uncle Antoine has told me all about them. And look! there is the curé. I heard he was a good Republican!"

"Look, Miette," he continued, in feverish haste; "Rosan! Vernoux, Corbière, Saint-Eutrope—ah! child, the whole country is with us! Look at those men. Look at their arms—they are as hard and black as iron! Here come the smugglers from Roches-Noires! More scythes and pitchforks—more men from the country! Sainte-Anne! Castel-le-Vieux! Estourmel! Murdaran!"

His voice was strangled in his throat by emotion. His form seemed to expand, as with eager face and nervous gesture he pointed out these people to Miette, who still clung to his neck as she leaned over the road. This mass of wild faces—these boys and old men in their strange garbs and stranger weapons—affected the girl like an impetuous mountain torrent. It seemed to her sometimes as if they no longer moved, as if they had been run over by the "Marseillaise" itself, by that hoarse melody with its formidable echoes. She could not distinguish the words; she heard only the continuous roar, the vibrating notes—sharp as arrows, that seemed to pierce her very flesh.

This tumult of revolt—this appeal to Conquest and Death, with its bursts of anger, its burning longing for liberty, its marvelous mixture of massacres and enthusiasm—woke strange echoes in her heart, which swelled with the voluptuous anguish of a virgin martyr who smiles under the lash.

Miette was a mere child. She had turned pale at the approach of the multitude, and wept at its coming between her and her lover. But she was courageous and of an ardent nature, easily fired into enthusiasm. She was quite ready now to snatch a gun and follow the insurgents. Her white teeth looked larger and sharper between her red lips, suggesting the fangs and the eagerness of a young wolf.

As she heard Silvère hurriedly name the contingents, it seemed to her that they moved more rapidly with each word he uttered. She grew dizzy as she watched this crowd, swept on as it were by a tempest. She closed her eyes, and hot tears rolled down her cheeks.

Tears also stood in Silvère's eyes.

"I do not see one of the men who left Plassans this afternoon," he murmured.

He turned to find the end of the column, still in the shadow. Suddenly he cried out, with triumphant joy:

"There they are! They have the flag! The flag has been entrusted to them!"

He seemed eager to join the insurgents, but at this moment the troops stopped. Orders ran along the column. The "Marseillaise" died away, and only the confused murmur of the crowd was heard.

"Do you think a man can run a circus and be a Christian?" asked the serious man. "Well, I don't know—yes." "Do you think Barnum, for instance, can go to heaven?" "I think he has a good show," was the rather equivocal reply.

Death-bed remark of an economical man:

"I have never smoked in my life; where, oh, where is the money I have saved on my cigars?"

OUR OWN POETS.

A Thought.

My friend and I sat down at lunch,
Our spirits gay, though minus punch;
The fruit as luscious, tempting pile
As ever grew on Indian isle.

I said to Gus: "We'll now divide
These pears, and eat the sunny side;
But cast the shady side away—
The shadow doth the soul dismay."

"If thou'rt my friend," he quick replied,
"Life's shade and sunshine both divide,
And each take half, for sweetness cloys—
Even gold itself requires alloys."

MARYSVILLE, June, 1880.

O. G.

In the Month of June.

Such a wealth of bird and bee and blossom,
Such a gleam of butterfly and brook,
Amethystine sky and dreamy mountain,
Grassy slope and willow-bowered nook.
Flowers look up to greet the sweet sky's blueness,
Birds fly down to kiss the dewy green,
Up and down, around, across and over,
Trails the summer robe of nature's queen.

Hints of new-mown hay float down the hillside,
Sweet wild roses light the thicket-gloom,
Wind-waves sweep with swift and fairy lightness
O'er the tranquil fields of emerald bloom;
Up the cool ravines the wild-dove's cooing
Mingles with the sighing of the breeze,
Far across the plain the landscape glimmers,
Through the leafy vistas of the trees.

Trailing berry vines and ivy creepers
Deck the dusty road in gay attire,
Blue-bells ring a merry chime of summer,
Scarlet-runners set the woods on fire;
While above the scene, in lofty grandeur,
Mount Diablo stands in deathly calm,
And, while yet I gaze, a something thrills me—
Nature chanting one melodious psalm.

WALNUT CREEK, June, 1880.

CLARENCE T. URMV.

At the Coffin of Our First-Born.

From the German.

These six small boards, a pillow at thy head,
A wreath of flowers, a sheet as white as snow,
Is all, my child, that forms thy little bed;
Alas, my son, and must I think this so?

My darling son is dead, to be no more,
And never more with babbling words shall come
To meet me, laughing, at the open door,
Or break the silence of an empty home.

In all my dreams there was a place for thee;
In all my plans the faith of parent's love;
And every hope in life was dear to me,
Or future good I thought thee worthy of.

"He's gone forever!" say the bitter tears
I now feel coursing down my fevered face;
And gone the hopes and dreams of coming years,
Yea, all enclosed within this little space.

And you too, kneeling there, once loving bride,
Arise—before this coffin let us stand;
Come take the place you once held at my side,
That I, as then, may clasp your cherished hand.

As, happy once, we at the altar stood,
To be through life in joy and sorrow true,
And one to be, through evil and through good;
So let us here the vows of then renew.

And here, alone, within our silent home,
No two have ever stood in bolier place,
Or has a deeper language ever come
From lips of priest than speaks this silent face.

Indeed, here are the tapers and the flowers,
And here as altar stands our dead child's shrine.
Let us recall the vows that then were ours:
"My sorrows shall be yours, and yours be mine."

Farewell, my son—one more—ah me! 'tis so!
But mother, see—how peacefully he sleeps.
Come take the parting kiss, the last below—
Poor heart! she loves the child—she stays and weeps.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1880.

GEORGE GOSSMAN.

Love's Subterfuge.

As the scared bird—in striving hard to hide
The tiny nest that holds her little brood
From rash intruders on the solitude
Where dwell her unfledged songsters, open-eyed—
Even as she, fluttering from side to side,
With feint of wounds, and falls oftentimes renewed,
Still points the place of her solicitude
By now and then returning to its side—
So Love would seek to throw us off the scent
By subtle feints of coldness, well assumed
To blind our eyes to his objective goal;
But watch him well—in spite of blandishment
Straight to his mate his course will be resumed,
Unerring as the needle to the pole.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1880.

ALVAH PENDLETON.

To Ianthé.

Two gems, let fall by hands from Paradise,
In the clear East amid an age agone
Shone out as stars alone in God's own skies,
As broke the world in splendor into dawn.

Made by the mighty angels passing sweet,
Their tender gaze for earth too perfect seemed,
Till jealous genii, with swift flying feet,
Tore them from out the casket where they gleamed.

The saddened world no more their radiance knew;
Until the gods, in answer to our cries,
Have brought them back from skies of distant blue,
To gleam and burn within your slumberous eyes.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1880.

B.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

Bulwer: Saint Anthony has shown that women, however angelic, are not precisely that order of angels that saints may safely commune with.

Anon: The grand essentials to happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

Helvetius: The men of sense—those idols of the shallow—are very inferior to the men of passions. It is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, can alone impart to us that continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts.

Anon:

Where'er a hatchment we discern,
A truth before ne'er started,
The motto makes us surely learn
The sex of the departed.
If 'tis the husband sleeps, he deems
Death's day a *felix dies*—
Of unaccustomed quiet dreams,
And cries: "In *celo quies*."
But if the wife—she from the tomb
Wounds, Parthian-like, *post tergum*,
Hints to her spouse his future doom,
And, threatening, cries "Resurgam!"

Anon: Friendship—friendship. You do not know what an idle word, what a treacherous salve, what a vain impossibility is friendship between a man and a woman.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: Clinging human loves, stifled longings, cries for rest, forgotten hopes—shall have their answer.

Anon: Let us live after the old Roman fashion, and make Death proud to take us.

Spenser:

So life is loss, and death felicitie.

Anon: The tongue was intended for a divine organ, but the devil often plays upon it.

Dickens: He has grown dusty with groping all his life in the graves of dead languages.

Ouida: The dead are dead: nothing changes that.

Anon: He needs strong arms who would swim against the stream.

Shelley:

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight.

Anon: The world is a desert, and the sand is in my eyes.

Miss Muloch: People may guess what they like; but we are safe as long as they *know* nothing.

Anon: False face must hide what the false heart must know.

Ouida: It is hard for us when we shrink from the innocent laughter of others, and when the cloudy days seem kinder than sunshine.

Anon: Love counts time by heart-throbs, not by years.

Ouida: A great love is an absolute isolation, and an absolute absorption.

Addison: The woman who deliberates is lost.

Ouida: Vengeance only demands a long patience.

Anon: Against stupidity even the gods strive in vain.

SAN JOSE, June, 1880.

L. E. H.

Dr. Latimer: The great merit of philosophy, when we can not command circumstances, is to reconcile us to them.

Bulwer: He knows little of the human heart who imagines we can not do a good action; but, alas! he knows still less of it who supposes that we can always be doing good actions.

Helvetius: We resemble those vessels which the waves still carry toward the south when the north wind has ceased to blow.

Cowley: We expose our life to a quotidian of frigid impertinence which would make a wise man tremble to think of.

Chateaubriand: If it be true that no one is a prophet in his own country, it is also true that no one is well appreciated but in his own country.

Lord Shaftsbury: There is a great difference between seeking to raise a laugh from everything, and seeking in everything what justly may be laughed at.

Rousseau: It is not permitted us to degrade one single soul for the sake of conferring advantage on others, nor to make a rogue for the good of the honest.

Ouida: There is no shame more bitter to endure than to despise one's self.

Bulwer: Repose is the poorest of all delusions; the very act of recurring brings about us all those ills of self from which, in the turmoil of the world, we can escape.

Madame de Rémusat: Success is easy to the powerful; they must needs be very ill-natured or very blundering when they fail to please.

Empedocles: All philosophical and religious systems must be unreliable, because we have no system by which to test them.

Xenophanes: It is impossible for us to be certain, even when we utter the truth.

Draper: Forms of government have very little influence on the population, but policy may control it completely.

Bolingbroke: The priests remind me of the muses of Jupiter: they make a great clamor in order to drown the voice of their god.

W. Reade: Such is the imperfection of human nature that extreme love is counterbalanced by extreme hate; every virtue has its attendant vice, which is excited by the same stimulants, which is nourished by the same food.

JUNE, 1880.

TAC, M. P.

Thirteen hundred and forty immigrants arrived from Europe yesterday.—TEL., 15TH JUNE.

Let us enter a manorial village, in which an old nobility, strongly conservative and pious, and taking an active part in various benevolent societies, resides. Do you doubt that these hovels are inhabited? Let us enter one of them. The walls have partly fallen down, the roof is leaky all over, the broken windows are stuffed with rags, the woodwork is disjointed and threatens to fall down; but proceed, and don't mind stooping. The clay floor is frozen hard now, but it shows the footprints of softer times. It would be dark but for cracks in the wall, which admit snow and light. Is this smoke? No, it is steam coming out of the room. I open the door. The floor inside is of the same material as in the passage, with the difference of a few puddles. A ragged female figure comes toward us in the dense fog, followed by three or four half-naked and shaggy-headed urchins. She is not startled, but she stares at us. * * * "But, man, this is perishing! The white frost on the wall is finger thick." With the hoarse laugh of an idiot the man replies: "I have tried everywhere; have not found it better anywhere, but worse somewhere." The repair of the hovel is not his business.

It is enough to say that it contains facts which will warrant the conclusion of the medical officer of the Privy Council, Mr. Simon, that the state of the health of the peasantry is a disgrace to the civilization of England. Thus we find instances in which individuals of both sexes, children and adults to the number of ten or more, are huddled together within the precincts of one small room; we find families consisting of four adults and five children pent up in an apartment eleven feet by nine by six feet five inches at the highest point; the whole family having a less allowance of cubic space than is allotted to a single convict. We find fathers and mothers, young women with their hasty children, and young men, packed together within four narrow walls; while it is almost needless to add that the means of water supply, of ventilation, and of drainage are to be found at the lowest point of deficiency in these miserable one-roomed hovels.

The existing laborer is worse off than his predecessor at the time when Arthur Young described his circumstances about a hundred years since, but when his condition is contrasted with that of his ancestor five hundred years ago, the deterioration is still more striking. * Professor Rogers observes, with truth, an artisan may rise to be a master, a mechanic to be an engineer, a factory operative to be a capitalist; but no English agricultural laborer, in his most sanguine dreams, has the vision of occupying, still less of possessing, land! From the period of early manhood, when he comes into full play as a laborer, he may go on in the same unvaried round from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, without having made one step in advance, gained one inch of ground above the level he started from, until the time when, his strength exhausted by toil, and his earnings having yielded no provision for old age, he retires from the field upon a weekly pittance from the Union, the last stage between his life of labor and his rest in the churchyard. This may be thought a sombre picture of the English farm laborer; hut, making allowance for fortunate exceptions, it is not an overcharged one.

Of the conscription system you speak in terms of approbation. If your boy should live to be seventeen years of age; if you should have lived with more than common frugality to educate him handsomely; if he should be a fine, promising lad, of excellent habits, great application, correct deportment—your pride, your joy, your cheering prospect; and the conscription should come and take him, and if even money could not ease him, then, probably you would think differently of the system. Oh, that is a miserable consolation that he will come home at thirty-five or forty. Two-thirds perish, while those who reach the term continue, or had better continue, because they are afterward good for nothing else.

This state of affairs is rather binding on the operative. The law of supply and demand is a thing of beauty, indeed, but proves to be a joy only for a season. The demand arising in the operative's stomach does, indeed, go on forever, but his law of supply runs for only eleven years at one stretch. So he, too, comes to America, goes vigorously to work, and then vigorously on a strike; and if he possess "the gift o' the gab very gallopin'" it is not surprising he should turn out a Wellock, or air his gifts on a Sand-lot—to the confusion and loss and bedevilment of the great Yankee nation, that accords him the privilege. It is scarcely fair to blame Steinman and Wellock and Kearney, and such humbugs, for being what they are. They are not different from thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-countrymen whom we have chosen, and still choose, to make fellow-citizens of our own. We can not hold them blameworthy for

accepting the invitation that we ourselves extend. It has been contended in times past that a proffer of the suffrage was needful in order to induce immigration. We need only to turn our eyes and inspect the condition of these people at home, then ask if they need any inducement to come among us, beyond the assurance of food, and enough of it—enough and sumptuous in kind beyond their wildest dreams in the native cabin? The question answers itself.

<i>State.</i>	<i>1865.</i>	<i>1879.</i>
Great Britain.....	\$337,500,000	\$477,500,000
France.....	472,500,000	596,000,000
Germany.....	159,250,000	330,250,000
Austria-Hungary.....	260,250,000	306,250,000
Russia.....	258,000,000	537,500,000
Italy.....	181,500,000	282,500,000
Other countries (Europe).....	324,500,000	449,250,000
Totals.....	<u>\$1,993,500,000</u>	<u>\$2,979,250,000</u>
Aggregate national debt,	1865 \$13,133,750,000	
" "	1879 21,623,000,000	
	Increase	\$8,489,250,000
Equal to an annual increase of		600,000,000
To be added to the actual annual increase shown by the budgets, which is		<u>1,000,000,000</u>
Showing the actual cost of that fourteen years' politics to have been annually.....		<u>\$1,600,000,000</u>

The census of 1880 will, it is supposed, show a population in the United States of fifty millions—say forty-five million whites, and five million colored. To this number it is estimated that some four hundred thousand whites, mostly adult, may be added by immigration the current year—an increment, taking adults only into consideration, of about one and a half per cent. The rate of increase of our population independent of immigration is about two and a half per cent. per annum. That is to say, the natural rate of increase of the white population already in the country is double that of the present unprecedented immigration. As our population has doubled since 1850, an immigration of four hundred thousand now is equal, as a percentage, to one of two hundred thousand then. There are other points to bear in mind, some of which are rather effectively—not to say startlingly—put in the article "America," *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition, as follows:

Its amount in 1850 was.....	22,000,000
In 1875 it will be.....	44,000,000
In 1900 it will be.....	88,000,000
In 1925 it will be.....	176,000,000

A population of one hundred and seventy-six millions spread over the territory of the United States and Canada will only afford an average of forty persons to the square mile—about one-seventh of the density which England now exhibits, and could occasion no pressure. But let us suppose the rate of increase after 1925 to fall to two per cent., the period of doubling will then be thirty-five years.

In 1960 the number will be 352,000,000
In 1995 the number will be 704,000,000

Suppose the rate again to decline to one and a half per cent., which scarcely exceeds that of England and Prussia, the period of doubling will then be fifty years.

In 2045 the number will be.....	1,408,000,000
In 2095 the number will be.....	2,816,000,000

After some further discussion, our authority examines into the ability of the new world to sustain a population. The course of reasoning pursued appears to be a valid one—its data derived from experience. After rejecting from the total area a superficies of four million square miles, as not adapted to support life, he finds left a total of ten million square miles of useful soil—viz: “about four million square miles, each capable of supporting two hundred persons, and five million seven hundred thousand square miles, each capable of supporting four hundred and ninety persons. It follows that if the natural resources of America (both North and South) were fully developed, it would afford sustenance to three billion six hundred millions of inhabitants—a number nearly five times as great as the entire mass of human beings now existing upon the globe.”

Overwhelming as this generalization and its figures appear to be, they are demonstrably within, and perhaps far within, the mark. Without entering on any detail, it is enough to say that the recorded histories of Sicily, Granada, Asia Minor, and Syria prove that the soil of California alone, after deducting for its southern deserts and mountain areas, is capable of supporting all of thirty million human beings. We are, in fact, justified in assigning a higher figure.

Whatever opinion the *Argonaut* may entertain regarding the Sand-lot Mayor, it can not but do him the justice of admitting that in his message accompanying the signing of the water ordinance he has shown himself not only thoroughly informed of his subject but honestly disposed toward both the community and the corporation. His views on the question of the city paying its proper proportion of the water tax are so eminently sound, and so in keeping with what we have from time to time written on the subject, that we really feel encouraged in seeing our chief magistrate traveling—in one thing at least—in the right direction. Discussing the theory of the ordinance and reviewing the principles governing the regulation of rates, the Mayor says:

“With the conclusions I agree in the main, with the exception of the sixth : That the rates of the city should be so fixed and established as to yield about one-fourth of the revenue of the company, and that the payments made by the city should not increase the revenue of the company, but should be allowed upon existing rates to consumers, so as to reduce the same twenty-five per cent. I think the city should bear at least one-half of the annual cost of supplying water to San Francisco and its inhabitants, and that the rates of rate-payers should be correspondingly reduced. The rate-payers use water only for domestic purposes. The city uses and requires water not only for its public buildings, but also for protection against fire, flushing sewers, watering streets, and irrigating parks. It receives more than one-half the cost. The intention of the new Constitution was to do away with the discrimination in favor of property which existed under the old system, for it provides that the Board of Supervisors shall fix the rates of compensation to be paid by the city as well as its inhabitants. This was the general construction when the new Constitution was under discussion. Its justice has since been recognized by the community at large, and has been expressed in political clubs and conventions, and in party platforms. For these reasons I have been disposed to withhold my signature from the proposed ordinance, in the hope that your honorable board might reconsider the matter, and relieve rate-payers still further by compelling the city at large to assume its just proportion of the burden.

* * * * *

"In conclusion, permit me to express some views which may lead to a solution of the water question. This subject has been agitated for the past five years, and has resulted in injury to the city, as well as to the company. It is time that it was ended. It appears that the business of supplying water is hazardous in its nature, that it is subject to competition, contingencies, and risks, which entitle it to a liberal rate of interest. It is also apparent that the Spring Valley Works are, as the investigations of the past few years have demonstrated, and as Colonel Mendell terms them, the natural system of supply for San Francisco; that although other schemes are practicable, yet that it would cost, as Colonel Mendell shows, as much or more to supply from some other source what Spring Valley now supplies; that Spring Valley has sources of supply sufficient for 1,300,000 people, and that its supply can be increased with less expenditure than by these schemes. These are great natural and acquired advantages, which give Spring Valley great value. Of what avail, then, is it to assert that they cost a trivial sum, or that they are worth only an inconsiderable amount, in the face of these facts? What folly to quarrel over the difference between \$11,000,000, which the city offered to give, and \$13,350,000, which the company offered to take, when the fact is indisputable that a duplicate system can not be inaugurated without a probably greater expenditure than either amount. The value of these works is a fact, and the community can not deprive the company of that, either by assertion or regulation, for the Constitution provides that property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation.

"I believe the people are sick and tired of a strife which has been kept up mainly by interested parties, and in which the people have been the principal sufferers. There is a straightforward and manly course to be pursued in this matter, which must commend itself to every citizen whose interests do not unduly prejudice his judgment. It can not certainly be a difficult matter to fix the value of the Spring Valley Water Works. This could be done by a commission chosen, one by the city, one by the company, and a third by the two thus chosen, or the city and company might agree on some unexceptionable expert, such as the Hon. Jas. B. Eades, for example, the decision in either case to be final.

"Then there are one or two other honorable things for the city to do. The first is to buy the works. This proposition I have already elaborated. The second is to agree upon the rate of interest the company should receive on its property. This, as I have shown, will depend on the certainty and security of payment. No doubt the company would consider six per cent., under some circumstances, a better rate of interest than ten per cent. under the present. But when the rate is fixed, then let a tax be levied on property, as it is everywhere else, for the payment of at least one-half the amount, and thus reduce the price of water to poor consumers at least one-half. It is astonishing and monstrous that immense houses containing millions of dollars of property, on which thousands of dollars are annually saved in insurance by the water company, should pay no more annually toward its expenses than a poor man must pay for water necessary for his family use. It is wrong and an outrage that vacant corner lots, which are made valuable because adjacent property is protected from risks of fire by the water company, should pay nothing for such protection, while the men who have improved their lots and added to the property of the city should also be made to pay for those who refuse to make any improvements, while at the same time they are relieved from any tax for so great a public use.

"There is only one sensible thing for the masses of the people to demand, and that is, that property should pay its proper share for water; in which case, and in which case only, the people can secure relief. It is our only practicable method, and I commend it to the attention of the people at large as a wiser and better method than a useless and endless controversy with a company which ought to be—and if we treat it fairly I believe will be—operated in the interest of the city and for the benefit of the citizens."

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

A Vassar girl who has been studying spelling reform has discovered that Phtholognyrrh should be pronounced Turner. Phth, as in phthisis, is T; olo, as in colonel, is ur; gn, as in gnat, is n; yrrh, as in myrrh, is er.

"Mrs. Gill is very ill;
Nothing will improve her,
Till she sees the Toolerees,
And gallops through the Looover."

Here is a postscript to "a society" letter: "You have heard, I dare say, that my daughter is going to be married. If you are thinking of sending her a little wedding present, I think she would like diamond stars for the hair best."

There is a colony of seven thousand men and boys at Monto Sancto, in the Greek Archipelago, where not a woman or female domestic animal has set foot as far back as history records—and "the men there are pious and happy."

Robinson Warren, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, had always been so submissive under the domination of his wife, that when he finally nerved himself to protest against her clubbing their child, she caught up a handy revolver and killed him.

A demure Philadelphia girl, aged eighteen, is under arrest for bigamy. She has three living husbands, all of whom she has married within two years. When asked why she had done this, she said: "They were all good fellows, and they coaxed me so."

Miss Wilson is a Delaware heiress and beauty. She fell in love with a farm-hand, because she deemed him heroic; but when they eloped, and he ran away from her across the field at the approach of her pursuing father, she concluded that she had overrated him, and went back home contentedly.

Those professional beauties, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Langtry, and Mrs. Webster, have been delighting the eyes of men by appearing respectively in Mrs. Freake's tableaux vivants as Mary Queen of Scots, Effie Deans, and Amy Robsart. The Freake is one of the leaders of London society, and the whole affair was of the swellest description.

In Brooklyn, recently, an injured husband explained in court that his wife hurt his feelings by larruping him with a leather strap in presence of amused bystanders, and on the same day a clerk in a drug-store brought suit against a young woman for scratching his face and punishing him severely with her fists behind his own prescription counter. Verily these Brooklyn girls are on their muscle.

They were playing a game they call euchre. She held both bowers and the king, and he two aces of other suit, but she was a novice at the game. A young man who was teaching her looked at her cards, and warmly exclaimed, "What a lovely hand!" She looked him straight in the eyes, and murmured, "You may have it, if you want it." All the rest of the evening he wondered if he was the victim of a leap-year proposal.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria and Queen of Hungary made a public speech in Pesth, the other day, in aid of the Red Cross Society, for the support of soldiers' widows, orphans, and mothers. She is mentioned as looking superb—"the queenliest of queens"—in a long, tight-fitting black robe, trimmed with Bordeaux velvet, and a "Gainsborough" hat crowned with heavy feathers. The little speech, which was admirably delivered, with regal haughtiness, tempered with womanly sympathy for the cause it treated of, concluded with the words: "Forget for an instant that I am your queen, and consider me merely as a woman pleading to women in the cause of women." It was greeted by her audience with deafening cries of "Eljeu! Eljeu!"

Mrs. Enright has been put out of her house in Philadelphia. The Elevated Railroad Company had beaten her in the courts, and received authority to pull down her house. She determined to assert her rights as an American woman and property-owner. She refused to remove her household goods, and defied the contractor and his men. She would not allow the men to enter by the front door, so they were forced to mount to the roof by the next house. They knocked down the chimney, tore off the roof, and cleared the way to the front room on the third story, which was occupied by Mrs. Enright and her daughter. This was the first day's work, and the woman sat in her rocking-chair from morn to eve, looking grim and very mad, but she would not budge. The next day work was resumed, and by noon the third story was cleared away. After dinner the men battered down the front door, tore out the window-sashes, and reduced the wood-work on the first floor to bare walls. Meanwhile Mrs. Enright and her daughter sat in their rocking-chairs on the second floor, front, and held the fort. The second floor, back, was then invaded, and the kitchen utensils and other furniture were piled up on the sidewalk. But the garrison still held out, faithful unto death. The second floor, front, was next attacked; the rear partition was demolished, the flooring above was removed, and the front wall was toppled over, brick upon brick. But the women would not surrender. Mrs. Enright sat in her rocking-chair, knitting at the rate of forty stockings an hour, and receiving the moral support of her daughter and their sympathetic neighbors. The fight was watched with interest from the street, and the garrison was loudly cheered by the by-standers. But the enemy was ruthless. The stove, the bedstead, the table, and the trunks were carried into the streets. The walls and ceiling were down. There was nothing on the second floor but the five chairs and their contents. Mrs. Enright was asked to take herself off. She would not budge—no, never! nor man nor brute should put her out! The workmen began to tear up the floor. Then the garrison gave in. Mrs. Enright retreated with her friends to the stairway and looked for a dray. She spoke not a word. She had done what she could. She was crushed.

THE INNER MAN.

"To cookery we owe well-ordered states
Assembling men in dear society.
* * * beneath the earth lay hid
The precious salt, that gold of cookery!
And when its particles the palate thrilled,
The source of seasonings, charm of cookery, came.
They served a paunch, with rich ingredients stored,
And tender kid, within two covering plates,
Warm melted in the mouth. So art improved!
At length a miracle, not yet performed,
They minced the meat, which, rolled in herbage soft,
Nor meat nor herbage seemed, but to the eye,
And to the taste, the counterfeited dish
Mimicked some curious fish; invention rare!
Then every dish was seasoned more and more,
Salted, or sour, or sweet, and mingled oft
Oatmeal and honey. To enjoy the meal
Men congregated in the populous towns,
And cities flourished, which we cooks adorned
With all the pleasures of domestic life."

Coffee-houses—the apt hoodlum calls them "bun rackets"—are epidemic in this community just now. Montgomery Street has half a dozen of them, all flourishing. Of these there are a few whose attendants are young women—modest, rather pretty, and neatly dressed. These places are an outgrowth of dull times. They undoubtedly keep many persons out of bar-rooms at lunch time, and, in their inexpensive way, the best of them cater to a very respectable portion of the community. London was the first city in Europe to formally open very similar places. Coffee is supposed by some to have been the chief ingredient of the old Lacedemonian broth. Its use was not known in England till the year 1657, at which time Mr. D. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, on his return from Smyrna to London, brought with him one Pasquet Rossee, a Greek of Ragusa, who was used to prepare this liquor for his master every morning—who, by the way, never wanted company. The merchant, therefore, in order to get rid of a crowd of visitants, ordered his Greek to open a coffee-house, which he did in St. Michael's Alley, in Cornhill. This was the first coffee-house opened in London.

Did you ever eat shark-fin? The very idea is, possibly, awful to your virgin contemplation—an indirect sort of cannibalism, in fact. But the fins of notorious or suspected man-eaters were not comprehended in the query. The question remains: Did you ever eat shark-fin? and to that plain question may be added, Did you ever eat skate or squid? If not, why not? If yes, did you like it—them? Here is the latest New York contribution to this interesting culinary controversy:

"Madame," said Bob, the sea cook, "it's just nonsense about turning up your nose at shark-fins. I shouldn't say that a dish of fins all alone would be very good eating, but as I have cooked them many a time they are first rate. The Chinese, who has no end of cooking sabe, makes them into stock. Them Scotch as goes over to China to make their fortunes in the big tea-houses is much given to shark-fins. Just you take two or three pounds of shark-fins and soak and clean 'em, and put 'em on to boil with vegetables; and you have a stock for a barley-soup as would make you forgive the bloodiest shark that ever lived. I have seen many a shark banging up in the market at Palermo—not big ones, say not above three feet long—and trade on a Friday was lively in 'em. When one of those Napoleon fellows went to Iceland—it was just about when Dufferin was there—I was a-cruising along them latitudes I seed many a shark hanging up in the houses, to be eaten. Now, just you tell those Ichthyophagous fellows to sail into shark-fins, and if they don't want to hire a Chinese to cook them, let 'em call on me. Then there is skate. Why, there is parts of skate which is the best eating in the world. You don't eat the middle of it, but off of a skate of eight pounds you can cut just beyond the side fins, say four pounds of the whitest, nicest meat you ever eat. All sea fish is firm and solid, and skate is of this kind. You just boil it and eat it with a white sauce, and it will be found to be something between a halibut and a sole. I see skates with their heads turned inside out in the market sometimes—to be made fun of. It's a shame to give the go-by to as good a fish. If them Coney Island caterers had any sense, they would buy skate and cook it, and put down the name of it on their bills of fare, and there are plenty of foreigners as would eat them, and the taste for skates would come to Americans then. Now there is your squid. Because it has long arms, and a beak, and two glaring eyes, people are afraid to eat it. Is a lobster such a handsome thing after all? I don't mean to say that you are to eat them awful big things as is found in the Bay of Fundy, with arms thirty feet long, but a good-sized one, some foot long altogether, is as delicate as can be. It isn't, of course, everybody that can cook squid. Maybe those ichthyophagous fellows had better call on a Spanish cook for that dish. If he knows his business and serves it right, with the natural juices, it should come up chocolate-colored, and it has a taste midway between crab and lobster. Why, don't you know that on the coast of France and Spain, where sardines go a-begging, squid in oil—put up in tin boxes—is a delicacy?"

In the chirography of the late Dr. Doran (the entertaining analyst, and learned analyst, of the stage) the author of *The Philosophy of Handwriting* "discerned suggestions of good after-dinner and antique jest." Part of this is true discernment, for the worthy doctor was a doughty trencherman; yet he wrote some of his best anecdotes between the courses.

A French lady lectures her American sisters about furnishing their husbands with the food exactly suited to their habitual occupations and habits of body and mind. She insists that the intellectual men of France are more wholesomely fed; but, judging by what a good many Frenchmen write, it might be fair to infer that very often their dinners do not agree with them.

Izaak Walton: "My honest scholar, it's now past five of the clock; we will fish until nine, and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow roof of it; for about that time and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef with a radish or two, that I have in my fish-bag. We shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast. * * * Now let us say grace and fall to breakfast. What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore tree will shade us from the sun's heat." Scholar: "All excellent good, and my stomach excellent good too."

The writer minds him of one *al fresco* luncheon that nothing in kind has ever made colorless by contrast. Until he shall climb the golden spiral, or attain permanent retirement among the most exclusive of the Stocktonese, he will remember that mid-day breaking of a long fast with something of the rapture only poets know and printers understand. A favorite trout stream in early May—with enough of freshet in its pulses to make its color a little less than

limpid, and its volume a trifle too full for the measure of a brooklet's waistcoat—was the reward of an early morning drive after a hasty, lamp-lit breakfast. Maldab, Grebdeins, and Shub had visited the Galquid a year before, and knew the music of its every ripple. The writer was a stranger, and the least of the party with rod and line and leader. The day's sport would fill a long chapter, though never so condensed. It is with the luncheon that this curt sketch must rest content. At one o'clock the four met under a great alder that shaded a still pool, a broad shallow, and twice the breadth of mossy bank beyond. A mound of clean sand, flecked with columbine, and clover, and ribbon grass, lay at the roots of the alder, and the writer reclined thereon, while his more practical comrades prepared the meal. Shub had found enough wild strawberries to fill the unoccupied half of his fishing basket. He had spread a layer of ferns and grasses over his thirty trout, and the fruit, small but of prime flavor, came to table fairly tingling with deliciousness. Grebdeins had prepared two dozen troutlings, all small, but the better for that; and the grand chef Maldab, wrapping these in the broad, aromatic leaves of the thimble-berry, laid them upon the flat surface of a large stone, about which a fire had been burning some ten minutes. There was a huge loaf of bread, oval in shape and nearly all crust; a demijohn of claret, some slices of bacon; that was all. But *such* an "all"! The trout were done to a turn; the bacon, the bread, the wine seemed perfect; and the berries "crowned perfection with roses," as Grebdeins very neatly said. But possibly even the keen relish of that luncheon of luncheons would not be so vividly remembered by the writer if he had not fallen asleep in the pleasant shade, and awakened to find himself with the hot afternoon sunshine painting his defenseless nose, with twenty thousand red ants meandering the complex pathways of his clothing, and with twenty thousand points of sting upon his lacerated body. *Al fresco* luncheon, purely so considered, is delightful; but, as the great Maldab remarked: "It's the after-clap that counts, my boy."

The following description of Lord Roscoe, dining in Chicago before the nomination, is by an anti-Grant hand of decided opinion and evident gastronomic appreciation:

I saw the great man eat to-day—
With form erect and tall,
I saw him stalk with pompous walk
A-down the dining hall.
With motion grand he waved his hand,
Without a word or sound;
The dusky waiters round him rose
Like mushrooms from the ground.
As cold and silent as a clam
He sank into his chair,
And munched his mutton and his ham
With a majestic air.
His look was stern, his gaze was bold;
And it seemed strange to me
How one great man could gulp and hold
As many things as I.
I thought how odd it must have seemed
To see him nimbly run
When a Canonchet midged once
Pursued him with a gun.
I thought, as one by one I saw
The dishes come and go,
That he who dines on ducks to-day
To-morrow may eat crow.

The last device to get rid of the poor little noisy sparrows which abound so in our squares is to eat 'em. They are described by a serious writer as very good in the cooked state, and "superior to any game bird that graces our tables in delicacy and sweetness of flesh." That doubtless accounts for the high reputation of the reed-birds that Baltimore epicures smack their lips over. They are only sparrows in disguise.

A writer in the London *World* has this to say of the "Globe Trotters' Dinner" that took place in London recently: "It was a great success. The idea originated with a friend of mine, whom I may call A. B. C., who, when he left London for a trip round the world in October, 1878, determined to give a dinner on his return to his companions and any others he knew and met on his journey. Fourteen sat down to dinner, and the host was able to account for all his friends but three. One man only arrived in the afternoon; two were prevented coming at the last moment, having already reached England, but deaths of relatives prevented their putting in an appearance. All kinds of languages were indulged in, and, all circumstances considered, the travelers' tales were not too outrageous. The chef at the Junior Carlton did his best, and the dinner was universally voted very good. The bird's-nest soup, the shark-fins and the curries—especially the frogs—were all that they should be. All the party, ten of whom were Englishmen, three American, and one Dutch, were friends of the host, and most of them were public-school and university men."

We had a taste of hot weather lately, and we are likely to have more ere the season wanes. Now, although the heat makes one rather shrink from hot dishes, and seek to support the inner man on fish salads, cold bouillon, and other light things, it is well to remember that it is injudicious to lower the constitution by being too sparing of solid food, and thus render one's self a more easy victim to the malarious complaints which haunt all cities—more or less—in summer.

CXXXIII.—Sunday, June 20.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Fried Soft Shell Crabs.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise.
Lyonnaise Potatoes, Lima Beans, Tomatoes.
Roast Veal.
Cucumber Salad.
Charlotte Russe, Strawberries.
Fruit Bowl—Apricots, Cherries, and Bananas.

TO FRY SOFT SHELL CRABS.—Cut the ends of the small leers off, take off the gills and tucks, wash and drain well upon a cloth. A few minutes before serving dip them one after another in two eggs beaten as for an omelette, then in crumbs of pulverized cracker, and fry them in very hot grease, not too many at a time; serve very hot upon a napkin, garnish with parsley and pieces of lemon.

INTAGLIOS.

The Evening Star.

Along the grassy slope I sit,
And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
My eyes of tender tears.

The wild bees hummed about the spot,
The sheep bells tinkled far,
Last year when Alice sat with me
Beneath the evening star.

The same sweet star is o'er me now,
Around the same soft hours,
But Alice moulders in the dust
With all the last year's flowers.

I sit alone, and only hear
The wild bees on the steep,
And distant bells that seem to float
From out the folds of Sleep.

My Love and I.

A little while my love and I,
Before the moving of the hay,
Twined daisy-wreaths and cowslip-balls,
And caroled glees and madrigals,
Before the hay, beneath the May,
My love (who loved me then) and I.

For long years now, my love and I
Tread severed paths, to varied ends;
We sometimes meet, and sometimes say
The trivial things of every day,
And meet as comrades, meet as friends,
My love (who loved me once) and I.

But never more my love and I
Will wander forth as once together
In spring-time, in the cloudless weather,
Or sing the songs we used to sing,
Some chord is mute that used to ring,
Some word forgot we used to say
Amongst the hay, before the May,
My love (who loves me not) and I.

From "Sir Launfal"

"June may be had by the poorest comer."

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back, over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
A-tit like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings.

THE FIRST GRAND BALL IN YOSEMITE.

We were camped on the bank of the Merced River, about a mile above the hotels in the Yosemite Valley. There were four of us—Mathew, a man from Visalia, a university student, and the writer. Mathew and I were traveling companions. We had started alone from the City of Oaks, had camped and cooked together, fought mosquitoes at Grayson, swam the sloughs of the San Joaquin, and sweltered in unison upon the great alkali plains before reaching the cooling Sierra. The man from Visalia and the student had joined us in the valley, and together we dwelt in harmony in two canvas tents beside the river, and in front of the great Yosemite fall.

All in all, we were very bappy. Above and below us on the river were campers from San José, Stockton, and other parts of the State, and in every camp except our own there was a pretty girl. The valley teemed with Hebes in bloomers, and a jollier crew never waked the echoes of that wild paradise. They flirted, rode astride, raced and tumbled about on the ground like kittens, and there was no dare-devil enterprise too spicy for them. At night they would sometimes invade our camp *en masse*, and the student was in his glory. He had a guitar, and could sing, and he possessed a faculty of making love to four or five girls at one time which filled the man from Visalia and the writer with envy.

For ten days our felicity was complete. These were in the good old times, when but one wagon road led into Yosemite Valley, and when a white shirt was a rarity and a Saratoga trunk a sacrilege. Men went to Yosemite to get rid of the smoke and the noise of the city, and to free themselves for a season from the conventionalities of society. In huge boots and blue shirts, unshaven and unshorn, they stood face to face with nature, and went away better men for the interview. These days were coming to an end, however. A new wagon road leading into the valley was about to be opened, and we were destined to witness the inauguration of a new era. Fashion and dress and the frivolities of conventional life were to invade nature's last stronghold and take possession.

It was thought, however, by the residents and pleasure-seekers in the valley, that this was a fit subject over which to rejoice, and a day was fixed for a grand turn-out and celebration, to be crowned in the evening by a dance at one of the hotels. Every one was invited to participate, and a flutter of pleasurable expectancy reigned in the various camps. We were the only exceptions. On the evening before the celebration we sat around the camp-fire—all four of us—silent and gloomy. The river ran gaily past, and the last rays of the setting sun lit up the great fall, which hung like a golden cloud against the wall of rock above us. The voices of happy stragglers could be heard, laughing and caroling through the valley, and everything seemed out of tune with

our dejected spirits. The student, who was the saddest man of the four, was the first to break the silence.

"Well, boys," he remarked, "in the language of an eminent divine, 'what are you going to do about it?' The stage came in this afternoon loaded down with kid-gloved swells from San Francisco and Sacramento, and a new hatch will doubtless be in to-morrow. They will probably try to make the ball to-morrow night such a high-toned affair that a man without a white shirt and a calf-skin gaiter will stand no chance."

"If I was Governor of California," said Visalia, "I would demolish every wagon road leading into the valley. I would make it a penal offense for a man to bring in a Saratoga trunk, and I would sentence any man who should mention or wear or ever make any reference to a white shirt, while in this valley, to eat Mat's biscuits for six months."

Mat, who was slicing a side of bacon at the time, quietly wiped his knife on the leg of Visalia's pantaloons, but said nothing.

"Do the girls know our situation?" I asked.

"No, but they take it for granted that we will be at the dance," answered the student. "They are all going; but I doubt not, from certain little asides I overheard to-day, that they are nearly as deeply troubled about this subject of dress as we are."

"A girl does not need any clothes," blurted out Visalia, "or at least a ribbon, a spray of fern, or something of that kind is all that is necessary to make her look charming; but look at us;" and he glanced around the circle. And, indeed, we were a hard-looking set. With slouched hats, gray shirts, and brogan hoots, with faces unshaved, and the dirt and dust of the road still adhering to us, we looked like pirates. A familiar way that Mat had of wiping things off on us was also beginning to show its effects upon our persons. The student had three distinct impressions of the bottom of the coffee-pot in the middle of his hack, and I was literally painted. This was in consequence of a grudge which Mat bore me, because I ventured at one time to remonstrate with him for attempting to clean the frying-pan on my trousers leg. A roar of laughter was the result of the mutual inspection.

"Something occurs to me," said the student, when we had once more resumed our gravity. "I believe I know where there is a white shirt."

"Where?" came in an eager chorus.

"The guide—that Dago who took us up to Glacier Point yesterday—be told me that John Muir, the geologist, gave him one last spring. He probably has it yet."

"Can you get it?" we asked.

"I will try."

"I think," said Visalia, knitting his brows and speaking very deliberately, as if trying to recall some isolated fact from oblivion, "I think I know where there is a black coat."

We were all attention.

"I saw one," he continued, "down at Hutchinson's a few days ago, in the cook's room, banging near the window; I believe I can reach it if it is still there."

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the student, in utter obtuseness to the real significance of Visalia's remark; "all we want now is a pair of pants."

Before we went to sleep that night it was decided that, on the following day, each man should start out on a foraging trip, the results of which were to be shared equally between us. To me was assigned the duty of providing a pair of pantaloons, and my instructions were to beg, borrow, or steal, but not to come back to camp without them, under pain and penalty too originally vicious to mention. I succeeded, however, without resorting to desperate measures, and was the first to get back to camp on the following day with my prize. Mat came next with a vest and a large green necktie, and lastly Visalia and the student put in an appearance, each with a bundle of some description under his arm. We compared notes, and found that we had enough to dress one man.

It is unnecessary to state where the articles came from, or to describe the uproarious time we had that evening around the fire, relating our foraging experiences, and trying to get a fit out of the heterogeneous articles we had secured. The pantaloons had evidently been made for a giant. They came clear up to the student's armpits, and there was then, as he remarked, room enough left in them to accommodate a bale of hay. The shirt and vest worked very well; but the coat which Visalia had secured was short and narrow, and absolutely refused to cover up the great folds in the voluminous pantaloons, and its sleeves did not reach much below the elbow on the smallest man among us. Taken as a whole, the outfit looked best on Visalia, and it was consequently decided that he should go in and take the first dance, the rest of us awaiting our turns outside.

About nine o'clock we went down the river and crossed over the bridge into the town. Everything was life and motion. The hotels and stores were lighted, bombs were bursting, and everybody in the valley—Indians included—was out in his best war-paint and feathers. A temporary dancing floor had been laid near one of the hotels, enclosed by canvas and evergreens, and a band stationed within sent music out into the night to mingle with the murmur of the waterfalls. We could see the shadowy figures of dancers through the canvas, and hear the patter of little feet. What made it all really unbearable was the discovery that the town was full of swells, in claw-hammer coats and kid gloves, who were going in and out from the dancing-room, and making themselves merry with young ladies on whom we believed we had a primary claim.

Visalia was, however, equal to the emergency. He took our blessing and left us, disappearing through the door of the tent. For half an hour our suspense was fearful, and then a baggy shadow flitted past on the canvas, and we knew Visalia had found a partner. A few moments afterward he made his appearance, looking savage and desperate.

"What is the matter?" we asked.

"Nothing, nothing," he replied, "it's your turn next, I believe, governor," addressing the student, and he began to divest himself of coat and vest as rapidly as possible.

The figure cut by the student when he had donned the garments which Visalia threw him was something indescribable. I have never been able to understand how he had the moral courage to go into that ball-room, and can only account for it on the supposition that he did not know what a fright he was. Visalia forgot his ill-humor, and lay down on

the ground to laugh, and Mat and I suffered as we never have suffered since. The student, however, was not to be dismayed. He threw himself into the breach, and we lost sight of him. We imagined that we heard a smothered laugh as he passed through the door, but we forgave the claw-hammers, knowing that nothing human could bear the sight unmoved. We could hear, however, from our position outside, that the titter which greeted his entrance gradually grew into a laugh, and we were in momentary expectation of seeing an animated pair of pantaloons bounce out through the open door and come tearing along through the darkness to our hiding-place among the rocks.

Nothing of the kind happened, however. The student was made of different stuff. He had gone in to have a dance, and he proposed to carry out the programme regardless of consequences. Marching straight up to one of the prettiest girls in the room, a lovely camper in our neighborhood, he asked her hand for the set which was forming, and she promptly rose and took her place beside him on the floor. "The act of that brave girl," as the student afterward expressed it, "should live in history, for it averted a tragedy. If she failed me, I had fully made up my mind to kill every smirking claw-hammer in the room, and I knew I could count on Visalia for a helping hand."

When the music started up, we could see fellows slipping out through the door, holding on to themselves as though stricken with colic, and a pent-up yell would occasionally ring out on the night air like a cry of agony. The figure was soon ended, however, and the student returned to us flushed and happy. It was my turn next. I was not possessed of the audacity of either Visalia or the student, and trembled at the ordeal before me; but there was no honorable way out of the dilemma, as we had entered into a solemn compact to stand by one another. I declined, however, to don the unmentionables in which the student and Visalia had figured, contenting myself with the shirt, coat, and green necktie.

My advent in the dancing-room, like that of my predecessors, was greeted with something more than a smile by the loungers around the door; but, to my surprise, the ill-concealed derision drove away my timidity and filled me with a species of desperate confidence. It excited my resentment, and enabled me to understand the incomprehensible audacity of the companions who had gone in before me. On reaching the inner sanctum, my first encounter was with a charming creature named Smith. We had made each other's acquaintance the day before in under the Nevada Fall, and were on the most friendly terms. She did not even glance at my brogan hoots, but held out her hand, with a bewitching smile: "Why, Mr. Cornelius, how late you are!"

"I had a little business," I faltered.

"What a shame that you should be so formal in Yosemite! Here is Miss Nasturtium, who has been looking for you all the evening."

At this instant the lady in question detached herself from the arm of a claw-hammer, and saluted me. "Where is Mr. Visalia?" she asked. "I thought I saw him here a while ago."

"I really can not tell you, Miss Nasturtium," I answered. "I expected to find him here."

"And what has become of the student?" chimed in Miss Smith, glancing hastily around the room. "I have not seen him for half an hour. And your friend Mat has not put in an appearance this evening. I thought you four were inseparable."

"Mat fell into the river on the way down," I stammered, groping desperately about for some plausible escape from my dilemma, "and he had to go back to camp to change his clothes."

"It's funny," said Miss Nasturtium, "that Visalia told me nothing about that when we were dancing together. But I noticed that he was a little excited."

By this time a little knot of lady campers had gathered around me, and I noticed that some of them were exchanging knowing glances and whispering in a suspicious manner. They were beginning to see through the co-operative clothes business.

"Mr. Cornelius," said Miss Smith, advancing toward me in a coquettish manner, and laying her hand on my arm, "what a pretty green necktie you have on! The student wore one just like it when he was here."

"And what a nice, stylish coat you have!" chirped in another. "Mr. Visalia wore one of the same cut, and with the same candle-grease stain down its back when we last had the pleasure of his company."

"And what a nice—" But I saw "the jig was up," and did not permit Miss Nasturtium to finish her sentence.

"Listen, ladies," I said, "and I will acknowledge the corn. The boys are outside in the brush. This suit of clothes which you see before you is a combination affair, and we are trying to work it on the installment plan. Think gently—pity our affliction. In the name of the best we could do, be merciful—be—"

I was never allowed to finish my speech. A merry peal of laughter cut my words short off, and immediately there was a rustling and scampering, and in less than three minutes a committee of four or five bewitching creatures stood around me in nubias and wrappers, and sternly demanded that I should lead them to the hidden retreat of my companions.

Resistance was useless, and I complied. I will not tell you of the scene that followed, for I can not. Suffice it to say, that the boys were dragged from their hiding places among the rocks, and marched into the ball-room, in all the glory of their mountain attire. I retained the good clothes, however, and John Muir's shirt, and was happy. But the claw-hammers—they were the maddest fellows you ever saw. The girls would hardly notice them. And when "Home, Sweet Home" announced that day was breaking about the brow of old El Capitan, we marched off up the river, arm in arm, to our camp, proud and satisfied that for one night at least we had been "cocks of the walk." D. S. R.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1880.

A master said to his servant: "You are a fool, my friend!" "Pardon, sir," said the servant, "am I your friend because I am a fool, or a fool because I am your friend?"

Handsome feathers make gay girls.

AN OLD WOMAN'S REVERIE.

"In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet us, from many strange places and by many strange roads; and what it is set to us to do to them, and what it is set to them to do to us, will all be done."—MISS WADE, in *Little Dorrit*.

Hovering near the verge of old age, I feel that I am a haunted woman—haunted in troublous dreams by night, but most in sleepless dreams by day, by the people that swarm in the past. As the long march goes on, and the days drop away, the faces known but yesterday join the train and smile and mouth and nod at me, mocking with the rest, or, pitying, look or turn at me calm eyes, deep as the wells of memory. No pain, no joy, no love, neither regret nor sigh for the might-have-been, disturbs me now; for, assuredly, the people appointed me to meet I met, and only what was appointed me to do I have done. Yet ever am I dully haunted by the spectral, jostling forms, and I hear a distant murmur, as of voices that call me away, away to the past.

I hear my mother singing a hymn, that, through the distance, falls into a quaver, and, again, it is just a thin thread of melody; but oh! it is so sweet, as I see her swaying to and fro in the old rush-bottomed chair, rocking me to sleep. I see the sisters and brothers, that one by one came into life, and, at intervals, fell into the grave; and I see the things they were appointed to do to one another before they died. I see that James gloated over getting the better of John, that Jane envied Rachel, that Frances with her impatient tongue bred discords. But now I can see that these sins were appointed them to bring them low; for, long before the last breath came, they had each grown humble through seeing the lapses in their lives.

Sometimes, when I am half nodding, shadowy lips seem to babble at my ears, and the figures flit like shadows between the lids of my closing eyes. I see a girl in a white dress I saw in girlhood but once, and that when I, too, was a child; and I hear her laugh as she gave me a rose plucked from her May crown. Yet it was given her as one deed in her life to pluck that rose for me, that for once, at the beginning, we might be brought near. That was the first link in the chain, and I see now the second link forging.

It was a long, long time in the forging. Years came and went, and I grew a woman, and all the time there had been this and that one appearing and disappearing; staying a week, a month, a year; talking, laughing, unconsciously busying themselves at the link; helping along the *must-be* in my life as unconsciously I helped along the *was-to-be* in theirs. Then of a sudden, one evening, in the midst of light and music, one of them touched my hand, and snapped the second link upon the first, and in a moment of time I was making the round of the room upon the arm of the stranger who had been introduced. Now I see, waiting upon that moment, all the acts of others that one after another had unknowingly conspired toward it, and they seem to be leaping and tumbling over each other, and spanning the chasms of incident, and every act and deed holds his brother by the hand, because one purpose thrills each.

The name of the stranger was Valentine Rede. The next day I met him with his friend in a crowd, and his friend was my friend, who thus, out of his own will, having played the stepping-stone between us, was swept away, and we two were left together. It was but a glance, a smile, a word or two, and the day was gone. And then a rose seemed to have unclosed above the days—a glowing, passionate red rose, that shed over me its glow, and its passion, and the red of its own heart. The days came in a sweet dawn, and opened into a splendid noon, then sank into the hush of wondrous twilights, and each illumined my love. I was young, and in my rapturous hands I held my love as in delight, and in it I steeped the heart that lay on my lips, till it had taken all love to itself, and was heavy and drunken with the wine of its fullness. Oh! my love was ripe and fair and rich, like a pomegranate almost fallen from the bough. Had it been less beautiful and sweet it could not have served.

And now I hear the voices that then seemed filled with malice and anger; but as I listen now it seems they were laden with pity and sadness. Each was agent, whether it had influence large or small. Like the pushing of waters, they surge and toss about, and bewildered, I see myself trusting to a hollow branch. Vague murmurs against Valentine Rede assail my unbelieving ears, but through it all, "Trust me, my darling" comes like a wave of comfort, that ebbs and flows through my heart yet.

What years I clung to the hopes renewed alone by the letters of our separation! Even now I know he loved me, and that I, in my suffering and the purity of my love for him, was appointed and set aside as a sign unto him alone, even as others have daily suffered to work out my life as it was bound to be lived. He could not fail to know how I stood as a shield between him and the reproach that every tone flung at him, and that must have been the iron that entered his soul. My heart was tossed about like a shuttlecock between hope and dread, and I tried to know beforehand what lips were about to say, that I might close them ere they said aught against Valentine Rede. But in the end my heart shuddered and stood still, as through all it had been appointed to shudder and stand still; for with my blinded and yet clear-seeing eyes I read the letter—his last letter—that is the golden link of the chain.

"Through your devotion and your sacrifice," it said, "the blackness of the road I have traveled is open to me, and at right angles I leave it here to strike across fields to another. After the light your love has shed upon me I can not do otherwise than turn my life, but to begin an honest man I must give up the woman of women, the one thing pure I have taken into my heart. I could not enter heaven and keep you, because the very keeping of you would make me so base a man that I could never rise above this level. How hard it has been for you to work out my salvation by the light of your faith and truth I know, and, dear love, God knows. Be assured in his own good time God will give you the recompense. Dearest than wife, farewell! Man never had love greater than mine for you. It has in it all fealty, all tears, all sacrifice, all belief, all present, past, and time to come."

If ever one thing shines bright through the years that golden link shines, and with all romance fallen away from me like the shackles of youth, I thank God who set me one side to love

and to suffer that the shining link might be wrought. I see the people that afterward came and did the things that brought about my home, my husband, children, new loves, new ties, new sacrifices, but not one so hallowed and so purified as the love once known, but now unknown. I felt its influence in the gentle mood born of the patience I had learned; in the self-denial I had received, of the resignation forced upon me; in the tenderness for others which came of the bleeding of my own heart. So I knew also that the chastening hand had not been laid upon me in vain.

And then, after many years, as out of the people of the past, into my life stepped the girl who had plucked the rose and given it me from her May crown; and she had been the wife of Valentine Rede. As I had married, so had he. Without one thought of disloyalty toward the husband I have put away in the grave, I wonder, dully, did he love her as of old he loved me? Did his hand close upon hers just so tenderly, and did his eyes follow her with the light that I remember? As she sits opposite me there, her busy fingers at the needle, I am idly thinking that the fact of her being Valentine's wife perhaps made her smile so sweet and her face so winning, even in her age; for by something invisible we are knit together, and, as she leans upon me, so do I depend and rest upon her, and in all the days there is not the tremble of a jar. Sometimes my heart exults and shouts to itself because it was my love that brought him where light from heaven shone upon him. But then there comes a soft little hum in my ears, that I know for the voices of my children playing with their father, and I think, in awe, that it has taken the love of many people to bring me through my life.

Oh! it is a strange, strange thing to live! How humble the faults I started with have made me; and oh! what blessings my fellow-creatures have bestowed upon me! Bless God, in spite of all, that my time for working and being worked upon is almost spent. I have done as was appointed. I have lived, and shall die. I have suffered, grieved, rejoiced, hoped, and I sit here, almost an old woman, looking calmly to the end.

KATE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10, 1880.

Jules Saussa, a Frenchman, has published a romance—a romance in a double sense—entitled *Société des Mouchards*, the action being laid in France, Italy, Zulu-land, and the United States. He pays a delicate compliment to New York City by calling it the rendezvous of all the scoundrels in Europe. One of his most striking personages is a Mrs. Pitt, aged eighty, remarkable for two fangs, like a wild boar's, and an insatiable appetite for what he names *le todd*, composed of much whisky, little water, lemon, and sugar. She keeps a fashionable boarding-school in Louisiana, and drinks so freely every evening that she is carried to her room by a muscular servant especially employed for the purpose. She is very fond of a certain Major Dick, also a devotee of *le todd*, who addresses her "in true American fashion," as "Old Mule" and "Ancient Romantic Brain." He constantly uses the favorite oath of the country, "God me damn," and when he is particularly affectionate to Mrs. Pitt sits down by her, and puts his feet in her lap. A woman is here always addressed, if married, as "Mistress," and, if single, as "Mrs.," while a man is addressed as "Master" or "My Gentleman." A lady should, in writing to one of the other sex, call him "Honorable Sir," or "Respected Gentleman," and sign herself "Your devoted Scuitor," or "Your truly respectfulest." Saussa introduces us to two very pretty Ohio girls, Jinifer and Betsy, one of whom habitually rides wild horses through her native town, bareheaded, and the other, donning trousers and high boots, goes forth to hunt rattlesnakes. Most Americans carry, we are informed, a Bowie-knife in their boot, and rich Southerners are always accompanied by two negroes to fan them. Notwithstanding the custom of going armed, the average American is not necessarily very fierce, and there are natives who, so far as known, have never killed a single man. Different habits characterize different States. In Minnesota, for example, young women of position enter corn-fields during the season to gather red corn, and after a wedding ceremony has been performed, all the invited guests set to peeling apples, the object being to see who can peel the most in a given time. In several of the States west of the Mississippi, which is ten thousand miles long, and empties into Lake Superior, ladies of the best society spend weeks at a time in the Rocky Mountains, hunting and killing grizzly bears, and wear necklaces of their claws as trophies of their prowess. Every American will recognize this faithful delineation of national scenes and manners, and will wonder how a Frenchman could have been so accurately accurate.

It may not be generally known that a hornet can not sting a person if the person fills his lungs with air and retains it while the hornet is on his flesh. This is a theory promulgated by a Detroit philosopher. We don't know how he made the discovery, but it is his own, and he deserves all the credit due to so important a principle in science. He demonstrated it to a few skeptics the other morning. He held a hornet by its back in his right hand. The experiment was made on the back of his left hand. First he inflated his lungs until he swelled up like a toad, and the fearful strain on his face showed the pressure he was carrying. Then he applied the hornet. Then the great volume of air in his lungs shot out in one grand discharge, accompanied by a yell that caused each skeptic to leap clear from the ground, while the hornet sailed heavenward with one eye closed reflectively. It is not known what produced a miscarriage of the experiment, but it is likely the experimenter did not have the right kind of air.

Here is something to scratch your head over. A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines:

142,857 x 1 = 142,857
142,857 x 2 = 285,714
142,857 x 3 = 428,571
142,857 x 4 = 571,428
142,857 x 5 = 714,285
142,857 x 6 = 857,142
142,857 x 7 = 999,999

Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number, with figures exactly the same as at the start.

SHORT SELECTED STORIES.

The late Rev. George Trask, the temperance and anti-tobacco lecturer, was one of the extreme men. But in one instance he had wit enough to work himself out of a dilemma into which extravagant statements had brought him.

At one time he addressed a large and attentive audience, and, among other things, said in his lecture that no man habitually using tobacco and whisky could expect to live more than five or six years after beginning to use them.

And so earnest and positive was he in his address, and so attentive his audience, that at its close he confidently challenged any reply, and invited any questions on the subject. After a moment's silence a man rose and said:

"I like what you have said, Mr. Trask, but I would like to ask one question. One of my neighbors is an old man, some seventy-five years old, and he has used tobacco and whisky—all he could get—ever since he was thirty-five years old; that is, for some forty years. How do you reconcile that with what you said, that a man using both tobacco and whisky couldn't live more than five or six years?"

Mr. Trask was somewhat startled, and, to gain time for collecting his thoughts, began asking some questions:

"How old did you say this man was?"

"Some seventy-five years."

"And he has been using both tobacco and whisky ever since he was thirty-five?"

"Yes, using them constantly and freely."

"Well, what kind of a man is he? Does he seem to take much interest in business, or in anything that is going on?"

"Wa'al, no, I don't think he does."

"Does he seem to love anybody?"

"Wa'al, no."

"Does he seem to hate anybody?"

"No, I don't think he does; he seems sort of indifferent to everything."

"Well," said Mr. Trask, who by this time had gathered up his wits, "your old man has evidently been dead for some forty years, and the only mistake you've made is that you did not bury him."

Amid the shout of laughter that rose upon the answer the audience broke up, and Mr. Trask was relieved.

When a Western editor was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that then," he said, thrusting at the colonel an envelope, with an inscription upon it.

"B—," said the colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B. It's an S," said the man.

"S; oh yes! I see! Well, it looks like 'Salt for dinner,' or 'Souls of sinners,'" said the colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man, "nothing of the kind! That's my name—Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see you about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"

"A blunder of the compositor's, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think that I am an ass. Let me show you. The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way:

Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.

That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public?

Lying to a weeping widow to induce her to elope.

Weeping widow, mind you! A widow! Oh, thunder and lightning! This is too much!

"But look a-here at the fourth verse. That's worse yet.

Cast thy pearls before the swine, and lose them in the dirt.

He sets it up in this fashion:

Cart thy pills before the sunrise, and love them if they hurt.

Now, isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't."

"It's hard, that's a fact," said the colonel.

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight:

Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross!

In its printed form you made me say:

Take away the tingling honey; put some flies in for the boss.

By George, I felt like braining you with a fire-shovel! I was never so cut up in my life. There, for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote:

I am weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves!

It is a lovely line, too. But imagine my horror and the anguish of my family when I opened your paper and saw the line transformed into:

I am wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees!

That is a little too much! That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder that compositor; don't you?"

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote:

I swell the flying echoes as they roam among the hills,

And I feel my soul awakening to the ecstasy that thrills.

Now, what do you s'pose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why, into this:

I smell the frying shoes as they coast along the hulls,

And I peel my sole mistaken in the ecstasy that whirls.

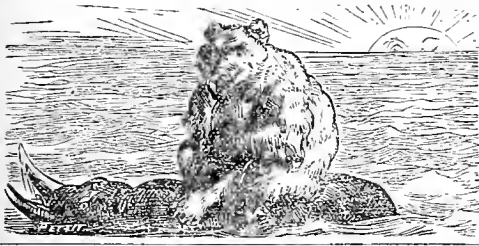
I must slay that man. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the colonel. "Come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet; "and I will come again."

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[Though time and the telegraph have put the late Republican Convention pretty well into the past, the following correspondence from Mr. Pixley will be found particularly interesting, giving, as it does, not only the inner workings of the great political machine, but facts and details that have escaped, or been inaccessible to, the ordinary news-gatherer. The letters have been arranged under their date of writing, the mails having failed to deliver any in time for last week's issue.]

Chicago, June 5.—When this reaches you, the result of the convention will be pretty generally known, the candidates selected; and, whoever they may be, the nation, through its length and breadth, will be aroused to clamorous manifestations of enthusiasm in their behalf. Let no one think that the Republican party has, in any sense, been divided, or that it will in any degree relax its earnest efforts to hold its power upon this government. We of California, in the isolation of our position, have no idea of the strength of the Republican party organization, or how deep it has laid its foundations in the hearts and homes of the American people. There has been an idea that it might be well, perhaps, to allow the Republican party to go into a minority; that it had done things it ought not to have done; that it had followed leaders it ought not to have followed; and been brought under influences that had demoralized and injured it. I have found my own mind drifting in this direction. When I saw some of the meaner reptiles crawling to the top of the political structure, where they lay, fat and insolent, basking in the sun of office; when I saw the vile crowd of very foul party blackguards that, by some unkind providence, had been allowed to become leaders in the party; when I found these poisonous toads squatting at the party ear, and whispering to death every ambitious, honest, decent gentleman who would not get down upon his belly, and with them crawl in the dust; when I remembered how shamefully honest party service had been recompensed by the party leaders, I somehow felt that if the party could be cleansed and regenerated in no other way than by turning through its foul stables the somewhat impure waters of Democracy, it would be well. Since I have sat in convention I have enlarged my conceptions of the situation. California is but an outlying province of this great nation. It is but a small potato in the teeming hill of States. We are but a fly upon the great revolving wheel; and the wheel will continue to go round with undiminished speed, whether we remain upon it or fly away. I am convinced that away down in the heart of this great nation there is embodied a sentiment of love and gratitude to the Republican party that is not only ineradicable, but is strengthening. I have seen the representatives of all the States and Territories of all the land coming together in this national council, and have witnessed an enthusiasm and devotion to the Republican party that I did not fully estimate for its strength. This convention will be memorable. It has within it the leading statesmen and representative men of the nation. The good feeling and harmony so far seem unlikely to be disturbed, and, whoever may be the Presidential candidate, it now seems as though its ranks would present an unbroken front to the enemy. I have no time to give you an account of any of the details of this convention, but my portfolio is full of notes, and I shall carry away in my memory enough of stirring incidents to inspire many a paragraph. I have daguerreotyped upon my mind this convention in all its details. The magnificent hall, with its great auditorium filled with eight thousand spectators, every eye bright with intelligence and glistening with enthusiasm as it looked down upon as splendid a body of men as ever gathered together. Great statesmen and distinguished orators; great generals, that led armies in battle; men of the people, representing the great middle class of labor and

industry; men distinguished in professional life; men of great wealth and genius. On the roll-call of States are the names of those who are the mainsprings of our national action, and upon whom rests the guidance and direction of the vast machinery necessary to govern forty-five millions of people—representatives of a republic grander in its extent and greater in its aims than any within the historic age.

Last night I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. For a week past there had been gathering in this great, beautiful city of Chicago delegates from all parts of the country. On my arrival on Sunday evening, the streets and hotels were thronged with an excited multitude of eager partisans. From Maine to southernmost Texas there had gathered and was gathering the Republican army. It came in clubs from all the great cities, with music and banners and badges. It poured in from the country in squads, and, gathering in groups and clusters, it moved through the streets and surged through the corridors of Chicago's great hotels. In the centre of every group was an orator, warmly, noisily, and sometimes angrily advocating the claims of his favorite candidate. All Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday—all day Friday to a late hour of the evening—the nerves of every delegate had been strung to utmost tension. Upon the result of contested delegates hung the hopes of many anxious politicians. There were secret councils, midnight caucuses—there were plotting and counterplotting. The two first days had witnessed the preliminary skirmishing of the two factions into which the convention had divided—Grant and anti-Grant. The Grant cause was championed by the three great Senators. By a common consent, the Blaine wing was given the place of honor in the fight, and it was gallantly handled by the magnificent leadership of Hale and Frye. The courtly and magnificent Senator of New York, on the first opening of the convention, walked down the centre-hall with calm and stately stride, bowing his blonde head, and bending his graceful form to the applauding audience that rose to receive him with great demonstrations of delight. Then came in the black knight of Illinois—the dark and dangerous Logan, with his visor up; his bright, black eyes took in the audience with a smile, as cheers went up. He tossed back his night-black hair, as the war-horse tosses his tangled mane when he goes into battle. Cameron, leader of the Pennsylvania clans, was cheered. Small and nervous, he called the convention to order, and since has made no sign. For two days and a half the giants had it all their own way. The cool sarcasm of Conkling was overmatched by the deliberate earnestness of Hale, and the incisive oratory of Frye. Logan, Garfield, Henderson, Boutwell, Conger, Joy, Spencer, and Emory Storrs had for three days held the contest. Logan had spoken by the hour. Conkling made twenty-three speeches in the three days. The fight was over the admission of the Illinois contested delegates, when our Creed Haymond obtained the floor, and was first of all the lesser men to enter the arena of debate, and was the first to engage the now black and scowling Logan in a personal encounter. It was a brief and brilliant passage at arms, and the victory did not rest with the Senator from Illinois. It brought the California delegation into notice, and we all swelled with a little pride to think that California had finally found a delegation, one man of which was not compelled to sit dumb in the overawing presence of Eastern politicians. The Illinois Senator, smarting from this unexpected glove flung so fairly in his face, in the evening session called up, by special question, the chairman of the delegation, and again he got it upon his royal nob, since which time he has let the Californians severely alone. When the chairman of the California delegation, having explained how the State Convention and the District Conventions were organized, and concluded by saying that they were instructed as a unit to cast their vote "first, last, and all the time for the distinguished Senator from Maine for the nomination of the party as its Presidential candidate," such cheering and such prolonged enthusiasm, renewed from time to time, bursting out again and again, the audience in the galleries, the officials upon the stage, the Blaine delegates in convention, all uniting in the uproar made a scene rarely witnessed. But now to the incident so far of this convention. Mr. Emory Storrs, of Chicago, was speaking, referring in a splendid peroration to General Grant; the Grant men in the hall caught the epidemic of enthusiasm, and seemed to all spring to their feet at one impulse. Such a mad scene, such insane enthusiasm, was never witnessed; such a wild yell was never heard; hats, canes, umbrellas, and handkerchiefs were waved. Such stamping, clapping, cheering, shouting, the stately and dignified Conkling standing upon his bench, waving the shield of New York upon a pole above his head. This continued nearly half an hour. It seemed as though it would never stop. Finally it lulled, and one of our strong-lunged Californians, Duke of San Joaquin, got in his work by shouting, "Three cheers for Jim Blaine!" and then the fun commenced. What before had been a murmur became a roar; what had been a rivulet became a booming torrent. Hats were flung aloft. The whole gallery was a sea of tossing handkerchiefs, and such yells, shouts, howls, and hurrahs; such clapping of hands; such beating of boot-heels. One woman on the stage went

frantic, and shook her umbrella and her petticoats in uproarious madness; I think she hugged Hoar, and I saw one man hug the Goddess of Liberty. Then by a common impulse the shields upon which were blazoned the names of our States were seized and carried to the centre. For a time California was held highest and tossed wildest by the enthusiastic Duke, till finally some taller Maine man, with a longer pole, sent the shield of Maine above them all. Then again the uproar deepened, and thus, in the wildest and most frantic excitement, this staid convention of grown men spent almost an entire hour.

Chicago, June 7.—In this letter I send details of the fight over the Chinese resolution, and the struggle we had to secure its insertion in the Republican platform. I had supposed that we in California had so educated the people of the East upon this question, that we should experience no difficulty in obtaining the insertion of a resolution expressive of our views, and that the passage of an anti-Chinese immigration law through both houses of Congress, and the prominence given to that legislation by the President's veto, had called the nation's attention to it. And so it seems to have done, but only to arouse antagonisms against our views. To our utter surprise we found the convention against us—not an indifferent opposition, but an active feeling. Some of the New England delegates had made their contests against Blaine because he was with our people upon this matter, and they came prepared to fight the insertion of a plank against the Chinese exclusion policy, and at one time it seemed that the best thing we could accomplish would be to accomplish nothing, and be content to have a platform that was silent upon this question. We called the entire coast delegates together—Washington Territory, Idaho, Arizona, Oregon, Nevada, and California—and found ourselves a unit upon the proposition to have a resolution in the platform. We appointed a committee to formulate one; met again, and agreed upon it; choose our committee-men on resolutions with reference to this question. In the general committee, our delegate, Judge Payne, made a good fight—General Edwards of Nevada, and Mr. Brentz of Washington Territory, aiding him in intelligent and forcible speeches; and they won the victory by sending the resolution thus formulated by us to a sub-committee with instructions to insert. This sub-committee was Messrs. Edwards Pierrepont of New York, Robinson of Connecticut, Phelps of New Jersey, Emory Storrs of Illinois, and Payne of California. At Judge Payne's request, I personally followed up the committee, as we found a determination in the sub-committee—in spite of instructions—disposed to insert a milk-and-water nothing. Mr. Pierrepont was against us upon the expressed admission that he knew nothing about the matter, and was only willing to advise Congress to take "proper" action, in view of the importance urged for it by "our friends" of California. I was indignant at his ignorance, and did not hesitate to tell him so. Finally he agreed to report our resolution. Then came in to the room of the committee Mr. Phelps of New Jersey, who had drawn a resolution of his own. It did not mention the word "Chinese," but was otherwise strong, and was capable of being interpreted our way; and this Judge Payne and myself formally agreed to accept, and withdrew with the distinct understanding that it should be so reported to the general committee. The following morning Judge Payne informed us that it was *not* so reported, and that the milk-and-water resolution of the milk-and-water Pierrepont *was* inserted. Perhaps you can imagine our indignation. The army swore terribly in Flanders. The delegation met, and we resolved that this thing should not be. We all went to work, and each in his own way. Some coaxed, some argued, some swore. I leave your readers to guess who got the maddest, raged the most, and swore the loudest. We made sheet-iron thunder roll through that convention for about one hour. I went before the committee, and, to my utter surprise and indignation, found not only Mr. Pierrepont's milk-and-water resolve in his own handwriting, but in another resolution a clause authorizing the Chinese to become citizens and to vote. Then, as the parrot said of his fight with the monkey, "we had a hell of a time." The convention was at a temporary recess awaiting the report of the committee, and it gave us the opportunity to storm. We threatened the Blaine delegates that Mr. Blaine should not get one vote from the Pacific Coast; that we would make a fight in open convention; that we would denounce the sub-committee with treachery, and its chairman, Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, with a dishonorable misrepresentation, a dishonest suppression of the Phelps resolution, and that we would appeal to Mr. Phelps himself for proof that the sub-committee had violated its agreement; and we further threatened that, if baffled in our efforts, we would take down the shields bearing the names of our Pacific States and Territories, and in formal procession march out of the convention—and we would have done it. This, of course, created a commotion. Not only were the Blaine men justly alarmed at such a possible defection, by which he would have lost twenty-four votes, but Republican leaders were alarmed, and stated that such a demonstration would destroy the Republican party. Senator Conkling came to the delegation for personal ex-

planation of the trouble. The California delegation had already made its impression upon the convention by its replies to Logan. Mr. Haymond was regarded as a speaker who had force, and a quarrel over the Chinese resolution was deprecated by all the moderate men of the convention. Every man of our delegation was active, angry, and resolute to eliminate the Pierpont "slop" from out the platform. We succeeded, and with Mr. Phelps of New Jersey I agreed to what now stands as the Chinese resolution. It was the best we could get. It was all we could get. The coast delegates all think that we have achieved a victory under the circumstances, and that we do not deserve unkind criticism because the resolution is not as full and resolute as public opinion upon our coast would desire. The provision admitting Chinese to full citizenship was also stricken out. It is amazing—the ignorance and prejudice upon this question. Puritan sentimentality and commercial greed lay at the foundation of dense and impenetrable idiocy, and there was no other or better way to secure any consideration of this Chinese question in a Republican Convention than the one we took.

Chicago, June 9.—The convention has concluded its labors, and, in my judgment, a great national peril has been avoided. The sentiment that lay deepest in the hearts of all men of intelligence and patriotism was that of opposition to the third term. As a question of policy it was the one that most affected the minds of all those party leaders whose personal fortunes were not bound up in Grant. This ghost has been laid forever, and not again in the immediate future will any President, or any organized party, dream of the possibility of ignoring this tradition of our country, or endeavor to avoid the binding force of an unwritten law as sacred as the written Constitution of our fathers. This convention has accomplished important results. The great party chieftains have been rebuked, and the "boss" business has been slaughtered and its body hid from the public gaze. Not soon again will any party leader endeavor to make himself President. It was Conkling and Blaine four years ago. It was Grant and Blaine this time; and, in spite of organization, bureaus, money, and concerted effort, the people in convention have had their own head and nominated not the best man on either occasion. The adoption of the individual as against the unit rule will leave future delegates free to exercise some little personal discretion and judgment in the performance of their delegated duties. The settlement in favor of district representation as against State representation divides the power, and distributes it away from the great political centres in cities to the country. This destroys the great party proconsuls—men like Conkling, Cameron, and Logan—who stride over their States like some huge Colossus, compelling all lesser men to crawl as pigmies beneath them. Not again will the imperious blonde of New York deem it within his power to dictate a solid New York delegation through a State convention; not again will the Highland chieftain—a chieftainship of inheritance—attempt to marshal his clans in direct opposition to the will of an overwhelming majority of the people of Pennsylvania; and not again will the swarthy Logan endeavor to spread the darkness of his southern Egypt all over the great State of Illinois—not again make the mistake attributed to him by Creed Haymond, of thinking himself the State, and it may perhaps convince him that Illinois is large enough to hold *two* great men. This triumvirate of senators has been beaten and humiliated. When the convention opened, the arrogance of this trinity was immense; as it proceeded, they had, by defections and by the decision in the Illinois case, lost each a third and one the half of his party following—New York and Pennsylvania by revolt, and Illinois by a decision that stamped upon Logan a premeditated bolt and a tyrannous usurpation and abuse of political power. When the convention ended, they had not made a point. They had been checked in debate, out-voted, and out-clamored. Logan was brought in suppliance to his knees before the convention in order to defeat Washburne for Vice-President. Even the sop of the Vice-Presidential Arthur, thrown to New York in a weak spirit of generosity, did not please Conkling; and, after being forced by his delegation to accept the nomination of Garfield, he went home with the arrow in his heart. This Congressional interference in party affairs, and the insolent dictation of the party satraps, is inconceivably humiliating to every independent and resolute man; and I, for one, am glad that it is broken and forever destroyed. It was pitiable to see the delegates of New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois—all, all honorable men—wearing the iron collar, which had plainly inscribed upon it that they had been elected as thralls to these Saxon lords. It was pitiable to see the "white niggers" and colored gentlemen of Missouri, Kentucky, Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, and the Carolinas chained and manacled, and driven by the party lash to do the bidding of the masters who owned them. Before our delegation sat Alabama with Clayton, and Arkansas with Dorsey, as political party-drivers; and all over the house this Southern constituency, that had everything to receive and nothing to give, kept step to the music of the lash. It was in bad taste. It was not becoming, this effort of a solid Democratic South to force upon an almost united Re-

publican North a candidate it did not want, and one it knew it could not help to elect. If the nomination of a candidate had been left to the delegates of Republican States, Mr. Blaine would have been nominated upon the first roll-call of States. As it was, Mr. Blaine's friends made the nomination of General Garfield, and it is a good one. His opponents made the nomination of Chester A. Arthur, and it is a bad one. However, the nomination of Mr. Arthur makes it impossible for Senator Conkling to lie down in the traces, or to sulk in harness, or to balk. He and his friends are challenged upon their loyalty to the party to see to it that New York casts her vote for a Republican President; and only in this view of the situation is the nomination of Mr. Arthur one politic to have been made. The enemies of General Grant—if he has any—must be more than satisfied. Contrast his position now with that of the day when we of San Francisco went out and escorted him within our golden gates with a fleet of ships—such a convoy as never monarch had, such a welcome as no king returning to his native land ever received—the guns of our forts thundering from their blazing throats a loud-mouthed welcome, banners streaming in the golden sunset of that gorgeous evening, our city blazing with light, flags of welcome waving under the breath of our hundred thousand joyous throats, proud to welcome to our shores from his trip around the earth the first gentleman of the world. Now, having been dragged in stormy politics through thirty-six ballotings, he emerges a beaten candidate, a defeated politician. He has been used. His friends in this conflict were not the men who asked him to violate a national tradition, and, in his ambition, do that which Washington deemed wrong, and which no President dared attempt. His ambition and his fame have culminated. His has been a remarkable career, as he has been a remarkable man. He went up like a blazing rocket; and there in the blue vault he might have stood transfixed, a brilliant star, and all his countrymen below would have ever looked up to him with admiration and with gratitude. But, alas! a syndicate of great politicians and great bankers beckoned him to come down and do their bidding. He assented in ambitious hopes of a loftier flight. He came down a stick, charred and broken, and he will never again be so lifted up. I am not glad that General Grant has been humiliated, but I am glad that the third-term tradition has not been violated, and that the country has not received the hurt of his nomination. F. M. P.

We mentioned last week that all canting on the Chinese question had better be given up. That is, it will be better for the cause that no considerations be brought forward to sustain it that admit of a complete answer. The real struggle on this issue is to come off in the next Congress, and we may rely upon it that each false argument will be refuted. Most of the favorite arguments of our demagogues are of this sort: (1.) The first refers to the over-crowded and often noisome condition of their dwelling in this city. The answer is, that the worst we can allege of the Chinese quarter has been or is matched in the great cities of the East; that the corresponding dens there are mainly tenanted by foreigners; that these facts can not be admitted and are not admitted to constitute ground for excluding the immigration of any race or color; that they are held to constitute and do constitute a reproach solely to the city which tolerates them, and not to their victims; that in all that has been shown up on this head, San Francisco is proclaiming only her own shame, as New York once proclaimed hers in showing up the horrors of the Five Points, and London hers in exposing the ulcer of the Seven Dials; and therefore (in conclusion) the whole matter is irrelevant to any question of immigration, and tends to establish no conclusion, except that San Francisco has the art and duty of self-government yet to learn. (2.) The second argument is, that the Chinese work for a lower rate of wages than will suffice to support a white citizen. Historically, and as matter of existing fact, this statement is untrue. That the Chinese would be willing to work for wages that would not fitly support a white operative we firmly believe; and that, should their influx be unrestricted, a time would arrive when the white competitor would be crowded out, we are prepared to maintain; but that the market wages for Chinese labor in California have ever yet fallen to the range at which many white American operatives are glad to work, is the reverse of the fact. Therefore, in the coming argument, this allegation had better not be made, for it will be disproved. (3.) A third argument is, that the Chinese acquires no interest in our political or social institutions, as evidenced by his not becoming a citizen and by his herding apart to himself. The answer is, that he has not been permitted to become a citizen, and this answer will be apt to be accompanied by the retort, that if he had been, such blatherskites as are now lifting their voices against him would have been working for his support. This retort will sting, for every hearer will know it to be true. The argumentative force of the allegation that he holds himself socially aloof is fully disposed of by the reply—so does the colored man. (4.) A fourth point made against the Chinese is, that since they do not acquire a literary knowledge of our language, reading neither our books nor our newspapers, they assimilate nothing of the genius of our institutions or

national character. The answer to this is twofold. First, that they are excluded from our free schools where they might learn, although they pay their share of the tax toward their maintenance; and, second, that they do in fact exhibit a decided eagerness to learn (according to the means open to them), which is one means of improving their conditions.

Here we pause. It is needful to remind rational Californians that the American nation has recently had an experience which it will never forget, in the course of which it was made thoroughly familiar with the four arguments above cited. With immaterial modifications of form and application, they did duty in the pro-slavery debate for more than a generation. When the great game was played in which they were played out, the nature of the struggle was such that they were played out once and for all. They were played out to stay; and, for any use on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, they are deadlier than Julius Cæsar—for he has done smelling, and they haven't. The whole humanitarian sentiment of this great Yankee nation is wrapped up in just such propositions as those four. Every time that either of them is brought home to an Eastern mind, a peg is driven in the coffin of the cause. He recognizes it at once as an old friend with a new face—to settle whom once before he fought and bled and wrapped himself in the American flag; and from that moment he becomes more or less fervently and fanatically pro-Chinese, where before he was merely indifferent. It would be hard to select more effective pro-Chinese literature for Eastern circulation than the average Californian editorial and stump speech. With every sentence uttered the humanitarian back gets up higher and higher. Earnestly and zealously as we have fought this fight from the first opening skirmish, it is trying to see it given away by every bawling blatherskite from the platform he calls his stump, and every babbling nincompoop from the chair he calls his tripod. We have no hesitation in saying, here and now, that this issue can not be won before Congress and the country unless it is supported with some intelligence and sense, and, above all things, with candor and good temper. Nor are we at all prepared to admit that this is equivalent to saying that it can not be won at all, while we are keenly alive to the fact that, in these respects, we are frightfully overmatched by the other side. For one thing, the question has become a matter of feeling with us, while with them it is little more than one of theoretical policy or abstract sentiment. Therefore it is far the harder for us to keep our temper, and to preserve that patience which is our only hope for quickening the massive, inert ignorance, and reshaping the warped conscience with which we have to deal.

The first step toward enlightening those fifty millions of people (that is a good many people, few of whom really know anything, or care more, about California) on the subject of the Chinese, should be to learn something about them ourselves. As to any real, accurate knowledge of the Chinese character—seen truthfully, both as to proportion and perspective—there is perhaps as little of that in San Francisco as in any place on the face of the earth. Yet when we come to make our speeches in Congress, the East has hundreds of people who, if we lie, will detect and expose us; if we ventilate the gross and purblind ignorance that forms the staple of Californian editorial, will detect and expose us. Very seriously we say it—that line of industry is played out. We have made a noise over the question till our big neighbor has consented (in the interest of peace and quiet) to give us a hearing. He is prepared to fold his hands next winter, in his large, heavy, and—speaking generally—not ill-informed way, and give us our hearing. What have we to say for ourselves? We are making the disturbance; what is our trouble? As the East views the case, it is we—not John—who originate the hubbub. Now, what have we to allege against that quiet man? John's counsel—the humanitarians, zealous, unselfish, honest, and well prepared—are standing by to hear our complaint, and in due course to argue, to answer, and endeavor to refute it. And the fact that the East is misinformed as to some aspects of the case, and imperfectly informed as to others, that it does entertain some prejudice, against all of which we have to enlighten, to combat, and to overcome, enforce our need of self-restraint and careful preparation. Under such circumstances, and in such a court, the ridiculous futility of both blatherskite and nincompoop is piteously obvious. Our complaint, then, must be drawn temperately as to spirit, accurately as to form, truthfully as to substance. It must then be supported with skill, knowledge, patience, and good temper. Are we prepared with a case of that kind?

The Democratic National Convention is getting to be of little interest. Tilden will rest his claims on justice, and the series of questions beginning: "Was I not once elected President of these United States? Am I not rightfully President now?" He will be answered in the negative. Seymour has more than the traditional "thrice" refused the nomination and denied the Bourbon crown; and Duke Gwin, the aristocratic driver of the California Democratic delegation, has settled the whole thing in a *Herald* interview, by giving the Pacific States and the nomination to Field.

A THRILLING TALE OF THE PERIOD.

By Mrs. Flyaway Forester.

Author of "Shall We Associate with Her?" "Don't Mention It," etc.

"He wins, he wins! No, d—n him, he doesn't!" The speaker is a lady. "A real lady?" cries the reader. Sir or madame, if you will take the trouble to reach down Johnson from the shelf, you will see that in defining the noun lady the lexicographer makes no mention of refined manners and gentle bearing, but simply explains it as a word meaning a woman of high rank. Therefore, as the young girl who makes this outrageously unfeminine exclamation is the granddaughter on one side of an earl, and on the other of a baronet, and moves in good society, she is perfectly entitled to be called a lady. The words are half smothered, it is true, but they are heard by a man who, in the general excitement caused by the approach of the horses, has been pushed close to the speaker. He turns and looks at her with an expression of disgust which he does not for an instant attempt to conceal, and then, the race being over and the crowd dispersed, he moves away from her.

"I thought," he said to a friend, "that only ladies were allowed here."

The place is Sandown.

"Quite true. Why?"

"Is that a lady?" indicating with his eyes the girl who has so offended his ears.

"Certainly; she is a Miss Wylde. Rather rapid, but what a glorious figure—hasn't she?"

"Yes," answers Alan Fane. He is a handsome man of some three-and-thirty, home about a month from India, where he has spent the last ten years. His return was occasioned by his quite unexpected succession to ten thousand a year.

The last race is over; there is a rush for the members' train. As Fane is hurrying along the platform, looking despairingly in at the crowded cars, a voice cries:

"Here you are, Fane. Get in here."

When he is in he sees that there is not a seat for him, and that there are two ladies in the carriage.

"I will wait for the next train," he says, preparing to withdraw.

"Nonsense! it's all right. We shall have two or three more in before we've done."

At this moment Fane becomes aware that one of the ladies is Miss Wylde.

"Here, Bournemouth," she says to a fair, good-looking young fellow with a *blasé* expression, "you may sit on my lap if you like."

Lord Bournemouth coolly and at once accepts her invitation.

"Oh, get out! You're too heavy. I didn't mean it," rejoins the fair one, laughing. And then she happens to meet the eyes of Captain Fane fixed upon her with unmistakable disgust. A slight flush comes to her cheeks, an expression of defiance to her eyes, and then the determination seems to take hold of her to give him something to be shocked for. And by the time the train reaches Vauxhall he is as thoroughly shocked and disgusted as ever he was in his life. Miss Wylde's companion, Lady Blanc Dasshe, far excels her in the piquancy of her conversation, but then she is a married woman.

"Do you mean to say," Captain Fane asks his friend as the carriage takes them on to Waterloo, "that those women are tolerated in society?"

"Tolerated, my dear fellow! They are bright ornaments of it. Of course, they are in a fast set, but it is a set people are very glad to get into."

"Good God!" exclaims Fane, with such solemn horror that his friend can not forbear laughing. He is a little surprised, too, for Fane has the reputation of being anything but a moral or strait-laced man.

"Society has changed since I remember it," adds Alan.

Garlands of flowers, music, waxlights, youth, and good looks. Of such is composed Lady P. Z.'s ball, at which Captain Fane finds himself assisting. Lady Blanc Dasshe and Miss Wylde are there, and Fane has been reluctantly compelled to admit to himself that the girl's face is almost beautiful, while her figure is quite perfect. Somehow he feels irritated with himself because he can not help watching her; he objects to her style; he objects violently to the use she makes of her magnificent dark-blue eyes. He has lost sight of her at this moment, and is standing idly in a doorway when a friend's voice whispers:

"Would you like to be introduced to Miss Wylde?"

"Not for worlds!" he replies, emphatically; and then, turning, has the unexpected pleasure of seeing that young lady on his friend's arm. That both should color violently is only a natural consequence of the situation. The lady is, of course, the first to recover.

"Pray don't distress me by refusing!" she utters with stinging sarcasm, while those wonderful eyes of hers blaze with a dark fire. "I was going to ask you to dance."

"I shall be delighted," he stammers, overwhelmed with confusion, giving her his arm.

"I am not going to dance this—it is a quadrille," she says. "Let us go where my partner won't find me!" And she leads him half down the stairs to a corner with a low couch and velvet curtains. She throws herself upon it, and deliberately draws one curtain to screen herself from the public gaze. This action brings back Fane's coldness and disgust in a moment. She contemplates him with perfect calmness.

"Why 'not for worlds'?" she asks.

Fane feels not only embarrassed, but angry. The girl's behavior is so daring and unfeminine that she seems to him to have lost the right to the courtesy which is the special due from his sex to hers.

"Because," he answers, coldly, "I have not the remotest idea what to say to you."

"Really!" with a mocking laugh. "How is that?"

He is silent, and she repeats the question.

"Do you insist on knowing?" he inquires.

"Of course I do."

"It is rather an awkward thing to say," he observes, halting for a moment.

"I shall enjoy it all the more," remarks the girl, defiantly.

He looks in her face with perfect coolness, and says, deliberately:

"I know how to talk to a lady, and I know how to talk to women of a class which it is not usual to speak of before ladies; but I have not the remotest idea what to say to any one who is just between the two."

If Miss Wylde was in want of a new sensation she has got it with a vengeance this time. Her face is scarlet; she trembles with anger; and yet she has shrewdness enough to know that by forcing herself upon this man she has handed the reins and the whip into his keeping.

"Will you explain yourself?" she asks, controlling her voice by a violent effort.

Alan Fane never felt more uncomfortable in his life, but he is resolved, now he has the chance, to make the most of it.

"I had the honor," he says, "of standing next you at Sandown, and heard you curse a horse for not winning. Afterward you invited a man in my presence to sit in your lap, and exchanged repartees of a questionable nature with your male companions. These are the manners and customs of that class which," bowing, "I dare not name before a lady. I meet you next in the house of a person whose claim to that title is indisputable. I must, therefore, ask you to excuse my embarrassment. You see, I have been away from England for ten years, and when I left there were only ladies and—and—the other thing."

The most deadly humiliation has taken possession of the girl's breast. If there had been a covert impertinence in Captain Fane's manner she could have borne it better; but his voice was cold and matter-of-fact, and his air that of a man who answered simply a question put to him. What could she do? She would rather die than put her hand on his arm again. She felt almost on the verge of bursting into tears. One moment, and she had pulled back the curtain and fled, leaving Fane sitting there with very mixed feelings.

"After all, it served her right," he said to himself.

Then he descended the stairs and left the house.

It was a December afternoon, and Captain Fane was lying on a sofa beside a cozy fire. He had a broken leg, and that kept him quiet.

"What cursed bad luck!" he kept saying to himself.

"Upon my word, it was very good of that girl."

The explanation of these two remarks is as follows: First, he had come down to stay with a friend for a week's hunting, and his horse had fallen, rolled upon him, broken his leg, and kicked him in the head. Secondly, he had learned that, while insensible, Miss Wylde, who lived in the county, had ridden up, exhibited the greatest nerve and presence of mind, had caused him to be carried to a neighboring cottage, and gone herself at full speed for a doctor.

"Upon my soul!" said Fane to himself. "I think if I'd been a woman, and a man had said to me what I did to her, he might have lain there for me."

He was alone and found it dull, so he tried to amuse himself by thinking.

"After all, they say she is not a bad girl," he mused. "A weak, silly mother, and got hold of by a fast, good-for-nothing woman like Lady Blanc Dasshe. Thank goodness she's gone off with Charlie —, so she won't have the chance of spoiling any more girls."

The door opened, and who should come in but Miss Wylde, and alone. She walked straight up to him, and said with quite a friendly nod:

"Well, and how are you getting on?"

She was looking lovely; a slight color in her cheeks, a more than lustre in her deep-colored eyes, and her figure set off to perfection by the neatest of habits.

Fane felt covered with confusion. If she had forgotten that little episode at the ball, he had not.

"Excuse my not being able to rise," he stammered. "I—I—believe—I am told that I owe a great deal to you."

"Oh, no; not at all," she answers, bringing a small chair and sitting down beside him, so that the firelight plays on her really charming face. "I met Mrs. Aymer, and she told me you were here alone, and that it would be a charity to come and talk to you. I did not feel altogether sure of that," with a ring of mockery in her tone, "because, you know, conversation can't be all on one side, and you have not the remotest idea what to say to me, as you once said."

Fane's confusion is really painful.

"Are you fond of music?" inquires Miss Wylde, after a moment's pause, during which she seemed to enjoy his discomforture.

"Passionately," he answers.

She rises and opens the piano, plays a few soft chords, and then she sings in the sweetest voice he has ever heard. And as he listens with a delight that grows to rapture, he forgets what he has thought of her in the past, and looks at her almost with reverence, as though she were some white-winged angel. From song to song she goes, all tender, pathetic, harmonious, till suddenly she breaks into a snatch of a music-hall song.

"Stop! for heaven's sake, stop!" almost shrieks Fane, so loud that she looks at him startled, and gets up from the piano.

"How could you," he says, reproachfully, "after you had carried me right up into heaven?"

"Oh," she answers, coolly enough, "I did not know how your particular taste ran. Bournemouth, now, dotes on that song, and yawns over the others."

"Bournemouth is a brainless fool!" cries Fane, with intense irritation.

"I suppose," observes Miss Wylde, calmly, seating herself at a little distance from him, "that it is in India's burning clime you acquired your charming habit of outspokenness?"

"I am a brute," he says, contritely, "and I beg you ten thousand pardons. But to see you looking like an angel, to hear your exquisite voice, and then to be brought down with a run to the memory of a low music-hall—"

"Thank you," returns his companion. "I will take the sweet with the bitter, and try to get them to mix."

She sits and talks for half an hour quite sweetly and gently, without once saying anything to vex him.

"You will come again, won't you?" he urges, in tones of deepest entreaty, as he holds the hand she gives him at parting.

"Perhaps," she says, with a tantalizing smile from her wonderful eyes.

When she has gone Fane lies back and thinks what a madness of delight it would be to have those eyes always looking at him with that expression. But it would be madness of quite another kind, he reflects, to see them fixed in the same way on any other man.

A week goes by. Alan is still confined to the sofa, and every day, regularly, his lovely visitant comes in and sings and talks to him. In the whole week not one trace of her cloven foot has appeared. On the seventh day, as she sits beside him, she says, suddenly: "I am going away to-morrow."

Then Fane is quite certain of what he before suspected—that he is madly, passionately in love with her. He looks yearningly, wistfully at her for a moment; then turning away with a heavy sigh, he says:

"Perhaps it is as well, after all."

"Why?" she asks, quietly.

"Because," he answers, in a suppressed voice, "if I saw much more of you, I should be obliged to make a fool of myself."

"How?" still the same contained voice and manner.

"By asking you to marry me. Of course," hurriedly, "I know you would refuse me. Sometimes," with a sharp upward glance, "I think you want to make me do it in revenge for my brutal rudeness to you."

A slight blush comes into the girl's face.

"No," she says, "I don't bear malice. I hated you for the time; oh, how I hated you! I had serious thoughts of getting Bournemouth or one of them to call you out. Well," her voice trembling, "suppose you made a fool of yourself, and—and—suppose I let you; what then?"

He seizes her hand and draws her toward him.

"Do you know," he cries, his eyes flashing and every feature quivering with intense excitement, "I worship you to that degree that it lies in your power to make my whole life a curse to me? Not by refusing me—I might get over that; men do somehow—but by marrying me, and then changing from the angel you have been lately to what you were when I first saw you."

"What was I then?" she asks. "A devil?"

"No."

"Something between the two?" maliciously. "I seem always destined to be something between two things."

"Don't!" he cries, almost violently. "For heaven's sake, don't just about it! Oh, if you knew how men adore and reverence good women, and how they loathe a fastness and coarseness that make ladies seem to approach what is common and unchaste, you could never, never try to lower yourselves in our eyes, and think it good fun! I have a mother—a saint, an angel. Never did I hear an ungentle, unseemly word from her lips. What do you think I should feel if my wife rapped out an oath or told a doubtful story in her presence?"

"Oh, then you think me capable of that?" asks the girl, in a quiet voice, but with tears of bitter mortification in her eyes.

"My darling," he cries, beside himself, "I don't know what to think! I only know that I love you with all my soul."

She drags her hand from his grasp and moves away.

Never has he so cruelly felt his helplessness. If it were not for his broken leg he would rush to her; he would not let her go.

"Come back, darling!" he implores. "For heaven's sake come back and tell me that you care for me!"

"No," she cries, with flashing eyes, "not until you have more confidence in me than you seem to have to-day."

And to Fane's agony she goes out, and he hears her ride away.

Some one told me the other day that Miss Wylde had become quite altered and quiet. Some one told me that a Captain Fane is madly in love with her, but that she has refused him. It is, however, thought that she will not improbably exert the prerogative of her sex and revoke her first decision. Revoke is good.

"Sakes alive," said the good-natured Colonel Solon, as he rushed into the Oil City *Derrick* office, "I never felt so warm as this but once afore in my life, an' that are time 'twasn't so awful hot in the atmosphere, either." "When was it, colonel?" "Don't believe I ever told you that, did I? 'Twas some time ago. I was livin' in Jamestown, and was a respectable member of one of the churches, an', like all respectable members, had a ticket for my sleepin' berth during long sermons on hot days. One day when 'twas more'n usually hot I was just a droppin' off to sleep when I thought I'd wipe my forehead. I felt, but couldn't find my handkercher. Just then I noticed suthin' white on the floor beyond my feet, an', bein' a little nigh-sighted, I took it for my missing rag, and went for it. There warn't no partitions below the seats in that are church, so when I reached down I saw some one in the pew front of me had a foot on my handkercher, an' it riled me a trifle; so when I got hold of it I yanked about two-hundred-weight on it the first haul. Sakes alive! There was the alfredest scream yer ever heard, an' there I had got hold of old maid Jenkins's summer dress, an' yanked her off the seat an' under it into my own pew afore I node myself. She flounced up in a second, with a long dust mark down her back, her hat jammed over one eye, her sleeve ripped open, an' half her false hair hangin' down on her shoulders. I jest set thar sort o' stunned like, with the minister an' the whole congregation watchin' her crawling out from under my pew, lookin' like as if we'd been havin' a fight, an' she'd got the worst of it, an' me not a-knowin' what to say. L ain't abin to that church since, an' as Miss Jenkins said I was drunk, they kind o' read me out of the place, an' I never had a chance to vindicate my karakter."

A Western newspaper says the bride of Hon. Heister Clymer wore a gown of pearl-colored silk; and "a soft tint of warmth seemed to blush in the rich fabric where it lay in thick folds, and about the edges of the ample court train riffs of fine lace lay like rime; and the pale pearl of the petticoat, flecked and shadowed by deep falls of superb duchesse in a pattern of oak leaves and roses alternating with scantily-shirred puffs of the pearl-tinted silk, was simply and almost severely elegant." We should say so.

THE SPEED AND DIRECTION OF GHOSTS.

A Scientific Investigation by the "New York Times."

A very large proportion of ghost stories, when they come to be carefully examined, prove to have no more basis in truth than has an average political table. There is, however, one variety of ghost story which claims respectful attention. It usually runs as follows: A person sitting alone in his room suddenly sees the apparition of an absent friend. He notes the precise time, and a few days later learns that the absent friend died at that exact hour and minute. Incidents of this kind have happened to so many persons of such unimpeachable veracity that it is very difficult to doubt them. They have happened too often to be explained as singular coincidences, and unless we boldly assume that in all cases the persons thus visited by alleged ghosts were either deceived or deceivers, we must admit that this particular type of ghost story is worthy of belief. There is one remarkable feature in all this apparition of ghosts who are understood to come straight from the death-bed of their bodies to visit their distant and surviving friends. They apparently make no allowance for differences of longitude. A ghost, for example, appears to a person in New York at, say, nine o'clock on the night of the tenth of June, and the person subsequently learns that the ghost in question left its body in London at nine o'clock on the same night. Now, in point of fact, when it is nine o'clock P. M. in London it is about four o'clock P. M. in this city, and when it is nine o'clock P. M. in New York it is about two o'clock A. M. in London. It is hence evident that when the ghost of a person who died in London at nine o'clock in the evening by London time presents himself here at nine o'clock by New York time, that ghost has apparently been about five hours in crossing the Atlantic. If he had made the journey at the electric rate of speed at which ghosts are popularly believed to travel, he would have arrived here at four o'clock in the afternoon by our time. As he did not, it is clear that his rate of travel is precisely that of the earth's revolution on its axis. In other words, the ghost has not traveled at all, but has simply poised himself in the London atmosphere and waited until New York came around. This is a fact the importance of which cannot be overestimated by students of ghosts and their habits. A careful examination of all the authenticated ghost stories of the peculiar type now under discussion will show that in every instance the ghost came from the East. Persons in England have seen the ghosts of friends who died in India or China, and persons living in America have seen the ghosts of persons who died on the Atlantic Ocean or in Europe. In no instance has a ghost arrived in London in hot haste from the United States, or has a New York man been visited by the ghost of a Chicago friend. It seems to be the invariable rule that a new ghost never travels in an easterly direction. The ghost may have to lay a course to the north-west or the south-west; but, no matter how much northing or southing he makes, he always appears at a point west of that from which he started. We are now in a position to combine what we know of the direction and rate of speed of ghosts, and to deduce the important law that ghosts have the power of moving in a northerly or southerly direction, but that, while they have an apparent motion from east to west, coincident with the apparent motion of the sun, they can not, by any motion of their own, change their longitude. The new-made London ghost, if he desires to visit a New York friend, follows the meridian of London in the direction of the equator at a speed so great as to be inappreciable, and, having reached the latitude of New York, poises himself in air, and when the revolution of the earth brings New York under his feet, quietly drops into his friend's room. We have here the first well-established ghost law that has ever been formulated, and we have a firm basis of facts for its support in the shape of the only authenticated class of ghost stories. We may go even further, and deduce the hardly less important law that the period during which the new ghost can thus hover near the earth is less than twenty-four hours. If the London ghost could remain as long as he chose, watching the earth revolve, and selecting his own time for dropping in on his friends, there would be an end of the interesting appearance of ghosts at the precise time of their escape from their bodies. The ghost that appears to announce his escape from the body is never behind time, but always appears at the precise time, by the watch, at which the melancholy event took place. We are thus compelled to believe that, while the ghost can remain near the earth during twenty-four hours, and can use that time in making farewell calls, he is afterward compelled to remove to some distant sphere between which and the earth there is no regular and easy communication. These facts are submitted as the beginnings of a true science of ghosts, and it is to be hoped that they will be followed by the discovery of other and equally important laws, the knowledge of which will enable us to separate with certainty the true from the false in ghost lore.

Monsieur Giraud's idea of a tax on idleness, or persons of fortune who do not follow any occupation, proposed by him recently in the French Chamber of Deputies, is not new, and really belongs to Alexandre Dumas, who put it forward in *La Question d'Argent*. He defines it as follows, as a civil conscription: "It is the most simple thing in the world, and would serve as a substitute for the military conscription, for it is probable that in a given time all the nations will be united by interest, art, trade, and industry, and war will disappear from the face of the earth. Society will then only demand from men the tribute of their intellectual capacity. When a man shall have completed his twenty-first year the State will ask him, 'What career have you adopted? What are you doing for your fellow-creatures?' 'Nothing, sir.' 'Do you mean to work?' 'No, I do not intend to do anything.' 'Then you have a fortune?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, sir, you are free to not work, but you must provide a substitute. You will pay so much a year for those who have no fortune to work in your place, and we will then deliver to you a *carte de paresse*, by means of which you can go about unmolested.'"

Ralph Waldo Emerson keeps two cows, and milks them himself. Some of his brightest thoughts have come to him while being kicked half way across the stable.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

A Secret.

It is your secret and mine, love!
Ah me! how the dreary rain,
With a slow persistence all day long,
Dripped on the window-pane!
The chamber was weird with shadows,
And dark with the deepening gloom,
Where you, in your royal womanhood,
Lay waiting for the tomb.

They had robbed you all in white, love;
In your hair was a single rose;
A marble rose it might well have been,
In its cold and still repose.
Oh, paler than yonder carved saint,
And calm as the angels are,
You seemed so near me, my beloved,
Yet were, alas! so far.

I do not know if I wept, love,
But my soul rose up and said:
"My heart shall speak unto her heart,
Though here she is lying dead.
I will give her a last love-token
That shall be to her a sign
In the dark grave—or beyond it—
Of this deathless love of mine."

So I sought me a little scroll, love,
And thereon, in eager haste,
Lest another's eye should see them,
Some mystic words I traced;
Then close in your clasped fingers,
Close in your waxen hand,
I placed the scroll as an amulet,
Sure you would understand.

The secret is yours and mine, love—
Only we two may know
What words shone clear in the darkness
Of your grave so green and low.
But if, when we meet hereafter,
In the dawn of a fairer day,
You whisper those mystic words, love,
It is all I would have you say.

—Anon.

Our Dead.

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping,
Safe forever, all they took away;
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales, truth fades, stars fall from heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere;
No true crown of honor can be given
Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us! and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone—and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost—and life will take it—
Then no memory of the past remains,
Save with some strange, cruel stings, that make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret;
We shall find, in some far, bright to-morrow,
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it?
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own?
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Love, that to Death's loyal care has fled,
Is thus consecrated ours forever,
And no change can rob us of our dead.

So, when fate comes to besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,
And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

The Irishwoman's Letter.

"And sure I was tould to come in till yer honor,
To see would ye write a few lines to me Pat,
He's gone for a soger, is Mister O'Connor,
Wid a shrip on his arm, and a band on his hat.

"And what'll ye tell him? Shure it must be aisy
For the likes of yer honor to shpake wid the pen;
Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy
(The baby, yer honor) is better again.

"For when he wint off, so sick was the crayther
She never hilt up her blue eyes till his face;
And when I'd be cryin' he'd look at me wild like,
And ax, 'Would I wish for the country's disgrace?'

"So he left her in danger, and me sorely grieved,
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
And it's often I dhrame of the big drums a-batin',
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

"Tell him to sind us a bit of his money,
For the rint and the docther's bill, due in a wake;
And—shure there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
I faith I've no right wid such freedom to shpake.

"I'm over-much thriflin', I'll not give ye trouble,
I'll find some one willin'—oh, what can it be?
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
Yer honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

"Dead—Patrick O'Conner! O God! it's some other!
Shot dead? shure scarcely a wake has gone by,
And the kiss on the chake of his sorrowin' mother,
It hasn't had time yet, yer honor, to dhyr.

"Dead! Dead! O God, am I crazy?
Shure it's breakin' my heart ye are, tellin' me so;
And what in the world will I do wid poor Daisy?
Oh, what can I do? and where can I go?

"This room is so dark I'm not seein' yer honor—
I think I'll go home"—and a sob, hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
But never a tear-drop welled up to ber eye. —Anon.

WINE CELLARS.

The reader will observe that this series of short articles on vineyards and wine matters is intended to convey information of a purely practical character to persons, in the first instance, who are considering about entering into the wine industry, and, next, to those who have to enlarge their accommodations and are in a position to turn hints to a useful account—remembering all the while that all the wisdom of the world has not yet found a local habitation and a home in this favored State. Whatever is here written, in the form of advice, is the result of observation and actual experience, stretching over a period of many years, in both old and young wine countries, where climate and soil were not very dissimilar from those of California. It is the privilege of new countries to profit by the errors and mistakes of old ones—if they would only learn what they are and where they come in. It was said of old:

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

"Happy the man who takes caution from other men's blunders." Circumstances seem at present to be singularly favorable to the progress of the wine industry. The various districts of the State have been prospected, and their suitability for different growths of wine fairly ascertained. The cost of labor and material is not high. There is the Viticultural Board of State Commissioners, with an open office in San Francisco, to afford information and advice, and circulate information among cultivators. And there is every prospect of remunerative prices for produce for many years to come—in view of the failure of the vineyards of the old world.

The purpose of this article, however, is to throw out some hints about the construction of wine cellars—an indispensable necessity of a vineyard, and one on which much money is often uselessly spent. A wine cellar is, of course, *always* an expensive affair; and how to keep down the expenses is the present object. Example will probably instruct and assure those who have not yet constructed cellars better than the mere laying down of rules—for which purpose I will select two as applicable to all the country within one hundred miles of San Francisco. I visited nearly all the great vineyards which have been in bearing for more than a quarter of a century in New South Wales, Australia, during the early summer of 1877, and spent several days with the proprietors, and had the fullest opportunity both of seeing for myself and hearing from them the result of their experience in vineyard and cellar management.

Sir William Macarthur, of Camden Park, first introduced the wine industry into New South Wales, Australia, some forty or more years ago. It was for him that the late Mr. Busby (whose journals might profit cultivators here) collected vines in Spain and in the south of France. In due course they came into bearing; and when the supply of grapes exceeded the local demand, his attention was turned to wine-making. But he had made no provision before the crop was ripe; so, as the best he could do, he cleaned and repaired some old cow-sheds and milking-sheds and used them. And, as the whole affair was an experiment, he let the musts take their chance. Some little attention was paid to them, such as racking from the lees, etc., but they were for the most part left to themselves. In their third year these musts proved to be excellent, delicate wines, especially the white kinds—in some respects resembling the Sonoma Gutedel. From year to year, with occasional additions, these same sheds continued to be his cellars; and all along the wines proved of the same light, firm, delicate character, of good bouquet and low spirit-strength. In 1858, Sir William, through his agent, sent to me, in Melbourne, samples of all his stock, both young and old, with abundant samples of various European kinds for analysis and study. The report was favorable. And, perhaps partly on that account, he decided on making permanent cellars of the most substantial kind. These were of stone and brick, arched and vaulted, light and airy. Yet he assured me, and both the stock in hand and my own experience of his former produce confirmed his word, that he had never been able to make and mature white wine like that made and matured in the old, rough wooden sheds.

The second instance is a record of the experience and practice of the most successful producer of wines for which what I will call the coast climate of the State is suited—Mr. John Wyndham, who had under keeping and treatment some one hundred and fifty thousand gallons—Imperial—at the time of my visit. Now, his cellars are constructed as follows: There is a substantial brick wall on the side whence the prevailing winds blow, and no other of a solid kind. The rooms formed along it, and others adjacent to it, are mostly used for the last fining and bottling. All the rest consists of bay after bay of wooden structures, roughly and cheaply constructed, only one story high, with hard clay floor, and the customary fittings for all purposes, with plenty of light and air everywhere. There is, however, a good sprinkling of fresh-slacked lime laid down and scattered about, which secures sweetness and prevents swarms of vinegar flies. His keeping vats are very large, and kept full to the bung. On my inquiring about the effect of variation of temperature on wines kept in those huge vessels bound with strong iron, and strengthened with iron rods, he replied: "Practically little or none."

Now this is the kind of cellar I would unhesitatingly advise, both for cheapness, facility of enlargement, and the success achieved by Mr. Wyndham—whose red wines, for body, color, bouquet, and finish, have not been surpassed in Australia, which is saying much, for there the struggle goes on from year to year, and from one wine show to another, who can show the best; for, besides a name and medal, there are usually considerable money prizes awarded also for the best in each class. Now, where adobe land exists, cellars of the best description can be cheaply constructed; and with a liberal use of lime, in the interior at least, both on walls and floors, which should be of hardened clay, or, still better, cement, they can hardly be surpassed. When a hill-side can be tunneled, excellent rock cellars may often be cheaply made and enlarged; but here two things must be carefully noted—viz., that they be dry, and free from any mineral that might produce an offensive gas. Many rocks contain substances such as iron and other pyrites, which are liable to decompose and yield an offensive smell.

E.



A much vitiated taste has made all of us fond of first nights. Time after time we secure the best places and crowd to the theatres, a foolish drove of people, knowing absolutely nothing of what we are going to see or hear. And it is invariably the fortune of the first-night people to see the thoroughly worst performance of the season. How can it well be otherwise? At the Comédie Française, perhaps, where every actor is an artist, and every artist of them all is a person of more than ordinary intelligence, there may be reason for the convening of all the aristocracy of the Parisian Bohemia in the auditorium of the famous theatre on a first night. But the mere reading of a new play at the Comédie Française is the talk of all Paris, and by the time it is presented to the public it has been rehearsed until it is flawless. If these ladies and gentlemen—intelligent, educated, and cultivated as they must be to get there at all, endowed, some of them, with genius, and skilled, all of them, in the very finest details of the histrionic art—find long and laborious rehearsal necessary, what shall be said of our little people on a first night? Take a bird's-eye view of them as they stand in all the glory of fresh, beautiful costumes and limitless make-up, and try to estimate the amount of stupidity to the square inch of each pretty or ugly face. Fancy the drill and discipline necessary to give them any degree of certainty as to where they shall stand or what they shall do, to say nothing of teaching them to sing in time or tune. Is it quite fair to a patronizing public to present these people without a preliminary dress rehearsal? Indeed, is a manager doing justice to himself? for upon the verdict of a first-night audience much depends. Take, for example, *Boccaccio*, which is doing better in its second week than its first—although the house was crowded to repletion on the first night—simply because there has been time to reverse the verdict of the first-night people. It was getting into the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal" when they left the theatre, tired and bored, and not a one of its pleasant catching melodies ringing in their ears. Nothing is so fatal to pleasure as its too long continuance; and the most ardent theatre-goer does not care for more than a three hours' sitting. And do you not know, O sisters mine, how much the length of a play affects your theatre-going? Are you not accustomed to that growl from behind the newspaper, when you ask to be taken to the play, "How long does it last?" or to use the extraordinary phraseology of the day, "How late does it let out?" After all, it is the patronage of women which supports the theatres, the newspapers, and the publishers. Any man who runs a theatre which the ladies patronize, or a newspaper which the ladies love to read, has hit upon the secret of success. For, while a man may stray into the theatre whenever he likes, he is soon and easily wearied, and is not much given to straying there in any case. But a woman may not go alone, and if she fancies a play it means two admission fees. Also, a man's pleasure is soon forgotten; but a woman is likely to animadvert upon it for days following, to spread a report of it abroad, and to do a great deal of gratuitous advertising generally. As she warms with the theme she imbuces all her female relations with her own fancy, and they in turn attack their newspaper-trenched husbands. Do you not all know the process? As for the newspaper, it is woman's natural intuition which leads her to select unerringly the one which not only has the most news, but the best manner of telling them. As for the publishers, the book-dealers will tell that they would soon be obliged to close their doors if they depended upon men, for women do the better part of the world's reading, though men write all the master books. To return to *Boccaccio*. Upon the first night the curtain fell upon the first act at the hour when it now falls upon the second, and upon the second when it was almost the morrow. A dress rehearsal would have secured all the necessary cutting in good time—would have prevented an infinity of boring and growling, and would have brought much more money in at the doors the second, third, and fourth nights. By that time it began to be bruited abroad that *Boccaccio* was something quite delightful; and, as to appreciate music you must hear it more than once, the first-night people very sensibly began to stray back again, and very sensibly to contradict themselves. Backed by such an authority as Emerson, this is easy to do. He says: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words,

and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." I said last week, O sage of Concord, that the second act of *Boccaccio* was inexcusably bad. I say to-day that it is incontestably the best in the opera. What with the clipping of the amateur's wings, some most discreet cutting, and the delightfully smooth manner in which everything now runs, one has time to observe that almost all the gems of the opera occur in this act. First, there is the pretty sweetheart song, then the coopers' catching chorus, the pretty trio serenade, the charming reading of the letters, and what not besides, including the finale. True, Miss Lily Post who is extremely pleasing as the barber's fickle wife, has all her music in the first act. So, also, is the sweet little song at the church door, faintly suggestive of the "Last Rose of Summer," which little Miss Plaisted sings so prettily, Miss Emelie Melville so feelingly and expressively. For the rest, the amateurs revolve about as usual, though with a trifle more ease, and Max Freeman has toned his performance down a shade, and is infinitely more acceptable. There is another recantation to make. It is hard when one gives honest advice, however small its weight, to be misconstrued. Therefore, when one, writing of the three acts of *Boccaccio*, says, "Flee the third," it is rather disconcerting to have the compositor put it "See the third." The sentiment concerned has really an altogether different construction, but it gives a chance to say again "Flee the third." That bit of stuff which they advertise as an Italian *Commedia del Arte* is done in an incredibly bad manner. Furthermore there is neither music nor action to induce any one to sit it out. Fortunately, it is the last, and one may enjoy the first two with simple and unequivocal delight.

Is it not Hazlitt who says we occasionally see something on the stage which reminds us a little of Shakespeare? I am quite sure he would have included Adelaide Neilson's "Juliet" among them. It has been objected a thousand times that by the time an actress knows how to play "Juliet" she is too old to play it. It is only given to one in many to play it in the heyday of youth with all its fervor and passion, and Miss Neilson is one of these. Every one should see her "Juliet" once, even though the management have so very injudiciously raised the prices. It has kept hundreds of people away who would have willingly spent the money twice over. The raising of prices is always an unsafe venture in this city, and is never justifiable except in the case of the grandest of our grand opera seasons. But every one should invest just once to see "Juliet," for when Miss Neilson shall have retired from the stage, it will become historical like Miss O'Neill's or Fanny Kemble's, and it will be something to remember by and by when we all get old. What use to criticise it? Acres of paper have been covered on the subject within the past ten years, until almost every one knows her "Juliet" by heart, whether they have seen it or no. It bears traces even now, after these years of playing, of study and elaborations. Little changes have been introduced, and the entire scene eliminated in which "Juliet" receives the news of "Romeo's" banishment. For the rest, "Juliet" is the same rare and radiant creature who flashed upon the town six years ago. Mr. Compton as "Romeo" looked up a little. He has a peculiarly hollow and expressionless voice, but either the "Juliet" inspired him, or he has been carefully trained in the part, for he was really eminently satisfactory. As for O'Neill, he really ought to have been the "Romeo," but in that case he would have left the house hard pushed for a "Mercutio," and he played it in such a way that it was not at all a second part. Elia tells a story of Eliston, an actor whom our great-grandfathers loved to see. He says:

When in melancholy after-years again much near the same spot [St. Dunstan's Church] I met him, that sceptre had been wrested from his hand, and his dominion was curtailed to the petty manership and part proprietorship of the small Olympic, his Elba. He still played nightly upon the boards of Drury, but in parts, alas! allotted to him, not magnificently distributed by him. Waiving his great loss as nothing, and magnificently sinking the sense of fallen material grandeur in the more liberal resentment of depreciations done to his more lofty intellectual pretensions, "Have you heard?" [his customary exordium]—"have you heard," said he, "how they treat me? They put me in COMEDY!" Thought I—but his finger on his lips forbade any verbal interruption—"Where could they have put you better?" Then, after a pause, "Where I formerly played 'Romeo,' I now play 'Mercutio'; and so again he stalked away, neither staying nor caring for responses.

Thus it is with O'Neill. They will not allow him to play tragedy, because a fine-looking young man, without a grain of talent, comes in the train of the star. They have put him in comedy, and he avenges himself by playing it delightfully, and would have carried off all the honors if Compton had not slain "Tybalt" in really superb style. Poor Mrs. Saunders! She filled a trying place in the part of the nurse, and filled it well, though she made quite a different old lady of "Juliet's" trusted friend from the fond, foolish, garrulous old creature with whom Mrs. Judah has made us familiar. But we can not look for an unbroken "Juliet" cast forever.

BETSY B.

MORSE'S PALACE OF ART, 417 Montgomery St.

HEBE'S LETTER.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, June 18.

One of the most delightful of all our sea-side resorts is Pescadero, thirty-two miles down the coast from San Mateo. You take the 8:20 train at San Francisco, and arrive at San Mateo at a little after nine; then you take a Concord coach, and, after passing through a diversified country, dotted here and there with farm, farm-house, and settlement, you arrive at Pescadero about three o'clock. I was one of a party of seven ladies who rode down to Pescadero on Sunday last on top of the coach. And when I tell you that those ladies were all young and pretty and jolly (not excepting myself, mythologically speaking), you will perceive that Jimmy, the driver—and an Apollo Belvidere is that same boy James from the word go, and in love with every red-headed girl on the road—was not only in clover, but pretty completely smothered with it. It was the most thoroughly enjoyable stage-coach ride I ever had in my life, the greater portion of the way being upon a bluff, or a series of bluffs, overlooking the ocean.

I found here quite a number of San Francisco people, who divide their time between picnicking, driving, bathing, fishing, lounging, and pebble, moss, and shell-gathering. Judge Hoffman always spends his vacations at Pescadero, and makes himself quite agreeable, at least to the ladies. At a picnic on Monday last the girls enjoyed themselves hugely making the judge pack water from a neighboring creek; it looked all the more funny, as the judge had just seriously related what he knew about the old New York aristocracy and English nobility. However, they all set a good deal by Judge Hoffman, and always anticipate his coming with pleasure. Among the other guests here are Mr. J. H. Applegate and family, who have spent a month or more at Pescadero for twelve or thirteen seasons; Dr. S. S. Stanbough and wife; R. H. Swain and family; Master B. Patrick, a son of Mr. James C. Patrick; E. H. Holmes and family, W. M. Greenwood, G. M. Britton and family, T. M. Cook and family, Mrs. E. R. Olden, Miss S. H. Burnham, Miss J. Fish, Mrs. W. H. Barnes, Misses Sherman and Stevens, Mrs. E. C. Kindick and daughter, Mrs. Sykes and family, Mr. W. R. Davenport and family, and many others. By the way, Mrs. Davenport is the champion lady-fisher of the season, she having caught as many as sixty or seventy trout in one day.

The new hotel at Monterey is daily receiving accessions in the way of permanent guests, quite a large number having arrived since my scree from there a week ago, among whom are Miss M. B. West, Hyram Joseph and family, A. L. Tubbs and family, P. Chrystal, E. L. Goldstein and family, Stafford Parker, William H. Porter and family, William F. Whittier and family, of San Francisco, and William S. Clark and family of San José. The following-named parties have engaged rooms at the hotel in addition to those I gave you last week: Mrs. J. Sugden and daughter, and S. D. Hovey and wife, who arrive on the 25th; Mrs. D. C. Cushing, James Phelan and family, I. L. Requa and family, A. N. Towne and family, Charles Crocker and family, and a party of nineteen from Chicago, on the 26th; Mrs. McMullin and daughters on June 29, and Walter Turnbull and family on the 30th; also Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mrs. Major A. R. Eddy and daughter, and Col. Fred. Crocker, on July 1.

The swell affair of the week in town was the annual inspection of F company, Second Regiment Infantry, N. G. C., and company drill last Tuesday evening. The attendance was exceedingly select. This is the crack drilled company of the State, and, in the opinion of your correspondent, has the handsomest captain. This is the company that wouldn't tear off the red stripe, you know, under certain circumstances. Company G—that is, I mean "G Company"—is the nob company of the N. G. There is a new company, "E," composed exclusively of members of the Olympic Club, that is looking forward to high honors, and is being drilled by Harry T. Hammond, a graduate of West Point, and at present the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. Among the ladies present on Tuesday evening last there were Mrs. James Johnson and daughter, Mrs. Colonel Stevenson and daughters, Mrs. Charles A. Low, Mrs. Hall McAllister and daughter, Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor, Mrs. M. D. Boruck and daughter, Misses Carrie Gwin, Dora Miller, Bertha Washington, Mary Meares, Susie Coffee, Lena Cheevers, the Misses Sophie and Nona Smith, Miss Lander, Mrs. Captain Field, Mrs. T. R. Church, Mrs. William Fulton, Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, and many whom I cannot call by name. The National Guard was well represented by its officers of line and staff.

Among the distinguished strangers domiciled at the Palace this week are John Russell Young and family. Mr. Young comes out here on a tour of observation for Bennett and recreation for Young. He will visit Monterey, Los Angeles, Sonoma County, Oregon, and Arizona, and perhaps get up a pictorial sketch of the Pacific Coast after the style of his *Trip Around the World with General Grant*. Mr. Young goes to San José as a guest of General Naglee on Sunday next; the succeeding Sunday he will spend at Monterey. General Haldeman, a brave Federal officer during the late war, is also at the Palace, en route to Siam, as consul. So, also, are Hon. James B. Angell, the new minister to China, and Commissioner Trescott and son. Mr. Angell was tendered a reception and supper by some friends at the lecture-room under Doctor Stone's church on Tuesday evening last. Ben. Butler, after doing Los Angeles and the Yosemite, returned early during the week. Great crowds daily call on this remarkable character, and quit his presence pleasantly impressed. Ben is here, as he always has been at Washington and elsewhere, strictly agreeable and entertaining when on his good behavior.

The San Francisco Yacht Club gave a hop at Saucelito on Saturday afternoon last, which proved to be a very delightful affair. The officers of the flagship gave a hop and collation last week; it was so pleasant that another is hoped for, although a goodly number of our society people are out of town. On Tuesday morning last Colonel Fred. Crocker, Colonel Gray, and Major Hammond left on a special car for Santa Fé, to be absent until the first of July.

HEBE.

The *Californian* for July is out, and with a new title-page that suggests the almanac. It is not pretty or tasteful, or in any sense an improvement. The contents are up to the average in excellence, the most noteworthy papers being "The Homestead by the Sea," by W. C. Bartlett, and "The Protestant Hero of the XVIIth Century," by Bernard Moses.

H. A. CALLENDER, Fine Watches, Jewelry, etc., has removed to No. 820 Market Street.

ACTRESSES' LOGES.

A recent correspondent of the staid *Thunderer* thus discourses: I have often thought that a brief description of the dressing-rooms of well-known actresses would make an amusing article wherewith to please the general public, who now and then like to have glimpses "behind the scenes." In the olden time there was not much to note in dressing-rooms. They were plainly—not to say poorly—furnished, unless the artist added a few knick-knacks to spruce the place up, the management provided nothing but the bare necessities. Rose Cheri, of the Paris Gymnase, was the first actress who really taught her companions to upholster a *loge*, as they term it in Paris. Her husband adored her; he was rich, and, as she spent six hours of the twenty-four in and about her dressing-room, he bought her furniture that would have gratified the Princess Badroulbador. The carpet was of rich Aubusson; the time-piece was gothic; there was a Psyche of Pradier on a bracket; the lounge was in velvet of Utrecht; there were satin hangings of sheeny texture, in poetic cloudy blue. In short, nothing was wanting to make the retreat of this gifted little actress a boudoir of beauty. Madame Desclée, who came next, stripped this nest of its opulent adornments. The grandioles and the splendours they reflected were cast away, and dull draperies of sad-colored cloth replaced them. The *loge* of the famous Madame Grisi was always supplied with a store of raw eggs, which the diva sucked before entering on the scene to sing her great embroidered numbers. That of Madame Persiani never lacked the flavor of old cognac, with which the cantatrice used to strengthen her voice, or her "organ," as the critics at present elect to term it. Taglioni, the sylphide, was more temperate. Her little weakness was "limonade gazeuse," a harmless aerial beverage, with stouter brag than body. Madame Guvemard was more sober still. She, in her *loge*, was satisfied with a gilt looking-glass and four horse-hair chairs. Marie Battu received her friends in a room white, clean, and cheerful as a Chester County farm-house parlor, or a Dutch kitchen. You will remember, it is only the field officers of the mimic army who are complimented with *loges*; the subaltern must submit to the accommodations of the green-room. Sarah Bernhardt's room at the Française was expensively decorated and upholstered; and in the latter days of her career at the Variétés, the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein—Madame Schneider—inhabited a room that might have been allotted to a real *bona fide* grand duchess. To-day, the most luxurious dressing-rooms of Paris are enjoyed by Théod and Judic, the opera bouffists; and Léonide LeBlanc, the actress, has spent ten thousand dollars on her *loge*.

We have been favored by the publishers with a copy of the *Illustrated Hand-Book of Santa Cruz and Monterey*, "a work intended to furnish concise and reliable information regarding our two sea-side resorts and their delightful surroundings." Mr. Henry Meyrick, a gentleman who sought and found in Santa Cruz a complete restoration to health, has compiled this hand-book more as a labor of love than a source of profit—and he has done his work well. There are maps and references and sketches—in fact, everything that the tourist, or transient visitor from the city, needs for his guidance. Arrangements have been made for a general distribution of these books in the East and in Europe, and on all the overland and local trains.

The Grizzly Club, an organization of gentlemen connected with the press and literary publications of this city, announces a grand Dramatic Authors' Masquerade, to take place at the California Theatre on Friday evening, July 2. The management is in the hands of well-known gentlemen, which is a guarantee that the ball will be conducted with decorum and prove an enjoyable occasion for all the guests. The stage, orchestra, and parquette are to be floored over, and several new and pleasant features will be introduced.

A good many rich Europeans have subscribed liberally "to keep poor Mario from starving." They are now pleased to hear he still resides, in the most comfortable circumstances, in his palace in the Corso at Rome, that he has resumed his rank and title as Marquis of Candia, that he has white hair and heard, and is in the happy enjoyment, as incumbent of the sinecure post of curator of the Royal Museums of Italy, of the comparatively trifling sum of ten thousand lire per annum.

Here perhaps is the secret of the impressionist school of art. An amateur conversed lately with an impressionist who tried to gain his admiration for a laundress. "It seems to me," said the amateur "that the hands are rather confused." The painter contemptuously replied: "When a washer-woman is scrubbing clothes can you count her fingers?"

A Western actress recently fell down a cellar-way and dislocated half a dozen limbs. She didn't mind that, but when the papers charged her with doing it to advertise herself she was so mad she could have bitten that editor's ear off.

The American engagement of Sarah Bernhardt leads us to think that Boston, next season, will have a dramatic feast—in point of fact, a dessert of Sahara.

Answer this! How can you drive sickness and poverty from your door so well as by the use of Hop Bitters, which produces such health that you are always able and willing to work. Try it.

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The Misses, Plaisted, Muhlbach, Post, Gerrish, Danforth.
The Messrs. Freeman, Jennings, Casselli, McCarthy, etc.
The Students, the Beggars, the Coopers,
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SECOND—For its Color.

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...OF THE...

FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT

...OF...

MISS NEILSON.

This (Saturday) June 19th,

TWO PERFORMANCES—MATINEE and EVENING
TWO PERFORMANCES—MATINEE and EVENING

TWELFTH NIGHT.

SUNDAY.....June 20

A LANCASHIRE LASS.

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, June 21, 23, and 25,
and Saturday Matinee,

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, June 22, 24, and 26,

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624 MARKET STREET, S. F.**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF**

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, June 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 56) of Fifty Cents (50c) per share was declared, payable on SATURDAY, June 19, 1880. Transfer books closed until Monday, 21st inst.

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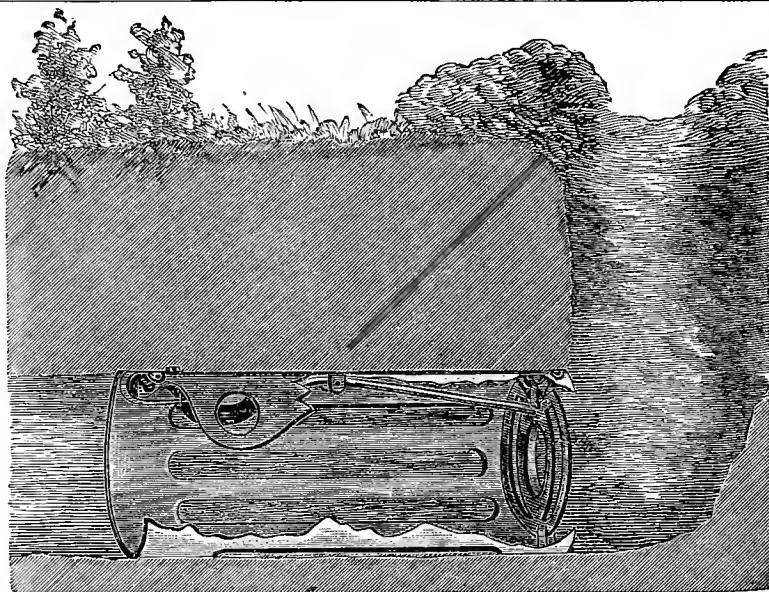
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Floor Tickets, admitting Lady and Gentleman, . . . \$2.50

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Respectfully Yours,

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Push the spring door back until it passes the end of the rod, which it will do only when the back end of the rod is close to the back of the trap; then also push down the front of the rod until the back end rises to the shoulder on the inside of the back door, on which let it rest but very little, that it may be set light, so as to spring easily. Set the trap with spring on top. Steel springs will always break more or less, particularly if small and under water or in damp ground, hence a quantity have been made for free distribution.

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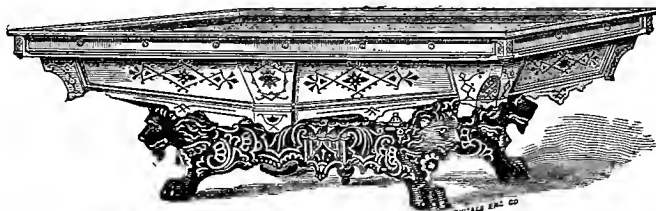
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cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the fourth (4th) day of June, 1880,
an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar (\$1) per share was
levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable
immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary,
at the office of the Company, Room 16, Nevada Block, No.
309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the ninth (9th) day of July, 1880, will be de-
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY,
the twenty-ninth (29th) day of July, 1880, to pay the de-
linquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Northern Belle Mill and Mining Company, San
Francisco, June 10, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of
Directors of the above-named Company, held this day, Divi-
dend No. 32, of Fifty Cents (50c.) per share, was declared,
payable on TUESDAY, June 15, 1880. Transfer books closed
on Friday, June 11, 1880, at 3 o'clock P. M.

W. M. WILLIS, Secretary.
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The Argonaut.

VOL. VI. NO. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 26, 1880.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

MILDRED'S PIECE OF HUMBLE-PIE.

Under one of the magnificent elms for which Riverview, that old ancestral home, is noted, Mildred sat with her companion; the stillness of the Sabbath and the country brooded over them; the lazy clouds just drifted in the sky; the river sang a dreamful song of rest; the birds sat leaf-embowered, or soared to sunny heights, or sang on sunlit bough; the flies moved through their mazy dances, and the little Sabbath-breaking bees flew by with drowsy humming.

"It is the old, old story;
But to whom it happens, his heart will break."

"Fraulein," he continued, throwing down the book from which he quoted, "it seems to me there is no poet like those old Germans; none who, like them, can put a whole lifetime of love and woe, of love and joy supreme, into one brief sentence; they seem to reach right out for the soul of things, and bring it up standing, so to speak."

"The same is true of German music," said Mildred, "it is full of meaning and thrilling with suggestions, as the thought of their own Black Forest."

"Do you know the Black Forest?" asked Marsden, quickly.

"Oh, yes, as well as ever I shall, I suppose; my old German teacher used to tell me so much about that region and her cherished Hartz Mountains, that even now my heart almost stops beating at the thought of them."

"And, contrariwise, mine beats faster at the mention of those old loved places that I knew when love and hope were young."

"You speak like an old sojourner in this 'valley of the shadow.'"

"And so I am, if time may be counted by heart-throbs—and gray hairs," he added, passing his fingers lightly through his dark, abundant hair.

"It is pretty well threaded with silver," said Mildred, "but it doesn't make you look so very ancient."

"And yet my heart is old and weary, fraulein."

This appellation was an ingenious device on the part of Mr. Harry Marsden. It was entirely respectful and proper, yet as caressing as if he had said "darling." And sometimes, when he uttered it in that slow, sweet tone of his, and with that smiling, tender glance into Mildred's eyes, it sent a tide of blushes over her fair young face; but the sight of Mildred blushing was enough to tempt any man. It was in precisely that blush-provoking way that he had just pronounced it, and he added, after a pause:

"I wonder what a girl like you would do with love."

She turned her rosy face away for a moment; then, with her gaze upon a cloud that slowly faded in its sea of blue, she answered lightly:

"I should treat it very well, I believe, if I knew it to be the real angel."

"And what of 'angels unaware'?"

"I can't afford to make any such hospitable plans as the one included in that rule, since there can be but one Angel of Love for any heart."

"You mean by that—do you indeed believe that we can love but once?"

She smiled. "It is an old, old question, is it not?"

"Yes, old—old as life. But can you answer it?"

"I can but give you my opinion, you know."

"That will be sufficient for me, just now," he answered, with a seriousness that half startled her.

"Well, then, no. Whatever name, men and women may give to their regard for each other, for only one being can it be love. The sacred fire can never be carried to a second shrine, and if it dies it can never be rekindled. Behold my Creed of Love!"

"But to whom it happens," he murmured, and, arising, he walked away to a flower-bed.

The sunshine glinted through the boughs and touched her hair, the shadows of the leaves trembled here and there upon her white dress or flitted an instant across her lovely, thoughtful face, as she sat watching Marsden, wondering at his abruptness.

He returned presently, smiling, and tossing a handful of pink and white balsams in her lap:

"How pretty they are! I used to gather them in grandmother's garden when I was a boy, and they always bring me a vision of that beautiful old soul, smiling over them as she arranged them in one of her precious china saucers. Now, isn't that the pleasantest kind of a way in which a man may 'see his grandmother'?"

Mildred was inclined to be vexed at the cool way in which he received the opinion he had seemed so in earnest about. She began putting the flowers in clusters on her dress, unconsciously giving him a sweeter memory to cherish than even that vision of his admired grandmother.

"And so," he said, at last, "you do not believe in second love?"

"No"—never lifting her eyes.

"If one offered it to you, you would perhaps feel insulted?"

"Oh, not so bad as that," she laughed. "Only I could never consent to take a second place in any man's heart."

"Not if you loved him?"

"Not even if I loved him. First and best I must be, or nothing at all."

"And yet," he said to himself, looking at her thoughtfully, "she does not look selfish, only proud and firm. She will hold to her creed, though it break her heart, till time shall have taught her that love can not be set to human creed or rule."

"Would you care to hear a chapter of my history?" he asked her.

"Above all things, Mr. Marsden. You must have some rich experiences put away, like old letters, to be dreaming over on rainy days. You were dreaming over one just now, I suppose, even on this sunny day; but dream it aloud to me, and I will forgive you."

"Ah, fraulein, it is the sacred story of my heart."

She paled a little, as if she almost feared to hear it.

"During my student life in Germany, in the famous old city of Heidelberg," he commenced, "I became intimate in the family of my classmate, Carl Shaffner, and never did a homesick youth find sweeter welcome and comfort than I did in that hospitable household. Mina Shaffner was often talking of her friend, the Fraulein Rosenberg, who was completing her musical studies in Berlin. She had a rare voice, they said, and might become famous if she would go upon the stage; but her study was purely aesthetic, she was too timid and sensitive for a public career; besides, her family had high notions, and would consider it a disgrace. Bertha was the only one among them all that cared for art. Mina's loving talk of her was so glowing with enthusiasm that I mentally put her down as an over-praised young lady. Mina must have written her a good deal about me, for in a letter, which she gave me to read, the fraulein said: 'As for your American, I am surely to be disappointed in him, you praise him too much.' [Here's a curious coincidence, I thought, feeling a little piqued.] 'However,' she continued, 'I am learning some English songs for him.' That soothed my slightly wounded vanity, and I began to take an interest in the young lady. I should have mentioned that she was soon to pay her friends a visit, and had promised Herr Shaffner to sing at a festival in which he was interested; for meinherr was a musician also, and Fraulein Bertha was a great favorite with him. It so happened that she did not arrive until the day of the festival, and I saw her for the first time when she appeared upon the stage. I could not describe her face as I saw it then any more than I could her singing, or the effect that both had upon me—it was all exquisite, pure and fine, and sweet as a perfect idyl. 'Twas

"Like the milky way in the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

"Mina had spoken of her as being timid: I was surprised, therefore, at her perfect repose of manner. 'At her age,' I thought, 'it can only come from perfect forgetfulness of self; and, indeed, that was the key to her character, the charm of her winsome beauty. After her song I threw her a bunch of blue violets; being recalled, she appeared wearing them on her breast, and with a smiling glance at me, where I sat with Mina, she sang our loved 'Sweet Home.' It was the song I least expected, because the most common of our English songs; yet there is none so dear to us, so thrilling with life's fondest memories; and heard as I heard it then, far from a home toward which the heart yearns with unceasing affection, it is touching beyond expression. There were a good many English and Americans present, and I assure you mine was not the only head that was bent to hide the homesick tear. I left the hall that night with my senses in a curious whirl, and the days that followed did not in the least dispel the wild dreams that had taken possession of me. I was deeply, undeniably in love. How beautiful she was, how womanly and sweet! That she should love me so wholly and devotedly seemed to me too blissful to be real; and to this day I cannot understand how such a woman could give herself, with such utter steadfastness, to me."

Mildred bent her face to the rosy blossoms in her hands, then turned her gaze a little wearily toward the river where it disappeared far down among the sighing willows.

"You are tired, fraulein, and a little pale," he said, gently. "My selfish, sentimental story wearies you."

This tone brought the swift tears to her eyes, but she bravely forced them back, and answered, brightly:

"Oh, no, I am not tired; your romance interests me exceedingly. Pray continue; I am anxious to know if the way of your true love ran smooth."

"No; it bore the Shakespearean test. We had a rough and heavy sea to cross before we reached our quiet haven. Bertha's family had grander plans for her than a marriage with a young American nobody. She had a persistent suitor in the Count von Schlesinger, an old debauchee, but after all a noble, able to take his countess into the highest circles, where, with her beauty, her rare musical gift, and the charm of her winning character, she was sure to have a career of dazzling brilliance. They were infatuated with the prospect, and steeled their hearts against the young girl's gentle pleading. But she had a power of resistance that they never suspected. To her the idea of such a future was horrible; bound to a dissolute old man, forced into scenes that were distasteful to her retiring nature, separated forever from him she loved so faithfully—the thought was unendurable. She could not and would not accept it."

"After finishing our course at the university, Carl and I set out for a year or more of genuine travel—I say genuine, for we had always spent our vacation in some kind of an ex-

cursion that we dignified by the name of travel. I heard constantly from Bertha by way of our faithful little Mina, who would have gone through fire to save us. Maddened by her firm resistance, Bertha's family were tormenting the poor girl to such a degree that her delicate constitution was beginning to give way. We had been absent a little more than a year, when Carl said to me one day:

"I thought you Americans had more spirit—pluck, as you say. If I were in love with Fraulein Bertha, I would not leave her to suffer the persecutions of those creatures that call themselves her father and mother. Do you imagine they have any longer a claim upon her obedience? I would take her from beneath their very wings, and from under that old red nose of their noble count. My mother said this to me long ago, and added that we must not interfere; but I can't stand it any longer!"

"Did the dear mother say all that?" I cried, springing up. "All that, and more, my brother."

"It was the kindling breath that fanned into flame the long-repressed longings of my heart, and even from the hills of Palestine we turned our steps and hastened homeward. When we arrived at Heidelberg we found that the Shaffners had gone to their summer retreat. This was a most romantic place—an old deserted monastery in the region of the Black Forest. It was a noble building, that staunchly resisted the ravages of time and neglect. Over its lichen-stained walls the ramping ivy spread with unmolested freedom. Its linden grove embowered a throng of nightingales, as mad with melody as those of which Coleridge writes; the fountains, fed by never-ceasing streams, fell over their broken, mossy basins to the green turf at their feet, and nourished the wild flowers that sprang up in profusion. The habitable portion of the monastery was magnificent with richly stained windows, frescoed ceilings, carved pillars, and painted panels. There, long years before, unresting souls had wrought from the genius that could not be quenched by fast or feast, but burned and grew within them to a holy flame that wrought its visions on their prison walls. I had known not what feeling of mingled reverence and compassion as I gazed upon them."

"To this retreat we followed the family of Shaffner. We arrived late, and, leaving our horses a little distance away, we quietly approached toward the light and laughter that came through an open window. Mina, as usual, was the centre of the group, relating in her piquant way some droll adventure, at which the others laughed and applauded. But my quick, love-sharpened sight had discovered a dearer one, sitting a little apart, leaning against a great carved pillar, round which the fire-light played, now lighting up its grotesque figures, now leaving them in deeper gloom, to shine like a halo around my darling's golden head and sweetly smiling face, and now just climbing to her listless folded hands. She was like an angelic vision to me."

"I could not meet her then and there, before them all. Whispering to Carl to join them and not mention me for the present, I turned to the lindens, just where a fountain murmured, shimmering in the moonlight. The song of the nightingales filled the grove with a passionate outpouring that gave voice to my over-full heart. The calm beauty of the night, the distant glimmer of the stars that showed in glimpses between the trees, the lonely splendor of the golden moon sailing high over head, the grand repose of the monastery, the dim, mysterious outline of the great forest beyond—all combined to hush my wildly throbbing heart, and I was about to leave the grove, when, like a part of the dream-like scene, Bertha, in her white dress, came slowly through the moonlight. The nightingales were mute, the music of the sad-sounding waters, the stirring of the night wind in the linden leaves, was all that could be heard. Fearless as Una, she came, pausing beside the very fountain where I stood, and dipped her fingers in the clear waters. Hidden by the shadows, I neither moved nor breathed, it seemed to me; the moonlight shone full upon her face, and I saw that tears were on her cheeks; and sweeter to me than the notes of the nightingales sounded her voice, although so low and trembling, as she sang a little song of love and tender remembrance:

"Ich denke dein
Wenn durch den Hain.
Der Nachtigallen
Accorde schallen.
Wann denkst du mein?"

"Ich denke dein
Im Dämmerchein
Der Abendhelle
Am Schattenquelle.
Wo denkst du mein?"

"Ich denke dein
Mit süßem Pein,
Mit bangem Sehnen
Und heissen Thränen.
Wie denkst du mein?"

"With faltering voice I took up the well-known song:

"O denke mein
Bis zum Verein
Auf bessern Sterne!
In jeder Ferne
Denk' ich nur dein."

"Can I ever forget my darling's look while she listened, or when I came out from the shadows and took her in my arms and kissed her tear-wet face?"

"That was long ago—it seems to me as if a century had passed since those days of youth and love—those summer nights when I walked with Bertha beside the fountains and under the lindens of the Fatherland, and listened to the 'sweet accord of the nightingales.' Many a night, too, have I left my sleepless pillow to walk alone in the grove. Gazing at the dark and slowly crumbling walls of the monastery, I used to wonder if ever one of its old inmates had thus crept forth with tortured heart to walk beneath these trees. Heaven knows. 'It is an old, old story.'

"But the end of those days soon came for Bertha and me; we were married, with the whole Shaffner family for witnesses, in a little English church, whose rector was my friend. We sailed immediately for America. That was ten years ago; three years of unbroken happiness were ours—in the fourth my Bertha died, leaving for my only solace our one child, my little Mina. I have grown old and gray and weary since that time."

His story was ended; the torn petals of the flowers lay at their feet—a breeze came up, and scattered them across the lawn.

"There they go, fraulein, the rosy hopes of youth. What shall we do when the rose bloom has departed, and we walk alone in gray, deserted paths? My little friend, your weeping gives me sweeter comfort than you know, and dearer than I ever thought to find this side of heaven. You are the first woman I have met, in all these years, for whose sympathy I have cared—your companionship has been to me the very balm of rest."

The sun was sinking slowly down behind the woods, the white clouds turning to faint amethyst and rose.

"Shall we have a fair morrow, fraulein?" he asked, with tender tone, as he followed her gaze toward the sunset.

For all answer came the rich song of an oriole from a blossoming shrub, till at last Mildred said, as in a reverie:

"Who heaps his goblet wastes his wine."

And Marsden, with that smile of his, added the refrain,

"Ich bin dein."

"Tea is weddy, eve'ybody!" cried little Lulu, flying down the path, "and the table is all setted out on the porch, and do please to come now."

"Are you in such a hurry, Lulukin?"

"Yes I are, cause I want my strawberries."

"Here goes, then!"

In the twinkling of an eye the little pink and white fluff was on his shoulder, and, with a bow to Mildred, away went the pair, Lulu's golden curls flying out upon the breeze, her joyous laughter rippling back to Mildred, who came, slowly enough, along the flowery path.

When she reached the porch Lulu was entertaining Marsden on an account of her kittens, and how they "ran after each ozzier one."

But tea, things to eat, after such a story as Mildred had just heard! Her soul revolted. Yet the little table was a pleasant sight, all so daintily spread on the wide, breezy porch. Around them the roses nodded and the honeysuckles swung their perfumed censers—their evening service was beginning. Before them stretched a noble view of broad, elm-dotted meadows, and silver, winding river, upon whose opposite bank reposed the little village of Riverside. Above its brown roofs the church spire, with its gleaming cross, stood clearly outlined against the pale-blue sky, where here and there melted a lingering fleck of rose cloud.

Mrs. Challis, Mildred's Aunt Mary, was an artist in tables; the village people thought it hardly possible to have a tea-meeting, or festival of any kind where tables were spread, without some of her deft touches in the decoration.

"If it ain't a treat to see her trim a table!" said one of her admiring neighbors. "The way she twists a vine round a cake basket, or puts a bouquet together, or lays the sprigs over a plate of cold meat, is wonderful."

"It's a gift from the Lord," piously answered the deacon's wife.

And so it was; the perception of beauty, the artistic touch that weaves it in with every prosaic act of life, is a gift from the All-Beautiful. But let us return to Mrs. Challis's own tea-table on the porch, with its rare service of silver and china, its delicate, sprig-garnished meat, its vine-wreathed basket of cake, its snowy bread and golden butter, the strawberries in their crystal dish, glowing on a bed of their own dark leaves, and flanked by their adjuncts of sugar and luscious cream. In a wine-glass beside Marsden's plate was a bunch of large wild violets. He flushed a little when he saw them, and glanced at Mildred.

"It is late for violets, Mrs. Challis; or do you cause flowers to blossom at your pleasure? I should not be surprised at that, you have such a way with them."

"No, Mr. Marsden, I have no such magic gift; but there is a good deal in searching after beauty. Lulu and I discovered these to-day in a cool and shady nook by the river. The snow lingers there so long that Spring is almost in despair before she can get a chance at adorning it. I know the place of old, I always get my late violets there; and, like all things discovered late, they are very precious."

"Yes; and I have a peculiar love for blue violets, but I did not dream there were any more in reserve for me."

"What's the matter, Cousin Milly?" Lulu, sharpest of infant terribles, was beginning. "You look dust as if—"

"See here, Lulukin, hear the goats going up the mountain," said Marsden, shaking his goblet of water to set the bits of ice tinkling against the glass like distant tiny herd-bells.

Mrs. Challis, perceiving that something like trouble was in the air, made artful endeavors to promote ease and appetite.

"Milly, have some more cream on your berries. Mr. Marsden, taste this white cake; it is from Mrs. Bowker's choicest recipe, and it was through a special dispensation that I obtained it. She was in a glow of gratitude to me for helping to decorate her parlors and tables for a grand party. If you can get Milly to describe that party, you will think it as rich and rare as her cake."

Milly having regained her composure, the repast went merrily on until the vesper bell sent its sweet call across the water, and they walked through the meadow-path to church. Mildred, through her gentle courtesy, acted as village organist; or, rather let us say, through a desire to render her tribute of praise by means of any talent that God had given her, though there were those who called it an act of condescen-

sion on her part. She had also accomplished a good work in training the voices of the choir, and it was with pure taste and fervent feeling—led by her fine touch upon the organ—that they sang that night their old pastor's favorite hymn:

"The night is dark: I can not see the way.
Lead Thou me on."

Marsden's eyes grew tearful at the closing lines:

"Till with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost a while."

When he bade adieu to Mildred at the gate, he said: "Fraulein, it seems to me to-night as if even this side 'the sweet fields of Eden' there might be 'rest for the weary'; and, if you ever come to believe it possible for a man to love one woman's memory and another's sweet human presence, believe, then, that I love you, and am waiting for you."

Under the summer starlight he walked away, and Mildred watched him until his form was lost in the shadows.

"Yes, lost in the shadows!" cried the voice of Mildred's heart. "Oh, my love, my one hope of happy life, lost in the shadows of the past!"

Alas! for

"The old, old story.

To whom it happens, her heart will break."

Poor Mildred! That fair summer night, that might have left her the happiest of loved and loving women, was spent in bitter weeping—the burial time of the sweet young hopes that had fallen victims to her "creed of love." Ah, my Mildred! did you not know that for all immortal things there is resurrection and eternal life?

* * * * *

"That was a foolish theory you used to hold, Milly—that no one, under any circumstance, could love but once. The truth is, so far as my experience teaches me—and you will admit that I have had a pretty large one—there are some natures that are capable of but one real love. You remember Howells's lines:

"The tree whose strength and life outpour
In one exultant blossom gush,
Must flowerless be forever more."

Yes, Mildred had bitter cause to remember these verses; she, too, had quoted from them; and her heart thrilled with sweetest sorrow at the memory of the answering voice that had added their refrain:

"Ich bin dein."

"That is true of some," Mrs. Challis was saying, "but they are not the grandest or best, though they may be most intense. I have known the purest, most lovable of men and women, fond, faithful, and devoted in a first love, yet equally so in a second. In fact, a love that comes late in life—when the heart has been deeply tried, the judgment ripened, and the perceptions of character quickened by experience—must be fuller, richer, and even sweeter than 'love's young dream.' I know of many a second marriage that is as nearly perfect as any human state can be, though the first was one of the sweetest dreams that young hearts ever know. In a word, Milly, love is not to be bound to any one's theory—no one can lay down a law for another's spiritual experience; and here is the end of my sermon, though I don't know why I should take such pains to convert you from a theory that you must have outgrown. I am very much like Uncle Jasper, 'When I git to goin' a argerin', seems as I couldn't stop till I'm clean run down.'"

Both women laughed, for the imitation of "Uncle Jasper's" peculiar drawing tone was perfect.

"Well, Aunt Mary, if you could have converted me from the theory that I not only preached but practiced, three years ago, you would not have seen your niece going steadily and unflinchingly on toward the doom of an old maid."

Mrs. Challis looked at her a moment with the tender, questioning look of a mother.

"My child, you know I have never tried to force your confidence, but there have been some points in your life which, I confess, have not been explained to my satisfaction."

"My dearest aunt," Mildred answered, "if I thought I had ever grieved your tender heart by any want of confidence, I could not forgive myself; I have always confided in you as I believe I would have done in my mother, yet there has been one experience in my life of which I could not speak, partly because of my natural reserve, and partly because I felt it would grieve you to know how I suffered. Time has dulled the pain, though he has not yet healed the wound," she said, smiling and blushing; "I can speak of it now to you, and it may all be told in half a dozen words—Mr. Henry Marsden was a widower."

"Now, you *never* mean to say," cried Mrs. Challis, excitedly, "that you refused Harry Marsden for such a silly girl's whim—that splendid!—oh, Milly Day, you wretched girl!"

"Yes, Aunt Mary, it is all too true, 'that splendid,' and I am indeed a wretched girl. But, oh, the bitter, bitter humble-pie on which my soul has fed all these three years!"

Here Mildred broke down and sobbed passionately; her aunt's distress was complete, though a moment's reflection seemed to brighten her up wonderfully.

"Well, Milly, humble-pie is wholesome food for youth; I'm sure it has done you good. But did it never occur to you that Mr. Marsden might some time reappear upon the scene? He did not seem like a man who would give a woman up so easily."

Milly recalled his parting words—though indeed they were never long forgotten—"Believe, then, that I love you; and am waiting for you." For a moment a new, glad hope sprang up in her heart, but she would not entertain it, and answered, dolefully:

"No, it is too late. I dare say he was married long ago to some less exacting woman; for if a man may love twice, why not thrice? You see, I have grown liberal in my views," she added, with a little cynical smile that ill became her womanly, sweet face.

Three years of study, travel, and society had done much for Mildred. From a girlhood sweet and thoughtful, they had developed a rich and noble womanhood—a mind evenly balanced, and well stored with life's best wisdom. Her culture had been complete.

After all, how vain it is to try to plan one's life for any time, since that shaping destiny is ever about our way, and at every turn points us to a new path. Now, there was a great and

wonderful thing about to happen to Mildred, though she had not the slightest warning of it, so silently, so suddenly does Fate approach.

Mr. Marsden, she had learned, was in Germany, whither he had accompanied his little daughter, who was to be placed, during a course of German study, under the care of her mother's friend, Mina, now the wealthy and beautiful Frau von Blumenwald, and it was said that Marsden intended to remain in that land, so dear to him by association. Mildred thought it highly probable; but, however it might be, it could make no difference to her, since by her own folly he was forever banished from her life. No repentance, however bitter, could restore that golden opportunity that had once been hers. That he could, through such a length of time, uncouraged by a sign from her, remain true to his parting words, she had not the faith to believe or courage to hope. But, oh, how dear he was to her! How beautiful, and wise, and good he seemed to her in comparison with other men that came to woo her—some of them, perhaps, his peers, but him only she saw in the glorifying light of love and loss.

She had long ago translated the German song of which he spoke, Bertha's song, and often when she sat alone at twilight, singing the songs she loved, and that gave voice to her longing heart, she sang that one, softly, almost timidly, as if Bertha herself might be listening and smiling at her. So she sat one night in the gathering shadows of the parlor at Riverview. She was quite alone; her aunt had gone to the village; Lulu, tired out with her long play-day, was fast asleep in bed; and Mildred was indulging in the odd songs and snatches of melody that came at random to her thought. With a little tender thrill and tremble of her voice, that sounded so sweetly in the great room, she sang at last her song of remembrance:

"I think of thee when in the grove
The nightingales sing of their love.
When dost thou think of me?"

"I think of thee at eventide,
Dreaming the shady fount beside.
Where dost thou think of me?"

"I think of thee with tender fears,
With sweetest pain, with burning tears.
How dost thou think of me?"

"Oh, think of me until we meet
Beneath some brighter star, my sweet;
Though ever stray my wandering feet,
I think alone of thee."

Though here were neither fountains nor nightingales, the yearning, faithful love was hers, and doubly sad in its despair. If he to whose memory she sang could have heard this cry of love from her heart of hearts, surely it would have awakened anew the love he once had given her, for, though so long denied and scorned, it might be slumbering yet.

Ah, heavens! what voice was that, thrilling through the gloom?

"Fraulein, Liebkin, do you yet believe in me?"

No need to give other voice to her answer than that one glad cry; and, oh, what joy on earth so sweet as the bliss of resting in that faithful heart, whose depth of love she never more could doubt.

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

CALISTOGA, JUNE, 1880.

And now the Albanians and Bulgarians are carrying on again. There is but one solution to this Eastern question. Looking into "Childe Harold," Canto II., observe the picture of the party reclining on the rock. Observe his legs. They are clothed in bags. He is an Albanian. Turn to your "Eothen" and read: "The immense masses of clothes that swathe his limbs, force the wearer in walking to swing himself heavily round from left to right and from right to left." That animal is a Bulgarian. The unspeakable Turk wears bags, of course. The philanthropy of Europe must be roused to reform this point, and the Western nations stirred up to woo white-robed Peace beneath the cry of "Let no guilty bag escape," by conscientious thoroughness of extermination. When there shall no longer be a Bulgarian to massacre, nor Turk to perform the office, and the last Albanian lying on his rock shall have been pitched over it to enrich the soil he is too worthless to till, the home-farm of the Constantines may once more know repose, and the partitioning powers recoup the expenses of their missionary labor.

An extraordinary marriage recently occurred in Odessa. The bridal party assembled in the church with due formality, but the priest unexpectedly refused to perform the service on the ground that the bridegroom was drunk. The young man's father immediately yanked him outside the church, and gave him a first-class bouncing to sober him off. Meanwhile, the father of the bride proclaimed her engagement annulled, and invited any eligible candidate for the vacant place to offer himself. Two young suitors promptly presented themselves. The bride and her father, after a few minutes of decision, politely dismissed one, while the other took his station before the altar and was married to the insulted bride.

An incident in the marriage of Dr. Wilm and the young Princess of Wurtemberg: During the ceremony the clergyman exhorted the groom to love and cherish with all the strength of his soul the woman who, in order to cling to him, had renounced all the grandeur and dignity of her royal position. The young princess did not seem to relish these remarks, for, after pronouncing the "sacramental yes," she added with charming vivacity: "I have renounced nothing which was dear to my heart, and am perfectly happy." The loud applause with which these words were received showed how much the audience admired the noble lady's spirit.

An indignant tenant and a rather negligent landlord were overheard in the following conversation:

Tenant—"My chimney smokes."

Landlord—"What does it smoke?"

Tenant—"It smokes everything."

Landlord—"Has it tried cubebs?"

Tenant—"Cubebs!"

Landlord—"Yes. Give it cubebs. The chimney has probably got the catarrh. Smoking cubebs will clear the passage."

THE VACATION OF MUSTAPHA.

One of Bob Burdette's Fignments.

Now in the sixth month, in the reign of the good Caliph, it was so that Mustapha said: "I am wearied with much work; thought, care, and worry have worn me out; I need repose, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and death even now lieth at the door."

And he called his physician; who felt of his pulse and looked upon his tongue, and said:

"Twodollars!" (For this was the oath by which all physicians swore.) "Of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto the valley of quiet, and close thine eyes in dreamful rest; hold back thy brain from thought and thy hand from labor, or you will be a candidate for the asylum in three weeks."

And he heard him, and went out and put the business in the hands of the clerk, and went away to rest in the valley of quiet. And he went to his Uncle Ben's, whom he had not seen for lo! these fourteen years.

But when he reached his Uncle Ben's, they received him with great joy, and placed before him a supper of homely viands, well cooked, and piled up on his plate like the wreck of a box-car; and when he could not eat it all they laughed him to scorn.

And after supper they sat up with him, and talked with him about relatives whereof he had never, in all his life, so much as heard. And he answered their questions at random, and lied unto them, professing to know Uncle Ezra, and Aunt Betbesda, and once he said that he had a letter from Uncle George last week.

Now they all knew that Uncle George was shot in a neighbor's sheep-pen, three years ago, but Mustapha wist not that it was so, and he was sleepy, and only talked to fill up the time. And then they talked politics to him, and he hated politics. So about one o'clock in the morning they sent him to bed.

Now, the spare room wherein he slept was right under the roof; and there were ears and bundles of ears of seed-corn hung from the rafters, and he bunged his eye with the same, and he hooked his chin in festoons of dried apples, and shook dried herbs and seeds down his back as he walked along, for it was dark. And when he sat up in bed in the night he ran a scythe in his ear.

And it was so that the four boys slept with him, for the bed was wide. And they were restless, and slumbered cross-wise and kicked, so that Mustapha slope not a wink that night, neither closed he his eyes.

And about the fourth hour after midnight his Uncle Ben smote him on the back, and spake unto him, saying:

"Awake, arise, rustle out of this and wash your face, for the liver and bacon is fried and the breakfast waiteth. You will find the well down at the other end of the cow-lot. Take a towel with you."

When they had eaten, his Uncle Ben spake unto him, saying: "Come, let us stroll around the farm."

And they walked about eleven miles. And his Uncle Ben sat him upon a wagon and taught him how to load hay. Then they drove into the barn, and he taught him to unload it. Then they girded up their loins and walked four miles, even into the forest, and his Uncle Ben taught him how to chop wood. And they walked back to supper. And the morning and the evening were the first day, and Mustapha wished that he were dead.

And, after supper, his Uncle Ben spake once more, and said: "Come, let us have some fun." And so they hooked up a team and drove nine miles, down to Belcher's Branch, where there was a hop. And they danced until the second hour in the morning.

When the next day was come—which wasn't long, for already the night was far spent—his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to make rail fence. And that night there was a wedding; and they danced and made merry, and drank and ate; and when they went to bed at three o'clock, Mustapha prayed that death might come to him before breakfast-time.

But breakfast had an early start, and got there first. And his Uncle Ben took him down to the creek and taught him how to wash and shear sheep. And when the evening was come they went to spelling-school. And they got home at the first hour after midnight.

And when Mustapha went to bed that morning he be-thought him of a dose of strychnine he had with him, and he said his prayers wearily, and he took it.

But the youngest boy was restless that night and kicked all the poison out of him in less than ten seconds.

And in the morning, while it was yet night, they ate breakfast. And his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to dig a ditch.

And when evening was come, there was a revival meeting at Ebenezer Methodist church, and they all went. And there were three regular preachers and two exhorters and a Baptist evangelist. And when midnight was come they went home, and sat up and talked over the meeting until it was bed-time.

Now when Mustapha was at home, he left his desk at the fifth hour in the afternoon, and he went to bed at the third hour after sunset, and he arose not until the sun was high in the heavens.

So the next day when his Uncle Ben would take him out into the field, and show him how to make a post-and-rail fence, Mustapha would swear at him, and smote him with an axe helve, and fled, and get himself home.

And Mustapha sent for his physician and cursed him. And he said he was tired to death; he turned his face to the wall, and died. So Mustapha was gathered to his fathers.

And his physician and his friends mourned and said: "Alas, he did not rest soon enough. He tarried at his desk too long."

But his Uncle Ben, who came in to attend the funeral, and had to do all his weeping out of one eye, because the other was blacked half-way down to his chin, said it was a pity, but Mustapha was too awfully lazy to live, and he had no get up about him.

But Mustapha wist not what they said, because he was dead. So they divided his property among them, and said if he wanted a tombstone he might have attended to it himself, while he was yet alive, because they had no time,

OUR SPIRIT THAT WAS.

Recommended to be Read in Patriotic Churches on the Fourth of July.

Many and many a day ago
(When he who writes was a hoy),
A soldier's head, as white as snow,
Was out in the general joy.

The street was thronged, and huzzen notes
Clanged far on morning fair,
And from a thousand marching throats
Glad huzzas filled the air.

The brilliant flags breathed softly out,
Like blessings on the breeze,
Up-horne it seemed upon the shout
Of martial sympathies.

The aged soldier sat at home,
With grandchild on his knee,
His cracked voice shrill, above the drum,
Far-reaching in its glee.

Flag after flag went by his door,
And hove its colors low—
Low at the cottage of the poor—
But this was long ago.

And when the pageant passed him by,
Till distance held its noise,
He told—and with a heavy sigh—
This story for the boys:

"Hit was arter we'd crossed the Dillewar—
The Gin'ral pitched his tent,
I was on guard, an' peeped in thar,
An' see him a sittin', hent—

"Bent over at his little stand,
(Hit was dark outside as pitch!)
An' he hed a paper in his hand;
Hit was writ or in print—dunno which.

"The clouds was thick in the winter sky,
An' the mud was a kind o' froze,
An' I was trampin', a by an' hy,
In the way 'at a sentry goes;

"An' I see the Gin'ral read that thar
(He on'y wore specs at night),
An' hear him say "God!"—he didn't swar,
But he howed his head in the light.

"I jist walked soft as a cat right then,
With the muskit, up and down;
But I swore, over and over agen,
"—the English crown!"

And here the pensioner struck his cane
On the floor with a vinful thud,
For his dim eye seemed to see again
The trail of the troops in blood.

"What was that as the Gin'ral read?
Wall, at fust I couldn't contrive,
But arter I knowed—a reward for his head,
Whether taken dead or alive.

"Ah, them was the days, as writ Tom Paine,
'The days for to try men's souls'—
When men were true in the hurricane,
An' the ship a-plowin' the shoals.

"For we was whipped an' runnin' away,
An' there was desertars, a few;
But Washington hadn't a word to say,
'Cept orderin' us what to do.

"He was jist as calm as a summer sea
When all around looked lost;
But the British found, next day, 'at he
Took Hessians for less'n cost.

"But I'll never forgit that time on guard
At the Gin'ral's tent, at night,
When he was readin' a king's reward
An' leadin' a losin' fight.

"But that's what *made* us—jist that kind
Of honor that resked hit all,
An' hung to the cause in heart an' mind,
A-hearin' no other call.

"Not money against, nor money for,
To him made a mite o' odds.
He follered his duty, an' fit the war
In nary a fear hut God's.

"But there was others, an' more will be,
Who'd sell their souls for coin,
An' swap off a cause to the innemy,
Or any cause they'd join.

"An' you mark this, my freeman son:
Whenever it's money fust
To a public man, *his* Union's done
An' rotten enough to hust."

And here the old man rose to his feet,
As he put his grandchild down,
And, tottering off in his stamping heat,
Went muttering of a "crown."

His pious daughter took the child,
And, wiping away its tears,
The crown, "said she, "just sets him wild,
And then he curses and swears."

Yea, let him swear—he knows the cause
Whereof he speaks and—Why!
To damn the crown is the law of laws
On the fourth day of July.

WATSONVILLE, June, 1880.

J. W. GALLY.

Exchange Fiend.—"Whenever you want my advice, don't hesitate to ask for it."

Newspaper Man.—"Thanks; I would like some advice just now."

"All right; I shall only be too happy."

"Can you tell me how in the world I can induce you to leave without hurting your feelings?"

"I don't think you need much advice on that subject."

He retires in indignation, and with most of the exchanges.

It is not the number of promises a man makes, but the number he keeps, which gives him a position among respectable people.

A jealous man always finds more than he looks for.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

A Bohemian of the first water was recently turned out of his lodgings, and installed in a miserable little room absolutely without furniture. He met a friend and said to him: "Lend me a chair?" "What for?" was the answer. "My dear, I should be so ashamed if burglars should come into my room!"

A young couple, just married, are passing the honeymoon in a pretty villa.

"Tell me, my love," said she, "that you are not tired. I fear sometimes that you regret your bachelor life."

"On the contrary, my angel," he replied, "I regret it so little that if you were to die I would marry again right away."

At the Mabile: "Lea, do you know what the Argentine Republic is?"

"Not exactly, my dear; but I should suppose it is a republic where everybody is very rich."

A lady recently married was detailing to the girl she wished for a servant the advantages of the place.

"The work is very easy. There are but two of us, and we have no children."

"Oh, madame," cried the girl, "I pray you will not inconvenience yourself on my account. I adore children."

At Monte Carlo it was.

A female habitué of the place, seated at the rouge-et-noir table, slyly endeavors to pick up a stack of louis belonging to another gambler of the opposite species.

"I beg your pardon," says the young man, politely but firmly, "but those are mine."

"They are mine, monsieur," she explains.

"Well, I am firmly convinced about it, madame; still, to avoid unpleasantness, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll divide with you."

"Agreed."

"Ah, then," says the young man, raking up all the coins, "you see they are not yours, sissy."

X. is dining one day at the house of an old lady, who takes him to task for having stained his shirt-front with wine.

"I always do so," he says, carelessly.

"I never do," says the old lady, sharply.

"That is because your mustaches, madame, are not yet quite as long as mine."

The new girl had only been with them a week when she came to say she was going away.

"Why?" asked the lady.

"The place does not please me."

"Again, why?"

"Well, monsieur is altogether too cold."

In the Principality of Gerolstein:

A gendarme arrests an unknown and suspicious-looking individual.

"Your papers, sirrah!"

"It isn't usually the custom to ask a traveler for his papers, is it?"

"Not usually, but there are so many people wandering up and down the country without means of subsistence—"

"My name, then, is Schipmann."

"Ah, you are the man that stole two hundred thousand florins last week?"

"I have that honor. You see, cap, that I am not without means of subsistence."

"You are right. Beg pardon for stopping you. Pass on."

"My cousin, whom I sent you last week, doctor, is an imaginary invalid, isn't he?"

"Of course he is. The fellow has a constitution which defies all our remedies."

Heard yesterday at Brebant.

A mister gives his orders to the sparkling Augustus—Pottage good woman, trouser of beef gardener (*culotte de bœuf jardinière*), etc., etc.

A few after the pottage the convivial interrogates Augustus at the high voice:

"Eh, well, and my trouser?"

"She is to the fire, mister," responds imperturbably the boy.

Thanks to her soups and salmis, a cook secures the stomach and heart of her employer—who, lest she should leave him, marries her. Having found her "rich millionaire"—as she calls him—tightly and lawfully bound to her, she says, in rapture, to her bridesmaid:

"Now, that I am wealthy, I intend to enjoy myself, to give myself every luxury. I'm going to go out every week on Thursday instead of taking Friday off."

Mlle. X. was playing a pretty page's part in a burlesque, and her little niece, entering the dressing-room, is surprised, and cries aloud:

"Hello, aunty, are you going to be my uncle?"

At Nice two travelers arrive at a hotel, and having ordered a double-bedded chamber, go out to take a stroll.

When they return to the hotel the fair chambermaid lights them to their door, and, with a bewitching courtesy, says:

"Here is your double-bedded room, gentlemen. One of the beds is occupied by two other guests, so you will have to sleep together. Good-night."

A medicine dines in a house friend.

We cause of the profession.

The chapter of consultations arrive.

"Doctor, with whom love you the most to consult?"

"With the Doctor X. That is one mine of anecdote.

We do not bore ourselves never one instant?"

And the sick during this time!

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

June 12, 1880.—I am writing from St. Jo, in Michigan, where I have been staying for a few days since the convention. This small village, lying across the lake (Michigan) from Chicago, is the metropolis of a fruit-growing country that finds its market in that city. All the region round about, so far as I have prospected, is divided into small "fruit farms," from five to forty acres, and devoted to growing all the temperate fruits, beginning with strawberries in the early spring, and ending with apples in the late fall. Here I see in its larger development what I am so enthusiastic about, and concerning which I have written so much in California—viz., an industrious, cultured, and refined people, maintaining themselves in comfort and independence, in the enjoyment of the luxuries and refinements of society, by the cultivation of small farms. I have within the past three days driven about among villages and through country lanes, where I have seen not less than ten thousand people living with churches, schools, society, and enjoying all the higher privileges of civilization, yet the whole area is not so large as many of the great unsightly cattle and grain farms of our State. Where broad acres and machinery are substituted for small holdings and personal cultivation, the results are one wealthy ranchero, a multitude of shiftless, unambitious laborers, and an army of tramps—in contrast, as here, with beautiful homes and contented, happy men and women, with troops of joyous children. This is a country where there are few rich men, and where many count themselves as poor; but it is, nevertheless, a better country than ours in all that constitutes healthful conditions. When I observe this people, and their industries, and their mode of living, I wish the people of the county of Berrien could be set down within some of our beautiful valleys and beneath our genial sky, to illustrate what results could be achieved by small farming. However, we must not be impatient, as our various colonies throughout the State are beginning to demonstrate what can be done with us. The growth of vines, the cultivation of fruits, and the curing of raisins will, in process of time, give us a rural population of which we shall be justly proud—an intelligent, industrious, prosperous, middle class; middle between the peasant and the feudal lord; independent because living upon and cultivating its own acres, and patriotic to save the nation, because it owns it. Growth in this direction is indispensable to save the country from the demoralization and profligacy of the great towns.

I have had but small opportunity to make any observation concerning the result of the Chicago nominations. The Eastern press have so far commented not enthusiastically, but not unkindly, upon Mr. Garfield, and not at all enthusiastically, and indeed scarcely friendly, upon the name of Mr. Chester A. Arthur. He is identified with the machine, has no public record other than in the New York custom-house, but is admitted to be a gentleman of business capacity, and of unquestioned personal integrity. He was nominated to conciliate Conkling, and Conkling was willing to be thus conciliated because it was a rebuke to the Administration to have the National Republican party choose for one of its corners a stone rejected by Hayes. Conkling had two friends turned out of office by Mr. Hayes. One he has made Governor of New York, and one (if he gives the State of New York to the Republican party) he makes Vice-President of the United States. Conkling is an able man, a great leader, vain, imperious, and tyrannical, and will never again attempt to cast the vote of a united delegation in a national convention. The district representation system strikes a fatal blow to the insolence of the leaders, and hereafter Cameron and Logan must be content to wield only such power as comes from their genius and the legitimate influence resulting from party service. We may swap off three or four great machine-drivers for a multitude of smaller men. Had Chandler lived, and had Logan not have raised this scandal in Illinois, there would have been no serious revolt in New York or Pennsylvania, and Grant would have been nominated without serious opposition. The Illinois quarrel was so pronounced in the streets of Chicago, and in the galleries of the convention, that it exercised a great influence over delegates, and nerved them to an irreconcilable opposition to Grant. The arrogance of Conkling and Logan was displayed with such unbounded insolence that all their opponents were welded together in opposition to Grant and the third term. I think the country has escaped a great peril. The rank and file of the Republican party has achieved a great triumph; but, as it is in the nature of an internecine struggle, I am not certain that it will not cost the party a great effort to win a victory over the Democracy. So far, among the people of this region, there is no enthusiasm. The name of Garfield has stirred no man's blood. I have attended one political meeting in this village. If it is a specimen of the campaign, the campaign will be a cold one. Reference to the war, allusions to past conflicts, even the bloody shirt, created no apparent interest. I believe the nomination of General Grant would have made a more earnest contest, and I am not quite sure that his election would not have been more certain than that of Garfield; but, as every one knows, I would prefer the election of almost any Democrat to that of General Grant. Had General Grant declined a party candidacy on the day he landed in San Francisco, he would today be the grandest human figure of God's creation. He is to-day a defeated party candidate—dragged through a national convention, as Ajax was dragged by his hair around the walls of Troy. He was sacrificed by the Triumphs, and everybody in convention believed that he was being used. There has been a vast deal of laudatory bosh over the fact that three hundred and six delegates stood by him. Mr. Emory Storrs proclaimed this fact as something immense; that in thirty-six ballots he lost no friends. When the personnel of his following is analyzed, it will not seem so altogether wonderful. One hundred and twenty delegates from Republican States—and these nearly all packed and stolen—and the balance darkeys and politicians from Southern States that can cast no Republican electoral votes. The candidacy of General Grant has been in the nature of a conspiracy, and his defeat is, in my judgment, a triumph second only to that which preserved the Union from dismemberment.

The dense ignorance which prevails all over this country in regard to the Chinese question is something most unac-

countable. I had supposed, as the question was a national one, and had passed both houses of Congress, that it was generally understood. The press has a flippant, superficial way of treating the subject that is altogether disgusting, while the leading delegates and representative men in the convention were in almost total darkness. Mr. Edwards Pierpont, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, admitted that he knew nothing of the matter, and yet he attempted to formulate a resolution for the platform composed of well-mouthed and euphemistic nothings. This was the resolution that our press so justly scored. Another and a stronger resolution was only substituted after a hard struggle. The Republican party is now, however, pledged squarely to legislate for the restriction of Chinese immigration, and as I have no doubt that the Democracy will outbid us in this direction, we have a reasonable assurance that this Chinese evil will not be allowed to increase. The thing that ought to be done is for the Republicans of California, and the Democrats as well, to send some of our best speakers to stump in the Eastern States and discuss this Chinese problem. A revolution of public sentiment might be wrought in this way, and this campaign affords the occasion. I commend the suggestion to the leaders and managers in both parties. I have made one anti-Chinese speech in Michigan, and it was listened to with a greater interest than is accorded to any of the exploded questions of the war. I am mistaken if eloquence expended in this direction would not be more profitable, if not more interesting, than any recital of incidents in the lives of candidates, or any biographical reminiscences of the early struggles of barefooted boys driving horses on the canal. Most of our delegates, availing themselves of the time and expenditure that have brought them to Chicago, will take occasion to visit Eastern friends. This is what I am doing, and I shall turn myself homeward about the twentieth of this month. Mr. Huff, of Alameda, is also here at Saint Jo. It is his native place. F. M. P.

Grant.

Great captain! glorious in our wars!
No need of praise we grudge to him;
We breathe about his brow the stars
That neither time nor chance shall dim.

But History, as she brooding bends
Above the tablet on her knee,
The impartial stiles half suspends
Before she writes the cold decree:

The wisdom won in fiery air
Of siege and battle scarce availed
To serve him when he sought to wear
The civic laurels. There he failed.

In that to other brows they fall,
More fitting, let him read his fate:
In battle, great among the small;
In statecraft, small among the great.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

To James A. Garfield.

Thou who didst ride on Chickamauga's day,
All solitary down the fiery lane,
And saw the ranks of battle rusty shine,
Where grand old Thomas held them from dismay,
Regret not now, while meaner factions play
Their brief campaigns against the best of men;
For these spent balls of slander have their way,
And thou shalt see the victory again!
Weary and ragged, through these broken lines
Of party reel, and thine own honor bleeds.
That mole is blind that Garfield undermines,
That shot falls short that hired malice speeds.
That man will live whose place the State assigns,
And whose high mind a mighty nation needs!

A bird's nest made of a love letter and miscellaneous stuffing was recently picked up underneath a tree in a Cincinnati suburb. Closely interwoven with the bits of sticks and dead leaves and little tiny feathers was a little leaf from somebody's little diary. It was weather-beaten and yellow, and on one side so worn, no doubt by the going in and out of little red-breast, that the words, delicately written in a girl's hand, could only here and there be deciphered. On one side was "Katie: We have often met and spent an hour together. Will these hours be soon forgotten? When we part, our paths will lead in different directions. Perhaps we may never again meet in this world. Shall we remember? P. B." On the opposite side was Katie's reply. It began:

"Ah! heart, so sadly broken,
Cease, cease thy panting thrill;
Those vows so falsely spoken
Have done far worse than kill.
The sun has lost his glory,
The queen of heaven her light,
So sad—" (And here Katie's verse was bitten off.)

To Messrs. A. L. Bancroft & Co. the *Argonaut* is indebted for the following books and pamphlets: *Joan of Arc*, by Janet Tuckey, one of the "New Plutarch" series; *Life, His True Genesis*, by R. W. Wright; *Free Land and Free Trade*, by Samuel S. Cox; *Putnam's Library Companion*, Vol. III.; *William Ellery Channing*, his opinions, genius, and character, by Henry W. Bellows; and *Monsteur Leocq*, from the French of Emile Gaboriau. The last-mentioned book is republished in this country by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, print the others. Mr. Cox's brochure—it is scarcely more in the literal sense—is both entertaining and instructive. Chilion Beach sends us Helen Campbell's clever Sunday-school story, *Unto the Third and Fourth Generation*; and also Henry Wikoff's *Reminiscences of an Idler*, a bulky volume of rather heavy self-adulation. From Messrs. Billings, Harbourn & Co., we have the recent Boston sensation, *Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life*; Mrs. Whitney's new novel, *Odd or Even*; Martha Finley's last contribution to the interminable "Elsie Series," entitled *Elsie's Widowhood*; and two oddly contrasted volumes—latitudinally considered—Selden Jackson's *Alaska*, and Titus Coan's *Adventures in Patagonia*.

Some one observed to Monsieur de L., who was about to wed a girl of seventeen, that he was rather old.
"I am old enough to do for both of us," said, gallantly, the old gentleman.

A BICYCLE TRAGEDY.

A bicycle is dangerous, not when it is in motion, but when it is at rest. It is then that it throws its rider and tramples on him viciously. When the novice tries to get on his bicycle, he invariably falls over and under it two or three times. If he once gets it started at a fair pace, it will be docile until the fatal moment comes when he must try to dismount. As soon as the speed of the bicycle is checked it begins to wobble like a dying top, and if the inexperienced rider can manage to dismount without falling off, he is exceptionally lucky. The only way to avoid this humiliating method is to hire a man to catch the bicycle and hold it. Of course, after long practice the bicyclist is able to mount and to dismount eight or nine times out of ten without an accident; but the certainty that an inexperienced rider must end his ride by lying on the ground with his legs almost inextricably tangled with the spokes of the driving-wheel deters timid souls from becoming bicyclists. That the sport is an innocent one is generally admitted, and the bicycle is rapidly growing in favor with young and athletic clergymen. Hitherto they have been compelled to content themselves with croquet, but that sport demands on the part of the player a degree of self-control which renders it difficult for a nervous or irritable man to play it with credit. There are clergymen who can smile and keep their tempers when told by their leading parishioners that they have cheated by claiming "hoops" which they had never passed; and there are exceptional clergymen who can even be struck on the ankle with a mallet by an angry sister and meekly turn the other leg to the striker. Such men are, however, confessedly rare, and it is no wonder that the average young clergyman hails the bicycle as a welcome and safe substitute for the croquet mallet. And yet in one conspicuous instance a worthy clergyman has been utterly ruined by a bicycle, and his case may be useful as a warning to other and, as yet, more fortunate men. What has long been desired is a motive power, other than the human leg, which is capable of being applied to the bicycle. This great want has, it is claimed, been lately supplied by an ingenious Chicago inventor. He has constructed a bicycle driven by the expansive force of a strong steel spring. When the machine is to be used the spring is wound up. The rider then leaps into his place, and the moment his weight presses the saddle the spring is released, and the bicycle starts off at full speed, thus obviating all danger of falling. The spring is warranted to keep the bicycle in motion for an hour, and by pressing a lever placed immediately in front of the saddle the machine can be instantly stopped. Rests for the feet, unconnected with the treadles of the driving-wheel, are provided, and the rider can thus journey without making the least exertion, until, at the end of an hour, he is obliged to dismount and wind up the spring. The Rev. Mr. Macpherson had been for nearly a year the rector of the church in Ishkatakahunky, Iowa, and, together with his young and attractive wife, had won the warm admiration of all but the unmarried ladies of his parish, when he became interested in bicycles. Being young and athletic, he soon became an excellent rider, and every afternoon, after four o'clock, he was accustomed to mount his bicycle in the back yard, to ride swiftly down the carriage path to the street, and thence through the village. As the house was an isolated one, and no curious neighbors were near, Mrs. Macpherson undertook to learn to ride, and in a short time was able to mount with ease and to ride the length of the yard, where her husband would meet her and hold the machine while she dismounted. She greatly enjoyed the sport, and it may possibly have been in order to remove the temptation to venture to ride outside of the yard that her husband avoided teaching her to dismount without his help. A fortnight ago Mr. Macpherson bought one of the new Chicago spring-motor velocipedes, without informing his wife of the nature of the purchase. It was delivered at his house while he was absent at the Diocesan Convention, and his wife was filled with admiration of its beauty. She was entirely ignorant that it was in any respect different from other machines, and late in the afternoon she determined to try it. Her husband not being at hand to help her dismount, she called the cook, and gave her full instructions as to how to catch the machine and hold it. Then, taking the new bicycle to the extreme rear of the yard, Mrs. Macpherson sprang into the saddle and was off at a speed of fifteen miles an hour. It need hardly be said that she was terribly frightened. Scarcely less frightened was the cook as she saw her mistress sweeping down upon her at so terrific a speed. Instead of trying to stop the machine, she screamed wildly and ran out of its path. The gate was open, and Mrs. Macpherson whirled into the street. She would have given worlds to stop the runaway bicycle, but she did not know the secret of the lever, and she did not dare to risk her life by jumping off. In a few minutes she found herself entering the long, principal street of Ishkatakahunky, and saw that the inhabitants were flocking to the sidewalk to watch her. She was crimson with horror as she reflected that the machine was strictly designed for riders with trousers, and for a moment she almost made up her mind to throw herself to the ground regardless of consequences. Fortunately, she reflected that the results of a fall would be even more startling and extensive than those entailed by keeping her seat; and so, trying to comfort herself with the reflection that they were real Balbriggan, and unusually tasteful in color and pattern, she rode on. She would gladly have changed places with Mazeppa, who rode through a desert instead of a crowded street; and she envied Lady Godiva, who had induced the people of Coventry to close their window-blinds. The sensation she made as she rushed through the village, and out again upon the prairie, can not be described; but she knew perfectly well that no possible story that she could devise would be accepted in explanation of the frightful impropriety of which she had been guilty. The runaway bicycle came to a stop ten miles out of Ishkatakahunky, and close to a railway station. Mrs. Macpherson promptly took the train to Milwaukee, where her parents resided, and then telegraphed to her husband. Of course, she never returned to Ishkatakahunky; and Mr. Macpherson was requested to resign his parish, on the ground that the conduct of his wife was to the last degree scandalous. He has since given up bicycling, but he is under a cloud, and his hopes of usefulness in the church are ruined.

THE TEMPLE OF ASAKUSA.

The professor looked vaguely to the southern horizon, one sunny winter's afternoon in Tokio, and opined that we had best go to Asakusa. We were busily sight-seeing, but we had not yet visited the famous temple, nor heard much of it, for the residents soon grow indifferent to the lions of the place.

Asakusa was at the edge of the city, a good five miles from the legation reservation; and, as we spun along the smooth streets of Tokio and across Nihon Bashi—an insignificant arched bridge, from which all the distances in Japan are measured—we learned that Asakusa had once been an independent village; but the growth of the big, million-souled city had crept to its edges, and finally swallowed it in, so that it was now but a district, and famous for its temple, where the common people went to pray and all the world went to stare.

The streets seemed to grow narrow, the people more numerous, as we approached Asakusa; and it was finally in the midst of a most turbulent crowd of top-knotters that we halted at the main entrance. A long, stone-paved avenue, lined on either side with booths for the sale of the most extraordinary articles, led the way to the gate. But the profane *jinrikisha* and the profaner trap may not roll their desecrating wheels upon the pave, and we willingly walked this little distance to see the strange sights which surrounded us. A procession of Japanese men, women, and babies formed behind us, to take close observation of our dress, manners, and gait, for the foreigner is not yet a familiar spectacle in all parts of the capital. The clatter of their clogs accompanied us throughout the entire afternoon, for they came up in relays, and one squad relieved another as curiosity was gratified.

The booths were small wonders in their way, and devoted mostly to the sale of toys, which the Japs have a pretty knack at making. But, besides, there were pipe-booths, book-stalls (vastly different looking affairs from our own they are, too), devotional stalls, where prayers and beads and incense were sold, and refreshments of various kinds displayed in the most attractive style of Japanese art. There was rice set out most invitingly in red lacquered bowls or oblong dishes; there were tea-kettles simmering in the *hibachi*; little white flaky rice-cakes, and some candy—real Japanese candy. Then there were fish, laid out in every style—some of it sizzling and frying just then in some sort of foul-smelling oil; some of it raw, but ready for eating, and looking not unpalatable on the big round trays of "old blue." There were eels impaled on skewers, and covered with *soy*—said to be the foundation of all the Eastern sauces—and a lot of terrified-looking little oysters.

As we neared the big red gate—seventy or eighty feet high—a lot of old beldames greeted us with an unintelligible chorus, which we finally discovered to be an appeal to buy their wares. These consisted of beans, set out five in a lot, on a little plate; each plateful cost a hundredth of a cent, or some such magnificent figure, and the expressive pantomime of the old women finally showed us what the beans were for. They pointed overhead, where hundreds of pigeons were whirling and circling, as much at home as if it were San Marco's itself, where all well-regulated pigeons seem to belong. They are left undisturbed of the faithful, and it is deemed a holy and a wholesome thing to treat them to a few beans now and again.

We entered by the great, red, useless gate, and were within the great Temple of Kuanon. It is delightfully ancient, magnificently dirty. Kuanon is the Goddess of Mercy, and there are many temples dedicated to her throughout Japan, but this is the chief and greatest of them all, and, as a temple, is unique. It has the black-tiled roof of all the temples, with its beautiful parabolic curves and immense gables, and the usual decorations of bronze and lacquer. But we were not obliged to take off our shoes, as at Shiba, to walk over polished lacquer floors; and we stood cheek by jowl with the gods, and examined, not at all irreverently, but as we might a bit of curious ware.

We are confronted, first, by the two frightful, highly-colored demons called the Ni-O (two kings), which guard, like dragons, the front of every Japanese temple. They are hideous, frowning, contorted monsters, and whether they were gods or demons we could not well determine; but that the faithful seek to propitiate them was evident, for their prayers were there in very tangible form. The wide-meshed wire screens which guard them were hung with hundreds of straw sandals of every grade and size, put there by people with sore feet, who in this manner pray for recovery. These ungainly idols were covered with prayers in another and a worse form—spitballs! When your Japanese is in fervent mood he writes his prayer on a bit of paper, chews it to pulp, and throws it at the god. If it stick, his prayer will be answered; but if it drop, he will have prayed in vain. It is a very funny thing to see a man throw a spitball in a spirit of true and rapt devotion. Within the temple one sees, first, the usual censer, with some indescribable monster rampant upon its lid, and clouds of incense rising up about his ungainly head. The old woman who tends the sacred fire receives a few coppers for a pinch of incense from every one who passes within. It is a cheerful, lively place. The cheery chatter of conversation and the ripple of laughter are heard everywhere, for your Jap's religion is not at all a solemn affair. He is on the most cordial and intimate terms with his gods, and if he grow devout it does not at all interfere with his pleasure.

It is true the chief god, in fact the entire main altar, is guarded by a wire screen, but this has been rendered necessary by the spitball form of prayer. But there are exposed gods in various parts of the temple, and if you could see old Binzuru you would understand the wear and tear involved in being a popular god. He is reputed to cure disease. Catarrh is his specialty, a disease to which, in that damp climate, the natives are peculiarly susceptible. So the natives have rubbed noses with him, lo! these many hundred years, until the poor god's nose is rubbed off. His ears, eyes, and mouth eventually followed it, and the rubbing of hundreds of thousands of rheumatic members has carried off his arm. So there he stands, a dirty, greasy, black, dismembered, denuded, old god, but a prime favorite still.

There are gods and goddesses here, there, and everywhere;

Buddhist disciples, some handsome carvings, and some rare old paintings—called in Japan *kakimono*, although everything is a *kakimono*, whether embroidered, painted, or written, which hangs on the wall as ornament. Some of these are pictures of angels, but there are no Michaels or Gabriels in the Buddhist list. The angels are all feminine. It is curious to see some of the devotees reverently counting beads in the most Roman Catholic fashion, but there is a tradition that some missionaries of that faith invaded the island some two or three hundred years ago, and the beads are probably a remnant of their forms. We prayed a prayer and passed out—not the objectionable form of prayer, but bought one in a decorous manner, and burned it in a cleanly way.

Outside the temple all was festivity and gayety. One street of the district is entirely given up to shows of all kinds. Great illuminated placards, which dimly suggested our circus posters at home, flashed from the walls; but they were gotten up in an odd, fantastic style—for there is a touch of Dord-like exaggeration in the Japanese brush. The Japs outside rattled rude castanets, and called the value of their wares in a shrill treble to the passers-by. We halted and hesitated which to choose, but finally decided upon a huge Siamese elephant, and passed into a tent. Perhaps we did not decide aright, for he looked precisely as an elephant does in any other country; but there seemed to be something delightfully absurd in his understanding the Japanese language. A tiny little Jap, who thought it polite to adopt the manner of a bashful boy speaking a piece, was expatiating upon the animal's attainments in the high-pitched, artificial manner which they adopt as being the elegance of public speaking.

From the elephant we strolled to the shooting galleries. There is a whole street of them, and they are presided over by pretty young girls. With the unerring sagacity which distinguishes his species, the professor made straight for the youngest and prettiest and brightest of them all. The hair-dresser had not called that day, and her hair was hanging down her back like a long black mane; but her face was fresh from the cosmetic brush, and her black eyes sparkled, and her white teeth shone through a bewildering amount of red and white. She was charmed to meet the foreigners, and coquetted with them in the most delightful manner—for the art of coquetry has attained its highest degree in Japan. She asked the most embarrassing questions in the plumpest manner, and wanted to know where we came from. America was a word quite unknown, so we stammered, in a mixed gibberish, that we had come from five thousand miles away—*Go sen ri*? Ah, no, she could never believe it. From the moon, perhaps, or from one of the three thousand worlds which some Japanese maker of literature had visited; but five thousand miles on this little world? Impossible. She would have us to try her shooting gallery, and brought out several sets of bows and arrows, which she handled in the daintiest way, for they cultivate every motion of their fingers, and are immensely vain of their dexterity. The bows are of the universal bamboo, and the arrows of cherry wood—little things not a foot long; they are tipped with bone, and the feathers are of gay colors. She hit the bull's-eye every time, practiced as she was, and laughed in the most delighted manner if we hit the drum, in the centre of which is the bull's-eye, or even the cushion which flanks it. She served us with tea in tiny cups of egg-shell porcelain, and bade us adieu in the most regretful manner as we crossed the way to see the wax-works.

Though not so old as the temple, they have been one of the attractions of the Asakusa for a longer time than we Americans know how to count. Like the temple they are dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy, Kuanon, and are supposed to perpetuate many of her deeds. They are in a low, shabby building, and one winds through the most labyrinthine passages following up the figures, for they are all arranged in tableaux. There are, perhaps, thirty-five or forty of them in all, and they are really wonderful works of art. The most intelligent travelers declare them to be superior to Madame Tussaud's, and certainly in the dim light of the place they are strangely real and life-like. If they had but a little distance to help the illusion, it would be next to impossible to detect them as wax. But there is neither glass nor gauze intervening. You may hang over the rude rail, and almost touch them. The expression upon the faces is something wonderful, and between them all is represented almost all the emotions. The veins and muscles and lines, the very tint of the different skins, is there with vivid intensity, while the action of the figures is like life. The dresses, of course, are all exactly correct, and you only need a well-informed cicerone, like the professor—who has lived among the Japanese until he knows and loves them and their stories and traditions—to tell the stories of the tableaux as you walk along, to enjoy one of the most interesting sights in the Japanese capital.

From the wax-works we rambled into a garden. Strange to say, although there is an immense number of florists in the cities, although the Japanese are passionately fond of flowers, although you encounter hundreds of peddlers of them in the streets, the flora of Japan is not large. The camelia, of course, grows everywhere. Great trees of it line the roads, and the farmers make their hedges of it. The chrysanthemum is much prized, partly because it is the Mikado's crest, and the azalea is the summer flower. They grow their fruit-trees for the flower, not the fruit, and their cherry-blossom festival is equivalent to our May-day. In July, the moats and canals are said to be covered with the languid fragrant lotus. It is one of the few flowers that have any fragrance, for I remember gathering some purple violets within sight of great Daibutsu, but they were as scentless as the queen flower of Japan. After all, they best love the wistaria, which they call the *fuji*, or peerless flower, and train it with a world of care, which its short-lived bloom does not seem to justify. For the rest, they devote themselves to evergreens, and in the little garden at Asakusa tiny trees and shrubs and ferns were contorted into all sorts of fantastic shapes. Many of these ferns have been brought to America made into boats, or balls, or rings, or what not, but they usually remain ingloriously brown, and will not turn to living green. Upon their native heath, where they are tended with practiced hands, they come out in every shape, from a mountain to a mole. In fact, a Japanese flower-garden is a queer-looking, fantastic, toy-like place, and, to speak plain truth, hideously unnatural. But in landscape gardening they are

artists beyond cavi. A gnarled old tree impeded our way as we passed through the little Asakusa garden, and we expressed some surprise that it had not been removed; but the look of horror which the mild remark called forth proved us on the spot to be vandals.

The professor pointed to a tiny shoot of green, which was just sprouting from the decayed old tree, and remarked that in the days of the daimios' grandeur, before the abolishment of feudalism, and when the court-yards of the *yashikis* (their big dwelling-places) were all blooming gardens, any of the barons would have given a thousand dollars for just such a tree, so sanctified with age, if green could yet grow from it. Feeling most ridiculously new—brand-new—we accepted the artistic reproof in a proper spirit of mildness, and retraced our steps to the temple to get out of the Asakusa.

Once more past the greasy gods and the adhesive prayers, the monster censer and the gazing crowd, the lavatory where the faithful wash before prayer, past the tall pagoda which is said to oscillate in an earthquake like a knight's feather, and through the ridiculous red gate which never swung on hinges, past the many-hued, pink-toed pigeons, past the bean-selling hags, down the long, stone-paved, stall-lined avenue—and good-bye to the ancient, noisy, dirty, crowded, curious Asakusa.

BETSY B.

The Rev. J. S. Furnis, a British clergyman, has given the following description of hell, which he designed for the instruction of the young. It is a red-hot picture. Those of our readers interested in details will be entertained. The fiery Furnis opens as follows: "We know how far it is to the middle of the earth; it is just four thousand miles. So, if hell is in the middle of the earth, it is four thousand miles to the horrible prison of hell. Down in this place is a horrible noise. Listen to the tremendous, the horrible, uproar of millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell! Oh, the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions on millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons! There you hear the gnashing of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all, you hear the roar of the thunders of God's anger, which shakes hell to its foundations. But there is another sound; there is in hell a sound like that of many waters. It is as if all the rivers and oceans of the world were pouring themselves with a great splash down on the floors of hell. Is it, then, really the sound of waters? It is. Are the oceans and rivers of the earth pouring themselves into hell? No. What is it, then? It is the sound of oceans of tears running down from millions of eyes. They cry forever and ever. They cry because the sulphurous smoke torments their eyes. They cry because they have lost the beautiful heaven. They cry because the sharp fire burns them. The roof is red hot. The floor is like a thick sheet of red-hot iron. See, on the middle of that red-hot iron floor stands a girl. She looks to be about sixteen years of age. She has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet. The door of this room has never been opened since she first set her foot on this red-hot floor. Now she sees the opening. She rushes forward. She has gone down upon her knees upon the red-hot floor. Listen!—she speaks. She says: 'I have been standing with my bare feet on this red-hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing place has been on this red-hot floor. Sleep never came on me for a moment, that I might forget this horrible burning floor. Look at my burnt and bleeding feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment—only for a short moment. Oh! that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for one single moment.' The devil answers her question: 'Do you ask for a moment—for one moment—to forget your pain? No, not for a single moment, during the never-ending eternity of years, shall you ever leave this red-hot floor.' Not even the hope, mind you, of 'hardly ever.'

The New York *Hour* says: A New York belle of a century and a half ago, while on a visit to Mrs. Clinton, wife of the colonial governor of the period, wrote in the following manner of what she termed her "diversions" in the then scantily populated city of New York. After dining—a ceremony apparently performed in the middle of the day—Mrs. Clinton took her guests on board an English man-of-war, then in port. The formidable vessel carried forty guns, and, in the words of the fair writer, "was dressed out with all her colors, well manned, and very fine she looked. . . . Do not say I was mad if I tell you that we stayed aboard until nine the next morning, and that I danced right merrily with my partner, Captain Parce, for several hours on a stretch. . . . As soon as we got aboard, Mrs. Clinton was saluted with fifteen great guns. . . . This vessel is reckoned the finest that has been in New York. As I was never aboard a bigger vessel before than an Albany sloop, it was quite a sight to me, and something—as Mrs. Clinton said—for me to tell my grandchildren." In another letter the same writer alludes to "the many strange alterations that are made in this town, and which again renews a great deal of party discourse. . . . My mother will inform you of these changes, which will afford you an hour or two's discourse." Whether the changes above alluded to could have been a prophetic vision of the new post-office and the *Tribune* building can not now be determined. An entertainment given at the house of the Chief Justice De Lancy, "on Wednesday was a week," is spoken of "as the handsomest ever given in New York." The letter closes with an offer of "duty and humble service," and "a prayer for long life and happiness," on the part of the young lady, "to the best of fathers." A marked difference certainly exists in the manners of our ancestors and their descendants of to-day. Whether the change be an improvement is a question open to discussion.

Don Piatt, writing in the *Capital* regarding the cruelty of women toward the fallen of their own sex, says: "We have often thought that, had the crowd gathered about our Saviour, when he was appealed to by the prosecuting witnesses of the woman taken in adultery, been of her sex, his call for the first stone would have been followed by such a fall of geological specimens that Christ himself would have been in danger."

Grief counts the minutes; happiness forgives.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

The Lover and the Rose.

Rose, you were at the feast—
The feast I could not share;
Rose, your charms increased
The charms most lovely there.

As on her breast you lay
And watched her red lips move—
Was there any, pray,
To whom they spoke of love?

Rose, you could see her eye
Of soft and star-like beam—
On any one near by
Cast it a loving gleam?

As on her breast you lay,
And heard her heating heart—
Came there any nigh
Who made it quicker start?

"No," breathed the rose, "I vow.
But had there been—I wis
His I had been now,
Nor known your loving kiss."
—*E. A. Low in Scribner's for July.*

Blue-Flags—(Fleur-de-Lis.)

What sweet rebellion in thy blood,
My June, hath hid thee raise
Thy royal standards by the wood
And through the meadow ways?
What stir of passion, darling sprite,
Spread these blue banners to the light?

Past lily buds and arrowy blades
The glorious pageant flies;
In sunny shallows, reedy shades,
Unnumbered blossoms rise.
By rocky coast, in salty bight,
Thy banners glitter in the light.

Wrought of warm noons and morning dew,
And painted from the skies,
Say, have they not the very blue
Of Maiden Marian's eyes?
Ah, June, thy flags are not so bright
As those blue banners in the light!
—*Ellen M. Hutchinson in Harper's for July.*

"My Heroine."

I'll introduce you to a girl I know.
"Pretty?" you ask.
Well, I'll attempt to sketch her portrait, though
No easy task.
I fear, however, you'll pronounce her "slow,"
For nowadays
We vote a dash of fastness all the go
(Excuse the phrase).

She's not accomplished—no, indeed, poor dear,
I dare assert
She does not know the latest slang—I fear
She's not a flirt.
She could not name the winner of the Oaks,
She does not bet;
I'm pretty sure she never even smokes
A cigarette.

"A beauty?" Well, she's not considered such—
You girls know best.
Her dearest friends do not abuse her much,
And that's a test.
Perhaps she has not Mrs. L.'s eyes,
Or rose-leaf skin.
But still so sweet a face to criticize
Were downright sin.

She does not scream when skittish "Polly" rears,
Not she—and wait,
'Twould do you good to see the way she clears
A five-barred gate.
She can not sing bravura runs and shakes—
She does not shine
When seated at a "grand"—but then her cakes
Are just divine.

With high-heeled hoots she cares not to distort
Her pretty feet;
Her lilies and her roses were not bought
In Regent Street.
And still more shocking, I regret to state,
Her want of taste;
She can not be induced to cultivate
A wasp-like waist.

You would not in her hair a vestige find
Of "golden" tinge;
She wears it in a simple knot behind—
No trace of "fringe."
Such pretty hair! so lustrous and so long—
A modest brown.

"False, I dare say!" Nay, ma'am, for once you're wrong:
I've seen it down. —*Chambers's Journal.*

A Mountain Fire.

A long, low murmur on the midnight air,
As of the tide upon some far-off shore;
A swell among pines standing tall and fair,
A whisper as of danger leaning o'er;
A strange light growing up the hollow sky,
Eclipsing the white glory of the moon;
A signal flag, on the wind streaming hy,
Of wreathen smoke outflung, has followed soon.

Out of the darkness starts a tongue of fire,
Wrapping the white trunk of some dead old pine,
Mourning in fierce and absolute desire
To reach the glowing heavens' altar-shrine.
The dark is flooded with the crimson light,
The green pines shiver in the fire's roar;
The scene of grandeur grows upon the sight,
And the wide, doming heavens arch it o'er.

The hollow circles of the smoke uproll
Against a sky of palpitating flame—
Writhing above the pines, scroll upon scroll
Swelling and rising in the crimson stain.
The moon is dead. The stars' green points of light
Merge in the drifting sparks that fill the night;
And the great flames sweep upward, fold on fold,
Till the dark mountain stands swathed round with gold.
—*May N. Hawley in July Californian.*

BETRAYED.

Adapted for the "Argonaut" from the French.

CHAPTER I.

Madame de Bretache would have been perfect, had it not been for one little fault. She was romantic—though not as is the fashion of to-day. She loved poetry, moonlight, and tales of startling adventure. She did not herself aspire to be the heroine of like adventures—being the most loyal little woman in the world—but her relish for this style of literature was not the less keen on that account. She lived in this world, where she was possessed of a charming husband and of a thousand things which made life desirable; but she lived also in a world of chimeras, a realm of fancy, where the worthy Gaston de Bretache played but a very insignificant part. Nevertheless, Madame de Bretache, who had the most exaggerated ideas concerning conjugal fidelity, and in whose eyes Artemisia lamenting Mausolus was but a very ordinary personage, had not as yet had the slightest reason to complain of Gaston, and flattered herself with the conviction that her husband maintained toward her the same inviolable faith which she herself maintained—and which truly could pass for a model of its kind—inasmuch as the extremely refined sentiments of the lovely Madame de Bretache addressed themselves rather to a Gaston of her dreams than to him who was her liege lord and master; for which sentiments he could in no wise be held responsible, since there was not a grain of poetry in his composition.

To retaliate, he felt all the forbearance of a good-natured Hercules for what he termed his wife's caprices. Therefore, when she insisted that he should wear her colors—in cravats—he submitted to the whim with commendable good humor. For an entire season blue was the predominant color in her dress, and the excellent Gaston exhibited a charming variety of ties of the same hue; then it was red; upon more serious occasions, violet; during the penitential season, Carmelite brown; and invariably Gaston followed the prescribed order with faithful exactitude. He had the same perfume for his handkerchief, the same sachet for his linen. Touching evidences of tenderness, such as these, afforded infinite, delicious satisfaction to Madame de Bretache, and caused her to look with tender eyes upon the recalcitrant Gaston when, on proposing that they should read aloud to each other, he prosaically replied:

"Yes, let us read the newspaper."

This was the extent of his intellectual capacity—all, in fact, that he found equal to his comprehension. But, to do him justice, he took an almost artistic delight in hearing the prosy news through the medium of a sweet, cultured voice; and nothing sent him more comfortably into the "arms of Morpheus" than the recital of crime thus seasoned. Madame de Bretache hoped, by degrees, to cultivate in her husband a taste for literature—a taste which she fondly deemed latent. Meantime, she comforted herself with the reflection that this worldly reading offered her, through some incidental phrase, an opportunity to expand upon the grandeur of "great thoughts," upon the actual nobility of those desperate, forsaken beings who find relief from their sorrows—in the Seine. At the same time she did not disguise her excessive indulgence for the fierce Othellos who played with knives and daggers. Yes, all this she believed to be perfectly right, just, and natural. But she considered it even more just, more natural, that a husband should have eyes and thoughts for his wife alone. Nor did she dissimulate the fact that, so far as concerned herself, she would not submit to inconstancy. She even went so far as to doubt whether she would survive the mere suspicion of such a thing. Her husband listened with calm philosophy, and, when she forced him to reply, he amused himself by teasingly saying:

"But, my dear little one, what difference would it make to you if you were not cognizant of the matter?"

"Gaston!"

"But Gaston does not hold to this opinion. Look at your good friends so and so. Are they more unhappy for it? On the contrary, it is that which makes their husbands charming."

"Gaston, you do not commit such infamies, do you?"

"Do not question me, I conjure you."

"Immediately—I would divine it."

"You would divine it? You would divine nothing at all."

"Yes?" This was said with an emphatic nod of the pretty little head.

"No, I repeat. But meanwhile calm yourself. Your husband is a spotless lamb."

"I do not want a spotless lamb."

"What, then, do you want, imperious woman? Is not my cravat of the prescribed hue? Do I not always return home at a stated hour? Am I not cited as the pearl of husbands?"

"Yes, Gaston."

"Then what more could you ask?"

"Well, I am satisfied." This last after due deliberation.

After this conversation good little Madame de Bretache could not refrain from talking confidentially to one of her friends, one of the "so and so" designated by her spotless husband, in the course of which conversation she naturally let fall a word here and there, touching upon the inexpressible comfort of having a husband who was so exceptionally faithful.

"I acknowledge that, in regard to this subject," said she, "I have but one opinion: the idea of a division of love is simply horrible to me!"

Her friend smilingly listened to these remarks; nor did she hesitate to insinuate some doubt concerning Monsieur de Bretache. The young wife overlooked these insinuations, but did not like them; and it was not without a certain degree of uneasy jealousy that she saw the majority of her friends openly flirting with her husband.

"With Monsieur de Bretache one can be perfectly at ease," said they to her, "for unless *you*, my dear, are the subject of discourse, we can not command his attention for five minutes." "Monsieur de Bretache," said another, "you will kindly see me home, will you not? You will permit him to do so, my dear? You know he will not be absent longer than need be," and several other pleasantries of like nature.

Madame de Bretache occasionally thought it would have been wiser had she kept to herself the secret of her felicity, but blushed the instant the thought suggested itself, condemning it as cowardice. One must have the courage to

confess one's sentiments, especially when those sentiments are noble, delicate, legitimate, irreproachable. All this is true; but the truth could not prevent the tears from falling when her husband said to her one evening:

"My dear, you are giving me the reputation of being an imbecile."

"An imbecile?" she echoed, in tones of astonishment.

"Exactly; and from to-morrow I shall vary my cravats as I please."

"Gaston, you will not do that!"

"I will do it, my dear, and yet love you quite as well as before."

"Some one has won your heart from me?"

"No one is sufficiently ambitious of that honor to take the requisite pains, I assure you; but it is unnecessary to carry one's heart on one's sleeve, and this is what you persist in my doing."

CHAPTER II.

From this time dated Madame de Bretache's unhappiness. Notwithstanding her sighs and the reproachful glances which she directed with her soft eyes toward her husband, he affected a complete independence so far as cravats were concerned, and assumed a gayety which was positively juvenile. However, he continued to accompany her everywhere, and, beyond the little established flirtations to which she should long ago have become accustomed, she saw nothing which could awaken her suspicions; she, nevertheless, watched, with a surveillance which rendered her slightly ridiculous, every act and gesture of "her Gaston;" and those of the ladies with whom he conversed. She did not confess to him that she searched his pockets the morning after a soirée, with eager curiosity; that she buried her dainty little nose in his pocket-handkerchief, and that she even went so far as to investigate into the depths of his opera hat. She was perfectly well aware that Monsieur de Bretache would not approve of this procedure; would, in fact, have denounced it as very wrong. She herself did not consider it altogether right or proper, but she found self-justification for the act in repeating to herself that she must defend her rights; and a secret voice, one of those presentiments which never deceive those who are in the habit of having presentiments, warned her that her rights were threatened. She thought she read a mocking glance in Madame de Lastic's eyes, who was a personage in whom she placed not the least reliance, and whom she knew to be thoroughly versed in all matters pertaining to the world; the first to discover hidden preferences, and the last to keep her own counsel concerning them.

Madame de Bretache—who lived in a cloud—was, on the contrary, profoundly ignorant concerning these things, and had no male friend from whom she could receive instruction. Her two cousins—good-natured boys—inspired no confidence in her. She always kept them at an affectionate but respectful distance. In despair, she resolved to call upon Madame de Lastic, and to observe attentively all that went on around her; but as it had always been her custom to submit, for her husband's approval, the intended programme for the day, she announced at breakfast her projected visit.

Gaston continued to eat, and did not reply—which seemed to her a bad augury; then, to assure herself regarding his intentions, she requested him to accompany her.

"No, my dear; conjugal visits, of all things on earth, are the most ridiculous."

"But, Gaston, we have made innumerable visits together—"

"Yes, and people laugh at us for it."

Madame de Bretache contemplated her plate with an air of consternation; her husband continued eating all the time with undiminished appetite.

"You can very well pay your visits alone now, my dear. Henceforth I do not care to go. What sort of a figure does a man present, anyhow, at your teas? Go to Madame de Lastic's; she will be charmed to see you. I, if I have time, will go some other day, when she does not receive." Upon which he finished his cup of tea, and passed his cup for a second.

Madame de Bretache felt her brain whirl. What! must this perfect union, this life where everything was common, this delicious intimacy, cease? Gaston had burst asunder the loving bonds with which she had held him entranced! Gaston would then resemble all other husbands; she would no longer have the consolation of saying he was an exception. This thought was like a death-blow. She felt that existence began to be an intolerable burden. However, she would struggle yet a little while, and await overwhelming proof, before deciding upon a course. What that course was to be she did not know; but she would not be passive—some active step she would assuredly take. *Never* would she submit to a life from which had fled light, love, and hope. And with these thoughts she poured out a second cup of tea for her husband, serving it badly, with too much sugar and too little cream; and heard him say, in consequence, that she had better descend from her high pinnacle—at least at meal-time.

After such a conversation, she could not well carry a smiling face to Madame de Lastic's—where they commenced, actually before she had taken her seat, to ask news of her concerning her husband.

"Where is Monsieur de Bretache? How does it happen that he allowed you to come alone?"

The lovely Baroness de Rincy, who was eating a piece of Mayonnaise bread, hastened to say, with her mouth full: "I will venture to assert that Monsieur de Bretache is in the carriage. Lucie is jealous, and has hidden him. Oh, it has been obvious for some time past that you have been hiding your husband."

Madame de Bretache thought that the intimacy of childhood was but a pretext for impertinence; but, as she had not been blessed with the gift of repartee, she could only reply: "I do not hide my husband."

"Do not deny it—do not deny it!" said Madame de Rincy, wiping her lips—slightly Mayonnaise-stained—with her small, highly-perfumed handkerchief.

Madame de Bretache thought this woman used perfumes of extremely *mauvais ton*. Patchouly was her special aversion.

Madame de Lastic laughingly forbade that anything further should be said concerning Monsieur de Bretache. "Since

he is not here to defend himself, do not speak of him." And she began a conversation of polite nothings with Madame de Bretache—the latest comer; while Madame de Rincy, with two or three others, laughed around the tea-table, chatting in a low tone of voice.

Madame de Rincy was the first to rise. Passing Madame de Bretache's chair, she stooped and kissed that lady on the brow, saying: "Farewell, *chérie*. Do not be angry." With this parting thrust she left the room, escorted by her hostess.

That evening the family dinner was a very silent affair. Madame de Bretache had not the strength of character to enable her to hide her melancholy. On leaving the table, she related to her husband the incidents of her visit. He listened to her good-humoredly, laughingly mocked Madame de Lastic and all women past, present, and to come, and ended by begging her not to be cross. To render the prayer more eloquent, more effective—he kissed her. But Madame de Bretache, instead of returning the caress, turned pale at first, then burst into convulsive sobs. Poor Gaston, overcome by surprise, looked at her with terror-stricken eyes.

"You are ill Lucie—what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"How, nothing? People do not cry for nothing;" and he tried to take her hands.

"Leave me, I beg of you, leave me; I want to be alone!"

She left the room with the air of a tragic muse, went up to her chamber, and rigorously imprisoned herself therein. On the morrow, Monsieur de Bretache received a line announcing that his wife was about to retire to her mother. Not a word of explanation, save this terrible postscript:

"Your mustache was scented with patchouly."

CHAPTER III.

Gaston's first impulse was to yield to insane laughter. Then he mentally sent to the devil both women and patchouly. For, in truth, his passing fancy for this especial perfume was not nearly so serious as was that which he felt for Madame de Bretache. He was really concerned upon learning, a few hours later, that his wife's resolution was serious.

Poor Gaston's mother-in-law combatted with all her might her daughter's mad caprice, assuring her, though unavailingly, that one might be the most devoted of husbands, and still perfume his mustache with patchouly. But even the weight of this argument failed to convince Madame de Bretache that she had not been betrayed.

"Betrayed!" This single word threw her into nervous attacks, from which she recovered only to draw an analogy between her wrecked life and those of all the unfortunate women whose peculiar cases memory could conjure up. This continued for some time. The days began to be very long, and soon became interminable. Those around her noticed this, and her mother—a sensible woman—hastened to speak of her husband's repentance, and of his ardent desire to again see his wife.

To this discourse Madame de Bretache lent an ear; but, faithful to her convictions, refused conciliation. "A betrayed woman can only moan over her lost happiness," she said. This happiness commenced to be very seriously compromised; for Monsieur de Bretache, although at first somewhat flattered by the violence of his wife's sentiments, finally became exasperated at her persistency; the more so, that he was made to appear ridiculous in this rôle of adored one.

The affair became noised abroad, and ladies feigned a reluctance to touch his hand, were their own ungloved, at the same time warning him that Spanish kid conveyed a perfume which was indestructible. Deeply annoyed by remarks of this nature, he sought the home of his mother-in-law, baving first come to a definite resolution.

On the morrow, without giving Madame de Bretache the slightest intimation of having received a visit from her husband, the wise lady suggested to her daughter the advisability of making a call upon one of her aunts, whose château was but a two hours' journey from Paris.

"This little change will benefit you. Leaving in the morning, you will be able to return after dinner. Undoubtedly one of your cousins will see you home."

Madame de Bretache, who had become very weary and low-spirited, began by refusing; then hesitated; and finally yielded.

"In fact, I do feel the need of the country. A day's quiet will be good for me."

She was not contradicted; although to speak of seeking quiet in a house where nine sat down to breakfast was slightly incongruous. On the contrary, the need of calm, the salutary effect of country air, was highly extolled. "In the spring time the country is so beautiful!" Madame de Bretache shed a few secret tears at thought of spring, but finally announced that she would go to X—the Tuesday of the following week.

The programme was executed in detail—that is to say, she left and arrived at the stated hour. She found her aunt lovely, but her uncle laid up with the gout, and both of her two cousins absent, each upon an *imperative engagement*. The day passed in walking, driving, and dreaming—a thousand times was the image of the faithless one evoked. Dinner was late. That surprised Madame de Bretache—in a house where punctuality was insisted upon with military precision. The repast was a long one. When too late she recalled train-time. Well, having missed the nine-o'clock train, it was evident that she must wait the ten—unless she preferred to spend the night at X—.

This last proposition Madame de Bretache positively declined, upon which they consoled her for the unavoidable delay with the usual arguments: "The carriage would certainly await her, as her mother would divine that she had missed the train. Then the ten train was an express, which would go straight through without stopping. After all, if one goes directly home, not to a hotel, it makes but little difference whether one reaches Paris at ten or twelve o'clock at night."

In arguing the matter she well nigh missed the ten train, leaving herself barely time to hastily embrace her aunt, and to spring, without looking, into the first carriage, into which she was assisted. When she was seated, and had time to catch her breath and look around her, she experienced a slight tremor in discovering that she was alone with a gentleman, who was asleep in the corner. They would not change cars, nor would the train stop. Accordingly, Madame de

Bretache—coming to a determination—doubled her thin gauze veil and tried to look outside. But the night was too dark, there was no moon, and, besides, a disagreeable little wind came through the open window. She disliked to make a noise and awaken the tranquil sleeper. However, after having attained the moral conviction that she would have a sore throat did the window remain open an instant longer, she arose and pulled the handle with all her might. In vain; the more she pulled the more obstinately stationary the window remained. As she gave it up in despair her fellow-traveler—aroused by the slight noise—passed respectfully before her, with the visor of his traveling-cap drawn over his eyes, shut the window, and returned to his seat.

"The night air is fresh, madame," said he.

She thought that silence would perhaps be aggressive, so replied, frigidly:

"Yes, sir."

Renewed silence, marked by the noise of the train. Madame de Bretache thought she never in her life had traveled in a car whose motion was so disagreeable. The gentleman appeared to divine her thought, for he said:

"It jolts a great deal, but there is no danger."

"I fear none, sir."

"Not but that an accident would have its agreeable features!"

He was becoming impertinent. "Ah, if Gaston were only here!" But henceforth she was destined to travel alone through the journey of life. The gentleman continued:

"We are here imprisoned for a couple of hours. In the impossibility of release, I shall console myself."

This was becoming frightful. For an instant Madame de Bretache conceived the idea of sounding the alarm. But, happily, the gentleman appeared to have understood the significance of her silence, the reserve of her attitude, and apparently acquiesced in her desire to remain undisturbed. Looking at him from under her veil, he appeared to have settled himself for another nap. His air—*comme il faut*—slightly reassured her. But he was not asleep; he moved; and Madame de Bretache saw, with affright, that he was approaching her.

"You are going to Paris, madame?" She was so terrified that she replied:

"Yes, sir."

"And there your husband will meet you?"

Her husband? Yes, her husband, certainly; for she had one, who would always defend her. It seemed to her that she was evoking him in saying, proudly:

"Yes, sir, my husband will meet me."

"Are you sure of that?" And the wretch, with these words, changed his place, and took a vacant seat beside her. Suddenly, to her terror, she felt an arm around her waist; her head was forcibly raised, and a voice whispered, in tender accents:

"Are you certain of that?"

She gave a scream of terror—succeeded by one of joy.

"Ah, Gaston! it is you—you will save me!"

"Yes—from yourself, my darling."

To her dying day she believed that it was to chance she owed this meeting. As a thank-offering, she became a voluntary martyr to the extent of affecting a taste for patchouly.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1880. S. R. HEATH.

It is to be deplored that some one qualified by experience to give the true inwardness of the business, will not expound toad-eating, both as a vocation and a fine art. We have some lively English sketches of the mystery. The craft appears to have been brought to high perfection there at an early date. It has continued to flourish in great vigor. The Germans have cultivated a variety which attains a peculiarly rank development. But neither of these varieties is quite identical with the home-grown American. For one thing, the American patron or patroness does not appear capable of those extremities of savagery—mere brutal truculence and gratuitous insult—toward his or her toad-eater that are reported to thrive in England and to luxuriate in Germany. At the same time, the American toad-eater is not observed to move on quite so depressed a plane of servility as his European congener. Altogether, the general condition of the species upon our shores is doubtless one of comparative comfort, and often not a little real enjoyment. There's "Jim Keene," now: Keene is, without much doubt, an easy, indulgent, and not niggardly patron. A diary faithfully kept by Keene's henchman would be not only priceless to posterity, but its MS. would command handsome figures from the publishers of the *Argonaut*. We do not wish to beget distrust in any manly or gentle breasts nearer home, or to breed an acetous fermentation in any fount whence the milk of human kindness now flows, to refresh arid and thirsty souls, but we suggest to these dependents that a diary, punctually kept, may, in some future day of pecuniary stress, be found available to relieve the pressure. Apart from the enterprising publisher, it should be apt to command a comforting figure from the former patron—if a he; it might prove a competence, if the patron be a she.

The Ultramontanes, it is announced, are incubating a campaign against Bismarck. This is the first item of cable news in four months that is calculated to accelerate one's circulation. A campaign of Ultramontanes *vs.* the Prince Chancellor ought to be a fascinating spectacle for all lovers of the fine old sports. In an account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle, we read:

Well, Syr, the Bear was brought forth into the Court, the dogs set too him, too argue the points even face to face. It was a Sport very pleasaunt of these beests: to see the Bear with his pink nyz leering after his ennmy approach, that if he wear bitten in one place, then what shyft with byting, with clawing, with roving, tossing, and tumbling, he would woork too wynd himself from them: and when he was lose, to shake his ears twyse, or thrise with the blood and the slaver about his fizmny, was a matter of wodle relief.

We are gratified to learn further that this entertainment was "not without risique to the Dogs from the teeth of the other; and it sometimes happens that they are killed on the spot." The cable gives the names of two aspirants for this martyrdom, Prince Edward Radziwill and Count Ballestrow. The chancellor's portraits present a "fiznamy" that might occupy itself with a relish in sprinkling off the blood and slaver of conflict. Anyhow 'twill be brave sport, and we want to buy a pool on the bear.

THE INNER MAN.

Although among the business and laboring classes of many communities the hour for dining has been at mid-day, among the circles of fashion there have been many changes respecting it; the hour which in one period or century was considered highly fashionable, becoming in another period vulgar, and changed for another. Thus in France, in the thirteenth century, nine o'clock was the dinner hour, of which there is a saying extant:

"Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf."

Ten was the appointed time, a century later, at which dinners were served both in France and England. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, eleven was the fashionable hour. The hour continued to advance, till in Addison's time two o'clock is mentioned. Thirty years later it was three; and so it has advanced, until now the fashionable dinner is partaken of at any of the hours between five and nine; the moderns imitating in this respect the ancients, who took their second meal at evening. The fashionable world, in thus appointing so late an hour for their dinner, have been obliged to recognize another meal, to be eaten in the middle of the day, and which, though it is entitled "luncheon," is nothing less than an unceremonious dinner.

The following verses illustrate the difficulties and annoyances of modern dinner-giving:

For wealthy palates there be that scout
What is in season for what is out,
And prefer all precocious savor;
For instance, early green peas, of the sort
That costs some four or five guineas a quart,
Where the *mint* is the principal flavor. —Hood.

One loves the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task, to hit the palates of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests. —Pope.

Gorgonious sits, abdominous and wan,
Like a fat squat upon a Chinese fan;
He snuffs far off the anticipated joy;
Turtle and venison all his thoughts employ. —Cooper.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch;
You always do too little or too much;
Serve him with venison, he chooses fish;
With sole, that's just the sort he would not wish;
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both. —Lid.

A correspondent writes: "I find this in the *New York Hour*, and it just breaks my heart: 'But the hard and barbarous sliced cabbage known as *cole slough* should be treated with the contempt it deserves. It is a relic of Dutch barbarism.' Now I think that cruel sentence is real mean. I have Dutch blood in my veins—a very little, though, and I have always liked *cole slough*; but I know a great many people, of English and even French extraction, who also like *cole slough*, and they are very nice people, too." If there be among the readers of this department any one who dislikes *cole slough*, with sufficient intelligence and intensity to say so in these columns, we shall be glad to tender him—or her—all the courtesies and opportunities of the joust.

Another correspondent writes to ask "an infallible recipe for dressing salad." There is no infallible rule for that gracious accomplishment, as there can be no hard and fast directions for being always graceful. "It is the easiest thing in the world to dress a salad. It's as easy as lying," said the late Cutler McAllister. But then Mr. McAllister was a very talented man as well as an accomplished *bon vivant*. It lies in the heart of every good liver—deeper than truth in a draw-well—that he is the one man appointed by the Lord to dress salads as they ought to be dressed. At most tables the salad is the one rock on which all tastes shiver in contentious foam, and the result is often a sad tribute to mediocrity of skill and poverty of judgment. When once spoiled, no additions can redeem it. There is an old Spanish proverb concerning the right dressing of a salad. It insists that "four persons are indispensable to the production of a good salad, to wit: a spendthrift for the oil—a miser for the vinegar—a counselor for the salt, and a madman to *fatigue* it."

Brillat-Savarin, in his *Physiologie du Goût*, complains that the lexicographers of his country have never defined properly the word *gourmandise*. In the meaning appended to it there is always a suggestion of gluttony and voracity, which is far away from the honest comprehension of the word. It is intended to express the Athenian elegance, the luxurious extravagance of Rome, and the delicate appreciation of the French cuisine.

This recipe for making New England pie is from *A Tramp Abroad*: "To make this excellent breakfast dish, proceed as follows: Take a sufficiency of water and a sufficiency of flour, and construct a bullet-proof dough. Work this into the form of a disk, with the edges turned up some three-fourths of an inch. Toughen and kiln-dry it a couple of days in a mild but unvarying temperature. Construct a cover for this redoubt in the same way and of the same material. Fill with stewed dried apples; aggravate with cloves, lemon peel, and slabs of citron. Add two portions of New Orleans sugar; then solder on the lid, and set it in a safe place until it petrifies. Serve cold at breakfast, and invite your enemy."

CXXXIV.—Sunday, June 27.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Asparagus Soup. Fried Oysters.
Veal Patties.
Green Peas, Green Corn, Mashed Potatoes.
Roast Beef.
Tomato Salad—Spanish Dressing.
Gooseberry Pie. Blackberries.

Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Plums, Cherries, Apricots.
To make Spanish Dressing—See *Argonaut*, Vol. I., No. 8.
ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Take thirty-five or forty large asparagus heads. Boil them in a saucepan, with three pints of stock. When done, remove the asparagus; pound it in a mortar, and pass it through a sieve. Melt about one and a half ounces of butter in a saucepan, and mix it with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Add a little sugar, pepper and salt, the asparagus pulp, and all the stock in which the asparagus was boiled. Boil, and, if not of the proper consistency, add more soup stock. Then put in a little spinach greening, and, lastly, a small pat of butter or half a gill of cream. Serve over small dice of bread fried.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880.

The political game is made, the campaign inaugurated, the lines of battle drawn. We have passed through the fever and fret of conventions and nominations and ratifications to enter upon the task of an election that promises to be more than ordinarily close and exciting. For, contrary to all expectation, the oil of harmony has, as if by miracle, been poured upon the troubled waters. On both sides ambition has been sacrificed on the altar of internal peace, and the hatchet of discord buried to win. Grant has fallen, Conkling has been placated, Tilden buried, and Kelly, the Tammany chieftain, reconciled to his tribe. Everybody is, or appears to be, satisfied. The Republicans are confident of the strength and popularity of their nominees; the Democrats claim that they have not named a better ticket in twenty years. If there are heart-burnings, they have for the nonce been smothered out of sight; if dissensions born of disappointed hopes are still alive, they are not apparent. Both "dark horses" have an even start in the race; both are military men, and understand the conditions and the nature of the contest; both are fortunate in not having bitter personal enemies to override, and the opposition of political hatred and revenge to overcome. One expects the support of the "United North;" the other, though a Union soldier, the backing of the "Solid South." And while the fight is to be *à l'outrance*, and with the visor down, there is every reason to believe that it will be with the lance and not with the bludgeon—a campaign of principle and decency. With Hancock at their head the Democrats thank God that the sanguinary shirt can no longer be flaunted in their faces, and the epithet of "Confederate brigadier" mouthed to their discomfort. With Garfield to the fore the Republicans have stilled the cry of "imperialism" and the "third term," and in the record of Hayes have silenced the murmur of "corruption and fraud." And with the epithet goes the faction. Lines of separation have been swept away. There are now no "stalwarts," "independents," or "liberals" with Republicans, and in the somewhat disorganized Democratic ranks the Bourbon cavaliers warmly clasp hands with the meanest in the rank and file in a common allegiance. Political lines of the past are broken up, and amid the general reconciliation, there is actually a casting about for some issue, something to distinguish between Republicanism and Democracy, something to fight about and over in the coming campaign. It is clear that the issue will not, can not, be made on the men. The one is as good as the other. Their ability is unquestioned, their records unassailable, their patriotism undoubted. In the matter of personal inspiration of enthusiasm both are colorless, so to speak. The difference in their personal characters is not enough to divide parties. Whence, then, the interest and the point at stake in the forthcoming contest at the ballot-box? Candidly, there is nothing at stake but pride and profit of government on one side, and an itching for the spoils of office on the other. The "ins" do not relish the idea of stepping out, and the "outs" are on the verge of insanity to get in. This is the nude truth of the whole matter. It will really be interesting to analytical minds to work out the issue governing the choice which the people of this country are to make next November between General Garfield and General Hancock as an administrative officer of this Government—between the control of the Government and the destinies which depend upon the success of the Republican or the Democratic party.

But notwithstanding there are no clearly defined issues, the battle of next November will be fought with all the desperation that can be developed. It will be a square test of the strength of parties. Every vote will be polled. Already the political statisticians—the same fellows, probably, who fig-

ured on the respective nominations—have got the result down to a few doubtful States. The "Solid South" is conceded to the Democrats without the thought of an electoral vote from that quarter. The North and West for the Republicans, with the exception of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, and California. These States gave at the last Presidential election Democratic majorities as follows: New York, 32,742; New Jersey, 12,445; Connecticut, 2,900; Indiana, 5,515, with 9,533 votes for Cooper—California being saved to the Republicans by the insignificant majority of 2,769, after the closest possible working. These five States have between them seventy-one electoral votes; and if forty-seven of them can be secured, the Democrats will be victorious—that is, provided the conceded "Solid South" is faithful, and the Republican North firm. The tug of war, then, will be in New York, if the figures are right. It is New York and New Jersey; New York, California and Connecticut; New York and Indiana to win, with Pennsylvania, Indiana, and a smaller State as a bare possibility in case New York is lost. To accomplish these States the Democrats will strain every nerve and bend every fibre. In New York, though the machinery of State government is against them, it is believed they have or can get the votes necessary to their success. The conditions are certainly favorable. A reconciliation of leaders, a burying of the local hatchet, an immense working population, a tremendous immigration, and a last chance at the loaves and fishes will develop Democrats like leaves of grass in the Empire State. In opposition the candidacy of Arthur counts for nothing. Indiana, with a candidate and Democratic proclivities, is almost sure to swing into the Bourbon line. Connecticut and New Jersey are not difficult to turn either way, and if there is any electioneering virtue in a decided stand on the Chinese question, it will be a close call for California.

But it will not do to speculate too wildly in advance—the result of the conventions has taught us a lesson in this respect that we ought to heed. Let us know something first of our men; learn something of our respective parties. We Republicans opened the campaign artistically in the eighth section of our declaration of principles when we read: "We charge upon the Democratic party the habitual sacrifice of patriotism and justice to a supreme and insatiable lust for office and patronage; that to obtain possession of the National and State Governments, and of the control of place and position, they have obstructed all the efforts to preserve the purity and conserve the freedom of suffrage; have devised fraudulent certificates and returns; have labored to unseat lawfully elected members of Congress, to secure at all hazards the vote of the majority of States in the House of Representatives; have endeavored to occupy by force and fraud places of trust given to others; have by methods vicious in principle and tyrannical in practice, attached partisan legislation to appropriation bills; have crushed the rights of individuals, and vindicated the principles and sought the favor of rebellion against the nation, and have endeavored to obliterate the sacred memories of the war, and to overcome its inestimable good results—freedom and individual equality. We affirm it to be the duty and purpose of the Republican party to use all the legitimate means of this Union to secure the perfect harmony which may be practicable; and we submit to the practical, sensible people of the United States to say whether it would not be dangerous to the best interests of our country at this time to surrender the administration of the National Government to a party which seeks to overthrow the existing policy, under which we are so prosperous, and thus bring destruction and confusion, where there is now order, confidence, and hope." This is our compliment and our gage to the Confederate brigadiers. Now hear theirs to us: "We [Democrats] pledge ourselves anew to the constitutional doctrines and traditions of the Democratic party, as illustrated by the teachings and example of a long line of Democratic statesmen and patriots. The existing administration is the representative of a conspiracy only, and its claim of the right to surround the ballot-boxes with troops and deputy marshals to intimidate and obstruct the elections, and the unprecedented use of the veto to maintain its corrupt and despotic power, insult the people and imperil their institutions. The great fraud of 1876, by which, upon a false count of the electoral vote of two States, the candidate defeated at the polls was declared to be President, and for the first time in American history the will of the people was set aside under a threat of military violence, struck a deadly blow at our system of representative government. The Democratic party, to preserve the country from the horrors of civil war, submitted for the time, in the firm and patriotic faith that the people would punish this crime in 1880. This issue precedes and dwarfs every other. It imposes a more sacred duty upon the people of the Union than ever addressed the conscience of a nation of freemen." These are the published opinions of the parties, one of the other. Neither of them are very pleasant or complimentary in their references. Both insinuate of high crimes and misdemeanors; both blaze with patriotism of the most

fervid kind. And between the two the people, in their sovereignty, are called to decide—the one following being that of Garfield and Arthur; the other, that of Hancock and English. And may the Republican win.

At least one of the American commissioners to China is destined to a monumental surprise when he comes in contact with Chinese officiality. It is certain that Mr. John F. Swift, and it is probable that both his companions, has little idea that all high-class Chinese regard him and them with nearly the same contempt that a free-born American of the generation now passing away regarded the fellow-being he called a "nigger." The late Mr. Burlingame probably succeeded in getting as far inside of Chinese life on its higher plane as any barbarian since Polo. Possessing a singularly subtle mind, with all of an American shiftness, trained to political finesse, and almost an oriental in that diplomatic adroitness which borders on chicane, he appears to have pleased the literate Chinese nearly as much as they pleased him. "Well, Burlingame," asked an eminent Boston scholar, on his return, "what do you think of China?" "Fancy," answered the envoy, "fancy a country that has two hundred Ralph Waldo Emersons, *That's* China." We are to bear in mind that the people of China are divided into two groups: (1.) the mandarins and literati (the mandarins being only the literati in office, and the literati, mandarins *in posse*); and, (2.) the remaining four hundred millions. Between these two there is a gulf—bridged, it is true, by the schools in which the literati win their honors, but impassable by any other road. The Chinese we know, out of their native country, with the sole exception of the diplomatic agents, are of the ignoble mass, looked down upon alike by the superior order, whether merchants, medical men, or domestics, and not looking up one to another, save as the possession of superior wealth may extort some tokens of consideration. But they all look up with an admiration, respect, and reverence, that have now nearly passed out of the life of Christendom, to the whole class of literati and mandarins. The last constitute the China of foreign relations. They constitute something more than the government of the State: they are the State. It is with them and them alone, it is with their sentiments and views of policy and theirs alone, that our commissioners are about to deal. Their feeling toward us—American, English, German, all alike—is one of unspeakable disgust, of contempt, tempered only by so much of hate as is bred of our forcible intrusion within their boundaries. Patriotism is often, on one of its sides, a narrow sentiment; the Chinese mind, in one of its aspects, is an eminently narrow mind; and among no people under heaven does the flame of patriotism, in its narrowest sense, burn fiercer or higher than among the Chinese. It is the one sentiment with them, the one feeling, that comes next after veneration for the father and devotion to the mother; it is the same veneration going out to the Fatherland, an equal devotion to the mother country; and the object of its liveliest activity the past forty years has been the *Fankwei*—the foreign devil, whose presence pollutes the sacred ancestral soil.

Not that this is the sentiment with which the poor boatman, laborer, or the trader of the treaty port regards the foreigner—far from it. To him, the *Fankwei* is a mine of wealth; his appearance is the signal for double fares and double charges of whatever kind; he seems to control dollars unnumbered and innumerable; he is charitable; he maintains free hospitals, where the poor victim of accident or disease can get mended and made whole without price; he is altogether a thing of joy to a few thousands of Chinese at the treaty ports, who are utterly without influence of any kind in the government, the entire mass of whom are not valued by the State at a string of cash. But let the foreign devil beware how he wander beyond the guaranteed bounds; in fact, he does beware; he knows much better than to attempt it. There are a few temples he is welcomed at. The priests forgive his disrespect to the Josh, or even his carrying off one or two little ones in his pocket, in consideration of the gratuity he leaves behind him. Our fellow-Christians do not carry off so many little Joshes now-a-days, since it has got to be suspected that they are specially placed in the way to tempt the desecration. As it is no longer any real desecration, the *Fankwei* does not care to commit it, or buy the image above the shop price. But all this has nothing to do with the attitude maintained toward the barbarian by the ruling classes. They do not live by his wages nor yet by his trade. To them, he remains what he was at his first coming—a brutal, half-swindling, underbred semi-pirate, combining the morals of a blackleg with the manners of a menial, preaching a grotesque and monstrous creed while practicing a shameless and debauched morality. We do not propose reciting here those facts in the customs of the earlier—and plenty of the later—foreigners domiciled at treaty ports, which have availed as a basis for this Chinese view of their character. But that such is the view really entertained of the European by that great body of the governing class throughout the empire—only the most trivial fraction of which has ever come in any contact at all with us—is abundantly testified. This class holds apart from us there, very

much as we hold apart from the Chinese here, and with feelings which are not only similar in their general scope, but are identical in many of the notions entertained. Our newspapers have complimented the Chinese here as moral lepers; yet the editor might squirm a little on his "tripod" to realize that the least of their literati at home would (and does) regard him as just such an outcast—one whose touch ought to make a well-bred Chinaman keck! Looking, now, at this one feature of the diplomatic situation, let us ask ourselves the question, and answer it in a reasonable and candid spirit, what amount and kind of result are we to expect—can we expect—from the mission of Commissioner Angell? It needs only to think the question fairly out, to look at it from the Chinese standpoint, and the answer comes—None. The commission will have, must have, can have no result whatever. Nevertheless, it was politic, proper, and, in fact, necessary that it should be tried; but we, here, can not too soon give it up, and set straight to work to brace up the Congressional mind to the point of taking action as soon as the failure of the mission shall have been officially communicated.

The Congress that we shall have to address will have met after the election; those we have been recently dealing with had the election in view. There is a vast difference in the situation. At the last session they had our Pacific electoral votes in view; at the next, our votes will have been given away, and the next following election will be four years off—which is the same as a century in practical politics. We shall discover the difference as soon as ever we begin to talk, and that consideration for our mere political sentiment on the question has become as a feather weight. Besides, both parties, as to their Eastern members, are equally insincere in any professions they may make. Over there the question is not one of Republican or Democrat; it is a local Pacific Coast question—diametrically opposed to the general sentiment of the nation on race politics, and in which, in order to win, we have not only to get the ear of those people, but afterward persuade and convince them that it is both wise and right to make an exception of the Chinese race, and to discriminate against them as immigrants; to reverse, in fact, the traditional and existing policy of the country, as far as they are concerned. And we have to accomplish this in full view of the circumstance that the people we address have had no personal contact with, or experience of, the Chinese; *i. e.*, have absolutely no personal knowledge whatever of the facts which we shall allege, and of the conclusions we shall draw from them and endeavor to maintain. Finally, we shall have the supposed interests of two sections—each of which, separately, far outnumbers us in votes—against us, to confirm the prepossessions we combat, and dull the edge of our most incisive argument. First, the commercial interest, commanding the votes of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, through their leading commercial cities, counts seventy-seven noses, against our eleven. Second, the cotton-growing region, which has always hankered after the Chinese as a competitor against the freedman, and counts upon getting him on the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad, numbers not less than forty-one, against our eleven. Here is a cheering prospect! And that Southern vote is destined to be found a peculiarly impracticable one. It will be good politics to antagonize it with the Northern humanitarian spirit, which, if it will only use its eyes, will perceive that this Southern policy means Coolieism later on—as inevitably and surely as the dark follows the day. But even the humanitarian zeal may cool if convinced that Chinese cheap labor means at first cheaper cotton and more of it, more to spin and more to export, more commissions, freights, and insurance, and a more favorable balance of trade. These are a few of the weapons already laid up in arsenal to be used against us. And we must successfully show, and convince a majority in an indifferent or hostile Congress, that, granting all these statements to be true, it is still also true that the part of political wisdom and moral right demands the exclusion of the Chinese.

There is at least one view of the case which the Eastern people are tradesmen enough and practical enough to understand—viz., that Chinese labor becomes a source of loss to the country and not of profit in industrial enterprise. It would not be so easy to show that his labor in the field, in the production of an exportable staple, might be equally a source of loss. We ourselves do not so much object to him in these fields. So far as we have employment for him in the orchard, or vineyard, or on the sheep-range, in building tule-levees, or other agricultural work, his presence has excited comparatively little anxiety and less clamor. But in manufacturing industry, of whatever sort, we in San Francisco are in position to mass the facts establishing irrefragably that we are made the poorer by John's presence as a successful operative. The indictment against John is, not so much that he earns less wages than another journeyman needs, but that he does not spend among us any part of the wages he does earn. From six to eight dollars per month maintain him. Even that amount he does not spend in such a way that the country gets any good of it. It is paid to his

own tradesmen, and quite two-thirds of the amount pays for rice and other goods imported from China. This is the sense in which it is true that the whole amount of his earnings is really "drained" from the community. Not merely that a portion of them is remitted to China in specie, but that no part of their wages is returned to the common fund in exchange for the products of the labor of others. In other words, it is because, and it is only because, the Chinese do not exchange labor with the community of which they form part, that nearly the whole value of their labor is felt as a drain. Suppose the census shall show in San Francisco ten thousand Chinese employed as domestic servants; they are a source of comfort that is priceless; grant that, but at present we are engaged with a different aspect of the case; their average wages are near twenty dollars per month, or two and a half millions of dollars per year. Were this money paid to women, four-fifths of the amount would be repaid to the dry-goods shops of Kearny and Market Streets. As it is, scarcely fifty dollars of that important sum finds its way into this channel. In similar wise, the course of their earnings may be traced throughout their entire range of occupation. So far as they work up raw material—as tobacco or leather—they pay for it as any other operative does; but as to all the enhanced value paid to them for it in the manufactured state—it disappears, evaporates, is gone! And the result? Business prostration is the result—stagnation, paralysis, no progress, no enterprise, no homesteads, no house-building, no trade, no nothing. This is a condition of affairs which we do not despair of making the East understand. Its steps and processes are such as she is capable of realizing without the need of the sore experience. In much of his work, John is competing with her and her products, displacing her to that extent in the market, and taking nothing that she or any other white element produces as a compensation. It is thus that he will invade her; insinuate himself little by little into her own industrial system, gaining here an inch and there an inch, and never losing a hair's-breadth of ground once won—slow, insidious, a consumption of the body politic, wasting the vital parts while it mocks the sense with a flush that mimics health and cheats the victim into the belief that his malady is but a passing qualm. Fully forewarned and made to understand the disease, the sudden sense of danger may rouse our Eastern Sisters to an appreciation of the malady that is consuming us; and so stir them to act the neighborly part of aiding us to check its further inroads.

The conditions of prosperity in San Francisco will not come of a general hurrah. They will be the result alone of an intellectual comprehension of the place that we are to fill in the world of labor. Commerce of itself is not sufficient to maintain a large city. By commerce is meant the collection and distribution of commodities. Its commerce, though relatively vast, does not support London. Commerce is not the sole reliance of Paris. The exclusively commercial cities of the middle ages had small populations. Neither Venice, nor Genoa, nor Hamburg, nor Florence were large cities. The reason is obvious enough. Commerce presupposes consumers on a large scale. It gives direct employment only to ship-builders, ship-masters, sailors, commercial houses, clerks, porters, draymen, and, collaterally, to bankers and their assistants, lawyers, physicians, and a large number of other persons. The proportion which the persons engaged in commerce bear to total population has never been estimated. But it must be relatively very small. The cities of the olden time which went down apparently because of their loss of commerce had other and more serious derangements. Venice shriveled up more because it adopted the policy of exclusiveness than because it lost the trade of the Indies by the discovery of Vasco da Gama. Rome declined quite as much from the fact that the plunder of the world had ceased, and she had nothing to give in return for what she needed, as from moral turpitude. Examples of the same sort are quite numerous in our own country. New York, by the competition of her rivals, has lost in the past ten years upward of forty-four per cent. of her commerce; but New York can hardly be said to be going down. Philadelphia has not much commerce, yet it has grown almost as large as New York. It has, however, a large manufacturing business. If we apply these generalizations to our own city, it will not be difficult to predict her future. She began in commerce. All large cities have a like genesis. A few persons congregate at a given point because, either from natural or artificial advantages, it is a distributing point. They act as the agents of the people residing around. They import the things of which they stand in need.

But if our operations had been confined to commerce San Francisco would not be a large city to-day. She went into mining, and out of it she obtained a large amount of capital. With it and the profits of commerce the city was built up. It is not certain that the person who designed always reared the warehouse or the residence. A period of wild speculation set in. But whether there was disappointment in one or many cases, that was the object to which this capital

was devoted. It built up a city in thirty years that under ordinary circumstances would not have attained to its present dimensions in three hundred. It has supplied us with hotels, theatres, public buildings, railroads, public gardens, parks, and all the appliances of modern civilization. It has founded schools, colleges, charitable institutions, and libraries. The surplus has created monopolies of great strength. A few men control all the money in the community; another association owns all the railroads leading to the city; a third combination has all the meat; a fourth, all the ice; a fifth, all the water; a sixth, all the gas. Nothing can be said to be left unappropriated but the air. That still remains free, and in its original abundance. Everything has been planned on a large and magnificent scale, for a lasting and prosperous community. But our avenues of employment, instead of increasing, are diminishing. The town is over-built. In the nature of things there will not be much more construction except in the way of improvement or renewal. This restricts the field for carpenters, mechanics, hod-carriers, brick-makers, plumbers, tanners, stair-makers, and plasterers. Our commerce is languishing for the moment under the extension of the railroads. A few years ago Nevada was wholly dependent upon us. Every foreign article which it consumed entered the Golden Gate. The State above and below us, Oregon, and distant Washington were in the same condition. But all this is changed now. The railroad from Ogden to the Columbia River will cut us off from the northern country by and by. The railroads to the south will alone bring us tributary territory within certain limitations. There are three facts which we have to look steadily in the face. (1.) Reduction of our commerce. (2.) Comparative failure of our great industry—mining. (3.) As a consequence of these two, a reduction in the field of labor. But they are not fatal facts by any means. They are not facts which suggest decay, but reorganization. Fortunately, the new form which is to take the place of the old has been growing and expanding all the time. We are making a thousand things now which we never dreamed of before. The margin we have still to work on is the list of imported articles. That is large and inviting. When we are able to make almost everything which we need ourselves we can look abroad for a market.

An idea of the future can be formed by considering what would have been the complexion of things in this city had we spent on manufacturing the eleven millions paid for mining in Nevada last year. That money would have gone among our own people; it would have enabled them to purchase more liberally; it would have put them in a position to acquire homesteads; it would have increased in property values, and produced contentment. As it was, it went to miners in another State, who now draw a large portion of their supplies from the other side of the continent. But before we can reach any great development in this line, a great many delusions will have to be swept away, and some bad habits will have to be given up. If San Francisco is to advance, it can only be by manufacturing enterprises. The line of its activity was first importing—it will have to become an exporting centre. Manufactures can alone sustain us. But a condition precedent in manufactures is that labor shall not rate higher here than at the East. There is not the least use in trying to blink this fact. It is the condition upon which a large population can live comfortably and happily here. It is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. It can not be repealed or avoided by any device. It is inexorable. The sooner all parties are prepared to accept this great truth the better it will be for all concerned. No one will go to making anything out of duty and pure philanthropy; he will only do it when he can make money. But there is not the least chance for success if there is difference between the labor market here and at the East. No doubt this may at the first glance be considered a severe lesson to learn. But it will have to be mastered. The schooling that is in progress at this moment is sure to be attended with the best effects. Nor is it among the laboring classes alone that delusions will have to be dissipated. The California manufacturer has an idea that elsewhere the man who proposes to make something has free access to the vaults of the commercial banks. We do not know any part of the world where financiering of that kind prevails. If it were so, the speculatives would have the entire control of all the capital in the country. It would be the banker and not the manufacturer who would be running all the risks. The individual who will make a success as a manufacturer must begin on a small scale. If he is working on well calculated lines, his business will soon expand. In that case, if he has an established character, bank accommodations will become possible. But the least of that kind of business which he transacts, the better it will be for him. The average Californian, proposing to make something, thinks he must launch out with an immense and fully-appointed establishment. Perhaps there is some justification for the notion, for he has seen a State and a city burst almost fully matured into life. For the rest, there will have to be less speculation and more attention to the details of legitimate business. But these are bound to come in due course of time.

FATIMA AND BLUEBEARD.

An Unblushing Libel upon a Maligned Social Contingent.

Fatima lay coiled on the four-hundred-dollar Turkish hearth-rug. A comfortable cushion, covered with garnet satin, elaborately embroidered in invisible emeralds, protected the little of her exquisite back from the ungracious angularity of the fire-dogs. A pearl-colored wrapper draped her willowy stateliness, and the masterly disposition of her ankles disconcerted her tiny, blush-colored slippers in a fashion that would have driven most anybody wild. Her chin was thrown back, at an angle not accurately measured, and her little hands were absently tearing a seven-hundred-dollar Burmese fan into long shreds. These she subsequently twisted, with rare thoughtfulness—assisted by her slender fingers—into cigar-lighters for her liege lord.

Bluebeard sat on a dais, with his legs crossed, after the manner of Turks in nursery books. He was smoking a thousand-dollar hookah. After an hour or so he ceased to inhale the pale, bluish smoke of the deadly, life-preserving, noisome, aromatic weed, took from between his lips the amber mouth-piece of his jeweled hookah, and said:

"Did you know, my love, that the fan you so industriously have been tearing into bits cost me seventy thousand mills, U. S. gold coin, in Mandelay?"

"No—did it? Thought you bought it at the Golden Rule Bazar. Don't care a reservoir what it cost. Don't believe it cost half that. Don't—"

"It did though, Fat, and I think you might be more careful. I made less than half a million last week, in my big turn in Northern Hades, we all thought would pan out so well. And Billings, Harbourn & Co. are going to charge me a cool hundred thousand for printing my last volume of vernal verse and those sonnets to your ankles, Fatzie."

"I don't care. You promised me a new dress for Mrs. Burrclover's ball next month. It will take two weeks to finish it properly, and I haven't even been measured. And you haven't said a word about it all the morning. It is so unpleasant to be asking and asking—"

"Now, Fatzie, you know very well why I've been so silent. You could not help knowing that I had my poem ready to read to you this morning. Yet you ran away from the breakfast-table as if you were afraid. You know our bargain. As long as you listen to my poetry, so long shall you have all the money you need. But when you kick, Fat—when you won't listen to reason and rhyme—you can't expect me to go on as if your half of the bargain had been kept. No listen, no listen."

Poor Fatima! How like the lot of ten thousand thousand women hers was. Her early life ran quiet as the brook by which her mother earned an honest living, in toilsome competition with the terrestrial Celestial. When she was seventeen, Bluebeard (his real name was Smif) burst upon her life's young dream like a *Call* editorial upon the rapt attention of a waiting world. The dazzle of his very wealthy wealth led her imagination captive, and she surrendered at the first fire. (It may be objected to this figure, that for a captive imagination to surrender at the first fire would be tautology of valor's better part. But this story is not intended to be either humorous or instructive; it is merely moral and alliterative.)

For her mother, Bluebeard purchased a controlling interest in the largest anti-Coolie laundry in the city, and led Fatima [her real name was plain Jane] to a mansion built on the loftiest pinnacle of Nob—bar none—where the luxury that surrounded her was simply untranslatable into words.

"It is magnif, dear Smif," she said in unreasoning ecstasy, and that unconscious inspiration had filled him with a wild longing to be a poet.

That sentence was the turning point in Bluebeard's life, and it rang the death-knell of Fatima's happiness.

Bluebeard was a mining king. He was a good operator in any species of the great Comstock squeeze game in which the under dog had no sort of chance. But he had heard of the "Banker Poet" Stedman, of Mr. Morris, who wrote the *Earthly Paradise* with the same badly whittled Faber that he used in designing pre-Raphaelite wall-paper, and he knew our own Vandyke Hubbard, and he thought it would be easy to be business man and bard at the same time.

It did not greatly matter for a while. He began with some harmless couplets like these:

"Fatima, Fatima come hither!
And how is your elderly mither?"
"The day is dusty, dull, and darkly dank
So is my balance in Nevada Bank."
"The languid bear reclineth in the shade,
The snorting bull bethinks him he's afraid."
"Fatima darling, come and kiss me, come!
And mix me a full flaggonnet of gomme (and rum)."

At first Fatima used to smile and even laugh, and thereby sowed the seeds of her own destruction. By and by her husband essayed bolder flights. Stanzas of four, eight, and sixteen lines; lyrics, pastorals, ballads, were written in such galloping sequence that they almost took away her breath. Naturally she wearied of them. And naturally—at last—told him so. But the habit had been formed, the mischief done, and poor Fatima could as easily have builded a dam with her little hands to check the tides at the Golden Gate as stay the torrent of Bluebeard's ruthless rhymes.

"Well!" he said, with an air of determination, "either listen to my poem, or stay at home from Mrs. Burrclover's party."

Fatima uncoiled herself and sprang impulsively to both her feet. There was a humid look in her lovely eyes, and two red spots suggested vermilion on her blanched cheeks. Then she sank upon her knees, and, clasping her little hands hard as ever she could, she cried (in blank verse):

"Hear me, my lord, and judge if aught I say
Be other than the factest fact. Have not I been
Your true, true wife three years consecutive?
And have I not, with patient ears, stood dumb
Before three thousand linear yards of rhyme?
My God! a woman is not made of stone!
Oh, let me off, this once, I pray you, sir!
And I will listen when my ears have healed,
And my weak stomach finds its tone again.
But, by the gods! if thus you force me now,
I'll something dreadful do, so help me Bob!"

Now, when a woman says "So help me Bob," she means it; and he is a rash man who disregards that solemn warning. But Bluebeard, alas! was intoxicated with prosperity.

The poem was read, the dress ordered, and the evening of Mrs. Burrclover's ball arrived. If Bluebeard had been less an idle dreamer, less a careless coiner of opportunities—if he had been born an editor or reared a proof-reader, for instance—his habits of thought would have compelled him to notice the change in his wife. She had grown thin and careworn, haggard and deathly pale, in a single week. She went around the house like a startled hind. [It may be objected by the captious, of whom the *Argonaut* readers number not a few, that startled hinds are not found in houses. But that is an objection which ought not to have weight, considering the deep subtlety of suggestion in the figure.] And when the evening of the party came, it required three ounces of the most costly "Parisian bloom" to bring her complexion into harmony with her dress. If Bluebeard had noticed then, all might have been well. But he did not. "It is by failing to notice that many things remain unseen," says Mr. Pickering, and the truth of this truth is very true indeed.

In the crush of the ball-room Bluebeard dropped his hat. When he had picked it up, and had turned around, his wife was gone. He searched for her unavailingly, everywhere. She was not in the supper-room, the ladies' withdrawing-room, the conservatory. She had disappeared! For an hour he searched, assisted by friends, and then drove quickly home. She was not in the house, but on the mantel of his dressing-room was a little note in Fatima's unmistakable handwriting. This is what it said:

MY DEAR HUSBAND: Because I love you I leave you. Your poetry has made me a monomaniac. For six weeks I have hovered upon the border-land of homicide. Last night I stood beside you with a razor in my hand and murder in my heart. Only your uneasy snoring saved you. Night before last I put arsenic in one of the demijohns in the wine-room—I forget which one. The night before that—but it would take a volume to tell you all. Suffice it that I leave you, and forever. Good-bye, and may Providence keep you, and teach you the value of not knowing how to write poetry.

FATIMA.

Bluebeard passed an awful night. His great folly—his great sin—was like a nightmare to him, and he could see no light ahead. The breakfast bell rang as usual, but he could not eat. Sadly and slowly he made up his mind, folding all his ideas carefully, and sprinkling them with lavender water so they would surely keep. Then he took a bath, dressed himself elaborately, and sent for his lawyer. His will was very simple. He left everything to his wife, should she return to claim it. In case she failed to turn up—which no legatee ever failed to do since the creation of the first lawyer—the estate was to go to a "Society for the Total Suppression of the Stale, Flat, and Unprofitable in Literature," of which Mr. Pickering was to be permanent president. After he had signed his will, Bluebeard took a toddy at his attorney's expense, and went out in search of a pile-driver. He found one of those interesting machines, in active operation, near the foot of Market Street. Seizing an opportunity with both hands, he sprang boldly between the uprights just as the pile man detached the driver from the chain. The huge hammer slid downward with loving swiftness. The intervention of our hero was of brief and inconsequent duration. No less skillful an official than the coroner of Alameda County might have made a showing of the remaining residue. The affair was so instantly instant in its accomplishment that the pile man thought some wag had been decorating the head of the pile with red and blue paint, in anticipation of the coming Fourth. To complete the joke, he emptied a bucket of lime on the canvas. * * *

Fatima came out of the hall closet and smiled superior. She had managed it very cleverly, she thought; and so she had. Having no sister Anne to help her enjoy the vast wealth her husband had left her, she started a daily newspaper in opposition to the — and the —, and had "heaps of fun" running through a million or so.

But Fatima has learned to know a blue beard whenever she sees one. She generally knows it by its blue color. In this she resembles the famous author of the latest "true story from the records of our swell society"; and she also resembles the good Mr. Pickering, who commonly knows a thing when he sees it, provided he knows what the thing is. SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1881. BARNIN KENT.

The magnificent beauty of the Countess of Lonsdale, at once dark and bright, has won the highest ecomiums from the veteran Beaconsfield, who sees in her the realization of the imaginary heroines that he has described with his facile pen. The remarkable splendor of the jewelry in which she luxuriates makes the resemblance still more striking.

An agricultural paper has an article on "Washed and Unwashed Butter." It says that the markets now demand that butter shall not only be fresh and rosy, but be properly worked and washed. A pound of butter that comes into market without having its face washed and hair combed is not fit for even a place on the centre table.

Professor Forbes has invented an instrument for detecting fire-damp and determining the quantity of light carbureted hydrogen in the air. He calls the invention a "damposcope." It may be a mighty good contrivance, but a pious miner will not permit his life to be saved by any such profane thing as a d—poscope.

"There," said Jones, triumphantly, holding up his egg at the breakfast table; "I was always told I wanted *chic*, and now I've got it." A smile perambulated the table, as a matter of course; and the young man who is studying French laughed immoderately after the joke had been thoroughly explained to him.

A country editor says that "he enlarged his paper for the purpose of giving more effective support to the anticipated candidacy of General Grant; but that the *reboomatization* of the general having proved unsuccessful, he now *ensmall*s it to its former size." How is that for high?

A brace of Canadian boys, sixteen years of age, planned to elope to the sunny South with two gentle maidens of fourteen. One boy was intercepted by his mother, while the other ran away with both the girls. There was nothing mean about him.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

Here is an instruction to her artistic dressmaker: "Dress me in such a manner that my vulgarities will pass for mediæval affectations."

While a Leadville lawyer was cross-examining a woman who was on the witness stand, last week, she exclaimed: "I'm a lady, and by thunder don't you forget it."

The brilliant Sophie Arnold, when she heard of a certain diplomatist that had been eaten by the wolves, exclaimed: "Poor brutes! Hunger must indeed be a terrible thing!"

A New York correspondent tells an interesting story about four women who go to dinners and receptions to talk and help the hostess entertain her guests. The price for their services is twenty-five dollars an hour.

"Why should woman more than man have been for ages the power behind the throne, moving at will its puppets and its princes—herself unseen—instead of the power on the throne, wearing its honors?" Give it up. Why should she?

A Syracuse girl was scared by an electric ball, which rolled down the chimney into her room, nearly into fits; but she wouldn't scare worth a cent at the sight of a red-headed lover who chewed tobacco and smoked Roman candle cigars.

The ex-Queen of Naples goes daily to the Hippodrome at Paris, and is taking lessons in circus tricks on horseback, a servant throwing balls to her, which she catches at full gallop and leaning back so that her head almost touches the horse's tail. The king stands watching her with mute admiration.

A Philadelphia youth, who committed suicide twenty years ago because a lovely being gave him the mitten, has been heard from through a medium. He says that when he gazes through the misty veil which divides life and death, and sees his old flame now with her fourteen children lying around loose, while she cleans house, he gets mad enough at his folly to cut his throat again, and his greatest punishment is in the reflection that he can't.

A worthy German farmer had a shrewish wife. After many bickerings, she recently announced her intention to desert his bed and board and never return. News of the occurrence reaching the neighbors, one of them called to console, and said: "Hans, I pity you." "My poy," replied the honest Dutchman, as he disturbedly knocked out the ashes of his pipe, "You was right. She has shust come back."

Rev. Olympia Brown has been going for David Swing. The Reverend David had told the woman suffragists he was in thorough sympathy with the cause, and all that kind of taffy, but—he had so many pressing engagements that he could not possibly come and talk to them for five minutes. Now, what was one of these pressing engagements? asked Olympia. Why, he had to go and see *Pinafore* at Central Hall, Chicago, which was too true. David was there. As the Reverend Olympia said, why should not the sweet Sunday essayist have frankly told the truth—the angelic liar!

They all say that Mrs. Garfield is a lady who will honor the White House. She is a woman of a sweet and winning spirit, and of bright and cultivated mind. As Miss Lucretia Randolph she was an exceedingly pretty and interesting girl, and her marriage with the general was on both sides one of ideal affection. Her intellect has kept pace with her husband's; she has studied the books he studied, taken up languages with him, and has so trained herself as to fit her boys for college in the most thorough manner. She is an excellent Latin scholar, and is also proficient in several modern languages. She is a little lady, graceful in carriage, and having most frank and charming manners.

A writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: "I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a young woman remarkably neat in her person?—she will certainly be an old maid. Is she perfectly reserved toward the other sex?—she has all the squeamishness of an old maid. Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns?—she is cut out for an old maid. If she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature."

Talk about the unprotected female! A chunk of a girl, aged thirteen, not only totally disproved the theory in Cincinnati the other day, but "created a profound sensation and delighted a large crowd." She was materially assisted in the matinee by a bootblack, who, although his own conduct drew him into the game, was an unwilling actor through at least a part of the affair. For some reason, not material to the history of the case, the girl was standing on the pavement with her head stuck down into a barrel. Along comes the bootblack, and, seeing a chance for mischief, he couldn't resist the temptation, so he up-ended the girl into the barrel. Her ladyship hoisted herself out in considerable of a hurry, if not with dignity; and, making a reach for the bootblack, flopped him over in the street preparatory to business. Her next move was to snatch his box from him, and the next was to commence thumping him over the head with it. The vigor with which the enraged female whacked that boy's head was something wonderful. Each blow brought an answer in the shape of blood and a howl of pain. If it hadn't been for the interference of a gentleman the boy would have been killed. As it was, the gentleman got his shins barked to a quite sufficient extent for pleasure by the stoutly clad hoofs of the thoroughly maddened girl.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

Molly Muldoon.

Molly Muldoon was an Irish girl,
And as fine a one
As you'd look upon
In the cot of a peasant or hall of an earl.
Her teeth were white, though not of pearl,
And dark was her hair, but it did not curl;
Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair
But owned that a power o' beauty was there.
Now many a hearty and rattling gooson,
Whose fancy had charmed his heart into tune,
Would dare to approach fair Molly Muldoon,
But for that in her eye
Which made most of them shy.
And look quite ashamed, though they couldn't tell why.
Her eyes were large, dark-blue, and clear,
And heart and mind seemed in them blended;
If intellect sent you one look severe
Love instantly leapt in the next to mend it.
Hers was the eye to check the rude,
And hers the eye to stir emotion,
To keep the sense and soul subdued,
And calm desire into devotion.

There was Jimmy O'Hare,
As fine a boy as you'd see in a fair,
And wherever Molly was, he was there.
His face was round and his build was square,
And he sported as rare
And tight a pair
Of legs, to be sure, as are found anywhere.
And Jimmy would wear
His caubeen and hair
With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
That I'd venture to swear
Not a girl in Kildare,
Nor Victoria's self, if she chanced to be there,
Could resist his wild way—called "devil-may-care."
Not a boy in the parish could match him for fun,
Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
With Jimmy; no gooson could equal him—none.
At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
At throwing the sledge with such dexterous slight,
He was the envy of men, and the women's delight.

Now Molly Muldoon liked Jimmy O'Hare,
And in troth Jimmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon.
I believe in my conscience a purtier pair
Never danced in a tent at a pattern in June.
To a bagpipe or fiddle
On the rough cabin door
That is placed in the middle—
Ye may talk as ye will,
There's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there
With which people of quality couldn't compare;
And Molly and Jimmy were counted the two
Who'd keep up the longest, and go the best through
All the jigs and the reels
That have occupied heels
Since the days of the Murtaghs and Brian Boru.

It was on a long, bright, sunny day;
They sat on a green knoll, side by side,
But neither just then had much to say;
Their hearts were so full that they only tried
To do anything foolish—just to hide
What both of them felt, but what Molly denied.
They plucked the speckled daisies that grew
Close by their arms—then tore them, too;
And the bright little leaves that they broke from the stalk
They threw at each other for want of talk.
While the heart-lit look and the sunny smile
Reflected pure souls without art or guile;
And every time Molly sighed or smiled,
Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child.
And he fancied the sky never looked so bright,
The grass so green, the daisies so bright;
Everything looked so gay in his sight
That gladly he'd linger to watch them till night.
And Molly herself thought each little bird,
Whose warbling notes her calm soul stirred,
Sang only his lay but by her to be heard.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet—
It's sometimes foolish and indiscreet;
But who is wise when his young heart's heat
Whips the pulse to a galloping beat—
Ties up his judgment neck and feet,
And makes him the slave of a blind conceit?
Sneer not, therefore, at the loves of the poor—
Though their manners be rude, their affections are pure;
They look not by art and they love not by rule,
For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.
Oh, give me the love that endures no control
But the delicate instinct that springs from the soul,
As the mountain stream gushes its freshness and force,
Yet obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.
Yes, give me the love that but nature has taught,
By rank unallured and by riches unbought;
Whose very simplicity keeps it secure—
The love that illumines the hearts of the poor.
All bluishful was Molly, or shy at least,
As one week before Lent
Jem procured her consent
To go the next Sunday and speak to the priest.

Shrove-Tuesday was named for the wedding to be,
And it dawned as bright as they'd wish to see.
And Jimmy was up at the day's first peep,
For the livelong night no wink could he sleep.
A brand-new coat, with a bright big button,
He took from a chest, and carefully put on;
And brogues as well lamplacked as ever went foot on
Were greased with the fat of a quare sort of mutton.
Then a tidier gooson couldn't be seen
Treading the Emerald Sod so green—
Light was his step and bright was his eye
As he walked through the slobbery streets of Athy,
And each girl he passed bid God bless him, and sighed,
While she wished in her heart that herself was the bride.

Hush! here's the priest—let not the least
Whisper be heard till the father has ceased.
"Come, bridegroom and bride,
That the knot may be tied,
Which no power upon earth can hereafter divide."
Up rose the bride and the bridegroom, too,
And a passage was made for them both to walk through;
And his reverence stood with a sanctified face,
Which spread its infection around the place.
The bridesmaid bustled, and whispered the bride,
Who felt so confused that she almost cried;
But at last bore up, and walked forward, where
The father was standing with solemn air;
The bridegroom was following after with pride,
When his piercing eye something awful espied.
He stopped and sighed,
Looked round, and tried

To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied;
With a spring and a roar
He jumped to the door,
And the bride laid her eyes on the bridegroom no more!

Some years sped on,
Yet heard no one
Of Jimmy O'Hare, or where he had gone.
But since the night of that widowed feast
The strength of poor Molly had ever decreased;
Till at length from earth's sorrow her soul released,
Filled up to be ranked with the saints at least.
And the morning poor Molly to live had ceased,
Just five years after the widowed feast,
An American letter was brought to the priest,
Telling of Jimmy O'Hare deceased—
Who, ere his death,
With his latest breath,
To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
And the cause of his sudden departure confessed:
"O father," says he, "I've not long to live,
So I'll freely confess, and hope you'll forgive.
That same Molly Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed,
Aye, as well as the Creed,
That was never forsaken by one of my breed;
But I couldn't have married her after I saw—"
"Saw what?" cries the father, desirous to hear,
And the chair that he sat in unconsciously rocking—
"Not in her karkether, your riv'ince, a flaw—"
The sick man here dropped a significant tear,
And died as he whispered in the clergyman's ear:
"But I saw, God forgive her, a hole in her stocking!"

THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be
Fixed in hearts immovably;
May be strong and may be pure;
Faith may lean on faith secure—
Knowing adverse fate's endeavor
Makes that faith more firm than ever.
But the purest love and strongest,
Love that has endured the longest,
Braving cross and blight and trial,
Fortune's bar or pride's denial,
Would—no matter what its trust—
Be uprooted by DISGUST.
Yes, the love that might for years
Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
Parents' frigid counsel mocking,
Might be—where's the use in talking?
Upset by A BROKEN STOCKING.

—Samuel Lover.

The Gaberlunzie Man.

The pawky auld carle cam' o'er the lee,
Wi' many good-eens and days to me,
Saying, "Goodwife, for your courtesie
Will you lodge a silly poor man?"
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat,
The daughter's shoulder he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

"Oh, now," quo' he, "were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be,
And I would never think lang!"
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her old nunny ken
What the'r slew twa thegither were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They rose a wee before the clock,
And willy they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Synne to the servant's bed she gae,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;
She clapt her hands, cry'd "Wala-day,
For some of our gear will be gane."
Some ran to coffer, some to kist,
But naught was stown that could be mist;
She danc'd her lane, cry'd "Praise be blest!
I have lodged a leal poor man."

"Since naethin's awa', as we can learn,
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn;
Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben."
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife did say:
"She's off with the Gaberlunzie man."

"Oh, fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find those traitors again.
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The weariful Gaberlunzie man!"
Some rode upo' horse, some ran afit,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But she cursed ay, and she bann'd,
Meantime, far hind, out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang;
The prairie was good, it pleased them baith,
To lo'e her for ay he gae her his baith,
Quo' she: "To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie man!"
—King James V. of Scotland.

How Long?

If on my grave the summer grass were growing,
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June or desolate December,
How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember?
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking.

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses,
Fill up your glass, and crown it with new kisses.

Too gay in June you might be to regret me,
And living lips might woo you to forget me;
But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remember
When winds were weary in your life's December.
How long, dear love, how long?
—Anon.

THE BANQUET OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

From La Tentation de Saint Antoine.

"And suddenly a mighty palace, illuminated by golden candelabra, seems to arise from out the darkness like a vast dream.

"Columns so lofty as to be half lost from sight in the shadows above stretch away in long files, beyond the line of tables, which seems to prolong itself to the verge of the horizon, where loom up through a luminous vapor superpositions of stairways, successions of arcades, colossi, towers, and, beyond all, a vague summit of palace walls, which far overtop the cedars, making darker masses against the darkness of the night.

"The guests, violet-crowned, lie reclining upon low couches; on either side of the long lines of tables are lines of attendants outpouring wines from amphoræ; and at the extreme further end, above the heads of the guests, sits the King Nebuchadnezzar, crowned with his tiara and blazing with carbuncles.

"Upon his right and upon his left stand priests in pointed caps, swinging censers. Upon the pavement below his feet crawl the captive kings, without hands or feet, to whom he throws bones to gnaw. Further off his brothers are seated, wearing bandages over their eyes; all being blind.

"From the depths of the slave-prisons below arises an everlasting cry of pain. The sweet, slow music of a hydraulic organ alternates with the voices of choristers; and one feels that all about the palace without extends an immeasurable city—an ocean of human life whose billows break against the walls.

"The slaves run to and fro, bearing dishes to the guests. Young women pass through the hall, offering drink to all; baskets creak under the weight of the loaves they contain; and a dromedary, bearing wine-skins perforated with tiny holes, walks hither and thither, sprinkling and cooling the pavement with vervain.

"Warriors are leading tame lions about the festal table. Female dancers, whose long black locks are confined in nets, turn agile somersaults upon their hands, while breathing fire from their nostrils; negro boatmen are juggling; naked children throw pellets of snow at each other, which spatter against the brilliant silverware. The clamor of the banquet is like the thunder of a tempest, and a fog hovers above the hall, so many are the steaming meats and the warm breaths below. At intervals a spark detached by the wind from the great torches traverses the night like a shooting star.

"The king wips with his arm the perfumed unguents from his brow. He eats in the sacred vessels, then breaks them; and within himself he counts the number of his fleets, and estimates the strength of his armies and the number of his subjects. In a little while he will burn his palace, with all the guests, for a kingly caprice. He dreams of dethroning God, and rebuilding the Tower of Babel.

"Antoine, from afar, reads all his thoughts upon his brow. They penetrate him, and he becomes Nebuchadnezzar.

"Instantly he feels as if satiated with dissoluteness and the drunkenness of blood, and a strange desire seizes him to wallow in degradation. For the degradation of aught that terrifies men is an outrage to their understanding—a new method of stupefying them with astonishment; and, as there is naught viler than a beast, Antoine throws himself on all fours upon the table and bellows like a bull.

"He feels a sudden pain in his hand; a pebble has accidentally wounded him—and he finds himself again alone in his hut.

"The bounding circle of the rocks is empty. The stars are burning silently in the night. All is hushed."

A curious point in Lord Byron's history has lately been raised, with which a ring has direct connection. Byron's mother was his female self, in temper, and in the unhappiness of her life—of which his own career was but a reproduction. At Newstead Abbey she lost her wedding-ring. Byron, on the day of the arrival of Miss Milbank's acceptance of that offer of the poet's which linked him to a life of married misery, was at dinner at the abbey, when the gardener brought him his mother's ring—which he had found buried in the mound under her window—just as the footman handed him his future wife's letter. The poet held the two in either hand for a moment, and said: "If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring." He was; and afterward, in writing of the wedding ring, called it "the damndest part of matrimony."

A lecturer in the interior writes: "The night was warm, and the first insects of the season were on the war-path. One large black beetle was particularly humorous. Twice he alighted on my head and got his legs all tangled up in my hair, so that when he tried to fly away he nearly lifted me off my feet. Then once, right in the midst of the most pathetic passage in the lecture, he slid down my back, and after scratching and buzzing around in the most annoying manner, finally crawled down my sleeve and shot out at my wrist like a bullet when my arm was extended toward the audience. Finally, the wretched thing flew through one of the foot-lights, burned off the paper muslin portion of his wings, and lay on his back looking up at me with an expression of reproach, as though it was my fault."

In a Milwaukee street-car the other day a near-sighted man was sitting near the fare-box reading a newspaper, when a lady passed up the aisle and accidentally dropped her handkerchief in the lap of the near-sighted man as she paid her fare. She did not notice her loss, and after she had taken her seat a gentleman sitting opposite the near-sighted person touched him with his cane to call his attention to the handkerchief. The near-sighted man looked down, saw the white handkerchief in his lap, and immediately covered it up with his paper, blushing as he did so. Then he inserted his hand under the paper, tucked the handkerchief in out of sight, and went on reading.

"Conkling" is the name of a new town in Kansas. It has just been laid out.



PALACE HOTEL, Friday Morning, June 23.

The departure of Prof. Angell, the new minister to China, and Messrs. Swift and Tresscott, the commissioners, and their families, by the *Oceanic*, on Saturday last, was an event long to be remembered by those who assembled in the saloon of the vessel to say *bon voyage* to the distinguished party, and to wish Mr. Swift and his charming wife a speedy journey and a safe return. Mr. Swift received his friends in Stateroom A amidst showers of Roederer, while the ladies made their adieux in the main saloon. The 8th Infantry band came from Angel Island especially in honor of the occasion. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Torbert and Mrs. Lieutenant Bailey, sisters of Mrs. Swift; Mrs. Colonel Woods, Mrs. Kaufman, Mrs. H. F. Williams, Mrs. Poett, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Beers, Miss Hawes, Mrs. Lieutenant Smith, Mrs. W. F. Perkins, Mrs. Provattian, Miss Morrill, Mrs. D. W. Earle, Mrs. General Stoneman, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Miss Torbert, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, and Mrs. Winslow. Among the gentlemen present I noticed General McDowell, General Kautz, Major Wilhelm, Colonel Stevenson, Lieutenant H. D. Smith, Lieutenant Bailey, Lieutenant Whitney, ex-Governor Low, Prof. Davidson, Selden S. Wright, Consul Bee, Mr. Ben Truman, Mr. D. W. Earle, Colonel Hawes, Mr. Torbert, Captain D. D. Stubbs, Captain Moore, Mr. T. F. Goodman, and many others. Minister Angell and Commissioner Tresscott and their families were the recipients of many courtesies, and expressed themselves greatly pleased with their stay in San Francisco. Among the passengers by the *Oceanic* was Miss A. Barney, of St. Louis, who goes to Hongkong to marry a gentleman whose business demands would not permit him to go to Missouri to marry her. Miss Barney must be as clever as she is pretty. Some girls are so easily imposed upon; I would prefer to live an old maid all my life rather than go, Mahomet like, to some mountain of a fellow away off among Asiatic influences. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker and son leave San Francisco for the Eastern States on Thursday next, July 1. Miss Amy Crocker, daughter of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, left on the overland train for the East on the 17th inst., en route for Dresden, Germany, where she goes to pursue her studies for the year. She was made the recipient of an elegant farewell party the evening before she started. Mrs. Robert Sherwood left on the overland for Europe on Saturday last. Mr. Crosby E. Noyes, editor and proprietor of the Washington (D. C.) *Star*, who has been quietly doing Los Angeles and the Yosemite, with his family, left for his home on Sunday morning last. John Russell Young, of the New York *Herald*, has gone to Southern California and Arizona. Miss May Crittenden, niece of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, left on the overland a few days ago to visit friends in New York and St. Louis. Miss Crittenden and her sister, Mrs. Severance, are the most expert lady swimmers on the Pacific Coast; either of the above ladies can make their mile or more along turbulent billows with ease. Miss Hattie Whitney, of this city—and who is, by the way, a great favorite in Washington—sailed for Europe in the steamer *Montreal* on the 17th inst. Mr. Brooks, proprietor of the New York *Express*, arrived in town a few days ago. The navy people upon this coast are in great sadness over the death of Lieutenant W. F. Zeilin, of the Marine Corps, who was stationed at Mare Island for a few months, and who left there in February last for Norfolk, to command the marine guard of the receiving ship *Franklin*. Zeilin was a great favorite. His death was one of the most tragic known, and was brought about by his having been thrown furiously from a runaway horse upon a turnpike near the Norfolk Navy Yard. Major Hebb, of the Marine Corps, who was ordered from Mare Island to Charlestown, Mass., and Mrs. Hebb, arrived at the latter place safely a short time ago. On the first instant, Doctor Fitzsimmons, of the navy, was married to Miss S. W. Russell, of Nashville, Tenn. On the second instant, Chief Engineer Henry W. Fitch, U. S. N., was married in Detroit, to Miss Emile A. Campan, daughter of a prominent capitalist of that city. The engagement of Lieutenant H. G. O. Colby, of the navy, to Miss Kitty Thompson, daughter of Hon. Francis Thompson, of Charlestown, Mass., is announced. Lieutenant Cowles, U. S. N., and wife (the latter a daughter of Senator Thurman), who passed through here for the East, from China, a few weeks ago, are at Annapolis, and were present at the ball given by the class of '81 to '80, at the Naval Academy, on the 10th instant. Miss Dollie Brown and her father, who have been recreating at Clear Lake, returned to the city a few days ago. Mrs. Charles Crocker has been spending a week or two upon her brother's farm, in Lake County. Miss Hattie Crocker is at Colton. General Houghton and family, Mrs. General Coey and children, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Thomas Brown and daughters, are at the Glenwood Springs, near Santa Cruz. Mrs. Fred Castle and the Misses Castle, Miss Bentley, Mrs. John Carroll, and Mrs. Mangles, are at Aptos. Mrs. John Russell Young is at San Rafael. Doctor Merritt and his guests—Miss Nellie Knowles, the Misses Dwyer, Miss McClellan, and Mrs. Garcelon—who left here in the yacht *Casco* on May 28th, arrived at Honolulu on the 29th. Mr. M. J. Thompson, eldest son of Judge Thompson, a wealthy lawyer of Los Angeles, was married on the 18th instant to Miss Minnie, daughter of the late Doctor Cunningham, of Oakland. Mr. Thompson and bride are spending their honeymoon at Pescadero. The engagement of Colonel Fred. Crocker, eldest son of Charles Crocker, and Miss Jennie Easton, a niece of D. O. Mills, is announced. Colonel Crocker is president of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona, and an acknowledged leader in society. Miss Easton is a petite beauty and very accomplished. The marriage takes place in September. Captain Glass, of the navy, and Miss Ella Johnson, of Oakland, are engaged, the marriage to take place at an early day. Ed. Newhall, of this city, is engaged to Miss Hall, of New York, the marriage to take place in July; and Mr. Philip Hinkle and Miss Alice Rhodes, of this city, are engaged to be married in the same month. HEBE.

Sacramento, June 22.—We see Hebe has come on the "bill of fare" again, and it sets us to wondering if a dish served by your humble servants would not be as palatable? The Bric-a-Brac Club is the cause and effect. They gave one of their very successful soirées Friday evening, and they certainly deserve one of your columns if any one ever did. And, by the way, we wish those "Bébés-aux-Bavettes," who call themselves "Bric-a-Bracers" in your city, would vie with us in an exhibition of some kind. We'll extend a cordial invitation to every "Bébé" of that club, and every attendant "bonne," to visit us during one of our entertainments, providing they will do likewise. We are inordinately curious to see how these infant pliffers, who have taken our name in vain, conduct their affairs. We're always open to improvement! This is the second annual reception of the club. The first was held a year ago at Mrs. E. B. Crocker's. This year we congregated at Mrs. E. B. Mott's elegant rooms, on J, between Second and Third. During the year, we meet once a fortnight—no outsiders admitted. We exhibit our pictures, crude, half-finished sketches, sometimes; give a few musical and literary efforts; take mild refreshments, mixed with a little jollity, and disband at an early hour. This is the programme ordinarily. But when we give one of our receptions! Every mighty effort by every mighty member is put forth for this one exhibition, and a grand success can only be the happy result. About two hundred and fifty guests were

invited; and, as spacious as Mrs. Mott's parlors are, they were crowded with all the beauty, brains, and bon-ton of the city. To tell who were there would be a week's undertaking. Just imagine two hundred and fifty of our best people, in *full regalia*! For a while the club *did* stagnate, and gave evidences of a last gasp. And when we did assemble, it made one think of the colors on a great palette, all arranged as one sees them when the artist first takes them from the tube—the light colors coming first, that one might call our artists; then the mezzo-tints, that we'll term the musical members; and then, merging into the darker colors, the literary members. There they all were, standing separate and alone on that palette—wouldn't mix for anything under the sun! The artists, drawn up to their full importance, in one corner of the room, or palette; the musical folks, as set up in their own concert, in another corner; and the literary in another. Now, what earthly, or heavenly, good did all these colors do, if they wouldn't *blend*? 'Twas distressing! And then a change dawned on the horizon of that palette! Such a determined, good-natured little palette knife, in the shape of Norton Bush, put in an appearance; who brought along an oil-cup in the form of Mr. Procter. And such a revelation! Procter poured his oil of fun and human kindness upon that palette; and palette-knife Bush went to work with a practiced hand, and mixed those stiff, uncongenial colors in a way that would make your eyes open! And soon every hush of art and musical and literary member was at work over that palette of paint, and we've had many a beautiful picture since. And all of a sudden the artists were making love to the musical people, and the literary folks were praising the artists, and everybody was saying and doing the nicest, most comfortable things of the other. It is certainly "the" thing of Sacramento; and we think it is the only thing of the kind in the State, where ladies and gentlemen assemble for mutual improvement. All those outside of the club are crazy to get inside; and all those inside are so happy that they are not outside. They rendered a very good musical programme; there were instrumental solos by Miss Griffin, Miss Gerrish, and Mr. Heyman; vocal solos by Mr. George Redding, Mrs. Mott, and Miss Milliken; besides several charming duets. Our quartet—Messrs. McNeill, Crandall, Putnam, and Freeman—sang several times; and what made it the more enjoyable, stood on the balcony; and when their pleasing voices came through the open windows it just carried one away! Good music is such a power; and wasn't it Addison who said, "Music is the only passion in which mankind may indulge to excess without injury"? Mrs. McNeill favored us with two solos after supper; she was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Fleissner, from Leipzig, Germany, who has just come to California to lead the Orpheus Musical Club in Sacramento, was present, and he sat at the piano and gave us something in a grand, masterful style. A niece of Mrs. J. T. Glover, Miss Briggs, of Oakland, performed with extraordinary skill. Messrs. Ball and McNeil and Mrs. Berkey gave us an instrumental trio—unusually fine. The only literary effort of the evening was from Miss O'Brien's pen, but the *length and strength* of this made up for the lack of others. She rendered her essay in good, clear voice, and with an ease and self-possession remarkable in so young a lady. About eighty pictures, in oil, water-colors, charcoal, crayon, and porcelain, were exhibited; but one has to see such things to really appreciate them; and we can give but a tame, limited description of the most important. Mr. Jackson's best was a crayon portrait of Dr. Haswell, and a larger landscape in the Sierra Nevada. Mr. Bush's best and largest—indeed, considered quite the best his brush has ever attempted—was a scene on the Rio Obispo, in the Isthmus of Panama. D. H. Woods had several good things in the portrait line. Professor Jordan also. Mrs. Bingay showed some excellent work in porcelain. Mr. Redding a fish picture, which, if Brooks could see, would surely turn him green with jealousy. A portrait from Mrs. Ballou, who has been astonishing Sacramento people with her work in that line. F. J. Lewis showed a scene in the Yosemite Valley—very good indeed. Mrs. John Lewis, two little figure pieces of Italian boys. Miss Amanda Austin had some charcoal drawings from real life, which showed genius in every stroke. Mrs. C. H. Hubbard exhibited a crayon portrait of her two-year-old infant, which was really one of the finest things on exhibition. Another scene on the Russian River, by George Redding, was a noticeable picture. There was a great deal of other work also. An elegant supper was served in the dining-room. And these Bric-a-Bracers offer you wooden plates and Chinese napkins, airy but still serviceable. Dancing was indulged in when the crowd had thinned out a little. The whole affair was a success throughout, and certainly a great satisfaction to the members. They combine improvement and advancement with sociability and hearty good feeling; and if there were more of such clubs in the State, California would not have quite the "uncultivated benighted" name that it has among our Eastern encyclopedia friends. And now to wind up with Bric-a-Brac news; have you heard the new Bric-a-Brac waltzes, composed by Joseph D. Redding, and named *entirely* in our honor? They are bewitching, and you should hear them. You know we are to have President Hayes here in September. *That's* what we get by living nearer the "Rockies" than you do! And we suppose then all manner of devices will be thought of to entertain our illustrious guest. Until then we presume Sacramento will vegetate, as every one seems to be emigrating to Santa Cruz or to the Hotel del Monte. BETSY AND I.

It was about 1852, at the time of Kossuth's visit to America, that a style of voluminous felt hat came into vogue called the "Kossuth" hat. "I do not mean to affirm," said the old Philadelphia major, "that no gentleman wears a Kossuth hat. I mean merely to say that when I meet a person wearing a Kossuth hat, it does not raise in my mind a presumption that he is a gentleman. On the other hand, sir, when I meet a person wearing a silk hat, it does raise that presumption." Now, allow us: When, in 1880, one meets a woman on the street wearing a painted face, it does not raise a presumption in our mind that she is an honest one. On the other hand, madame, when we meet a woman whose face is not painted, it does raise that presumption. A sadly large percentage of the women one meets on the streets in San Francisco at the present time wear painted faces. The fact by itself is not conclusive of the wearer's status any more than the silk hat was. In each case it merely fails to raise that favorable presumption which, in the absence of adverse proof, is determinative.

What this country really needs is an aristocracy. Livered menials we already enjoy, and they are a great comfort. Our monograms on the coach-panel are a solace to many troubled hearts. Our glass and tableware are not surpassed in the most favored nations. But, to the thinking mind, it is plain that there is still a void that must ache in many earnest souls, and which our existing institutions are inadequate to fill. The post-revolutionary society of the Cincinnati was founded on unsound principles, and properly succumbed. An aristocracy without wealth is a ridiculous object. Wealth is the proper as well as the necessary foundation for the genuine thing; and a title is its only fitting mark of distinction. The craving for title is an innate aspiration of the human heart, recognized as such throughout this land of liberty, where the ingratiating stranger propitiates his victim as "Colonel," or "Judge." But these designations, though they are a source of much genuine gratification, still leave the void unfilled; and the partner of the dignity is excluded from any participation in it. Quite seriously, we suggest that the time should shortly be ripe for dealing with this real evil in an earnest spirit. Why, for example, should not Mr. Vanderbilt, whose name stands against the largest figure on the books of the Treasury Department, be designated, so long as he retains that distinction, as "Duke of the Funded Fours"? One of our successful townsmen might rank as "Marquis of the Fives"—to be addressed "My lord marquis." The largest landholder in a county should be earl of the county, and entitled by its name; thus, Mr. Lux would become Earl Luxar and Baron Gillyroy; and Mr. Miller, Earl Fresno and Baron Millerton; Mr. Hagglin, Earl Kern and Baron Bakersfield, and so on. This ought to be a very gratifying thing to such gentlemen if they should have the proper feeling in the matter; and if they shouldn't, the business could be safely left to "Lady Shasta," "Lady Stanislaus," and "Lady Contra Costa," and the other dames, to make it so. This is a very pretty idea, and ought to be started in California, where we have so many suitable Spanish names to lend it grace. Of course, when you get to Indiana, and begin to have "Lady Bartholomew," "Lady Orange," "Lady Vermilion," and such names, the thing becomes ridiculous; but then the idea of Indiana aristocracy is ridiculous anyhow. Among ourselves it is quite a different affair. Consider, too, that while the eldest sons of dukes and marquises take their father's second title, *all* the other sons and daughters are styled "Lord Edward," "Lady Caroline," etc.; while of earls

the younger sons are only styled "the Hon. George," etc. (which might confound them in some vulgar minds with members of the Legislature); still, the daughters would be called "Lady Jane," etc. Now, this vision is really bracing. Knowing, as we of San Francisco do, the lively emotions excited among us by the casual appearance of itinerant barbers claiming to be mere barons, we can fancy the agreeable tumult of feeling that would be maintained by a system of live Lord Gillyroys—heirs to the earldom of Tulare—of our own. It is clear to us that the *Argonaut* itself deserves a modest patent of nobility for having worked the thing out in feasible form and bestowed this boon on California. The least that could be done would be to make us Baron Vallejo-street and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bathing-machine—an obvious American improvement on the effete order of the Bath.

Miss Neilson's "Viola" fairly captured the audience on its first presentation, Friday evening of last week. Newspaper fame had made the average play-goer familiar with Miss Neilson's charming portraiture of that archaic—almost ideal—heroine. But the average play-goer was scarcely prepared for the excellence of Mr. Edward Compton's support. The innocent archness—the arch innocence, to be exact—with which "Viola" carried her various points were almost equaled in quality by the dashing "dumensense" of Compton's "Malvolio." It almost redeemed his "Romeo"—if anything could quite do that. *Romeo and Juliet* closes the Neilson engagement at the Baldwin, this evening. This afternoon Miss Neilson will appear as "Viola," possibly for the last time in this city. At the Dush Street, *Boccaccio* is still running, and may reach its fifth week. *Madame Favarit*, an opera known to us through the interpretation of the Almée troupe, is now well in hand, and will be brought forward as soon as the favorite opera now on the stage ceases to attract.

Here is a little episode in John McCullough's life, related by himself: "It is strange to what extremes religious prejudice will carry people. I have a good Presbyterian sister up in Pennsylvania, who was so horrified when she heard I had adopted the stage as a profession that she refused to recognize me. She believed that the play-house was the vestibule of the devil's workshop. For years we did not meet. She never wrote me a line. Finally, in 1876, her husband concluded to go to Philadelphia and pick up one of the fortunes to be conveniently gathered during the Centennial. He sold his rural home and purchased a small shop in Philadelphia. In a short time he came to grief. I heard of the distress that had overtaken the family, and slipped quietly into the country, bought back the little home, put it in my sister's name, and sent her and her babies back to pure air and contentment. That vindicated the stage. The letter I received from her was almost worth the years of estrangement, and I don't believe she will live long enough to get done wondering why her church ever taught her that actors were bad people and the theatre the sum of all villainies."

For some months past rumors have been current in court and diplomatic circles to the effect that a marriage was "in course of arrangement" between Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria, and Mademoiselle Yusupoff, the daughter and co-heiress with her young sister of a Russian prince, who is popularly credited with being the Czar's wealthiest subject. This Muscovite millionaire's income is chiefly derived from house property in the Russian capital; and not very long ago he was prosecuted by the police authorities of St. Petersburg for allowing his houses to fall into decay and to lack the commonest sanitary appliances prescribed by law, so that an epidemic broke out among his tenants. Mademoiselle Yusupoff is an amiable and clever young lady, more remarkable for her varied accomplishments than her beauty. She will bring to the ruler of Bulgaria a dowry of \$10,000,000, and expectations of a succession appraised at between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000 a year more.

Who would have thought, some five or six years ago, when ladies were hesitating as to wearing a red and white striped, or pale blue, or a rose-colored stocking, that in 1880 their arching insteps would be bearing a variety of designs, such as bouquets of flowers, humming birds, acrobats, ballet girls, beehives, and piping Highlanders, in all colors of the rainbow, exposed by the low Grecian shoe or the graceful Louis Quinze slipper? Would Martha Washington, who knit her own and her husband's hose during the Revolutionary War, be most delighted, astonished, or shocked to see the displays on the brilliant and attractive hosiery counters of to-day? Did Richeieu ever dream, or Voltaire most remotely imagine, that their sentimental but versatile and witty nation would some day choose to immortalize their names through the medium of a stocking, or that the most popular *memento moris* of the greatest statesman and the greatest wit of France would be in the shape of hosiery of Lisle thread and silk?

In a work on dramatic art, published in 1772, Monsieur de Cailhova, one of the dramatists of that day, says: "A new piece is advertised; all Paris flies there; the curtain rises, the actors appear, the friends of the author applaud—the enemies of his person or his talent hawk or blow their noses. They go to supper. Those of the guests who could not be present in the theatre ask about the success of the novel y. 'Tis pitiable, or 'tis delicious, says a *merveilleux*—who in his life never judged anything but by contagion. From the end of the table a pretty woman confirms his judgment, only adding that the hair of the actress was very badly dressed." *Tempora mutantur*, but might not this paragraph have been written in this year of grace 1880? It is not only in France, alas! that people judge by contagion.

The "working hours of ladies in high life" are given by Kate Field as follows: One hour and a half to bathe, dress, etc., in the morning. One hour to disrobe, get ready for retiring, and do up hair at night. Three hours going, coming, and doing the daily shopping. One hour and a half for meals. One hour dressing for theatre, operas, ball, or party. Three hours at theatre, opera, or ball. Two hours visiting or receiving visits. Total, twelve hours hard daily labor. Yet the "lower classes" complain because they have to work ten hours a day. Let them change places with us and they'd realize what hard work really means.

It is no uncommon thing in the west of England to meet a lady on a tricycle. The tricycle is becoming to athletic young girls all that the bicycle is to young men. It is fast enough now for the fastest, surely, as the speed obtained with a tricycle made by Singer, of Coventry, was nearly fifteen miles an hour. A tricycle club, partly composed of ladies, has already been formed at Kensington, and the fashion, having been set, is being greatly followed.

An English bride does not consider herself married unless she is attended by six bridesmaids, at the least. The prettiest fashion is to have all children, as happened in the recent marriage of a granddaughter of the Duke of St. Albans, the six little maids being quaintly dressed in Pompadour style, with mob caps and fichus, and each carrying a basket of fresh spring flowers.

Larry Brannigan (Lawrence Barrett) is writing a life of Forrest, to be published by Osgood & Co., Boston. This will form one of a series of actors' biographies to be published by the same house. Edwin Booth, it is said, will write the life of the elder Booth. It will be interesting to watch the development of the lesser literary-dramatic lights.

Minnie Hauk has just aroused another burst of enthusiasm in London with her *Carmen*. The *Times* of that city calls her "the first and still unsurpassed *Carmen* in England"—which is probably not pleasant reading for Madame Marie Roze, who claims to be the singer for whom the opera was originally written.

A procession of twenty icebergs coolly sailing down the Atlantic coast is what is troubling the Eastern June.

The only tragedy of the Romans which has reached us was written by Seneca, the philosopher.

According to the *Republic*, John McCullough, the tragedian who is not crushed, has recently returned from a very successful tour in the South and West. The journey was performed by his theatrical combination in palace and drawing-room cars, and all the luxuries of modern travel, and is chiefly remarkable in that it records the successful starring tour of the pupil over the route long ago traveled by the master in a widely different way. To follow the pupil in his own description, Forrest rode from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in October, 1822, three hundred miles, "over such tremendous mountains," in company with a dozen men and women, and after playing there in a leaky old place they took a flat-boat on the Ohio River for Marysville, Kentucky, "floating lazily down for five days and nights," "filling the time with stories, games, and jokes," "a happy set, careless, healthy, and free." Eberle was the leader of the orchestra, Lucas scene-painter, Henderson stage-manager, Mrs. Pelby and Mrs. Riddle leading ladies. Forrest was the handsome juvenile, and played many odd characters. At Lexington, where McCullough had such a reception recently, Forrest had great success in more pretentious parts, but for many years his life was full of humiliation, poverty, and failure. That company left Lexington in February of 1823, in cold weather, the women in rude wagons, the men on horseback. They had a terrible ride, made pleasant by good humor and mutual forbearances. Forrest was just seventeen when they opened in Cincinnati. He played in *The Soldier's Daughter*, danced in *Little Red Riding Hood*, sang comic songs between the pieces, acted as the ragged daughter of the old soldier, played by Eberle, with his fiddle, on a wooden leg, was "Corinthian Tom" in *Tom and Jerry*, acted with his trained dog in *The Dog of Montargis*, a portrait of which he had painted for his house on Master Street, now one of the decorations of the Forrest Home, near this city. This animal often suggested some bitter comments to the great actor upon the fidelity of the dog and the ingratitude of man. How interesting to recall the contrast between McCullough and his combination, traveling in palaces on rail, living in palaces of hotels, and playing in palaces in towns, collecting thousands in their royal journeys, and young Forrest and his Bohemians in the West, fifty-eight years ago, men and women racked in old wagons and on poor horses, playing in barns and taverns, floating on dirty river scows, and personating darkeys, old soldiers, and ballad singers between the acts, as poor as rats, and as happy as they were poor.

When women enter the ranks as intelligent critics of the higher order of literature, many questions are observed under a new light. Thus, upon the old and trite subject of Shakspearean criticism, Harriet Martineau wrote in her private note-book: "I read *Katherine* and *Petruchio* with the same effect that play ever has—wonder at its fun and cleverness, and much enjoyment thereof, but intolerable pain at the treatment of 'Katherine.' Such a monstrous infringement of all rights, leading to such an abominable submission, makes one's blood boil as much as if it were not a light comedy, but a piece of history."

An Eastern correspondent blasphemously says: "The present summer hat for women is to be of straw. It will be knocked in on the front, jammed in on the back, shoved in on each side, and kicked in on top. Then the rim will be jammed up all around to make the whole effect harmonious. It will be trimmed with strips of sheet tin, turkey wings, old fruit cans, and debris generally. It is an economical kind of hat, as it can be made by taking a boy's old straw hat, running a wheelbarrow over it a few times, and hitching on whatever comes handy."

Private letters and recently arrived Englishmen convey the impression that our country is to be this year the fashionable resort of the British tourist. Large numbers of English swells, snobs, sportsmen and wanderers generally are going to invade the United States, enjoy our hospitality, go to sleep on the sofas of our clubs, slaughter our game, and carry away our pretty heiresses. It is to be hoped that only few invaders will go to the extent of writing books and adding to the tremendous amount of rubbish already published in the British Isles about us.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons is quoted as saying that she went on the stage at sixteen without a lesson, and has never had any dramatic training other than that of experience. She played *Portia* the first time she was ever on the stage, and that with only a week's notice and but one rehearsal. She hadn't the least instruction about gestures: nobody said a word to her about the stage business. "I made a success at first," says the actress, "and from that time to this have not lacked engagements."

There are good, pious, temperance men who will take all the whisky compounds named "eine," "line," "fo fun," "tum," etc., and keep on groaning and limping round with no relief, who will stand aghast with horror at a pure anti-whisky reliable remedy and certain cure because it is named Hop Bitters.

Persons under the operation of Fellows' Hypophosphites should examine their blood under the microscope from time to time, and mark the increase of red and active particles, and diminution of the white or dead ones; these observations are interesting and instructive.

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MUSIC BY ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Andante.

The piano introduction is in G major, 4/4 time, andante. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first measure has a forte (f) dynamic and a crescendo (cres.) marking. The second measure has a fortissimo (ff) dynamic and a decrescendo (dim.) marking. The piece concludes with a piano (p) dynamic.

1. Once in the days of gold-en weather, Days that were al-ways fair; Love was the world we walked to-geth-er,
 2. Ah! but the days brought changes af-ter, Clouds in the hap-py skies, Care on the lips that curled with laughter,

The vocal melody is in G major, 4/4 time, andante. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Oh! what a love was there, Fresh as a flower when rains are fall-ing, Pure as a child that prays.....
 Tears in the ra-diant eyes; Part-ed a-sun-der, wern with grieving, Wea-ri-ly each one prays.....

The vocal melody continues with a decrescendo (dim.) marking. The piano accompaniment includes a 'colla voce' section where the piano part plays in unison with the vocal line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Once in the days be-yond re-call-ing, Once in the golden days, Once in the days be-yond re-call. ...ing,
 Ah for the days be-yond re-triev-ing, Ah for the golden days, Ah! for the days be-yond re-triev....ing,

The vocal melody is marked piano (p) and includes a crescendo (cres.) and fortissimo (ff) section. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

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Once in the gold-en days, days.
 Ah for the gold-en days.

The vocal melody is marked piano (p) and includes a fortissimo (ff) section. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piece concludes with a 'colla voce' section where the piano part plays in unison with the vocal line.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh (27th) day of July, 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on Monday, the sixteenth (16th) day of August, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

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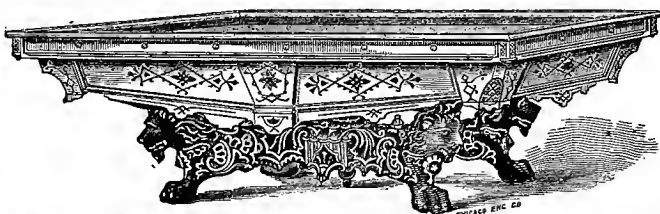
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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth (9th) day of July, 1880, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Thursday, the twenty-ninth (29th) day of July, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office—Room 16, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE
of the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room No. 37, San Francisco, June 15, 1880.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 59) of Fifty Cents (50¢) per share was declared, payable on SATURDAY, June 18th. Transfer books closed until Monday, 21st inst.

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